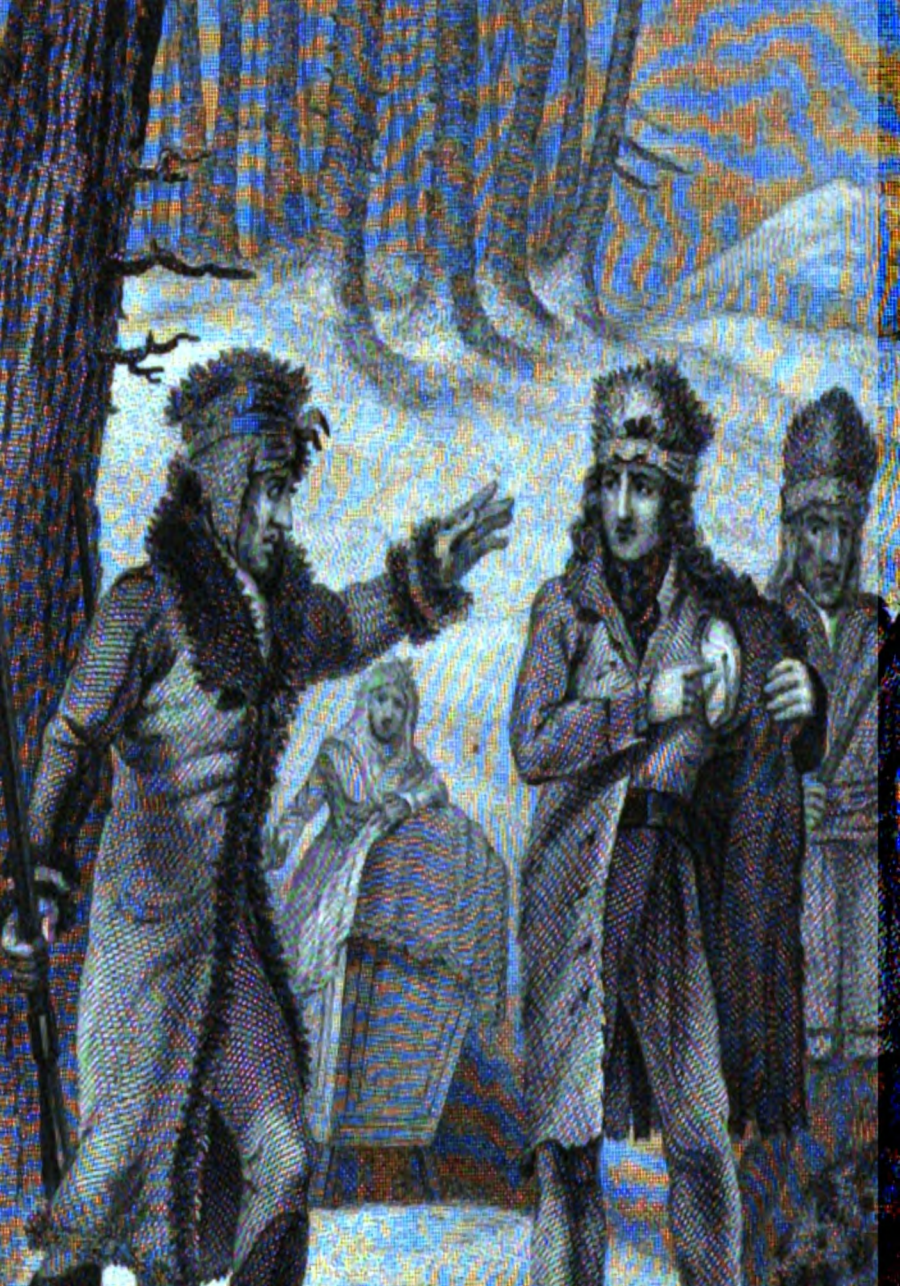

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>





The Port folio

Joseph Dennie, Asbury Dickins



~~Handwritten scribble~~

大日

27

THE PORT FOLIO.

VOL. XVI.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER,

1823.

EDITED BY

JOHN E. HALL, Esq.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL,

No. 64, South Fourth Street.

1823.

2240/c4.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

36

The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

VARIOUS ; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—*COWPER.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

ABOUT to commence another volume of The Port Folio, we have arrived at one of those places in the rugged path of Editorship, at which the conductors of Literary Journals have exercised the privilege of communing with their patrons.

Our account with contributors is very soon adjusted. With the exception of some scores of verses, "tempered with lover's sighs," and oozing from the brains of "lunaticks, lovers and poets," the last volume contains very few communications from any friend to us or our cause. In the days of our first predecessor, such was the number and zeal of contributors, that the Editor was obliged to exchange the labour of composition for that of selection, and he often expatiated, with gratitude, upon the learning, the liberality and the industry of his voluntary assistants. Although they wore their visors up before the public, most of them are now known to us; and we can recognize many of them at home and abroad, pushing their fortunes at the bar, in the desk or the academy; or serving their country in high and honourable stations. They were all "quicken'd with the fervid spirit of enterprise and adventure." They combined learning and wit and genius, with industry, perseverance and ambition. They laid the foundation of a work which has outlived all its rivals and cotemporaries; but they have left few

JULY, 1823.—No. 255

1

to inherit and emulate their disinterested devotion to the cause of letters.

During the last seven years the labour of conducting this Journal has devolved chiefly upon an individual, who has faithfully endeavoured to fulfil his part of the contract with the public. In this service he thinks he has some right to assert that he cannot be accused of any delinquency. If this Miscellany has at times been thought deficient in vigour, or variety, or spirit, it must be recollected that it is compiled by a solitary editor, who is compelled by the carelessness of too many of his patrons, to combine with his literary pursuits the perplexing office of a dun. In England, that detestable country where *every one* has been starving for the last century, where *every one* has been crushed by the load of taxes, and *every one* has been flying from home to avoid the oppressions of the ministry, an enterprising bookseller prints several thousand copies of a Magazine and the whole edition is sold and *paid for* in twenty-four hours. These matters are ordered differently here. Instead of *purchasing* our Newspapers and Magazines we *subscribe* for them; that is, we enter into a written stipulation to requite The Editor, at an appointed time, for the instruction or amusement which he provides for us. But after the poor wight has toiled his "seven years,"—"by night and by day, in town and in country, at the desk, and in the forest, without regard to convenience, ease or pleasure,"* he awakes to a disappointment far greater than that of Laban. With a subscription-list which promises an annual revenue of double the necessary expense of his Journal, he is a fortunate man who loses no more than his time. For the truth of this declaration, we may safely appeal to the great body of editors in the United States, who depend upon such payments without the more substantial aid of advertisements. When the day of payment arrives a struggle commences between the *necessities* of the Editor and the ingenuity of that portion of the Patrons who are denominated *Delinquent Subscribers*. It is then found that some of these gentlemen only subscribed to *encourage the publication*, and their debt is thus to be discharged by "the whistle of a name." Others are never weary of inviting the collector to call again; while many, more polite, promise to wait upon him. Those who live "out-back" are "coming in"

* Burke.

next fall; and the Southrons will "be on" in the spring. If you send to them, your messenger will return little enriched by the journey; and if you write, "it is only a Port Folio dun," and the letter remains, literally, a *dead letter* in the Post Office.

Ah! me what evils will possess,
The man who meddles with the press.

These are unpleasant truths, but they must be told; for however ambitious we are that *The Port Folio* should be continued, it can no longer be published *at the expense of the Proprietors*. Honesty, honour, public spirit,—all exclaim against the *common practice* of neglecting the payment of subscriptions for public Journals. Ours is a claim of no ordinary description. "*Of his fellow men,*" says one of the best of modern poets, "*he well deserves, who for their evening hours, a blameless joy affords.*" We plead the cause of learning, of philosophy and of religion. We strive to furnish what Montaigne denominates, the comforts of old age and solitude; to disseminate that which blunts the edge of pain, cheers and sweetens the mind and imparts the highest relish to social happiness. "Well-wishers to their country," says a celebrated anonymous writer, "are ABOVE ALL THINGS, desirous of the steady light of literature and of *the day-spring from on high.*"

It cannot be complained that we come with "a great reckoning in a little room." Our reckoning counts *nine hundred* guests, for whom we prepare a feast every month. If but a moiety of this number "*pay the score,*" the mere expense of the viands is defrayed. What remains is the guerdon of "the good deserts" of "mine Host of the Garter" who during the feasts is generally, like young Hotspur, "eating the air on *promise of supply.*"

This state of things cannot be endured. The most rigorous means will forthwith be adopted to secure the payment of what has been fairly earned. Delinquents who refuse to answer letters which are addressed to them, in relation to our claims, must not complain if they find these claims stated on the covers of the *Port Folio*, in all cases excepting those in which the debtor is absolutely unable to discharge his account,* and shall communi-

* Mr. Lewis A. Fowler, of Poughkeepsie, has not yet removed his name from the list of defaulters. This *fowler* may think to *make game* of Editors, but he shall find himself mistaken. After the fraud which he has practised upon us, who will trust him?

cate the fact to this office. The most unpardonable delinquents are those who change their residence, without giving any notice, and suffer the Magazine to be sent for years to their former place of abode. The names of such persons shall be *gazetted* in future.

To punctual subscribers our thanks are due for the support which they have given us. If there were a few hundred more of the same description in our books, this Magazine might be enlarged, the embellishments multiplied, and able auxiliaries enlisted in the literary department. Let each *paying subscriber* bear this in mind and endeavour to augment the list by the names of those who are disposed to promote the cause of literature and the fine arts in the United States.

LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE, the greatest literary character which France produced in the last century, was born at Paris, in February 1694. His father, Francis Arouet, was "ancien notaire du chatelet," and treasurer of the chamber of accounts. At the birth of this extraordinary man, who lived to the age of eighty-five years and some months, there was little probability of his being reared, and for a considerable time he continued remarkably feeble. In his earliest years he displayed a ready wit and a sprightly imagination: and, as he said of himself, made verses before he was out of his cradle. He was educated under Father Poré in the college of Louis the Great; and such was his proficiency, that many of his verses are now existing, which, though written when he was between twelve and fourteen, show no marks of infancy. The famous Ninon de l'Enclos, to whom this ingenious boy was introduced, left him a legacy of 2,000 livres to buy him a library. Having been sent to the equity-schools on quitting college he was so disgusted with the dryness of the law, that he devoted himself entirely to the Muses. He was admitted into the company of the Abbe Chaulieu, the marquis de la Fare, the duke de Sully, the grand prior of Vandome, marshal Villars, and the chevalier du Bouillon; and caught from them that easy taste and delicate humour which distinguished the court of Louis XIV. Voltaire had early imbibed a turn for satire; and, for some philippics against the government, was imprisoned almost a year in the Bastile. He had, the year be-

fore this period, produced the tragedy of "Oedippus," which was represented in 1718 with great success; and the duke of Orleans happening to see it performed, was so delighted, that he obtained his release from prison. The poet waited on the duke to return thanks: "Be wise," said the duke, "and I will take care of you." "I am infinitely obliged," replied the young man; "but I intreat your royal highness not to trouble yourself any further about my lodging or board."

His father, whose ardent wish it was that the son should have been an advocate, was present at one of the representations of the new tragedy: he was affected, even to tears, embraced his son amidst the felicitations of the ladies of the court, and never more, from that time, expressed a wish that he should become a lawyer. About 1720, he went to Brussels with Madame de Rupelmonde. The celebrated Rousseau being then in that city, the two poets met, and soon conceived an unconquerable aversion for each other. Voltaire said one day to Rousseau, who was showing him an "Ode to Posterity,"—"This is a letter which will never reach the place of its address." Another time, Voltaire having read a satire which Rousseau thought very indifferent, was advised to suppress it, lest it should be imagined that he had "lost his abilities, and preserved only his virulence." Such mutual rudeness soon inflamed two hearts already sufficiently estranged. Voltaire, on his return to Paris, produced, in 1722, his tragedy of "Mariamne," without success. His "Artemira" had experienced the same fate in 1720, though it had charmed the discerning by the excellence of the poetry. These mortifications, joined to those which were occasioned by his laxity of principle, his sentiments on religion, and the warmth of his temper, induced him to visit England, where he printed his "Henriade." King George I. and particularly the princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Caroline) distinguished him by their protection, and obtained for him a great number of subscriptions. This laid the foundation of a fortune which was afterwards considerably increased by the sale of his writings, by the munificence of princes, by commerce, by a habit of regularity, and by an economy bordering on avarice, which he did not shake off till near the end of his life.

On his return to France, in 1728, he placed the money which

he carried with him from England in a lottery established by M. Desforts, comptroller-general of the finances; he engaged deeply and was successful. The speculations of finance, however, did not check his attachment to the belles lettres, his darling passion. In 1730 he published "Brutus," the most nervous of all his tragedies, which was more applauded by the judges of good writing than by the spectators. The first wits of the time, Fontenelle, La Motte, and others, advised him to give up the drama, as not being his proper forte. He answered them by publishing "Zara;" the most affecting, perhaps, of all his tragedies. His "Lettres Philosophiques," abounding in bold expressions and indecent witticisms against religion, having been burnt by a decree of the Parliament of Paris, and a warrant being issued for apprehending the author in 1733, Voltaire very prudently withdrew; and was sheltered by the Marchioness du Chatelet, in her castle of Cirey, on the borders of Champagne and Lorraine, who entered with him on the study of the "system" of Leibnitz, and the "Principia" of Newton. A gallery was built, in which Voltaire formed a good collection of natural history, and made a great many experiments, on light and electricity. He laboured in the mean time on his "Elements of the Newtonian Philosophy," then totally unknown in France, and which the numerous admirers of Des Cartes were very little desirous should be known. In the midst of these philosophic pursuits, he produced the tragedy of "Alzira." He was now in the meridian of his age and genius, as was evident from the tragedy of "Mahomet," first acted in 1741; but it was represented to the procureur general, as a performance offensive to religion; and the author, by order of cardinal Fleury, withdrew it from the stage. "Merope," played two years afterwards, 1743, gave an idea of a species of tragedy, of which few models have existed. It was at the representation of this tragedy that the pit and boxes were clamorous for a sight of the author; yet it was severely criticised when it came from the press. He now became a favourite at court, through the interest of madam d'Etoile, afterwards marchioness of Pompadour. Being employed in preparing the festivities that were celebrated on the marriage of the dauphin, he attained additional honours by composing "The Princess of Navarre." He was appointed a gentleman of the bed-chamber in ordinary, and historiographer

of France. The latter office had, till his time, been almost a sinecure ; but Voltaire, who had written, under the direction of the count d'Argenson, the "History of the War of 1741," was employed by that minister in many important negociations from 1745 to 1747 ; the project of invading England in 1746 was attributed to him ; and he drew up the King of France's manifesto in favour of the pretender. He had frequently attempted to gain admittance into the Academy of Sciences, but could not obtain his wish until 1746,* when he was the first who broke through the absurd custom of filling an inaugural speech with the fulsome adulation of Richelieu ; an example soon followed by other academicians. From the satires occasioned by this innovation he felt so much uneasiness, that he was glad to retire with the marchioness du Chatelet to Luneville, in the neighbourhood of King Stanislaus. The marchioness dying in 1749, Voltaire returned to Paris where his stay was but short. Though he had many admirers, he was perpetually complaining of a cabal combined to filch from him the glory of which he was insatiable. "The jealousy and manoeuvres of a court," he would say, "are the subject of conversation ; there is more of them among the literati." His friends and relations endeavoured in vain to relieve his anxiety, by lavishing commendations on him, and by exaggerating his success. He imagined he should find in a foreign country a greater degree of applause, tranquillity and reward, and augment at the same time both his fortune and reputation, which were already very considerable. The King of Prussia, who had repeatedly invited him to his court, attached him at last to his person by a pension of 22,000 livres and the hope of farther favour. From the particular respect that was paid to him, his time was now spent in the most agreeable manner ; his apartments were under those of the king, whom he was allowed to visit at stated hours, to read with him the best works of either ancient or modern au-

* "From my acquaintance with Louis XV's mistress (afterwards Mad. Pompadour), in 1746, I obtained," says Voltaire, "rewards which had never been granted to my works or my services. I was deemed worthy to be one of the forty useless members of the academy, was appointed historiographer of France and created by the king one of the gentlemen in ordinary of his chamber.

— *Voltaire.*"

thors, and to assist his majesty in the literary productions by which he relieved the cares of government. But this happiness was soon at an end ; and Voltaire saw, to his mortification, when it was too late, that, where a man is sufficiently rich to be master of himself, neither his liberty, his family, nor his country, should be sacrificed for a pension. A dispute which the poet had with Maupertius, the president of the academy at Berlin, was followed by disgrace. It has been said, that the king of Prussia dismissed him with this reproof: "I do not drive you away, because I called you hither ; I do not take away your pension, because I have given it to you ; I only forbid you my presence." Not a word of this is true ; the fact is, that he sent to the king the key of his office as chamberlain, and the cross of the order of merit, with these verses :

" Je les recut avec tendresse ;
Je vous rends avec douleur,
Comme un amant jaloux, dans sa mauvaise humeur,
Rend le portrait de sa maitresse."⁹

But the king returned him the key and the ribbon. Things assumed a different aspect when he took shelter with the duchess of Saxe-Gotha. Maupertius, as Voltaire himself related, took the advantage of misrepresenting him in his absence ; and he was detained by the king's order, at Francfort on the Maine, till he had given up a volume of "Royal Verses." Having regained his liberty, he endeavoured to negociate a return to Paris ; but this he was not able to accomplish, since one of his poems, the "Pucelle d'Orleans," which was both impious and obscene, had begun to make a noise. He was resident for about a year at Colmar, whence retiring to Geneva, he purchased a beautiful villa near that city, where he enjoyed the homage of the Genevans, and of occasional travellers ; and for a short time he was charmed with this agreeable retirement, which the quarrels that agitated the little republic of Geneva compelled him soon to quit. He was accused of privately fomenting the disputes, of leaning towards the prevailing party, and of laughing at both.

⁹ *I received them with tenderness ; I return them with regret ; like a jealous lover, who, in a freak, sends back the portrait of his mistress.*

Compelled to abandon *Les Delices*, (which was the name of his country-house.) he fixed himself in France, within a league of Geneva, in *Le Pays de Gex*, an almost savage desert, which he had the satisfaction of fertilizing. The village of *Ferney*, which had contained not above 50 inhabitants, became by his means a colony of 1200 persons, successfully employed for themselves and for the state. Numbers of artists, particularly watchmakers, established their manufactures under the auspices of *Voltaire*, and exported their wares to Russia, Spain, Germany, Holland, and Italy. He rendered his solitude still more illustrious by inviting thither the niece of the great *Cornelle*, and by preserving from ignominy and oppression *Sirven* of the family of *Calas*, whose memory he caused to be restored. In this retirement *Voltaire* erected a tribunal, at which he arraigned almost all the human race. Men in power, dreading the force of his pen, endeavoured to secure his esteem. *Aretin*, in the sixteenth century, received as many insults as rewards. *Voltaire*, with far more wit and address obtained implicit homage. This homage, and some generous actions, which he himself occasionally took care to proclaim, either with a view that they should reach posterity, or to please the curious, contributed as much to extend his reputation as the marks of esteem and bounty he had received from sovereign princes. The king of Prussia, with whom he still maintained an uninterrupted correspondence, had his statue made in porcelain, and sent to him, with the word *IMMORTAL* engraved on its base. The empress of Russia sent him a present of some magnificent furs, and a box turned by her own hands, adorned with his portrait, and twenty diamonds. These distinctions did not prevent his sighs for Paris. Overloaded with glory and wealth, he was not happy, because he never could content himself with what he possessed. At length, in the beginning of 1778, he determined to exchange the tranquillity of *Ferney* for the incense and bustle of the capital, where he met with the most flattering reception. Such honours were decreed him by the academies as till then had been unknown; he was crowned in a full theatre, and distinguished by the public with the strongest enthusiasm. But the philosopher of fourscore soon fell a victim to this indiscreet officiousness: the fatigue of visits and attendance at theatrical representations, the

change of regimen and mode of living, inflamed his blood, already too much disordered. On his arrival, he had a violent hæmorrhage, which greatly impaired him. Some days before his last illness, the idea of approaching death tormented him. Sitting at table with the marchioness de Vilette, at whose house he had taken up his abode, after a solemn reverie, he said, "You are like the Kings of Egypt, who, when they were at meat, had a death's head before them." On his arrival at Paris, he said "he was come to seek glory and death;" and to an artist, who presented him the picture of his triumph, he observed that a tomb would be fitter for him than a triumph. At last, not being able to obtain sleep, he took a large dose of opium, which deprived him of his senses. He died 30th May, 1778, and was buried at Sellices, a Benedictine abbey between Nogent and Troyes. Many accounts have been published respecting his behaviour when in the nearer view of death. Some of these are so contradictory that it is difficult to attain the exact truth. His infidel friends, Diderot, D'Alembert, and others, took every pains to represent that he died as he had lived, a hardened infidel, and a blasphemer; but they have not been credited, and it is more generally believed that he was visited on this awful occasion with the remorse of a man, whose whole life had been a continual attempt to erect vice and immorality on the ruins of revealed religion. The *mareschal de Richelieu* is said to have fled from the bed-side, declaring it to be a sight too terrible to be sustained; and *Fronchin* the physician, asserted that the furies of *Orestes* could give him but a faint idea of those of *Voltaire*.

While he had the vomiting of blood, he confessed himself, and even made a sort of profession of faith. This was supposed to be policy and illusion, and served only to show the suppleness of this singular man, who was a freethinker at London, a Cartesian at Versailles, a christian at Nancy, and an infidel at Berlin. In society, he was alternately an *Aristippus* and a *Diogenes*. He made pleasure the object of his researches: he enjoyed it and made it the object of his praise: he grew weary of it and turned it into ridicule. By the natural process of such a character, he passed from a moralist to a buffoon, from a philosopher to an enthusiast, from mildness to passion, from flattery to satire, from the love of money to the love of luxury, from the modesty of a

wise man to the vanity of an impious wit. It has been said, that by his familiarity with the great, he indemnified himself for the constraint he was sometimes under among his equals ; that he had sensibility without affection ; that he was voluptuous without passions, open without sincerity, and liberal without generosity. It has been said, that, with persons who were jealous of his acquaintance, he began by politeness, went on with coldness, and usually ended by disgust, unless perchance they were writers who had acquired reputation, or men in power, whom he had adroitness enough to attach to his interests. It has been said, also, that he was steadfast to nothing by choice, but to every thing by irregular starts of fancy. " These singular contrasts," says M. Pelisson, " are not less evident in his physical than in his moral character. It has been remarked, that his physiognomy partook of those of an eagle and an ape : and who can say that this contrast was not the principle of his predominant taste for antithesis ? What an uncommon and perpetual change from greatness to meanness, from glory to contempt ! How frequently has he combined the gravity of Plato with the legerdemain of Harlequin ! Hence the name of MICROMEGAS, the title of one of his own crudities, which was given him by La Beaumelle, has been confirmed by the public voice." This is the portrait of an extraordinary personage ; and such was Voltaire, who, like all other extraordinary men, has occasioned some strong enthusiasts and eccentric critics. Leader of a new sect, having survived many of his rivals, and eclipsed, towards the end of his career, the poets, his cotemporaries ; he possessed the most unbounded influence, and brought about a melancholy revolution in wit and morals. Though he has often availed himself of his amazing talents to promote the cause of reason and humanity, to inspire princes with toleration, and with a horror for war, yet he was more delighted, more in his element, and we are sorry to add, more successful, when he exerted himself in extending the principles of irreligion and anarchy. The lively sensibility which animates his writings pervaded his whole conduct ; and it was seldom that he resisted the impressions of his ready and overflowing wit or the first feelings of his heart. Voltaire stands at the head of those writers who, in France are called *Beaux Esprits* ; and for brilliancy of imagination, for astonishing ease, ex-

quisite taste, versatility of talents and extent of knowledge, he had no superior, scarcely an equal among his countrymen. But if genius be restricted to invention, Voltaire was deficient. His most original pieces are, his "Candide," a tissue of ridiculous extravagancies, which may be traced to Swift; and his infamous poem, the "Pucelle," for which he was indebted to Chapelain and Ariosto. His "Henriade" is the finest epic poem the French have; but it wants the sublimity of Homeric or Miltonic invention. The subject, indeed, could not admit supernatural agency. It is as Lord Chesterfield said (who did not mean to depreciate it) "all good sense from beginning to end." It is an excellent history in verse, and the versification is as harmonious as French versification can be; and some of his portraits are admirably touched; but as a whole, as an epic, it sinks before the epics of Greece and Rome, of Italy and England.

Voltaire was a voluminous writer, and there is in his works, as perhaps in those of all voluminous writers, a very strange mixture of good, bad, and indifferent. Whether many of them will long survive his living reputation, may be doubted. Of late, we understand, that few of his separate pieces have been called for, except the *Henriade*, which will always be considered as a national work, and his plays. There have been lately some splendid editions of his whole works, for libraries and men of fortune; and now we hear that the French booksellers find their interest in offering the public only his "*Ouvres Choiesies*." When the misery he so largely contributed to bring on his country shall be more accurately estimated, and a reverence for revealed religion is revived, Voltaire will probably be remembered chiefly, as a terrifying example of the prostitution of the finest talents to the worst of purposes.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN FRANCE.

1. The Royal Library has above 700,000 printed volumes, and 70,000 manuscripts.
2. The Library of Monsieur, 150,000 printed volumes, and 5000 manuscripts.
3. Library of St. Genevieve, 110,000 printed volumes, and 2000 manuscripts.
4. The Magazine Library, 92,000 printed vols. and 3000 manuscripts.
5. The Library of the City of Paris, 20,000 volumes.

All these are daily open to the public.

Besides these, there are in Paris, and the Departments, the following Libraries to which access may be obtained; the principal of which are, the private Libraries of the King, in the Tuilleries, Fontainebleau, St. Cloud, Trainon,

and Rambouillet; the Library of the Legislative Body; of the Council of State 30,000 vols.; of the Institute; of the Invalids, 20,000 vols.; of the Court of Cassation, formerly the library of the Advocates and Polytechnic School.

Under the Minister of the Royal Household are 10 libraries; of the Interior, 12; of War, 12; of Justice, 5; of Foreign Affairs, 1; of the Marine, 6; of Finance, 2.

The Chambers of the Peers and the Deputies have each a library; that of the latter contains 30,000 volumes.

In the Departments there are Public Libraries 25, with above 1,700,000; vols. of which Troyes has 50,000; Aix, 72,670; Marseilles, 31,500; Dijon, 36,000; Besancon, 53,000; Toulouse, 30,000 and 20,000; Bordeaux, 103,000; Tours, 30,000; Grenoble, 42,000; Arras, 34,000; Strasbourg, 51,000; Colmar, 30,000; Lyons, 106,000; Le Mans, 41,000; Versailles, 40,000; Amiens, 40,000.

A HINT TO STUDENTS.

Curran says, in one of his letters to Mr Weston, in the year 1773, "I still continue to read ten hours every day;—seven at law, and three at history, or the general principles of politics; and that I may have time enough, I rise at half-past four. I have contrived a machine after the manner of an hour-glass, which perhaps you may be curious to know, which wakens me regularly at that hour. Exactly over my head I have suspended two vessels of tin, one above the other—when I go to bed, which is always at ten, I put a bottle of water into the upper vessel, in the bottom of which is a hole, of such a size as to let the water pass through, so as to make the inferior reservoir overflow in six hours and a half. I have had no small trouble in apportioning those vessels, and I was still more puzzled for a while how to confine my head so as to receive the drop; but I have at length succeeded."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Historical Notice of the Method of Surveying Land by Course and Distance like Traverse sailing in Navigation.

This method of surveying land by course and distance, according to the rules of traverse sailing in Navigation, is generally employed in the state of Pennsylvania, and is thought to be of recent invention. In this country, it is called the Pennsylvania method of Surveying; and most persons suppose it to be an American discovery. But it is found in the fifth edition of Leybourn's Surveying, printed in 1722, Lib. IV. page 56. Leybourn does not claim the invention of it, and it seems to have been known before the publication of the fifth edition of his book. In Adams's Geometrical and Graphical Essay, 4th edition, page 322, we have the following historical account of this method, which is ascribed to Mr. Thomas Burgh as the original inventor: "The first publication of this method of Surveying and plotting appears in a pamphlet printed in Dublin in 1760, entitled, A Method to determine the Areas of Right-lined Figures Universally, very useful for ascertaining the Contents of any Survey, by the late Thomas Burgh, Esq. &c." This method was afterwards published by Mr. B. Noble, in 1767; by Mr. A. Simms, in 1773; by Mr. R. Gibson, in 1795. It is now found in many recent treatises of Surveying accompanied with a table of difference of latitude and departure, to facilitate the calculations. If the horizontal area and plot of a

piece of land be required, this method seems preferable to any other, because there is less chain-work; but if the superficial content of uneven ground be required, the result of a survey will be too small. In the latter case the method of triangles will give the nearest approximation to the true area. When a plan of an estate is not required, the method of surveying by triangles is the most simple and expeditious, and differs least from the true superficial content: and it required no instruments except a chain and an off-set staff. From the dimensions thus taken the figure of the land may be projected on paper, and the area found in the usual way; or the area may be calculated from the three sides of a triangle found by measurement on the ground: but the operation is troublesome.

**ON THE COMPARATIVE ADVANTAGES OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE
EDUCATION.**

To determine upon what system the rising generation may be instructed with the greatest convenience and effect; by what measures in early youth his offspring may be most successfully trained to learning and virtue, is a point of the utmost importance to a parent, and hardly less difficult than important. The enquiry is, indeed, both complicated and extensive; influenced by various and weighty considerations; and particularly by what the subject naturally suggests, the comparative advantages of public or private education.

This question has, indeed, been frequently agitated; not only with such deliberation and diligence, as its importance seemed to require; but sometimes with such zeal and acrimony, as were prompted by the private interest of the disputants, or the jealousy of rival talents. It appears to me, however, that it can hardly be a general question at all; at least, that it does not admit any general decision. But it was discussed by Quintilian more than seventeen centuries ago; and has been since adverted to by almost every writer on the subject of education. Though it may not be determined, therefore, it must not be wholly neglected.

Quintilian will not be suspected of wasting his reader's time or his own, in disquisitions foreign to his purpose; and in his treatise, indeed, the enquiry was not only natural but unavoidable. His system of education had but one object in view, to form the youth of his own nation to excellence in the oratory of the bar, or the senate; and it was both rational and necessary to consider by what means that excellence might be most successfully attained. In this country the objects of education are not only numerous and varied, but sometimes incompatible with each other; and its plans and pursuits, therefore, cannot always be the same. The question evidently becomes different as it regards

every different student ; and must be determined with respect to each, not so much by the comparative advantages of general systems abstractedly considered ; as by what is most suitable to the individual concerned ; to his rank, his health, his capacity, and his future destination. If the youth be designed for any active station in public life ; for the bar or the senate ; for the practice of medicine, or for the profession of arms ; I have no hesitation in giving it as my opinion that he ought to have a public education. And by a public education, I mean an education at one of those schools universally known amongst us by the denomination of public schools ; at one of the larger of those endowed schools, which are established in every considerable town, and almost in every district of the kingdom ; or at one of those academies, where the number of pupils is not limited, and where the discipline approaches to the model, and possesses some of the vigour, of our public schools.

The objections to this system of education stated by Quintilian, and which, indeed, comprise the strongest objections that have yet been urged against it, consists wholly in the danger, either that the morals of the pupil will be corrupted by the corruption of his fellows ; or that his improvement will be neglected in the confusion naturally incident to numbers.

Were the former of these objections well-founded, it ought certainly to be decisive. The purity of morals must not be sacrificed to the acquisition of learning. But fortunately this dreaded corruption is far from certain. The danger of it is not greater, perhaps, than in other situations ; and at least, if public schools furnish the bane of morals, in them too the most powerful antidotes may be found. I shall give the result of my own experience and observation without disguise ; not certainly because this result offers any novelty ; but because it has been called in question. The truth in this case, as in many others, does not require so much to be discovered or proved, as to be published and enforced.

The common notion, that boys corrupt each other, is not, I think, just to the extent generally supposed. Its rise and continuance may be very reasonably accounted for, without admitting its truth. The partiality natural to a parent inclines him to believe that his son is dismissed from his own hands innocent and spotless ; and to conclude, when the son is afterwards found to be vicious, that he has been seduced by others more vicious than himself. The son, indeed, in order to soften his own offences, imputes the guilt and blame to his companions ; and the father is willing to give credit to his assertions ; to condemn the school, rather than his child ; and the conduct of the master, rather than his own. But the truth is, that when boys of various dispositions and habits meet promiscuously in a school, they usually discover one another's inclinations, with a quickness and

penetration resembling the effects produced by the private signals of free-masonry; and each associates with those, whose temper and pursuits best correspond with his own. The corrupt attach themselves to the corrupt, with the rapidity natural to those, who are careless of the characters of their friends; and leave the diligent and virtuous to form their intimacies amongst themselves without interruption or molestation. The former do not frequently succeed in their endeavours to seduce the latter: and usually respect them too much to make the attempt. The mutual encouragement and assistance of numbers will undoubtedly sometimes push them further in culpable pursuits, than each singly would have had the means or the resolution to proceed. But I have seldom known a youth deeply involved in depravity at school, who did not bring the seeds of it along with him. Where, indeed, the previous connection of their parents, or some other incidental and external cause, has occasioned an intimacy, which the dispositions of the sons themselves never would have produced; in such cases, an individual will sometimes greatly influence the manners of his friend; and from the weakness or the propensities of our nature it unfortunately happens, that the boy already depraved will more frequently seduce his associate into mischief, or into vice, than the virtuous youth will be able to restrain his less virtuous companion from it. But it is only where a considerable superiority in age or fortune, in rank or talents, has given an extraordinary influence, that any single boy can corrupt the general manners of a school; and it is perhaps still more rare, that where the manners of a school are generally corrupt, a single youth, whatever may be his disposition and habits, can wholly escape the contagion. An arch-fiend may sometimes seduce a number of inferior spirits from their duty and allegiance; but we can rarely hope to find the integrity and resolution of Abdiel in a school-boy.

In a numerous school the noise and riot of the pupils have more merriment than mischief; and their mischief has more frolic than malignity. Care, however, must be taken, that occasional frolic do not ripen into habitual cruelty; that repeated transgressions do not sink into settled corruption. Here, indeed, is the place and necessity for the vigilance and authority of the teachers; and these, if wisely exerted, will seldom fail of their effect. It is an easy task, on one hand, to introduce every pupil to proper connections, when he first enters the school, and to caution him, on the other, against such as are distinguished only by their vicious propensities and seductive manners. It is easy, whenever any instance of vice is detected, to inflict some appropriate punishment, and to expose it to contempt or disgrace: and it is not less easy, and still more pleasing, to show constant favour and encouragement to truth, integrity, and diligence; to let it appear, upon all occasions, that if a studious and virtuous

youth happen to be sometimes exposed to the ridicule or the malice of his less meritorious schoolfellows, he will find himself abundantly compensated by the esteem of his master and his friends. Such conduct in the teachers seldom fails to be rewarded by the gratitude, as well as the virtues, of those intrusted to their care.

The exertion required in the students to perform the tasks appointed in every well regulated school, is itself highly favourable to the vigour and activity of the intellect; and eventually, therefore, to the interests of virtue. There is always amongst the pupils of a large school a sort of public opinion, and certain laws of honour, which, though sometimes founded upon erroneous principles, generally tend to the prevention of mean or malignant vices: and such manliness of sentiment and spirit is acquired as paves the way to the subsequent correction of any errors, into which the warmth or negligence of youth may surprise them. Let sound learning give a young man strength of mind to conquer himself, and from any other moral enemy he will soon have little to fear. And if such a school be found, as, it is hoped, will soon appear, the most favourable to the promotion of learning and knowledge, it will not be much less favourable to the soundness of moral principle. Notwithstanding some extraordinary exceptions, which by the wonder they excite are proved to be rare, it is commonly true, that as the mind is enlarged, the affection are rectified. *A fool*, says Rochefoucault, *has not materials enough to make a good man.* But none are so likely to perform their duty well, as those who best understand it. And were the most illustrious examples to be selected from our history of men, who had united virtue with learning, professional skill with integrity of conduct, they would generally be found amongst the pupils of our public schools.

The next objection, that the youth's improvement may be neglected amidst the confusion incident to numbers, is founded wholly upon mistaken notions of a large school, or of human nature. Order and regularity in its business are of the very essence of a public school, and preserved and enforced there with a degree of steadiness and uniformity, which can rarely elsewhere be found. Those who have the superintendance of such seminaries are convinced by the strongest of all testimony, their own experience, that by system only can application produce its proper effect; that by system only can any art or science be successfully taught. Nor does a larger portion of his time bestowed by the master produce a correspondent benefit to the pupil. His progress in literature does not depend so much upon what is done for him by others, as upon what he can be stimulated to do for himself. The teacher, indeed, will naturally exert the greater zeal and diligence where greater numbers are to profit by his instructions, and to judge and report his conduct; and the same

circumstance is every way favourable to the improvement of his scholar. The voice of the preceptor, to adopt the similitudes of Quintilian, is not like the food provided for an entertainment; where each man's share must be diminished in proportion as the numbers are increased. It should rather be compared to the sun, which dispenses the same degree of light and heat to each individual of a multitude, however numerous and extensive. The attention of the student seldom fails to be roused and fixed by the attention of his teacher. The opposition of his rivals, the assistance of his friends, the praise or censure of his master and his schoolfellows, the hope of reward and the fear or shame of punishment; all these motives united produce such exertions, as no domestic teacher can hope to secure. By every exertion too his faculties naturally expand; confidence in his own powers increases by success; and the pupil of a public school often attains to an eminence in literature, which a youth differently circumstanced would not attempt; and which himself, perhaps, had not presumed to expect. Each, indeed, is aware, that a character established amongst a numerous class of schoolfellows will be very widely diffused in the world, and promote his advantage or his reputation in all the subsequent transactions of his life. And he to whom the palm of merit is adjudged, after an examination for honours and promotion, probably feels greater pride and pleasure, and with better reason, than was ever felt by the successful champion on the plains of Olympia or in the circus of antient Rome.

As another objection to our public schools, properly so called, many parents have lately urged the increased and extravagant expence. But against this charge the vindication of the schools is not difficult; though a remedy for the evil may not so easily be found. The proper and necessary expences of our public schools are not increased, either beyond the proportion of other places of education, or beyond the general increase of the expences of life; and upon what principle, or by what expedient, the charges there are to be kept below the level of charges every where else, it is surely not necessary to enquire. There is no cheap labour for their accommodation; no cheap market for their supply. There is, indeed, one article of expence, of which the teachers complain, as loudly as the parents; and with much better reason; the large sums entrusted to boys at their own disposal, and for their private indulgence and gratification. Against this practice I seize the first opportunity of entering the strongest protest in my power. It is not only the true cause of the complaint against the expences of our public schools; but one principal source of those vices which are so justly condemned. I do not wish to prevent, for I would by all means recommend, such a regular allowance of money to every youth at school, as should teach him the use and management of some

property of his own, and purchase for him such instruments of amusement, or such harmless luxuries, as are proper for his age and station. But if parents will return their sons to school, after every recess, with their pockets filled with gold; and if every friend at every visit will augment the mischief by injudicious liberality, let them not blame the times or the teachers for the natural effects of their own folly. While any part of the money remains, little else will be attended to, than how it may be most agreeably expended. It is in vain to prohibit to the youth the use of those luxuries which he is himself furnished with the means to procure. It is in vain to expect from the teacher any effectual restraint upon the vicious propensities of his pupil, while he is supplied by the mistaken kindness of his friends with the power, not only of purchasing criminal indulgence, but of bribing those about him to connive at his pleasures, or to assist him in the pursuit.

To the scheme of private and domestic tuition there are objections of at least equal weight with those which have been urged against public education. To engage a private tutor for a single pupil is, perhaps, of all others the least eligible mode of giving literary instruction. Men of talents and spirit can seldom be prevailed upon to undertake the task; and it is in vain to expect the due discharge of it from teachers of any other description. The preceptor does not exert much zeal or diligence for his solitary pupil; and the exertions of the pupil will not be more than proportionate to those of his preceptor. To prevent any severity of discipline is generally one of the first principles of domestic tuition. Compulsion and correction, therefore are in a great measure excluded. The youth has no rivals of his own age to stimulate his efforts, and no friends to assist or applaud them. Honour and shame, of the first importance in all other cases have hardly any place in the system. Every thing therefore is languid and inefficient. Even the sports of the private pupil, for want of associates and competitors, have little animation and little pleasure. He cannot compare his own acquisitions with those of others; and therefore estimates them rather by the measure of his own vanity, than the standard of truth. He is a coxcomb, before he is a scholar. His books, indeed, will engage less of his attention, than those amusements, in which he is too liberally indulged; and for the sake of which, in some degree, the plan of domestic education was adopted; and he will value himself less upon his progress in literature and science, than upon his taste in dress, or his dexterity in the sports of the field.

Nor is the boasted advantage of purity of morals much better secured. The perpetual restraint, under which the private pupil lives, and the constant presence of those much older than himself, do not suffer his propensities and passions to appear in their true colours; and consequently their course cannot be suf-

ficiently regulated, nor their excesses restrained. He does not grow open and ingenuous by unreserved communication with his equals; but artful and designing by watching the sentiments of those more advanced in age; and the self command, which he appears to possess, is often policy, not principle; hypocrisy, not virtue. He is almost inevitably taught insolence and pride; for he is constantly attended, not as a helpless creature that perpetually stands in need of assistance; but as a person invested with rank and authority, by which he may demand that assistance as a privilege and a right. There is always danger that he will be too much in the company of servants; and unlearn in the kitchen and the stable, what he has been taught in the library and the drawing room. If, indeed, the restraint imposed upon him be not sufficient to guard him against vulgarity and vice, it loses the very benefit, which it most professes to secure; and if sufficient for the present, there is some reason to apprehend still greater excess, when that restraint shall be removed. The time must come when the private pupils shall be trusted at large in the world; and such men have sometimes been observed to plunge more deeply in the most licentious pleasures, than those for whom these pleasures had less novelty, and therefore less attraction. This, indeed, is not much to be feared, where the moral and religious principles have been duly cultivated and firmly established. But the indulgence, in which the private pupil is reared, seldom gives much strength of mind or firmness of principle. He has been accustomed to deference and flattery. He will still be ambitious of distinction: and it is but too probable that he will endeavour to compensate the inferiority of his talents, by taking the lead in all the extravagancies of fashion, or affecting a disgraceful pre-eminence in vice.

A school with a small and limited number of pupils, though liable to somewhat fewer objections, is not entitled to much greater praise. Such seminaries are, indeed, the favourites of the present day. But almost every circumstance, which recommends them to popularity, forms an objection to them, as places of literary education. To consult by every means the ease and comfort of the boys; to supply them with a full share of such amusements and luxuries, as can be permitted with safety only to men of the maturest age and understanding; to allow them on all occasions the freedoms and familiarities of equals and friends; these arts may answer the purposes, for which they are probably designed; they may conciliate the favour of the parents through the medium of indulgence to their sons: but their natural tendency is to make the pupils men of pleasure, not men of learning; to fit them for the fashionable ceremonial of the drawing room and the tea table; not for the bustle of public stations, or the honourable labours of virtue. The master professes to bestow his whole time upon a small number; and therefore a

larger portion of attention upon their improvement; a profession seldom fulfilled; and when fulfilled, seldom beneficial. When the pupils of such a seminary are in early youth, a female relation or upper servant of the master, often attends them in their walks and diversions; a system as captivating in appearance, as it is in reality contemptible. Boys should be compelled to exert their own powers in their lessons, and permitted to indulge their own fancies in their relaxations. Their natural gaiety is checked by the presence or the direction of their superiors; and the youth, who does not play with alacrity and spirit, will seldom study with diligence or success. Some of these schools again profess wholly to exclude the discipline of the rod. Yet perhaps without the use or the fear of it not a single scholar was ever made. The acquisition of learning must always be laborious; and by what motives, but the fear of a greater evil, shall boys be induced to labour with regularity and perseverance! They cannot, or they will not, understand the force of arguments drawn from distant and future advantage; the policy of suspending enjoyment for the present, in order to increase it hereafter. The forbearance and the virtues of the stoic, indeed, suit their comprehension as little as their inclination. They are, when left to themselves, the genuine disciples of Epicurus; they grasp with avidity the pleasures of the present hour, with little thought, and less apprehension, of what may happen to-morrow.

There are cases, however, in which a public education, notwithstanding its general advantages, would be wholly improper. It ought never to be chosen for such unhappy youths as labour under the misfortunes of imbecility of mind, deformity of person, or permanent want of health.

In the case of imbecility of mind, domestic care and tenderness are necessary till a much later period, than where nature has been more liberal of her endowments. Nothing less than the constant presence and the most unwearied patience of his teachers can communicate such a portion of useful information, or establish such habits of action, as may conduct the unfortunate youth with propriety and comfort through one of the humblest walks of life. The ordinary modes of instruction cannot give learning to him, to whom nature has denied the capacity to receive it. The common operations of agriculture will not create the powers of vegetation in the sand.

Where a youth labours under great deformity of person, he ought certainly to be concealed in the shades of domestic education. In a large school he cannot always join in the amusements, with which he sees others delighted. A thousand incidents daily remind him of the unkindness of nature. He is frequently mortified by the ridicule and the insults of his schoolfellows; till at length his comfort is destroyed, his temper rendered irri-

table and fretful, and his heart, I fear, sometimes corrupted. For to these circumstances must probably be ascribed that malignity of mind, which has been too often observed to accompany deformity of person. No degree of literary improvement can make amends for evils such as these; and under their influence it is not probable, that any great degree will be obtained.

In cases of permanent want of health, public education is not only improper, but in a great measure impracticable. Without health few of the advantages of education can any where be obtained. And it would be as cruel, as it is absurd, to expose a youth to the tumult and accidents of a numerous school, whose infirmities require rather the tenderness of a nurse, than the instruction of a teacher. Some station of life must be chosen, which will not require either that health and strength, which nature has denied, or that learning, which the want of health does not permit him to obtain.

To these cases must be added that of a youth approaching to manhood; whose literary education was neglected at the proper season, and the neglect of which it is now proposed to repair. Such a student should not be mortified by being joined in the same class with children; the same modes of instruction cannot be the most suitable both to him and to them; and he ought to be pushed forward with a rapidity, which is not practicable in the lower forms of a school. To a youth of this description, however, I cannot very strongly recommend the pursuit of classical literature; because I cannot very confidently promise him, either that he will succeed in his pursuit; or that success will recompense the time and labour, which it will require. The languages of Greece and Rome are seldom completely attained, unless undertaken at a very early age; while the memory is yet fresh and tenacious; while the understanding is not yet distracted by the cares of life and the passions of our nature; and while the authority of the teacher can confine his pupil to irksome and continued application. As the mind approaches to maturity, it wants either resolution to begin the study in question, patience to persevere in it, or aptitude to succeed: and even supposing all difficulties to be overcome, that time is employed upon words, which is due to things; those hours are wasted in speculation, which ought to be devoted to action. The ingenious historian of *the British Colonies in the West Indies* has candidly acknowledged, that not having been grounded in the grammar in his childhood, he afterwards found the study of the learned languages insupportably disgusting: and Quintilian has observed, that a child will learn in a few months to speak his native tongue; but that to teach it to a foreign slave will require as many years.

Our public schools, properly so called, are unsuitable places of education for those who are designed for any private station

for the retirement and tranquillity of the country, or the patient diligence of trade. Young men do not there learn the sciences best adapted to such purposes; and they usually acquire notions, habits, and connections, and sometimes vices too, incompatible with their future destination. The mechanic does not willingly receive his apprentice, nor the merchant select his clerk, from amongst the pupils of a public school; nor has the pupil of a public school more inclination than aptitude to become the clerk or the apprentice. Our academies are places where education suitable to such stations is to be sought; and in many of them it may undoubtedly be found. Sometimes, indeed, an attempt is made to unite the advantages of both. For, in the conduct of education, what absurdity can be named, which human folly has not in some instance endeavoured to reduce to practice?

Our public schools are improper places of education, whenever classical literature is not indispensably required; or where time for a deep and critical acquaintance with the authors of antiquity cannot be allowed. If this, indeed, be necessary, as the basis of general knowledge, or of professional skill, it can nowhere else be obtained with equal rapidity and success. Their unquestionable superiority in this point, however, will excite the less surprise, when we reflect, that it is almost the sole object of their attention: and that it is the sole object of their attention is abundant evidence, that for other purposes other instructors must be sought. Wherever an ordinary acquaintance with the Greek and Roman tongues is sufficient; wherever dexterity in the humble talents of writing and arithmetic, or the more dignified accomplishments of skill in the elegant arts, and the knowledge of modern languages and mathematical science are necessary to the future destination of the student, then, indeed, recourse must be had, either to the assiduity of a private teacher, which in some cases is the most eligible, or to some one of our numerous academies, where the requisite accomplishments are taught.

It is sometimes supposed to be highly eligible to place a youth at one of our public schools, with a view to his forming such connections, as may be creditable or beneficial to him in all the subsequent transactions of his life. If the design be to form interested connections with the great, and to court the future patronage of the powerful, it is contemptible in its principle, and seldom successful in its object. It must begin or end in meanness and sycophancy; and does not so often advance the fortune, as corrupt the heart of the student. But if the purpose be to form early and pleasing intimacies upon equal terms; to cement those friendships, which, when they endure through life, sweeten it at every step; this is, indeed, a desirable and honourable object; but it is not confined exclusively to our public schools. It will be accomplished equally at every other place of educa-

tion, where a variety of ingenuous youth are brought together, and each is at liberty to select from the number those, whom a similarity in years, sentiments, and pursuits seems to have destined for his companions and friends. This recommendation of a public education, however, can only be considered as a sort of counterpoise to the objection that has been urged, from the supposed danger to the morals of the pupils. If a youth may select companions, who will afterwards improve his fortune, he may equally select such, as will induce him to waste it. If he may choose associates, that will confirm the principles of virtue; he may also attach himself to such, as will allure him to licentiousness and vice. Considered merely in this point of view the chances of good or evil are naturally equal. Either side of the balance may appear to preponderate, according to the judgement or inclination of the parent; and the advantage or the mischief will depend at last upon the principles and prudence of the pupil, and the skill and diligence of the instructor.

It may perhaps appear extraordinary that, in order to determine the preference between private and public education, I have not yet adduced on either side the authority of any of those learned and judicious teachers, who have expressed their sentiments on the subject. I have not neglected the sentiments, because I am not fully sensible of the respect and deference that are due to them; but because so many authorities may be urged in favour of either of the systems under consideration, that I think authority will not satisfactorily decide the question between them. In the civil war of his country Lucan was unable or unwilling to determine the justice of the cause, when Cato was on one side, and fortune on the other. On these authorities, however, one general observation may be made. Of all the men who have enjoyed the opportunity and the advantages of a public education, Locke alone, perhaps, will be found generally to condemn it; and of the advocates for the domestic system, the greater number have been either interested teachers, whose employment and profits were involved in the question; or men more willing to listen to the flattering promises of theory and innovation, than to the sober truths of practice and experience. By this time the reader does not want to be told, that I am not disposed, like the Roman poet, to suspend my judgment on the point before me; that I willingly give up the speculative opinions even of Cato himself; and adhere steadily to the cause which has been sanctioned by fortune and success.

In the observations that have been made upon the comparative advantages of public and private education, it is not to be supposed that the result will always be precisely what has been stated. A thousand circumstances continually intervene to vary the effect of every system, and disappoint the conclusions of every calculation. Whatever mode be adopted, a wide difference will

be made in the success by the various degrees of ability and diligence exerted by different teachers, and still more by the varieties of capacity and temper in their different pupils. Private tuition has sometimes produced men of the most brilliant talents; and dulness and stupidity have often issued from our public schools. But supposing the different students equally endowed by nature, and the same judgment and exertions in the respective preceptors, the effects that have been stated from the different modes of instruction may most reasonably and usually be expected. The natural fertility of the soil cannot even by mismanagement be wholly suppressed; nor can its sterility by any skill and care be so successfully cultivated, as to yield a rich and luxuriant produce.

Nor is it to be supposed that any system of education can be adopted, which shall comprehend every possible benefit, and exclude every possible inconvenience. In almost every thing human a compromise must be made. As we approach one advantage, we generally recede from another; and a greater evil can sometimes be avoided only by submitting to a less. Though in the important business of education we must relinquish speculative perfection for attainable excellence; yet happily something like an union between private and public instruction may be formed. While the student attends his school during the day, he may in the evening receive the assistance of a private teacher; not, certainly, to save him the labour of performing his own exercise; not to prevent, but stimulate, the exertion of his own powers; to explain to him the subject proposed; to illustrate the principles of composition; to relieve him from any difficulty, that may impede his progress; to enable him to proceed aright, or to correct what is amiss; to supply, in short, whatever the regulations of the school may not admit, or the thoughtlessness of the youth may have neglected. Even this scheme is not without its difficulties and objections. And while some of our public schools continue it, from their experience of its utility; others have rejected it, from a knowledge of its abuses. This, however, is the plan which I can venture to recommend with the greatest confidence; because I have seen it attended with the most beneficial effects. No system, however it may deserve success, can always command it. No future event, depending on human wisdom and human passions, can be considered as certain.

ON THE CHOICE OF A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

SUPPOSING the point decided in favour of a public education; another question immediately arises on the choice of a school; a question of no small moment in itself; and rendered the more

difficult to be determined, by the opposite pretensions of the various seminaries amongst us.

The best general criterion seems to be established reputation. A school may at first be filled with pupils by plausible and delusive pretensions; or the master may have friends, whose zeal and kindness are greater than their learning or judgment. Yet a high character cannot be permanent without merit. The want or the possession of literary talents cannot be long concealed; and diligence and ability in the art of teaching may without difficulty be soon ascertained. This character of the master, however, is not always implicitly to be received either from those, who have sons under his care, or from the sons themselves. The former may be partial in his favour; because they may be pleased with novelty; or may hope to purchase some advantage for their own child by recommending the children of others to the seminary: and the pupils may be mistaken in points, of which they cannot always be competent judges; or they may wilfully misrepresent the conduct of their master, in resentment of such restraint or correction, as those who feel it, are apt to think unreasonable and severe. A fair reputation obtained in youth, and since supported in the world, and the recommendation of men of learning, whose sentiments are not influenced by private interest or personal friendship, are much better testimony in his favour: and, above all, the judgment of those, who have finished their education at the school, may be safely trusted. Their petty resentments and animosities are forgotten; and the benefits, which they received, are usually remembered with gratitude, and stated with candour and fidelity.

But though it may not be easy to lay down any general rule, by which the character of the master can be unequivocally ascertained; or to enumerate all the various circumstances, by which the choice of a school may be influenced or determined; yet there are certain points in the enquiry too important to be neglected; and in which hardly any man can be deceived but by his own fault.

The most obvious, as well as the most essential, requisite for a schoolmaster is, that he be himself a scholar; a man, whose education has been liberal; and whose information is at once correct and extensive. With meaner qualifications, he may undoubtedly be an useful drudge in some of the humbler walks of science; but he cannot preside in a seat of literary education with justice to his pupils, or advantage to the community. That any man should engage to instruct others, or to direct their instruction, in sciences, with which he is wholly unacquainted; that he should undertake to conduct the complicated process of classical studies, to which he has himself never applied, or in which he has never made any useful progress; this is a fact, which we believe, because we have seen it: it is an absurdity, to

which we are reconciled only by its familiarity ; as offensive objects constantly before our eyes cease to excite disgust, because they cease to attract our notice. Such a man cannot be fully sensible of the value of that literature, which he does not understand ; and what he does not understand, he will not judiciously enforce. He will seldom teach systematically, who has not himself been systematically taught. He not only cannot, by his own efforts, do justice to those entrusted to his care ; but he cannot determine whether justice has been done by those, whom he has employed. He knows not even what is a proper task to be appointed, or when it has been properly performed. The only possible resource is, that he engage assistants duly qualified to give those lessons, which he is not able to give himself. But this is a very inadequate security for the improvement of his pupils. Of the talents of these assistants he is a very incompetent judge ; nor can he decide with accuracy even upon their diligence and success. But whatever may be the abilities and application of the teachers, we still entrust the education of our children, if we entrust it to any but a scholar, upon a principle, on which we should be unwilling to entrust any other affairs of delicacy or moment. I ought surely to repose little confidence in a legal practitioner, if I knew that he must depend upon the skill and integrity of his clerk. In building my habitation, I should justly incur the ridicule of my neighbours, if I employed an architect, who must trust to his labourers, both for the plan and the execution of the work.

That the moral character of the school-master should be unexceptionable, is one of those truths, which cannot be rendered more convincing by argument, or more clear by illustration. It is noticed therefore, not because it is questionable, but because it is indispensable. Science is acquired to little purpose, if the morals be not guarded. Superior talents, unrestrained by principle, are the most powerful engine of mischief to the individual and to society. And in vain will the master enjoin virtue and religion by his precepts, if vice and impiety be recommended by his example. Our children, like our equals, will pay little regard to those maxims, which are daily violated by our own practice.

For the same reason must be mentioned the indispensable qualification of a cool and steady temper of mind ; either natural or acquired ; either established by habit or assumed for the more equitable discharge of his professional duties. That tenderness of disposition, which leads the preceptor to treat his pupils with something like parental affection, has been frequently and strongly recommended ; and is, indeed, as necessary to the son during the years of infancy, as it is captivating to the mind of his parent. But for the master of a large school it has been recommended without sufficient consideration. Tenderness of

disposition is almost invariably connected with irritability of temper. It leads to partiality and *favouritism*; the most noxious and offensive weeds that a school can produce. It generates, at one time, injudicious indulgence and caresses, and, at another capricious and immoderate correction; the bane of discipline, and the disgrace of the master. The president of a numerous school, indeed, should consider himself rather as a magistrate than a man. Though he is himself the legislator of the domain, he ought to be invariably bound by his own laws; and in the execution of them, always, indeed, to remember humanity, but never to violate equity and justice. Too much sensibility would destroy his own peace and comfort, without benefit to his pupils. It is kindness from principle, rather than from feeling, from conviction more than constitution; it is deliberate concession in trifles, guarded by inflexible resolution in objects of moment, that constitute the requisite temper of a schoolmaster; and provide at once for the comfort and the improvement of those entrusted to his care.

It is desirable, where it interferes with no other object of greater moment, that the youth should be placed where the art or science, most immediately necessary to his future destination, is taught by the principal master. A man of talents and integrity will undoubtedly be careful that his own attachment to any favourite study do not interfere with what is respectively necessary for the improvement and the interests of his different pupils. But his partiality will not be without its influence on his judgment and his conduct: and to what is taught by the master in every school, a customary and almost involuntary preference is shown. On this the first honours of the seminary are usually bestowed. On this it depends for its highest reputation. To this almost every other object leans; and to this the pupil will pay more early and diligent attention, than to any task enjoined by an assistant, or any science, which he recommends. Nor can I admit it to be eligible, that the master should merely inspect every department of the business of a school, and devote his own labour to none. It is by no means certain, that this would exclude partiality; and where the master teaches nothing, few things are taught with vigour or success.

In the choice of a school the personal and external accomplishments of the master are entitled to considerable attention. A strong constitution and athletic frame will not only enable him to bear with less inconvenience the necessary labours of his profession; but may sometimes prevent forcible opposition to his authority, from despair of success in those, who might otherwise be tempted to resist. Any considerable deformity of person, on the other hand, or awkwardness of address; any singular and habitual modes of speech; any provincial dialect, or any imperfection of voice and articulation, are objections to a school-

master by no means without their weight. They may, not improbably, injure by example the manners or elocution of the pupils; and they will certainly excite their ridicule and contempt; and diminish the influence and authority of the master. Where the teacher is despised, learning will not be much respected.

Public opinion in this country evidently leans in favour of the clergy, as the most eligible instructors of youth: and for this preference reasonable and substantial grounds may be assigned. It is founded, in the first instance, upon the general habits and experience of the kingdom. It has long been the custom of almost every parent amongst us, when in search of a preceptor for his son, to turn his thoughts to the teachers of religion; well knowing it to have been chiefly under their conduct and management that our schools and colleges have attained their eminence and distinction; and that almost all the great ornaments of our country, whether in science or in virtue, whether in the cabinet or the field, have either been wholly educated under their care, or greatly indebted to their instruction. This success is such a claim to public esteem and confidence as no other description of men can produce; for no others have had the same opportunities to prove their merits and establish their pretensions. It is indisputable evidence that the clergy in general have for the time past discharged the important trust reposed in them with fidelity and skill; and it is a rational ground of hope that they will discharge it with equal zeal and abilities for the time to come.

It is far from my intention to insinuate that a layman may not equal any other man as a schoolmaster; but previously to all examination or evidence, the presumption will still be in favour of the church. A clergyman must have had the opportunity of a liberal and classical education: and he will rarely engage in the profession of a schoolmaster, unless he is conscious that the opportunity has been embraced and improved. To the faithful discharge of his duty, he has all the motives of other men, and some peculiar to himself. The principles and the obligations of religion and virtue, which he is ordained to teach, he must be supposed fully to understand; and while they should peculiarly influence his own conduct, he is aware they must be taught in the desk of the preceptor, as well as in the pulpit of the preacher. That general decency of deportment, which his clerical character prescribes and requires, will assist better motives in restraining him from dissipation and licentiousness; and in attaching him to habits of domestic regularity, and to the pursuits and pleasures of literature and science. And what is by no means of least importance, the clergy more especially; except perhaps a few irregular and extraordinary characters, of which, I trust, the numbers are as contemptible, as their tenets are pernicious; may be expected to inculcate such religious and

political principles, as are required by our civil and ecclesiastical establishment, and calculated to continue or to augment the political blessings we enjoy.

It has, indeed, been maintained, that these last are objects with which a school-master has no concern; and instances are not wanting of parents, who have enjoined the instructors of their sons to teach them neither politics nor religion. Such an injunction, however, can proceed from those parents only who have fully imbibed the pernicious tenets of our modern philosophy; and a strict and literal compliance with it, amongst the pupils of a numerous school, is hardly practicable on the part of the preceptor; and if it were practicable, could not easily be justified.

Some notions and opinions, on the great subjects of religion and civil policy, every youth will unavoidably collect from his books, his companions, and his own reflections: and if these are not guarded and rectified by the instructions of the teacher, the notions will often be absurd, and the opinions pernicious. It is his duty to correct error on every subject, and to inculcate truth; to extirpate the useless and noxious weeds of the mind, and to cultivate such plants, as may bear salutary and valuable fruits.

Nor can the tenets of the master on these important points be easily concealed from his pupils. They will appear in the authors, which he directs to be read, or in his comments upon them; in his exhortations, in his reprimands, and in his private conversation; and the sentiments, which he expresses, will naturally be adopted by his scholars, as sanctioned by an authority, on which they may safely depend.

When the master is required not to interfere with religion and politics, he is required to educate his pupil, with little reference to his future conduct as a member of society, or to his responsibility for his actions to the creator and judge of the world. Yet these surely are the greatest and best objects of education, and which give merit and value to all the rest.

The momentous topic of religion will hereafter be examined more at large. With respect to civil policy, though it is neither the design of the present essay, nor the duty of a schoolmaster, to enter deeply into the controverted questions, to which it has given rise; yet to the senior pupils of his school occasional instruction on the subject is by no means without its propriety and its value. It was the opinion of Milton, that youth should be taught to *know the beginning, the end, and the reasons of political societies*; and such knowledge undoubtedly tends to open and enlarge the views, and to exalt and ennoble the understanding. It may secure the youthful mind against the seduction of specious theories, and against being elevated in its own esteem by superficial information. Were it in itself without utility, it is necessary in these times, to guard the rising generation against the

activity, the sophistry, and the malignity of the enemies of established order in general, and especially of our own government and laws.

With respect to the situation of the school, I can have no hesitation in saying, that for the sake of the three great objects of education, the health, the literature, and the morals of our youth, it ought to be in the country : and that in proportion as the distance from any of our large towns is increased, the advantages of the situation are improved. On the subject of health, the first and most important concern in the management of children, this will be universally admitted ; and upon his health, exclusively of its own intrinsic value, every schoolmaster knows, depend in no small degree the spirits, the application, and the progress of his pupil. On the question of morals, my own opinion is equally decided. In a town of any considerable magnitude, there are not only company and public amusements, and consequently temptations to luxury and dissipation, which interrupt application and relax the mind ; but there are opportunities and facilities of vice, against which no vigilance can always guard ; and criminal pleasures, once tasted in early life, have often been found too powerful for subsequent advice and authority to correct or restrain. They frequently realize the pernicious effects of the fabled cup of the sorceress ; and make the youth forget his principles and his dignity, his character and himself.

It is the advice of Locke, that a father should be hardly less cautious in the choice of a preceptor, than in the choice of a wife for his son : and in order to determine what school is entitled to the preference, let the previous enquiries be made by the parent with all the care and severity, which the importance of the subject both to himself and his offspring so justly demands. But when once his judgment is satisfied, and the option made, let the master be liberally, and almost implicitly trusted. Nothing flatters him so highly as confidence in his talents and integrity. Nothing offends him so much as doubt and suspicion. The former prompts him to discharge his duty with zeal and diligence : the latter tempt him to consult appearances more than reality ; to conciliate favour, instead of promoting science. Few cases can be named, in which mutual confidence is more obviously necessary ; in which it is attended with more valuable advantages to the respective parties, and where the want of it is followed by evils of greater magnitude, than in the connection which subsists between the parent and the preceptor of his son. By frequent and unreserved communication between them, the virtue as well as the learning of the pupil would in general be effectually secured. Much of the corporal punishment, usually required in schools, might be spared. His advancement in science would be greatly accelerated ; and the first tendencies to vice discovered and corrected.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AMELIA; OR, A WIFE AS SHE SHOULD BE.

(From the French of Marmontel.)

I WAS born in a country where the chain of wedlock is not indissoluble. Divorce is permitted, provided that both parties desire it, and no kind constraint is employed. Nevertheless, as inconstancy made no part of my character, and as the very thought of being exposed in society to the neglect of a man, who had been united to me in the holiest union, gave me pain, I reflected, before I made any engagement, with all the seriousness that could be expected from so young a woman. I asked myself not so much whether my future husband was the object of my unbiassed choice, as whether I was, myself, likely to engage and to secure his affections. In Mr. Norlis I discovered a man susceptible of such impressions as I believed myself capable of inspiring. He took pleasure in my society, heard me with attention, seemed delighted with the *naivete* of my conversation, appeared to consult me in every thing, and, on all subjects, possessed a taste similar to my own. The hope I cherished, therefore, that his happiness might be derived from his connection with me, was daily strengthened. In truth, this hope partook not a little of the illusion so common to us all, of believing what we wish. I loved almost without being conscious that I loved. My choice was wholly unrestrained; I did not hesitate in preferring Norlis, and five years of uninterrupted tenderness and harmony made me bless the hour that gave me to the arms of such a husband.

Two children, a son the image of himself, and a daughter whom he professed to love the more as she resembled me, confirmed our mutual attachment, and I felt as much confidence in my husband's love for me as in my own for him, when, on a sudden I perceived in him an alarming change. He treated me with coldness, neglected me, and no longer seemed happy in the presence of a wife and children, so lately the objects of his fondest affection. I tried to disguise what I felt, but eagerly sought for the cause of it; and, at length, learnt that he was wholly devoted to a young widow whose good conduct was highly praised, but whose attractions were calculated to create much uneasiness. Madame de Velbac was pretty rather than handsome. She had captivated my husband by that fascinating irregularity of features in which nature seems to take a peculiar and capricious pleasure; and had completed her conquest by the charms of her character and her talents. To all that is naturally attractive in a young woman, she added an art, to me wholly unknown—the

art of sporting at will with the hopes and desires which she was so well able to inspire; virtuous, nevertheless, and of conduct wholly irreproachable, she declared openly and upon every fit occasion, that the man who could for a moment count on any weakness on her part, was a coxcomb: that though she had loved her husband while living, and lamented him when dead, yet she had never promised fidelity beyond the grave; that, at her age, an engagement of that sort would be folly; and that she attached no respect to virtue so ostentatious; she wished it, therefore, to be understood that her heart was free and her hand also; but that she set a price upon her liberty which it would not be very easy to pay.

My husband's rank and fortune were so well suited to her wishes as to make her envy my lot; but that envy was either too slight, or too artful to show itself. Not an emotion of her heart was perceptible, except a dread of ceasing to be independent, and a purity of sentiment that sets every species of libertinism at defiance.

At length, and when she was sufficiently assured of her empire over Norlis, she said to him, "Are you mad, that you talk to me of love? You are the husband of an amiable and virtuous woman—Do you think me less estimable than she is? Are you not afraid of forfeiting my good opinion, by offering me the tribute of an affection which nobody but she can claim, and which nobody better merits?" He acknowledged with a blush his folly, as regarded her, and his injustice to me. "But after all," said he, (in the usual cant of infidelity) "who can command his affections?" "I," said Madame de Velbac, "can command mine, and so effectually, that I am sure they will never attach themselves to any object that is not altogether worthy of them. Suppose for instance that you, Norlis, were all that beauty, eloquence, and character could render irresistible in a woman's eyes, still one fatal obstacle must always separate us—You are married! While that is the case, the wit of Ovid, the tenderness of Tibullus, and the attraction of Alcibiades would avail you nothing. I have no more dread of you than I should have of the fool who fatigues me, or of the insipid coxcomb who fills me with disgust."

Such were their *tete-a-tetes*. But when they met in society she threw out hints and maxims evidently intended to influence his conduct by inspiring hopes of ultimate success. She talked, as if without design, of the advantages of divorce, of the rashness of undissoluble engagements; of the folly of persisting mutually to torment each other; of the hypocrisy of married people who pretend an affection that they no longer feel; of the indulgence due to a change of sentiment, which, as it was generally unavoidable, ought not to surprise; and, as it was involuntary, ought to be avoided and pardoned. Sometimes she assumed a firmer tone. "All," she maintained, "that lovers owe to each other

is perfect sincerity; for hypocrisy is never so detestable as where the heart is concerned. I am aware, that, in a woman, dissimulation may sometimes be attributed to modesty; but, in a man, it can only arise from baseness. The least that a man owes to a beautiful and virtuous wife, who supposes that she continues to be loved, because she continues to deserve it, is to acknowledge that he is no longer worthy of her, and to give her back that freedom of which she has ceased to receive the sole equivalent."

These lessons were treasured up by my husband as oracles. He naturally inferred from them that he could not be made completely happy otherwise than by destroying the illusion in which I still was, and by communicating to me the change that his affection for me had undergone. From that moment, he thought of nothing but of a divorce; but he wanted resolution to announce the barbarous project, and was desirous that it should originate with me. Fortunately for me, I was informed of Madame de Velbac's language, and easily saw through her views. Thus circumstanced, I summoned all my resolution. Surrounded by my children, and supported by my attachment to them, I consulted my reason, and placed my chief dependence upon my heart.

"I am no longer," said I, (the tears streamed from my eyes as I spoke); "the object of my husband's love; and what is not less cruel, he is attached to another. Convinced as I am of his inconstancy, it depends wholly upon myself whether the tie that unites us shall be dissolved for ever. But can I desire this? Can I consent that the law should divide between us a daughter and a son, the pledges of our once happy love, as if they made parts of a litigated estate? Shall my son lose a mother, shall my daughter be deprived of her father, and both, perhaps, become the victims of the neglect or jealousy of a mother-in-law? No, my children! never will I acquiesce in this. You (and I pressed them both to my heart) constitute the sacred ties that bind your parents; never shall those ties be, with my consent, broken. I should detest myself as the author of every ill that might attend your orphan state. I have, doubtless, much to suffer; but it will be for your sakes, and I shall derive consolation from that thought. What a wretch should I be, if I permitted any selfish feeling to contend for an instant with what I owe to you.

In the mean time, my husband was seeking for an opportunity of unburdening his mind of that deception with which his conscience continually reproached him. To that end, he took advantage of one of those moments of tenderness in which I was endeavouring to make his heart beat in unison with my own. "Is it then possible," he said, "that you still love me?" "How can you ask, how can you doubt it?" I answered. "What! as you formerly loved me?" "Yes, as I always have loved you; I have not a wish but to be amiable in your eyes, and to make

you happy." "As to your wishes for my happiness," said he, "I do not question your sincerity. But I will honestly confess that, judging by my own feelings, I should suppose a union of five years had a little weakened your attachment."—"It is natural enough," I replied, "that your love should be less constant than mine, for it was at first more ardent; and nothing violent lasts long. Now that your affection is moderated, it will be more enduring and constant, and will lose nothing of its value, in my eyes, on that account."

He said no more; but I soon perceived that he was out of spirits, and I enquired the cause. "What would you have me say? I am out of humour with myself; for my heart tells me I ought not to change."

I did every thing in my power to lessen the acuteness of his feelings under the weight of so much conscious guilt. "No!" said he, with impatience;—"Young and handsome as you are, you merit a warmer sentiment than that of mere friendship." His words went to my very soul; but I checked my emotion and said, "Do but preserve that friendship pure and unalterable, and I will ask no more. I have been the object of your adoration; I must now be content with a love less ardent; let it be permanent, and I shall be content. The affection of a husband should be kind and tender, and should endure as long as life endures: Love is a sentiment of a very different kind."

"Love," said he, "never yet was satisfied with such an exchange; and you cannot love me much if you can permit it." "All I know," said I, "is that I love you with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my strength; life itself is not more dear to me. Let others analyse a sentiment they never felt; my feelings, such as they are, must guide me: they constitute my pride and happiness, and I should cherish them, even if they made me wretched. Besides, I have full confidence in the goodness of your heart. You never will be so unjust as to deny me your esteem; you never will be so cruel as to withhold from me the tenderness that cannot be refused to one who exists solely for you; and that tenderness shall suffice."

"After all," said he, "a dissipated husband could never make you happy; and solitude is little calculated for a character like yours."—"Do not," I answered mildly, "distress yourself on that score. My children already afford me amusement, and will henceforth occupy all my time and care. Books, family-affairs, the thought of you when you are absent, and your occasional presence, will effect the rest."

I saw that he was absorbed in thought, and overwhelmed with confusion. After a few moments silence, he said, "How perverse, how capricious is the human heart by nature! Why cannot I love her most whom I most esteem?" He quitted the house, and I desired that my children might be brought to me.

I regarded them, at first, in silence and despair. I fixed my eyes on them, and satiated myself, as it were, with their looks, which, like a healing balm, assuaged every pain of my heart. I watched their amusements, partook of their innocent pleasures, and wept while I resolved to derive my whole consolation from their happiness.

While I was indulging these mingled emotions, my husband had gone to dissipate in the society of my rival, the conflicting emotions with which he had quitted me. "At length," he said to her, "I feel relieved from all self-accusation as to having deceived an inestimable wife. I have just confessed to her that I could no longer love her."—"And what did she say when she heard the mortifying declaration?" "That she was content to retain my friendship."—"Charming! she expected this; and her proud and immovable spirit enabled her to bear it! I see how it is. Five years of love and happiness may leave behind them an impression which not even the indifference of a husband can efface. To be sure, a great name, and great rank, fortune, children, and the uncontrolled superintendance of a rich establishment compensate sufficiently for the loss of a little love. Yet you must feel very foolish when you are together! How many a sad *tete a tete*! What a ridiculous part you have to act."

"No, no," said my husband, "that is all over! the charm is dissolved! To live together on such terms would be like passing from an enchanted palace into a desert. After having once acknowledged indifference, divorce must follow."

"Really," said madame de Velbac, "if I had been in her situation, it would have already taken place. Good heavens! to be told by a husband that he has ceased to love! what audacity! what blasphemy in Hymen's own temple! Surely the utmost vengeance of that deity must await those who have committed so unpardonable a crime in his very presence!"

As soon as the young widow found that I was fully aware of my husband's intentions, she was kind enough to provide me with a source of consolation. In the society to which she was principally attached there was a sort of mysterious declaration of the approaching divorce; at the same time, my person and disposition were by all possible means cried up, so as to excite a lively desire of being the successor of my husband in my affections. Suitors of this sort were earnest in their attempts to attract my regard, while I little suspected the nature and extent of their pretensions.

Among them, Lord Elforth, an Englishman, whose noble and manly countenance was softened by an interesting appearance of melancholy, was, at his own particular request, introduced to me, and made his visits more frequent than I desired. He seemed to observe me with uncommon attention; spoke little; and appeared anxious to find an occasion of conversing with me alone.

At length, it arrived, and he then said, "No quality in woman delights me as much as sincerity, and I am persuaded, madam, that you possess it. Tell me then candidly, what is your opinion of me. Do you not think me a sad and tiresome creature?"—"Not tiresome, but certainly sad enough!"—"And do you know why? It is that no earthly object interests me. I languish, and like a sickly plant, wither upon the stalk, because my heart takes no root in any thing. Young, and the last of my race, I am alone with the world. I love my country, and, in her cause would sacrifice every drop of my blood: yet I cannot endure to live in England. At first, I attributed this disgust to climate; sought a brighter sun and a softer air; and was, for some time better satisfied: but the cloud soon collected again; for it originates in my own heart, which by nature, is cold, and condenses all those vapours of happiness which others contrive to breathe with freedom and delight."

I was struck with the novelty of his expressions, and asked whether nothing could relieve him from so wretched a state of indifference—"The pleasures of benevolence, have sometimes," he said, "afforded me most pleasing emotions; but they occupy a small part of our life. To merit genuine approbation, they must not be long remembered. As to the pleasures arising from vanity, they appear to me mere child's-play; those of avarice, are pardonable only in the old. The charm of gratified ambition commonly costs more than it is worth. False glory I despise; true glory is hardly attainable; at, least, by me. Esteem is necessary, and I value it as I ought; but I am not much flattered by it: like the air we breathe, it is indispensable, but accompanied by no sensation of delight. As to all those imaginary enjoyments arising from the possession of riches, they end in satiety and languor: I have tried them and found them wanting. The sports of the turf and the anxiety of the race soon lose their attraction. The grounds occupied by my park served chiefly for the indulgence of solitude and melancholy; and my turf, however green, was jaundiced by the mental eye. For a time I devoted myself to painting and sculpture, admired them coldly, and then abandoned them to the next comer."

"And friendship?" said I—"Friendship!" he answered:—"I have read of it in books; but those very books describe it as a sort of phoenix. In books, too, I have discovered that love has charms; and I believe it: but the impression derived from that source has perished in me, from inanition. Besides, how should he dare to love who feels that he is not capable of inspiring love in his turn?"—"But," said I, "one pleases by the very desire to please." "Yes, madam; but that desire must be nourished by hope: such hope I have never yet had, and have now less than ever."—He then ceased to speak, and his eyes were fixed on the spot beneath them.

“Do not,” said I, “despair. You are made to inspire, as well as to feel, an attachment of the most exalted kind. Love will rekindle that warmth which you suppose to be extinct; and as soon as the happiness of the husband shall be increased by that of a father, you will be persuaded that the charms of life exist for you as well as for others.”—“Ah!” said he, “my utmost wish would then be gratified. But if ever I am to indulge so delightful a hope, you are the person from whom I must derive it.”—“I! my lord!”—“Yes, madam, you, and only you! I know that you and your husband are resolved upon being divorced. I derive my information from a very certain source, and that has induced me to offer myself to you. Gallantry is no part of my character; I am a stranger to all the prettinesses of a lover’s phraseology; and I can only say that, of all the women on earth, I would prefer you, and can know no pride equal to that of making you happy. My fortune is ample, and my heart unhackneyed. You are the first woman I have loved, and you shall be the last. Is that assurance enough to satisfy you?”

“My lord,” said I, “I am flattered by your partiality, and thank you for your preference; but they who gave you this information, have trifled with both of us. I never had a thought of that sort, and I trust my husband is equally remote from it.”—“As to him,” said Lord Elforth, “I am sure his decision is made, and, I believe, in concurrence with arrangements between him and Madame de Velbac. All I ask, however, is a conditional and eventual preference; and, if no divorce takes place, I retract all I have said.”

I was anxious to learn where he had obtained his information; “at Madame de Velbac’s,” said he, “who, I thought, was in your confidence; for she speaks of you in the most exalted terms, and, in advance, congratulates the happy man who may obtain you, and know how to value you. Accordingly, her friends you see, are among the first to secure your affections and rival each other in the pursuit of your hand.”

I assured Lord Elforth, that the projected divorce was altogether unknown to me; and I ceased from that moment to receive his visits. This young nobleman did not fail to complain of having been thus duped; and Madame de Velbac learnt from him that nothing was more distant from my thoughts than a divorce. “Such then,” she said to my husband, “is your prospect of being at liberty! No, Sir, I always told you that a captive like you, once in chains, is enchained for ever. You are condemned to an eternity of love!”

Day after day, my husband became more melancholy and more absorbed in thought. “Is it true,” he said to me, “that you have inflicted a wound upon the heart of Lord Elforth, which no woman but yourself is likely to cure?”

“Wounds of that sort,” I answered, “are not likely to be made

by women of a character so uniform, so tranquil, so simple as mine. It is a prodigy in the art of pleasing, to warm a frozen heart; it must be done by the attractions of grace, and the brilliancy of caprice. The almost extinguished spark of love can only be relumined by the charms of an ever-varying humour, and an imagination the most sportive; by a well managed union of indulgence with severity; and if that talent were mine, I should employ it far otherwise than in gaining the affections of Lord Elforth"—“If that man,” said Norlis, “could once be made to love, his love would endure for ever”—“I believe it,” said I; “and happy would be the woman whom he loved?”—“He has an immense fortune,”—“I know it”—“He is an English peer”—“It is a strong recommendation”—“He is young, handsome, of the highest honour, and distinguished by qualities the most exalted. It is surprising that such a man should be received with coldness and disdain”—“Most certainly,” said I, “he never can be disdained; indeed, I think I can already see a woman who will take pride in making him her conquest. She is at once capable of winning and of continuing to charm. She is animated and attractive, and knows how to create desire by awakening fear, and to secure attention by exciting jealousy. She is exactly suited to Lord Elforth, and is, I believe, worthy of him”—“And who,” said Norlis, “is this finished coquette?”—“That,” I answered, “is the secret of my own penetration. As soon as he marries her, I will point her out to you; until then, I leave you to your own conjectures.” This conversation was soon repeated to Madame de Velbac. “Don’t you see,” said she, “that I am the person meant? Surely, she can mean no other, since she gives me credit for so much artifice and its consequent influence. She must be taught to know that she is right. As long as she supposes that your heart is at liberty, it is natural that she should hope to recal it to herself. This hope must be extinguished; and if it be true that her rival is preferred to her, it is precisely what she ought to be informed of. She is too estimable to merit a less candid treatment; you owe this candour both to her and to yourself—Do you then permit me to name her rival?”—“Just as you please.” “But no; I am not yet sufficiently sure of you; nor, perhaps, of myself,” added she with a smile. “I may, before to-morrow morning, meet with a man more seductive, more dangerous than even you; Lord Elforth for example—No; believe me you had better not name me till we are absolutely at the altar.”

My husband upon his return home, found me engaged in teaching my little girl. “Come,” said I, “and hear how well this child reads, and reward her for it with a kiss.” He kissed the child, and I saw his eyes moistened with tears.

While the lesson lasted he threw himself upon a sofa, from whence after a few moments, he rose, walked about the room,

agitated but silent, and then went and locked himself in his own apartment. At length, after a long struggle with himself, he returned to Madame de Velbac's, confess'd his weakness, and declared that he found it impossible to tell me what he wished. "I pity you," said she, "and I see clearly that I must lend you my aid, without which matters can never come to a proper explanation." That very night a letter was sent to Pauline, my faithful *femme de chambre*, who supposed it came from some of my friends. Its contents were these:

"Can Madame de Norlis submit to be betrayed and abandoned? Is she ignorant of her husband's inconstancy, or does she merely pretend to be ignorant of it? Can he deceive her, while his heart is full of love for another woman? or has she so little pride and resolution as not to insist upon a separation?"

I had no doubt that this note was dictated by my rival. It called for a decisive answer, and I was resolved to give one. "Norlis," said I, as soon as I saw him, "our happiness excites jealousy. Read this effusion of some of my kind friends." He read it, and affected surprise, and asked me my opinion of conduct so officious. "You see what I think of it from the manner in which I communicate it to you."—"What then, you do not think me capable of infidelity to you?"—"I do not think it impossible."—"And suppose it to be so," said he, looking earnestly at me—"If," said I, "it were so, I should pity you."—"And you would renounce me?"—"Oh, no!"—"What, not if I were criminal?"—"Your crime would, in my eyes, be an error, and I should forgive it."—"This," said he, as he rose from his seat, "is too much! Even if you had firmness enough to live with me on such terms, I never should be able to permit it, and be at once the cause and the witness of your misery." "You forget, then," said I, "that *from the faithful discharge of duty, we derive a consolation under all the unhappiness which we feel conscious of not deserving?* You are the father of my children; that alone gives you an unalterable claim to my affection, and it does not depend upon yourself to forfeit it. When I married you, I gave up all right to hate you, because you ceased to be virtuous; or to abandon you, because you were sick and afflicted. You would be both, if a mad attachment could make you forget what you owe to me, to yourself and to your children. I should consider such conduct as a species of insanity, and should devote all my care to remove so dreadful a delusion."—"I should, then, become to you an object of pity?"—"Say rather, of tender anxiety, such as an affectionate daughter feels while she watches the pillow of an agonized parent."—"That," said he, "is a sort of feeling I absolve you from. If your husband is ill at ease, it is from no such transient sorrow as you can cure." I was silent.

"Tell me," said he, "where you got this note." "It was received by Paulette, who delivered it into my hands."—"This Paulette is become an officious personage in my family. You must have long since perceived that she was disagreeable to me, and I beg she may be sent away without further delay."—He said this in a tone of displeasure; and without waiting to know my answer to his request, quitted the house, oppressed by the effort he had made to appear unjust and cruel, in spite of his nature. I was at the moment, almost as much overcome as himself.

After all that I had hitherto suffered, this sacrifice of a *femme de chambre* was comparatively small; yet I almost sank under it. "Can this," said I, "be my husband! the man who was once so indulgent, so good, so full of sensibility! To what a state has this wretched passion reduced him!"

I sent for Paulette, who came at once, attended as she usually was by my children; their presence was essential to my support at so trying a moment. I began by kissing them both; for it was only when I pressed them to my bosom, that I found my strength and resolution revived. "Paulette," said I, "hear me; you know that I am your friend. You have served me faithfully, and I have no fault to find with you; yet, my good girl, I must dismiss you from my service. Ask me not the reason. All that I am liberty to say is that I will soon find another place for you, and that, in the mean time, I will protect you." Paulette trembled, was confused, and had not words to express her grief and astonishment: she burst into tears and fell at my feet. My children were frightened, and clung around her. Never was I so affected. When, at length, she could speak, she exclaimed, "What have I done! O my good mistress, heaven is my witness that I live but for you, and am ready to sacrifice my life for you. I have done nothing to deserve this, and have nothing with which to reproach myself. You are compelled to send me away, because they wish to distress me in every possible way. I see it all well enough! Alas, my dear mistress, your death is the object they have in view, and they want to kill you with grief and misery!"

Alarmed and confounded by the justice of her observations, I ordered her to be silent. "As you value," said I, "my past and future kindness, I forbid you, Paulette, ever to talk in this strain. If a syllable of the kind escape your lips, I shall dislike you as much as I ever loved you. Begone, and do not let me hear a murmur."

Like a criminal, veiled, and with a handkerchief stuffed into her mouth to stifle her sobs, she quitted the house. My husband saw her as she went, but could not support the afflicting spectacle. Overwhelmed with shame and remorse he threw himself back in his chair, and exclaimed: "Am I then as harsh,

as unjust, and as inhuman as my wife is submissive and patient ! This girl has never given me cause of complaint ; she has served her mistress with affectionate fidelity, loves her and is beloved by her : yet, no sooner have I required that she should be discharged than my wife sends her away. My wife is an angel, and ought to be the object of my adoration ; yet my heart, dead towards her beats for one who assuredly resembles her very little. What inconceivable, what capricious, what detestable madness ! I could bear all that I have brought upon myself, if I could suffer alone. But how will my wife sustain the tears, complaints and solitude that await her ? Alas ! the more admirable she appears in my eyes, the more I must detest myself. My situation is dreadful, yet how shall I escape from it ? Never, no never, will I consent to any proceeding unworthy of a man of honour !” Such was the language he held to Madame de Velbac.

“ For shame,” said she. “ Who requires of you to degrade yourself in any manner whatever ? I should detest you if I thought you could ever lose sight of what is due to a wife so estimable as Madame de Norlis. To wear out her patience and exhaust her love by whatever may render you tiresome and disagreeable to her, is all that you can be permitted to do, for the purpose of inducing her to consent to a separation. Let me hear of nothing beyond this, I entreat of you !” “ Alas !” said he, “ every thing of this sort has been tried in vain.” “ I do not believe it,” she replied. “ For the honour of my sex, I must continue to think that you have not managed matters as you might have done. Madame de Norlis would never have suffered you to tell her that you adored another woman. Nothing will make me believe it unless I hear it myself.” “ That,” said my husband, “ rests with you. You shall, whenever you please, be witness of the efforts I daily make to effect a separation from her.”

Thus challenged, she hesitated for a moment, and then said, “ Well, be it so. Make us acquainted, and be assured that if I can but have her a little to myself, I will soon procure your dismissal.” He accordingly signified to me his intention of having a supper on an appointed day. “ I will,” said he, “ furnish you with a list of those whom I am desirous that you should invite. Among them is Madame de Velbac, a woman of the best fashion, very amiable, and very much esteemed : I request that you will receive her with marked respect.”

The mortification of being compelled to do the honours of my table to my rival, made me shudder and turn pale ; but, as soon as I was left to myself, I experienced an internal revolution that I never recal without astonishment. The thought that I was upon the point of being brought face to face with my enemy, and that I must either be degraded for ever, or get the better both of her and of my own diffidence, was an alternative that furnished me with supernatural strength. I decided, at once

upon the measures I meant to adopt, and after having sent my invitations, awaited the arrival of Madame de Velbac with the utmost calmness.

Nothing could be more easy and collected than her manner of first addressing me, and I received her with unaffected civility. On both sides the most perfect good-breeding was observed, and the evening passed away without the shadow of any thing offensive; with this difference, however, that her behaviour exhibited a marked attention and a slight coquetry with which she treated even her own sex; while I displayed a gentleness, a calmness, a politeness, mingled with an air of reserve and of superiority, which maintained my own place and clearly designated her's. She perceived this, and by ease, vivacity, and brilliancy of air and conversation, endeavoured to place herself above me. This display of her powers of pleasing obtained from me the approbation of a smile; nay, I even expressed the pleasure I felt by open applause; of that sort, however, that one bestows from the box of a theatre upon an actress who amuses and is applauded, at the same moment and by the same means.

My husband saw the inferiority of my rival, and endeavoured, by the most marked distinctions, to relieve her. I appeared not to see this; and, in my turn, endeavoured to supply his want of attention to the other females of my party. The attentions towards them which my looks, rather than my words, manifested, partook of that sort of sentiment which men sometimes evince, but in which women never fail to excel, because they are infinitely better versed in these delicate proofs of high-breeding. I was, therefore, perfectly assured that whatever my rival might gain on the score of vanity, would be made up to me on the score of kindness, and perhaps of esteem. At least, I had this prodigious advantage over her, that my reserved conduct set envy at defiance; whereas the *eclat* of her efforts could not fail to mortify those whom it so effectually eclipsed. As to the men, all I aimed at was not to afford them any cause of displeasure; for I well knew that they would think as the women did, on all the material points of comparison that might arise between my rival and myself. Whether the first impression I had made upon Madame de Velbac was such as deterred her from any attempt to eclipse me in my own house, or whether she thought that the best mode of effecting that object was by an insinuating and conciliatory conduct, so it was, that she assumed towards me a most seductive amiability, by which, without too far committing myself, I was content to be influenced and guided.

Two days after my party, she paid me a visit. There were but few persons present; and an air of newly-inspired friendship on her part, aided by an appearance of satisfaction on mine, produced the belief that I was ignorant of all my husband's devotion to her. The conversation was, therefore, perfectly free from re-

straint, and turned on the topic of the day. This topic was the divorce of a Madame de Rimini. All the company joined in admiring the spirit of this young wife, who no sooner perceived that she was deceived and abandoned by her husband, than she determined on the line of conduct that it became her to pursue.—“I can,” said I, “easily excuse her—she has no children;” “And if she had,” said Madame de Velbac, “would her conduct be less excusable and even admirable?” “It is evident, Madame,” said I, “that you are not a mother. If you were, you would know how insignificant in a mother’s eyes are the blows aimed at her vanity and her self-love.”

“No doubt,” she answered, “every mother should sacrifice herself to her children; and, without being a mother, I can perceive that much should be silently borne for their sakes. But there can be no necessity to submit to an uninterrupted course of contradiction, humiliation, and treachery. Constancy itself is inadequate to such a struggle.” She then, under the pretext of describing the ill-treatment to which Madame de Rimini had been exposed, painted my situation in colours, so lively, that every word she uttered went to my very soul. “In short,” said she, “figure to yourself a husband, who, for the express purpose of irritating his wife, brings into her own house a favoured rival, obliges her to receive that rival with civility, and even in his wife’s presence, lavishes upon his favourite the most unequivocal proofs of preference and love.”—“I am persuaded,” said I, “that, notwithstanding all the circumstances you have so well described, if the wife had thrown a veil over the errors of her husband, and by suppressing her own feelings had checked the interference of officious friends, she would at last have been compensated for all that she had suffered. The wisdom of her conduct would have been rewarded by her husband’s reform. Few men are insensible to the delicacy of a virtuous proceeding; and even if the experiment had failed, she would at least have been upheld by public esteem, instead of being overwhelmed by that degradation which vice, sooner or later always encounters.”

These words seemed to wound her. “One must,” she said, “make the best of every thing; but, let people talk as they please, contempt awaits every deserted wife who has not spirit enough to redress or to avenge her own wrongs.” After this retort she quitted the house, with an air of triumph and satisfaction, at having, as she thought, planted a dagger in my heart. I did not wish that she should make an impression so disadvantageous to me; and, foreseeing that the parties were determined to drive me to an open rupture, or to wear me out by daily contumelies of this sort, I determined to cut up their projects by the root. Madame de Velbac was not long in giving me an opportunity of effecting my purpose, and I eagerly profited by it. I went to return her visit, and found her alone.

“ I have waited,” she said to me, “ with great impatience for the pleasure of seeing you. I owe you an apology for an act of rudeness, which, nevertheless, was very foreign to my intention, and which I am bound to explain. The other day, at your house, I defended the conduct of Madame de Rimini, with a degree of warmth that did not become me. I was not, at that time, informed of the provocation that you had yourself received. I trust you will pardon me.” “ For what?” said I. “ What can you have heard of *me*?” “ Alas! that you are in a similar predicament, and that your husband”——“ Allow me,” said I, with a warmth of manner that evidently affected her, “ to interrupt you for a moment. There are certain subjects upon which one never ventures to speak but to an intimate friend, in which character you certainly are not authorized to consider me. I am disposed, indeed, to hear all that you may have to say; but I must first intreat that you will condescend to listen to me.”

“ M. de Norlis is, essentially, an honourable and excellent man. Five years of married intimacy and unbounded confidence, have only convinced me more and more how truly he merits my esteem and my affection. In vain should I attempt to see him other than as nature formed him, a true friend, an indulgent husband, a good father; in a word, the man I should prefer to all others, if I had my choice to make anew. That he should be perfect, that he should be proof against the seductions of wit and beauty, is more than I should expect either of him, or of any man of his age. Admitting, then, that M. de Norlis were as culpable as M. de Rimini, it would be my duty by redoubled kindness and attention, and by all that could make me pleasing in his eyes, to rescue him from the snares into which he had fallen, and to recal him to myself and to virtue. And now, Madame, I should be glad to know if this is the amount of the charge against him.”——“ Precisely so; and it is said too, what I can hardly think, that there is not the smallest chance of his ever being reformed.”——“ Pardon me,” said I. “ You, indeed, consider him as lost to me forever; I have no such thought. If the woman that has seduced him, has virtue enough to make him despair of overcoming it, he will not, were she even possessed of all your charms, be long attached to her; and if she forfeits his esteem by losing her purity, she will soon forfeit his affection.”——“ Madame,” said she, “ the laws permit divorce, and, perhaps, M. de Norlis may have pledged his honour”——“ He has in that case,” said I, “ promised more than he has power to perform. Without my consent, no divorce would be valid; and that consent most certainly will never be given.” “ Suppose he should ask your concurrence.”——“ I should refuse it, and in doing so, my firmness would depend upon my character of wife and mother, in neither of which would my courage fail me.”——“ What! Madam, could you withstand neglect, indifference, and

desertion? No, no! the dose would be too bitter! the humiliation would be too insupportable." "And yet, I would bear it all, and triumph in doing so. The quality of virtue admits of no lasting injury, but, on the contrary, destroys whatever ventures to come into collision with it. The solidity of virtue must always be an overmatch for the hollowness of vice." "But, suppose that his union with you makes him miserable?"—"In that case I will submit to be miserable also. It will not last long, I trust; and we will endeavour to find in the charms of friendship what love no longer can yield." "And if it should be true that he is violently attached to another woman?"—"I am already aware, Madam, that such is the case, and that the object of his unhappy passion is possessed of all the charms necessary to effect such a conquest:—But why should I indulge any longer this mystery? You, Madam, are the woman he loves. I know it, and I forgive it; but I most solemnly warn you that Norlis shall never be your husband. He may, it is true, distress me in a thousand ways; but I will bear my sorrows with silent acquiescence. It is my destiny, and I will fulfil it." "Since, then, you know all, said she, I will no longer dissemble. It is true that Norlis adores me, and I have in vain endeavoured to get the better of his devotion to me. If you oppose his wishes, he must renounce them; and between us, he will be driven to desperation. Why should you desire to continue mistress of a heart that is no longer yours. You will have the choice of a thousand others, and a woman made to be loved, as you are"—I now rose from my chair. "These consolations, said I, are all thrown away upon me. I persist, as you call it, in being the wife of Norlis, because I am the mother of his children. Both these titles are sacred in my estimation; both shall equally be mine while I live; both shall be engraved upon my tomb, after I shall have ceased to exist." She now became agitated and affected. She seized both my hands, pressed them between hers, and exclaimed: "How irresistible is the ascendancy of virtue! How contemptible is every species of vanity in her presence!"

She went immediately from me to Norlis. "Go, Sir," said she, "to your inestimable wife; restore her all your love, or, at least, devote to her your whole existence. I have at last learned to know her, and, whatever may be my opinion of myself, I am compelled to yield the superiority to her."

Norlis returned home overwhelmed with confusion. He shut himself in his cabinet, where he passed several hours alone, and given up wholly to his own reflexions. He then came into my apartment, and found me as solitary and as thoughtful as he had been, "Hear me," said he. "My heart is full; it is ready to burst; I must give vent to my feelings before I can expect consolation for what I have suffered." He then made a full confession of all that I have so minutely related. "Such," he

added, "are my errors. I have confessed them, and am anxious to expiate them. Take back a heart that is full of shame for its errors, and full of love and esteem for you. I dare not say more, because I have no right to ask your confidence in me; but I call God to witness that the remainder of my life shall"—"My husband!" said I, as I rushed into his arms, "allow me to call in the pledges of your sincerity!" I rang the bell, and made the servant bring in my children. "These," said I, as I pressed them to his heart, "are your best securities. Let us both promise to forget all that is passed. Let us be to them, for the future, models of virtue, tenderness, and truth." He made the vow with an earnestness that restored at once his peace of mind. What my feelings at this moment were, I leave you to conjecture. Every thing underwent an instant change. Paulette, my excellent Paulette, was recalled. All was once more peace and joy. I thought I could discover that love resumed full possession of my husband's heart. If I flattered myself with an illusive hope, I can at least affirm that I never had cause to question its reality.

"And what became of your Englishman?" My young rival profited by my prediction. She captivated him, tormented him by exciting his jealousy, teased him with her caprices, and soothed him with her smiles. These constant alternations of sentiment overcame at last the constitutional melancholy that so long oppressed him. They were married, and she attended him to his own country, almost as well satisfied with her lot as I am with mine.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM.

A TRUE STORY.

WE have all read, when at school, the fable of the milkmaid and her eggs; and among the popular sayings which convey useful information in a homely dress, we all recollect the exhortation not to count our chickens before they are hatched. But it is not every one of those who are "full of wise saws and modern instances," that act according to the instructions which they are disposed to impart gratuitously to others; and Sancho Panza, although an overflowing fountain of pithy apothegms, did not always exhibit in his conduct that wisdom which might have been expected from the sententious governor of Barrataria. Mankind are all in the habit of building castles in the air—then why should we laugh at Joseph P—? And yet, why should we not

laugh, since folly and hypocrisy can as often be cured by ridicule as by graver censure? But I will tell my story.

Joseph P—— was by birth an Irishman, and by education a disciple of Crispin. A few years ago he landed at Philadelphia, and soon after went to the "British Settlement" in Susquehanna County for the purpose of making thick-soled shoes for his countrymen. It must be acknowledged, that, with the feeling which induce some people to call themselves citizens of the world, and which they dignify with the name of universal philanthropy, Joseph was as willing to put shoes on the feet of his Yankee neighbours, as on those of his own kith and kin—provided they paid him well for his benevolence.

As the patron of his art was a saint, Joseph had an inclination to be, or, at least, *to seem to be*, a saint himself. Some persons make their trade a religion; others make religion a trade; and Joseph, who was unable to discover any difference between godliness being great gain, and great gain being godliness, except in the arrangement of the words, deemed it would not be amiss to have two trades, according to the adage of having two strings to your bow. Shakspeare says something about assuming a virtue if you have it not; but Joseph knew nothing about Shakspeare. What puzzled him most was the creed he should adopt; for it happened, unfortunately, that in the place where he plied his awl, some of the neighbours had one religion, some another religion, and others had no religion; so that he could never tell decidedly what sect he belonged to; and was thought, like some prudent politicians, to be watching as closely as a cat does a mouse, to see which party should prove strongest, before he would take so important a step as to join any one. While holding this wary attitude, he, however, was very willing to exhort all who chose to hear his ghostly sayings; and as one of his Yankee neighbours (a member of the no-religion party) whom he visited in a fit of the quinsy, said, "made a mighty pretty kind of a prayer," although he acknowledged, that "he guessed, in other things, Joseph was a pretty middling ugly kind of a fellow."

But it so happened, that while making this pretty prayer for his friend in the quinsy, Joseph discovered, that some of the family of the sick man had found in the field a piece of crystal, which to the astonished shoemaker

"far outshone
The wealth of Ormus or of Ind."

The celebrated diamond which belongs to the Great Mogul, or the one called the Regent, which adorned the person of Napoleon when in all his glory, were but as the eyes of a dead whiting compared with that which to Joseph's dazzled vision glittered with unrivalled splendour, as it lay in the sun beams which penetrated the cottage window. In fine, Joseph thought, the Ge-

nus that waited on the lamp of Aladdin, could not have presented his master with a gem of such transcendent lustre. In his eagerness to obtain possession of the unbounded wealth which he fancied before him, Joseph brought his prayer to a hasty conclusion; and forgetting the sympathy which he had just been expressing for his sick friend, asked, if he would give him *that stone*. The other was supposed to be dying; but no hero ever displayed more cool collectedness than the sick man in that trying moment. He thought himself almost gone—he could scarcely speak, in consequence of the suffocation occasioned by the disease; but he had remarked the eyes of Joseph, which had a peculiar twinkle; and saw them dance with infinite eagerness and delight as he regarded the crystal. Although neither lapidary nor mineralogist, he had before seen similar crystals.—He conceived the mistake of his pious exhorter, and notwithstanding the difficulty of making himself be heard and understood, he found breath enough to say—“No, I guess I can't take less than twenty dollars for it.” Joseph had not the money about him; but that difficulty was soon overcome by his giving his note for the amount demanded; and he hastened home to his beloved wife to exhibit his treasure, and to bless her eyes with wealth surpassing that of Cræsus.

I shall not attempt to describe the transports of the happy pair. Alas! why cannot we be always deceived on the side of happiness; and not think as many appear to do, that

“Pleasure's a term which means pain;
“And joy is your true melancholy.”

Heaven knows there is enough of pain and melancholy in the world at best; and it is the part of a philosopher to look on the bright and brilliant side of things:—but I must make no episodes about philosophers.

After the lapse of some days, when the ebullition of Joseph's spirits had subsided into a tolerable degree of tranquility, he began to consider the best way of converting his diamond into cash. Should any other person discover diamonds in our country, I refer him, in order to ascertain the mode of estimating their value, to Magellan's improved edition of Cronstadt's Mineralogy, for full information on that head. They may, if they please, consult the works of Darcet, Macquer, Lavoisier, Cadet, Guyton, Rouelle, Tennant, Sir George Mackenzie, and many others, whose names I do not at present recollect, who will among other things teach them how to *dissipate* a diamond without employing the lens of Tschirnhausen, which was used by the philosophers of Florence. But the “dissipation” of diamonds is now a very common process, and the mode of effecting it much more easily acquired than the art of finding them. In the present instance, however, all that was necessary was, in the first place, to ascer-

tain the value of the gem. Nicholson, in his Chemical Dictionary, says it does not appear that any sum exceeding one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling has been given for a diamond. I do not recollect the estimate of the Mogul diamond; but every body knows, that the celebrated diamond which is, or was, in the royal treasury of Portugal, was valued at two hundred and twenty-four millions sterling. And why might not Joseph's diamond be worth as much! But with laudable moderation, he considered the least of these sums sufficient to satisfy his desires.

As diamonds of great value are very unfashionable playthings in this republican land of ours, Joseph thought that it would be necessary to carry his treasure to Europe, in order to find a purchaser. He at one time had some intention of applying to Joseph Buonaparte, ex-king of Spain, who was living like a quiet citizen, very tranquilly, and probably more happily than he had ever done as a king, on the banks of the Delaware river; but he was told that it was not probable that this former possessor of a crown, had been able to bring away money enough for such a purchase. In this situation, the story of the treasure got abroad; and Joseph, who like the facetious cobbler in the song,

"lived in a stall,
Which served him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall."

became apprehensive that some diamond fancier might invade his frail tenement, with as little ceremony as the members of the Bonaparte Family showed towards the kingdoms of Europe; and aware that in such case he should not be able to defend his territories very vigorously, he thought it prudent, in order to avoid being hunted like the castor, to hasten back to the "fast anchored isle," where it was probable that his majesty George the Fourth, who is very fond of finery, and said to be not over nice about putting his fingers into the public purse, might purchase his diamond, in order to substitute it for that "brightest jewel of the crown," which was lost at the time of the American Revolution. But here a dilemma occurred, occasioned by what scholars call the *res angusta domi*. He, unfortunately, had no money to pay for his passage. What was he to do? He had heard that half a loaf was better than no bread. If he could not go, or get some person to go (and where should he find an individual honest enough for such a trust?) of what use would the diamond be to him? He determined to make a virtue of necessity, and after considering, and re-considering, and writing and re-writing his letter as often as Mr. Gibbon or M. de Buffon might have done (the former, of whom, I think, tells us that he wrote his Decline and Fall over eight times; and the latter, some parts of his Natural History fifteen times before their ears were satisfied

with the euphony of their sentences,) he handed to the chairman of the British Society, the following proposals, which doubtless the Secretary of the Society preserves among its archives. The morceau is too precious not to be given verbatim et literatim.

PROPOSALS.

Proposall 1st.)

Gentlemen.—I the said Josh P—— who am in possession of a Stone or Diamond of sopsosed great Value I do offer to Deliver it into the hands of the Society on the following considerations : viz. For the sum of one Thousand Dollars five Hundred to be paid on the delivery of the Stone or Diamond the other on or before the 11th of June next also five Acres of Land in Wood on Isac Gages Lot between mine and the Turnpike the same now being the property of the Society.

Proposall 2d.) That at after the said Society has made to them Selves the sum of one Thousand Dollars clear of all expence that is necessarily acured On the remaining proffitts or property the same be more or Less from the sail of the said Stone or Diamond Josh P—— shall be intitld to Fiftey Pr Cent with this proviso on behalf of the Society viz that if it shuld so be that the said Stone or Diamond Sell for more than One Hunderd Thousand Dollars That the Said Josh P—— shall only be entiteld to twenty Pr Cent if it should excede that Sum of one Hunderd Thousand Dollars for all above the befor named sum.

Proposall 3d.) That at after all resonabel and nessary expences purchase and percentage be paid the remainder to be laid out in such way and mannar as the preasant purcahesars from time to time think fit for the good of the Society the Said Josh P—— only reserving to himself the powr of being in trust for the Society for one fourth part of the Clear proffitts and powr to appoint another trustee and the Society appointing one and this fourth part to Go to Build a church and suport A Minister of the Gospell. Previso that the Society shall forfeit the Sum of Ten Thousand Dollars to the said Josh P—— if the keep back aney letter package or aney other information respecting the Sail of the said Stone or Diamond.

During the reading of these well-arranged proposals, drawn up with all the precision which might have been expected from a limb of the law, Joseph sat with much dignity, and with the air of a person conscious of being entitled to the respect and thanks of those around him; and he was both astonished and offended at the amusement expressed in the countenances of some of the members, to check which he produced "the said stone or diamond," and showed on the windows of

the apartment that it would scratch glass. He listened with great satisfaction to some wags who with grave faces affected to assent to the value of the diamond, and treated with infinite contempt those members whose opinions did not concur with his own. He considered himself entitled to the gratitude of the Society not only for the unexampled liberality of his proposals, but for showing them that the land on which they were settled yielded gems as precious as those of Golconda, and at last, putting his diamond into his pocket, and his hat upon his head, with an air which could not be excelled by the emperor of all the Russias, he marched out of the room. Indignant at the manner in which he had been treated, and his munificent offers slighted, and desirous of vindicating the tarnished fame of his diamond, he scratched the windows of all the persons in the settlement, who would permit him, until every angle was worn off the crystal, and he himself, utterly appalled at the effects produced by the refractory glass, was at last, reluctantly compelled to admit some doubts as to the verity of his gem. But how was he ("fallen from his high estate") to bear this sad reverse!—and how should he communicate the direful intelligence to Mrs. P—— who, good woman, had shared in all her husband's imaginary weal; and who with a very laudable partiality for her old acquaintances, had already mentioned to some of the neighbouring dames, her intention of making each of them a present of a silk gown that they might be enabled to visit her in robes befitting the exalted rank and station which she intended shortly to assume. But, alas! rumours prejudicial to the fame of the diamond had got abroad—they reached her ears—she enquired of her husband. What could he say! How did he look!

"Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue;"

And before he could tell her that the diamond was no longer a diamond, she had discovered the sad reality beyond the power of denial. The poor woman took to her bed, and for the space of two or three months, narrowly escaped the loss of her wits.

But Joseph, like Napoleon, who when he could not retain France, was willing to accept of Elba, did not abdicate his crown without a last struggle. An honest, queer looking little fellow lives under the hill, a short distance from the road. David minds his own business and lets every body mind theirs; a very laudable disposition, and one which we all ought to endeavour to imitate. David was supposed not to be sound in the faith—I do not mean in the diamond; but in that religious faith, of which

Joseph exhibited himself as a pattern. In short David had been accused of some degree of infidelity, and had, in consequence, been treated with great slight by Joseph, who had too much of the spirit of those who we are told, are fond of "exalting their horn," and "making broad the borders of their phylacteries." It would have been a very amusing scene to behold their meeting. I will not attempt to describe it. You should know the sanctified whine of the one, and the odd, doubting manner of the other, in order to comprehend the effect produced by the repeated professions of friendship and regard, during a prolonged visit of the greater part of a day, by Joseph, before he came out with, "You know my diamond, David, which is worth at the least possible estimation, one hundred thousand dollars. Now, I would do every thing in the world for the benefit of you and your dear family, and to prove what I say, I will let you have my diamond, although I know that if I were to take it to Old England, King George has scarcely money enough to buy it, and that I should live like a prince, aye, like any nobleman or lord—I will, I say, as a proof of my regard and attachment for you, give you my diamond—for one hundred dollars.

David, in telling the story, says, "Whoy—whoy—I thought—I thought—the offer was mighty kind; but I did not know—somehow—it seemed a little oddish. And so—I thought—I had better take some time to consider of it. I wondered—after he came—what made him so friendly loike; and I thought there might be something—not exactly like. So I tould him, I would first consult my wife. But the neighbours all tould me, next day, that his diamond was no diamond, any way."

A punster said it was no wonder that Joseph was vexed to the sole, and waxed wroth; when he found that his *awl* had come to an *end*.

Joseph has left the settlement: But we are hopeless of his reformation unless he shall cease to hunt for diamonds, and stick to his lapstone; and at the same time endeavour to impress strongly on himself, that much of religion and ethicks is comprehended in the simple adage, that

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLIOY.

RURAL ECONOMY.

On Barns.

The following remarks on Barns, are by Mr. Samuel Gibson, an intelligent farmer of this state. His calculations are for a farm of 120 acres,—40 of which are supposed to be in wood.

THE situation should be as near the middle of the farm as can conveniently be, and on ground sloping towards the south, so as

to admit of water being brought through wooden pipes, from the ground above, and raised in the yard if practicable, or at least that it may pass through the yard. The scite should not be nearer than 60, nor farther than 100 yards from the dwelling-house, as in case of fire breaking out in either, the other might be safe; it also conduces more to cleanliness, and where any of the family may happen to be sick, they will not be disturbed by the noise of the barn, stables, &c. The dimensions might be 70 feet by 36; the hill dug into upon a level, and the earth removed from the barn yard. The building to be of stone; the foundation sunk two feet below the level; the walls two feet and an half thick at bottom, and to continue so to the height of the stable doors; the ground so much sloped as to be five feet high when the hill is cut down, and a wall raised close to this, at the distance of seven feet from the barn; this intermediate space would admit a free circulation of air round the barn and stables below; over this a gangway is to be raised, leading into the barn floor; an excavation may also be made in the hill under this, to which a door through the aforesaid wall may conveniently lead, which will form a very suitable place for stowing away potatoes and other vegetables. The stables to be seven feet in the clear; and the wall two feet thick, set right on the middle of the wall below; from that to the square of the barn the thickness may be reduced three inches on each side, and carried up 20 feet above the stables. Above this the gable ends may be raised 15 feet, which will give sufficient slope to the roof, which ought to be covered with the best cedar shingles or slate. The ground area below may be divided into four spaces for cattle, horses, &c.; none of which divisions ought to be less than 12 feet wide, with an entry between the two rows of creatures, whose heads should be towards the entry. The foundations of the partitions, a stone wall 18 inches thick, rising 10 or 12 inches at least above the floor, on which a frame of wood work should rise to the joists. The stable floors paved with pebble stones, descending from the troughs, with a like descent towards the door. The advantages of such a floor are, that it will not harbor rats and other vermin, and is durable; the hardness ought to be no objection, as plenty of bedding should be furnished for the purpose of increasing the quantity of dung. Raise the barn floor seven feet above the bottom of the hay-mow, which will leave 12 feet for the height of the barn floor, which ought also to be its breadth. The advantages of raising it thus are many; the labor of pitching your hay is very much reduced; you acquire a good room between that and the stables for stowing grain, &c. The labor of raising the entrance to the barn floor is trifling in comparison of what the labor of pitching it would otherwise occasion; and if the ground rises with a considerable angle, backwards, the difficulty of raising the gangway will be still less. The barn floor should be laid

with three inch oak plank, well seasoned; each plank ploughed with a half inch iron, within an inch of the lower edge, and a strip put in each point, which will keep the whole firm and solid, and effectually prevent dust, &c. from getting through; it might also be an advantage to have glass windows in the granary, and back of the barn floor, the sides of which may be defended by the boards which form the sides of the granaries, next the hay-mows, and ought to rise four feet above the thrashing floor. Fixed ladders on each side of the barn floor are also convenient to get at the hay above. In each hay mow a square hole of four feet must be run up, from the entry below to the top of the mow, and framed to prevent the hay from stopping it up. These may serve a two fold purpose, that of conveying hay down to feed with, and as ventilators. It may also be observed that the stable and entry doors ought all to be arched, and the hinges and fastenings of all the doors of iron built into the wall in the simple form of hooks and eyes, the hook making part of the hinge; the stable door should also be as high as the sill of the door, and ascending back.

Round stone pillars, two and a half feet in diameter, may be raised at equal distances from each other in front of the stables, and eight feet apart; these may be made as high as the stable doors, upon which a frame might be erected to such a height as to be conveniently covered by the general roof; which would form an excellent corn house, and would also shade the stable doors. Steps should be placed under this frame leading into it, and also into the granary under the barn floor. This frame or corn house, should be so high from the ground as to admit a cart or waggon below it; and should also have an opening in the floor to pour the corn down. The main entry to the corn house to be through the thrashing floor.

A barn built upon these principles would produce a saving of at least one hand daily, in the single article of pitching hay, as one person may haul and tumble into the barn as much hay as three could stow away in the usual way, which is of considerable consequence in harvest time, when work is pressing. One man will pitch the hay from the waggon on the barn floor, up to the whole square of the barn, as fast as two or three can stow it away; whereas, in the common way of building barns it would take two to pitch it up. Indeed it might be questioned whether it would not be an advantage to raise the floor still higher, on this account, as pitching hay is the hardest part of stowing it away; this would also increase the size of the granaries. To this some object, on account of its rising above the square of the barn, but this is nothing when put in competition with the advantages to be derived from the facility of pitching, as the roof may readily be formed so as to admit of it.

Objections have been made against stone barns, as not being

sufficiently airy, and being damp, so as to injure the grain; inconveniences more imaginary than otherwise, and which the writer of these observations has never experienced; but which, if they did exist, might soon be remedied by plaistering the outside of the north-east end of the building, and projecting a penthouse from the square, which if attended to, and a sufficient number of windows left, all of which that are under the eaves, and otherwise not exposed, having Venitian blinds, with a large ventilator on the top of the roof, on which may be fixed a lightning-rod; such precautions will most assuredly prove the superiority of such a stone barn to all others."

It is not probable that more than one in a million of our New England farmers, would and could build a barn altogether according to the plan mentioned above. But some hints might, perhaps be gathered from it, which would prove useful in erecting a building which is of so great importance to a farmer. We believe it may be well, in general, so to construct a barn that carts or wagons may be drawn in on the second floor, which may be situated at any commodious distance above the ground floor, or on a level with what New England farmers call the *scaffolds*. The second floor may contain the sheaves of grain, and a part of the hay. If no side hill exists in the place where it is wished to build the barn, (according to Mr. Gibson's plan) a bridge or causeway may be made, commencing on the ground at a proper distance from the barn, and terminating on the second floor, by which loads may be conveyed. It will be very convenient if the whole is so contrived that teams may be driven in at one door and out at another opposite, instead of having to submit to the awkward process of *backing out* the unloaded cart or waggon. Cellars to barns, under planks which are placed on sills or sleepers and form the floors of the stables or cattle stalls, are becoming fashionable in New England, and are no doubt very convenient and economical. Into such cellars the dung of the stables can be shovelled with very little labour; and if this can be so constructed as not to freeze, and have room for holding mud loam and other materials for making compost to be deposited in them, in autumn;—those materials may be mixed with the dung in the winter, and the process of making compost carried on in the coldest weather. The liquid manure of stalled cattle, &c. by that mode of management might be imbibed by earth, &c. in the compost; and the products of fermentation secured and turned to account. By this or similar modes of proceeding a farmer may more than double the quantity and greatly enhance the quality of his barn manure.

Cucumbers.—I have many times dug a hole in the earth about two feet deep and two in circumference, nearly filled with straw

or old hay, and then cover it over with small stones. Around this hole, and about three inches from the edge, planted cucumbers; and as they grew and began to vine, stuck in bushes, such as are used in sticking peas, all around the cucumbers, on the outside, about nine inches from the roots. These bushes are stuck in slanting so that the top end would rise about a foot from the earth. As the vines advance, put another row around in the same way, beginning about half way between the top ends of the first and the place in which the but ends were put into the ground; and then a third row, and so on as circumstances require. From one such hill I have had gathered at one time near two pails full of cucumbers; and the vines will continue to bear much longer than those planted in the usual way and suffered to run directly upon the ground. The advantages of the hole, straw and stones, are these. The degree of wet is almost entirely under the controul of the gardener; and the vines saved from the inconvenience often experienced from turning water upon them. If it is a dry season, and the soil dry, a pail full or more of water may be turned into the hole at once.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Caterpillars.—Many ways have been devised to destroy caterpillars on trees, such as the application of spirits of turpentine, live ashes, burning brimstone, &c. I have tried all these remedies, but never had much success; they effect a partial but not a total destruction of them. They may be driven from their nests, torn to pieces, and some of them may be killed; but those that are not destroyed are sure to collect on another limb and renew their attack upon the defenceless foilage. The most effectual way that ever I have tried, is to blow them "sky high," with gun or pistol—this will destroy them. The way that I work it is to put the powder into the gun without any wad, and hold the muzzle within about a foot of the nest in such a position as to range the whole of it, and then discharge it;—this will clear the limb of nest, worms and eggs. This method is not so expensive as some may imagine. A pound of powder which may be bought for about two shillings, will destroy 75 or a 100 nests, and the gun or pistol would be more useful in this business, than when in the hands of the fowler, or in those of a duelist.—*N. E. Farmer.*

THE EIGHTEENTH OF BRUMAIRE.*

[Count Montholon and General Gourgaud have each published *Memoirs of the History of France during the usurpation of Bonaparte*, from original manuscripts dictated and afterwards corrected by himself. These are by far the most important works which this fruitful subject has produced. Without any of the mawkish egotism of Las Cases or the disgusting servility of O'Meara, they are replete with details which serve to explain the most prominent measures in the career of this wonderful man. We are informed by the Editors of these publications, that he read with eagerness all the new works from France which he could procure at St. Helena; that he treated lampoons with contempt, but when he found any of his acts misrepresented or mistaken, he defended himself with vivacity. The following tract contains an interesting account of the intrigues by which he was enabled to seat himself on the throne of France. If translations of these works should not be published by some of our booksellers, we shall proceed to lay before our readers further portions of them in subsequent numbers of the *Port Folio*.]

WHEN lamentable weakness and endless versatility are manifested in the councils of a government; when an administration, yielding by turns to the influence of every opposing party, and going on from day to day without any fixed plan or determined system, has shown its utter insufficiency; and when the most moderate citizens in the state are obliged to confess that it is without a government; when rulers, insignificant at home, have shamefully brought on their country the contempt of foreigners—the greatest of injuries in the eyes of a proud people; a vague uneasiness spreads throughout society: agitated by the instinct of self-preservation, it looks into its own resources, and seeks for some one able to save it from destruction.

A populous nation always possesses this tutelary genius in its own bosom, though he may sometimes be tardy in appearing. It is not indeed sufficient for him to exist, he must be known to others, and he must know himself. Until then all endeavours are vain, all schemes ineffectual. The inertness of the multitude is the protection of the nominal government, and in spite of its inexperience and weakness, the efforts of its enemies cannot prevail against it. But let this deliverer, so impatiently expected, suddenly give a proof of his existence, and the nation instinctively acknowledges and calls on him; all obstacles vanish at his approach, and a great people thronging round his steps, seems exultingly to proclaim "This is the man."

* 9th. November, 1799.

Such was the state of the public mind in France in the year 1799. when, on the 9th of October, (16th of Vendemaire, year VIII.), the frigates *La Muiron* and *La Carrere*, and the zebecks *La Revanche* and *La Fortune*, cast anchor, at the break of day, in the gulf of Frejus.

No sooner were the French frigates recognized, than it was conjectured they came from Egypt. The people ran in crowds to the shore, eager for news from the army. It was soon understood that Napoleon was on board; and such was the enthusiasm among the people, that even the wounded soldiers got out of the hospitals, in spite of the guards, and went to the shore. The spectators wept with joy. In a moment the sea was covered with boats. The officers belonging to the fortifications and the customs, the crews of the ships that were anchored in the road, in short, every body thronged about the frigates. General Pereymont, who commanded on the coast, was the first to go on board. Thus they were enabled to enter, without waiting for the officers of quarantine; for the communication with the shore had been general.

Italy had just been lost; war was about to be recommenced on the Var, and Frejus dreaded an invasion as soon as hostilities should begin. The necessity of having a leader at the head of affairs was too imperious; every one was too much agitated by the sudden appearance of Napoleon at this juncture, for ordinary considerations to have any weight. The officers of quarantine declared that there was no occasion for subjecting these vessels to it, and grounded their report on the circumstance that communication had taken place at Ajaccio. This argument, however, far from being tenable, only went to prove that Corsica itself ought to have been put under quarantine. The administration at Marseilles made this observation a fortnight afterwards, and with reason. It is true, that during the fifty days which had elapsed from the vessels leaving Egypt, there had been no sickness on board any of them, and indeed the plague had ceased three months before their departure. At six o'clock that evening, Napoleon, accompanied by Berthier, set off in a coach for Paris.

The fatigue of his passage, and the effect of the transition from a dry climate to a moist one, determined Napoleon to stop six hours at Aix. The inhabitants of the city, and of the neighbouring villages, came in crowds to testify their happiness at seeing him again. The joy was universal. Those who lived too far in the country to present themselves on the road in time, rang the bells, and hoisted flags upon the steeples, which at night blazed with illuminations.

It was not like the return of a citizen to his country, or a general at the head of a victorious army, but like the triumph of a sovereign restored to his people. The enthusiasm of Avignon, Montelimart, Valence, and Vienne, was only surpassed by the rapture of Lyons. That city, in which Napoleon rested for twelve hours, was in an universal delirium. The Lyonese had at all times shown great attachment to Napoleon, either from the natural generosity of character by which they are distinguished—or that, considering their city as the capital of the south, they felt peculiarly interested in all that concerned the security of the frontiers on the Italian side—or that the population of Lyons being composed chiefly of natives of Burgundy and Dauphiny, shared the sentiments most prevalent in these provinces. Their imaginations were, moreover, still in a state of exultation at that time, from the accounts which had been spread eight days before of the battle of Aboukir, and of the brilliant success of the French arms in Egypt, which formed such a striking contrast to the defeat of their armies in Germany and Italy. “We are numerous, we are brave,” the people seemed every where to say, “and yet we are conquered. We want a leader to direct us :—we now behold him, and our glory will once more shine forth.” In the mean time the news of Napoleon’s return had reached Paris. It was announced at the theatres, and caused an universal sensation—a general delirium, of which the members of the directory partook. Some of the *Societe du Manege** trembled on the occasion ; but they dissembled their real feelings so well as to seem to share the general rejoicing. Baudin, the deputy from Ardenes, who was really a worthy man, and sincerely grieved at

* The *Societe du Manege* was the remnant of that most celebrated and powerful of all political sects, known throughout Europe, at the beginning of the French Revolution, by the name of the “Jacobins.” It originated in 1789, under the denomination of the “Breton Club,” in consequence of having been first established by the representatives of Britany. Its numbers were rapidly increased by deputies from the other provinces, and the members then termed themselves more comprehensively “the friends of the people ;” but they soon became universally known by the name of the place where they assembled, in the Rue St. Honore, which was called the “Hall of the Jacobins,” from having formerly belonged to a fraternity of Dominican Friars, who were denominated after their patron saint. In the zenith of its renown, this central meeting in the capital kept up a constant intercourse with every part of France, by means of 20,000 affiliated clubs. It was only when they had fallen from their pitch of power, by their despotism and thirst of blood—aptly expressed in their own favourite phrase, “the system of terror,” that the Jacobins took upon themselves the comparatively obscure appellation of the *Societe du Manege*, from holding their meetings in the *Manege*, or Riding House, where the National Convention had before held its sittings.—

Note of the Editor.

the unfortunate turn that the affairs of the Republic had taken, died of joy when he heard of Napoleon's return.

Napoleon had already quitted Lyons, when his landing was announced in Paris. With a precaution which was very advisable in his situation, he expressed to his couriers an intention of taking a different road from that which he actually took; so that his wife, his family, and particular friends, went in a wrong direction to meet him, and by that means some days passed before he was able to see them. Having thus arrived in Paris quite unexpectedly, he was in his own house, in the *rue Chantereine*, before any one knew of his being in the capital. Two hours afterwards, he presented himself to the Directory, and, being recognized by the soldiers on guard, was announced by shouts of gladness. All the members of the Directory appeared to share in the public joy; he had every reason to congratulate himself on the reception he experienced on all sides. The nature of past events sufficiently instructed him as to the situation of France; and the information he had procured on his journey, had made him acquainted with all that was going on. His resolution was taken. What he had been unwilling to attempt on his return from Italy, he was now determined to do immediately. He held the government of the Directory and the leaders of the councils in supreme contempt. Resolved to possess himself of authority, and to restore France to her former glory, by giving a powerful impulse to public affairs, he had left Egypt to execute this project; and all that he had just seen in the interior of France, had confirmed his sentiments and strengthened his resolution.

Of the old Directory only Barras remained. The other members were Roger Ducos, Moulins, Gohier, and Sieyes.

Ducos was a man of narrow mind and easy disposition.

Moulins, a general of division, had never served in war; he was originally in the French guards, and had been advanced in the army of the Interior. He was a worthy man, and a warm and upright patriot.

Gohier was an advocate of considerable reputation, and exalted patriotism; an eminent lawyer, and a man of great integrity and candour.

Sieyes had long been known to Napoleon. He was born at Frejus, in Provence. His reputation commenced with the Revolution. He had been called to the constituent assembly by the electors of the third-estate, at Paris, after having been repulsed by the assembly of the Clergy at Chartres. He was the author of the pamphlet intituled "What is the Third Es-

tate?"* which made so much noise. He was not a man of business: knowing but little of men, he knew not how they might be made to act. All his studies having been directed to metaphysics, he had the fault of metaphysicians, of too often despising positive notions; but he was capable of giving useful and luminous advice on matters of importance, or at any momentous crisis. To him France is indebted for the division into departments, which destroyed all provincial prejudices: and though he was never distinguished as an orator, he greatly contributed to the success of the revolution by his advice in the committees. He was nominated as director, when the Directory was first established; but he refused the distinction at that time, and Lareveillere was appointed instead of him. He was afterwards sent ambassador to Berlin, and imbibed a great mistrust of the politics of Prussia in the course of his mission. He had taken a seat in the Directory not long before this time; but he had already been of great service in checking the progress of the *Societe du Manege*, which he saw was ready to seize the helm of the state. He was abhorred by that faction; and, fearless of bringing upon himself the enmity of so powerful a party, he courageously resisted the machinations of these men of blood, in order to avert from the Republic the evil with which it was threatened.

At the period of the 13th of Vendemiaire, the following occurrence had enabled Napoleon to form a correct judgment of him. At the most critical moment of that day, when the committee of the Forty seemed quite distracted, Sieyes came to Napoleon, and took him into the recess of a window, while the committee was deliberating upon the answer to be given to the summons of the sections. "You hear them, General," said he; "they talk while they should be acting. Bodies of men are wholly unfit to direct armies, for they know not the value of time or opportunity. You have nothing to do here: go, General, consult your genius and the situation of the country: the hope of the Republic rests on you alone."

Napoleon accepted an invitation to dine with each of the directors, on condition that it should be merely a family dinner, and that no stranger should be present. A grand entertainment was given to him by the Directory. The Legislative Body wished to follow the example; but when it was proposed to the general committee, a strong opposition arose: the minority refusing to pay any homage to General Moreau,

* "Qu'est ce que le Tiers Etat?"

whom it was proposed to include in the entertainment ; he was accused of having misconducting himself on the 18th of Fructidor. The majority, in order to remove every difficulty, had recourse to the expedient of opening a subscription. The festival took place in the church of Saint Sulpice ; covers were laid for seven hundred. Napoleon remained at table but a short time,—he appeared to be uneasy, and much preoccupied. Every one of the ministers wished to give him an entertainment ; but he only accepted a dinner with the Minister of Justice, for whom he had a great esteem : he requested that the principal lawyers of the Republic might be there ; he was very cheerful at this dinner, conversed at large on the civil and criminal codes, to the great astonishment of Tronchet, Treilhard, Merlin, and Target, and expressed a desire that the persons and the property of the Republic should be governed by a simple code, adapted to the enlightened state of the age.

Constant to his system, he entered but little into these public entertainments, and pursued the same line of conduct that he had followed on his first return from Italy. Always dressed as a member of the Institute, he shewed himself in public only with that society : he received at his house none but men of science, the generals of his suite, and a few friends ;—such as Regnault-de-Saint-Jean-d'Angely, whom he had employed in Italy in 1797, and subsequently placed a Malta ; Volney, the author of excellent Travels in Egypt ; Rœderer, whom he respected for his probity and noble sentiments ; Lucien Bonaparte, one of the most powerful orators of the Council of Five Hundred, who had protected the Republic from the revolutionary *regime*, by opposing the declaration that the country was in danger ; and Joseph Bonaparte, who lived in splendour and was highly respected.

He went frequently to the Institute ; but never to the theatres, except at times when he was not expected, and then always into the private boxes.

Meanwhile all Europe rang with the arrival of Napoleon ; all the troops and friends of the Republic, even the Italians, indulged in the most sanguine hopes : England and Austria were alarmed. The fury of the English was turned against Sir Sidney Smith, and Nelson, who commanded the British naval force in the Mediterranean. A variety of caricatures on this subject were seen in the streets of London.*

Talleyrand was fearful of being ill-received by Napoleon.

* In one of these, Nelson was represented amusing himself with dressing Lady Hamilton, while the frigate La Muiron was passing between his legs.

It had been agreed both by the Directory and Talleyrand, that immediately after the departure of the expedition for Egypt, negotiations respecting its object should be opened with the Porte. Talleyrand was even to have been the negotiator, and to have set out for Constantinople twenty-four hours after the sailing of the expedition for Egypt from Toulon. This engagement, which had been formerly insisted on and positively consented to, had been immediately consigned to oblivion; not only had Talleyrand remained at Paris, but no sort of negotiation had taken place. Talleyrand did not suppose that Napoleon had forgotten this; but the influence of the *Societe du Manege* had procured the dismissal of this minister: his situation was itself a guarantee. Napoleon did not repulse him: Talleyrand, moreover, availed himself of all the resources of a supple and insinuating address, in order to conciliate a person whose suffrage it was important to him to secure.

Fouche had been for several months minister of police; he had, after the 13th of Vendemiaire, some transactions with Napoleon, who was aware of his immoral and versatile disposition. Sieyes had closed the *Manege* without his participation. Napoleon effected the 18th of Brumaire without admitting Fouche into the secret.

Real, commissioner of the Directory in the department of Paris, gained more of Napoleon's confidence. Zealous for the revolution, he had been substitute for the attorney of the commune of Paris, at a time of storms and troubles. His disposition was ardent, but he was full of noble and generous sentiments.

All classes of citizens, all the provinces of France, were impatient to see what Napoleon would do. From all sides came offers of support, and of entire submission to his will.

Napoleon employed himself in listening to the proposals which were submitted to him; in observing all parties; and, in short, in making himself thoroughly master of the true state of affairs. All parties desired a change, and all desire to effect it in concert with him, even the leaders of the *Manege*.

Bernadotte, Augereau, Jourdan, Marbot, &c. who were at the head of the plotters of this society, offered a military dictatorship to Napoleon, and proposed to acknowledge him as chief, and to confide the fortunes of the Republic to him, if he would but second the principles of the *Societe du Manege*.

Sieyes, who commanded the vote of Roger-Ducos in the Directory, swayed the Majority of the Council of Ancients, and influenced only a small minority in the Council of Five

Hundred, proposed to place Napoleon at the head of the government, changing the constitution of the year III. which he deemed defective, and that Napoleon should adopt the institutions and the constitution which he had projected, and which he had by him in manuscript.

Regnier, Boulay, a numerous party of the Council of Ancients, and many of the members of that of Five Hundred, were also desirous to place the fate of the Republic in Napoleon's hands.

This party was composed of the most moderate and wisest men of the legislature: it was the same that joined Lucien Bonaparte in opposing the declaration that the country was in danger.

The directors Barras, Moulins, and Gohier, hinted to Napoleon his resuming the command of the army of Italy, his re-establishment of the Cisalpine Republic and the glory of the French arms. Moulins and Gohier had no secret plan in reserve: they were sincere in the scheme they proposed; they trusted that all would go well from the moment that Napoleon should lead our armies to new successes. Barras was far from partaking of this security: he knew that every thing went wrong, that the Republic was sinking; but whether he had made engagements with the Pretender to the throne, as was asserted at the time,* or whether he deceived himself as to his per-

* "It is known at the present day that Barras had interviews at that period with agents of the house of Bourbon. It was David Monnier who served Barras as emissary in the negotiation which was then entered upon. Barras had sent him into Germany; but, as he durst not hope that the King would forgive his revolutionary conduct, he had not been able to give his messenger any kind of positive instruction. Monnier then negotiated on behalf of Barras, without the latter having knowledge of any one clause of the negotiation; and it was thus that Monnier stipulated that Barras should consent to the re-establishment of monarchy in France, on condition that the king, Louis XVIII., would grant him safety and indemnity:—'safety, that is to say, complete oblivion with respect to revolutionary conduct—the Kings, sacred pledge to annual, by his sovereign power, all inquisitions on that head; indemnity, that is to say, a sum at least equal to that which the two years that he was to pass in the Directory would produce to him—a sum that he calculated at twelve millions of *livres tournois*, including the two millions that he was to distribute among his coadjutors.' His Majesty, on this occasion, granted letters patent, which were transmitted to Barras by the chevalier Tropes-de-Guerin, and exchanged for the engagement subscribed by the director, for the restoration of monarchy. Barras then took measures for recalling the Bourbons. On the 29th of Vendemiaire, nineteen days before the 18th of Brumaire, he believed himself to be certain of success; but this great design miscarried, partly through the excessive confidence of Barras, and partly by the delays occasioned in the execution by one of the King's agents, who, in order to make himself necessary, raised disputes respecting the powers that the King had given to the Duke de Fleury for the negotiation of this affair, &c."—*Biographie des Hommes vivants*, Michaud, 1816, tom. 1. page 214.

sional situation—for what errors may not spring from the vanity and self love of an ignorant man?—he imagined he could keep himself at the head of affairs. Barras made the same proposals as were made by Moulins and Gohier.

However, all the factions were in motion. That of the *Fructidorises** seemed persuaded of its own influence; but it had no partisans among the existing authorities. Napoleon had the choice of several measures, viz.

To consolidate the existing constitution, and to support the Directory by becoming himself a director. But the constitution was fallen into contempt, and a magistracy in several hands could not lead to any satisfactory result; it would, in fact, have been associating himself with revolutionary prejudices, with the passions of Barras and of Sieyes, and by the consequent re-action rendering himself obnoxious to the hatred of their enemies.

To change the constitution, and step into power by means of the *Societe du Manege*. This society contained a great number of the rankest jacobins: they commanded the majority in the Council of Five Hundred, and a spirited minority in that of the Ancients. By making use of these men the victory was certain, no resistance would be offered. It was the most certain way to overthrow the existing state of things; but jacobins do not attach themselves to any leader; they are unbending, and violent in the extreme. It would, therefore, have been necessary, after succeeding by their aid, to get rid of them, and to persecute them. Such treachery would have been unworthy of a noble-minded man.

Barras tendered the support of his friends, but they were men of suspicious morals, and publicly accused of wasting the national wealth. How would it have been possible to govern with such people? for without strict probity it would have been impracticable to restore the finances, or to do any real good.

To Sieyes were attached many well-informed men, persons of integrity and republicans upon principle, possessing in general little energy, and much intimidated by the faction *du Manege*, and fearful of popular commotions; but who might be retained after the victory, and be employed with success in an

*The *Fructidorises* were those who supported the decrees of the 5th of Fructidor (August 25), and the 13th of Fructidor (August 31, 1795): the first of these decrees, was to compel the re-election of two-thirds of the convention in the new legislature, which was to consist of the Council of Five Hundred, and the Council of Ancients; and the second, that in default of the re-election of the two-thirds of the convention by the departments, that is to say, of Five Hundred of the actual members, the deficiency should be filled by their own nomination.

Note of the Editor.

orderly government. No objection could be taken to the character of Sieyes; he could not, in any case, be a dangerous rival. But to side with this party was to declare against Barras and the *Manege*, who abhorred Sieyes.

On the 8th of Brumaire (30th of October,) Napoleon dined with Barras; only a few persons were there. A conversation took place after dinner: "The Republic is falling," said the director, "things can go no farther; the government is powerless; a change must take place, and Hedouville must be named President of the Republic. As to you, General, you intend to rejoin the army; and for my part, ill as I am, unpopular, and worn out, I am fit only to return to private life."

Napoleon looked steadfastly at him without replying a word. Barras cast down his eyes and remained silent. Thus the conversation ended. General Hedouville was a man of the most ordinary character. Barras did not give utterance to his thoughts; but his countenance betrayed his secret.

This conversation was decisive. A few minutes afterwards, Napoleon called upon Sieyes; he gave him to understand that for ten days all parties had addressed themselves to him; that he was resolved to act with Sieyes and the majority of the Council of Ancients, and that he came for the purpose of giving him a positive assurance of this. It was agreed that the change might be effected between the 15th and the 20th of Brumaire.

On his return to his own house, Napoleon found there Talleyrand, Fouché, Rœderer, and Real. He related to them unaffectedly, plainly, and simply, without any indication of countenance which could betray his opinion, what Barras had just said to him. Real and Fouché, who had a regard for the director, were sensible how ill-timed his dissimulation was. They went to him on purpose to upbraid him with it. The following day, at eight o'clock, Barras came to Napoleon, who had not risen: he insisted on seeing him, entered, and told him he feared he had explained himself very imperfectly the preceding evening; that Napoleon alone could save the Republic; that he came to place himself at his disposal, to do whatever he wished, and to act whatever part he chose, to assign him. He intreated Napoleon to give him an assurance that, if he had any project in agitation, he would rely upon him.

But Napoleon had already made up his mind: he replied

that he had nothing in view ; that he was fatigued, indisposed ; that he could not accustom himself to the moisture of the atmosphere of the capital, just arrived, as he was, from the dry climate of the sands of Arabia ; and he put an end to the interview by similar common-place observations.

Meanwhile Moulins went daily between eight and nine o'clock to the house of Napoleon, to request his advice on the business of the day. He always had military intelligence, or civil matters, on which he wished for instructions. On what related to military affairs, Napoleon replied as he felt ; but with respect to civil concerns, thinking that he ought not to disclose his private opinions to him, he only answered in a vague manner.

Gohier came also occasionally to visit Napoleon, for the purpose of making proposals to him, and asking his advice.

The officers of the garrison, headed by General Moreau, commanding the citadel of Paris, demanded to be presented to Napoleon ; they could not succeed in their object, and, being put off from day to day, they began to complain of his manifesting so little desire to see his old comrades again.

The forty adjutants of the national guard of Paris, who had been appointed by Napoleon, when he commanded the army of the Interior, had solicited as a favour to see him. He knew almost all of them ; but, in order to conceal his designs, he put off the time for receiving them.

The eighth and ninth regiments of dragoons, which were in garrison at Paris, were old regiments of the army of Italy ; they longed to muster before their former general. Napoleon accepted the offer, and informed them that he would fix the day.

The twenty-first light-horse, which had contributed to the success of the day of the 13th of Vendemiaire, was likewise at Paris. Murat came from this corps, and all the officers went daily to him, to ask him on what day Napoleon would review it. They were as unsuccessful as the rest.

The citizens of Paris complained of the general's keeping so close ; they went to the theatres and to the reviews, where it was announced he would be present, but he came not. Nobody could account for this conduct ; all were becoming impatient. People began to murmur against Napoleon : " It is now," they observed, " a fortnight since his arrival, and he has yet done nothing. Does he mean to behave as he did on his return from Italy, and suffer the Republic to be torn to pieces by these contending factions ?"

But the decisive hour approached.

On the 15th of Brumaire, Sieves and Napoleon had an interview, during which they resolved on the measures for the day of the eighteenth. It was agreed that the Council of Ancients, availing itself of the 102d article of the Constitution, should decree the removal of the Legislative Body to Saint Cloud, and should appoint Napoleon Commander-in-chief of the guard belonging to the Legislative Body, of the troops of the military division of Paris, and of the national guard.

This decree was to be passed on the eighteenth, at seven o'clock in the morning: at eight, Napoleon was to go to the Tuileries, where the troops were to be assembled, and there to assume the command of the capital.

On the seventeenth, Napoleon informed the officers that he would receive them the next day at six in the morning. As that hour might appear to be unseasonable, he feigned being about to set off on a journey: he gave the same invitation to the forty adjutants of the national guard; and he informed the three regiments of cavalry that he would review them in the Champs-Elysees, on the same day, the eighteenth, at seven in the morning. He also intimated to the generals who had returned from Egypt with him, and to all those with whose sentiments he was acquainted, that he should be glad to see them at that hour. Each thought that the invitation was confined to himself alone, and supposed that Napoleon had some orders to give him; for it was known that Dubois-Crance, the minister at war, had taken the reports of the state of the army to him, and had adopted his advice on all that was to be done, as well on the frontiers of the Rhine as in Italy.

Moreau, who had been at the dinner of the Legislative Body, and whom Napoleon had there, for the first time, become acquainted with, having learned from public report that a change was in preparation, assured Napoleon that he placed himself at his disposal, that he had no wish to be admitted into any secret, and that he required but one hour's notice to prepare himself. Macdonald, who happened then to be at Paris, had made the same tenders of service. At two o'clock in the morning, Napoleon let them know that he wished to see them at his house at seven o'clock, and on horseback. He did not apply to Augereau, Bernadotte, &c.; however Joseph brought the latter.*

* When Napoleon went to the Council of Ancients, Bernadotte, instead of following the cavalcade, slipped away, and went to join the faction of *Manege*

General Lefevre commanded the military division ; he was wholly devoted to the Directory. Napoleon sent an aid-de-camp to him at midnight, desiring he would come to him at six.

Every thing took place as had been agreed. About seven in the morning, the Council of Ancients assembled under the presidency of Lemercier. Cornudet, Lebrun, and Targues, depicted in lively colours the miseries of the Republic, the dangers with which it was surrounded, and the obstinate conspiracy of the leaders of *du Manege* for the restoration of the reign of terror. Regnier, deputy for La Meurthe, moved that, in pursuance of the 102d article of the Constitution, the sittings of the Legislative Body should be transferred to Saint Cloud ; and that Napoleon should be invested with the chief command of the troops of the seventeenth military division, and charged with the execution of this measure. He then spoke in support of his motion. "The Republic," said he, "is threatened by anarchists and by the foreign party: measures for the public safety must be taken ; we are certain of the support of General Bonaparte : under the shelter of his protecting arms the Councils may discuss the changes which the public interest renders necessary." As soon as the majority of the Council was satisfied that the motion was in concert with Napoleon, the decree passed ; but not without strong opposition. It was couched in these terms :

"The Council of Ancients, by virtue of articles 102, 103, and 104, of the Constitution, decrees as follows :

"Art. 1. The Legislative Body is transferred to Saint Cloud ; the two Councils shall there sit in the two wings of the palace.

"2. They shall assemble there to-morrow, the 19th of Brumaire, at noon ; all exercise of their functions and all discussions, elsewhere and before that time is prohibited.

"3. General Bonaparte is charged with the execution of the present decree. He will adopt all measures necessary for the safety of the national representation. The general commanding the seventeenth military division, the guards of the legislative body, the stationary national guards, the troops of the line which are in the commune of Paris, and throughout the whole extent of the seventeenth military division, are placed immediately under his command, and enjoined to recognize him in that capacity ; all the citizens are to aid and assist him on his first requisition.

“ 4. General Bonaparte is summoned to the council-table to receive a copy of the present decree, and to take the oath ; he will act in concert with the committees of inspectors of the two Councils.

“ 5. The present decree shall be immediately transmitted by messengers to the Council of Five Hundred, and to the Executive Directory ; it shall be printed, posted, proclaimed, and sent to all the communes of the Republic by couriers extraordinary.”

This decree was made at eight o'clock ; and at half-past eight, the state messenger who was the bearer of it arrived at the house of Napoleon. He found the avenues filled with officers of the garrison, adjutants of the national guard, generals, and the three regiments of cavalry. Napoleon had the folding-doors opened ; and, his house being too small to contain so many persons, he came forward on the steps in front of it, received the compliments of the officers, harangued them, and told them that he relied upon them all for the salvation of France. At the same time he gave them to understand that the Council of Ancients, under the authority of the Constitution, had just conferred on him the command of all the troops ; that important measures were in agitation, designed to rescue the country from its alarming situation ; that he relied upon their support and good will ; and that he was at that moment going to mount his horse to ride to the Tuileries.

Enthusiasm was at its height : all the officers drew their swords, and promised their service and fidelity. Napoleon then turned towards Lefevre, demanding whether he would remain with him or return to the Directory. Lefevre, powerfully affected, did not hesitate. Napoleon instantly mounted, and placed himself at the head of the generals and officers, and of 1500 horse whom he had halted upon the Boulevard, at the corner of the street of *Mont-Blanc*. He gave orders to the adjutants of the national guard to return to their quarters, and beat the generale ; to communicate the decree that they had just heard, and to announce that no orders were to be observed but such as should emanate from him.

Napoleon presented himself at the bar of the Council of Ancients, attended by this brilliant escort. “ You are the wisdom of the nation,” said he : “ At this crisis it belongs to you to point out the measures which may save the country : I come, surrounded by all the generals, to promise you their support. I appoint General Lefevre my lieutenant ; I will

faithfully fulfil the task with which you have intrusted me : let us not look into the past for examples of what is now going on. Nothing in history resembles the end of the eighteenth century ; nothing in the eighteenth century resembles the present moment."

All the troops were mustered at the Tuileries ; Napoleon reviewed them, amidst the unanimous acclamations of both citizens and soldiers. He gave the command of the troops intrusted with the protection of the Legislative Body to General Lannes ; and to General Murat the command of those sent to Saint Cloud.

He deputed General Moreau to guard the Luxembourg ; and, for this purpose, he placed under his orders 500 men of the eighty-sixth regiment. But, at the moment of setting off, these troops refused to obey : they had no confidence in Moreau, who was not, they said, a patriot. Napoleon was obliged to harangue them, assuring them that Moreau would act uprightly. Moreau had become suspected through his conduct in *Fructidor*.

The intelligence that Napoleon was at the Tuileries, and that he alone was to be obeyed, quickly spread throughout the capital. The people flew to the Tuileries in crowds : some led by mere curiosity to behold so renowned a general, others by patriotic enthusiasm to offer him their support. The following proclamation was every where posted.

"Citizens, the Council of Ancients, the depository of the national wisdom, has just pronounced a decree ; for this it has authority from articles 102 and 103 of the Act of the Constitution : it imposes upon me the duty of taking measures for the safety of the national representation. The immediate removal of the representation is necessary ; the Legislative Body will then find itself in a condition to rescue the Republic from the imminent danger into which the disorganization of all branches of the administration is conducting us. At this important crisis it requires union and confidence. Rally round it : there is no other method of fixing the Republic upon the basis of civil liberty, internal happiness, victory, and peace."

To the soldiers he said :

"Soldiers, the special decree of the Council of Ancients is conformable to articles 102 and 103 of the Constitutional Act. It has confided to me the command of the city and of the army. I have accepted that command, in order to second the measures which it is about to adopt, and which are all in fa-

vous of the people. Two years has the Republic been ill-governed; you have indulged in the hope that a period would be put to so many evils by my return. This event you have celebrated with an unanimity which imposes obligations upon me that I am about to discharge; you also will discharge yours, and you will second your general with the energy, firmness, and fidelity which I have always found in you. Liberty, victory, and peace will reinstate the French Republic in the rank which she held in Europe, and from which imbecility and treachery were alone capable of removing her."

Napoleon now sent an aid-de-camp to the guards of the Directory, for the purpose of communicating the decree to them, and enjoining them to receive no order but from him. The guard sounded to horse; the commanding officer consulted his soldiers, they answered by shouts of joy. At this very moment an order from the Directory, contrary to that of Napoleon, arrived; but the soldiers, obeying only Napoleon's commands, marched to join him. Sieyes and Roger Ducos had been ever since the morning at the Tuileries. It is said that Barras, on seeing Sieyes mount his horse, ridiculed the awkwardness of the unpractised equestrian: he little suspected where they were going. Being shortly after apprised of the decree, he joined Gohier and Moulins: they then learnt that the troops followed Napoleon; they saw that even their own guard forsook them. Upon that Moulins went to the Tuileries, and gave in his resignation, as Sieyes and Roger Ducos had already done. Boutot, the secretary of Barras, went to Napoleon, who warmly expressed his indignation at the peculations which had ruined the Republic, and insisted that Barras should resign. Talleyrand hastened to the Director, and related this. Barras removed to Gros-Bois, accompanied by a guard of honour of dragoons. From that moment the Directory was dissolved, and Napoleon alone was invested with the executive power of the Republic.

In the mean while the Council of Five Hundred had met, under the presidency of Lucien. The constitution was explicit; the decree of the Council of Ancients was consistent with its privilege: there was no ground for objection. The members of the council in passing through the streets of Paris, and through the Tuileries, had learnt the occurrences which were taking place, and witnessed the enthusiasm of the public. They were astonished and confounded at the ferment around them. They submitted to necessity, and adjourned their sitting to the next day, the 19th, at Saint Cloud.

Bernadotte had married the sister-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte. He had been two months in the war department of the administration, and was afterwards removed by Sieyes: all he did in office was wrong. He was one of the most furious members of the *Societe du Manege*. His political opinions were then very violent, and were censured by all respectable people. Joseph had taken him in the morning to Napoleon's house, but, when he saw what was going forward, he stole away, and went to inform his friends of the *Manege* of the state of affairs. Jourdan and Augereau came to Napoleon at the Tuileries, while the troops were passing in review: he recommended them not to return to Saint Cloud to the sitting of the next day, but to remain quiet, and not to obliterate the memory of the services they had rendered the country; for that no effort could extinguish the flame which had been kindled. Augereau assured him of his devotion, and of his desire to march under his command. He even added, "What! General, do you not still rely upon your little Augereau?"

Cambaceres, minister of justice, Fouche, minister of police, and all the other ministers, went to the Tuileries, and acknowledged the new authority. Fouche made great professions of attachment and devotion: being in direct opposition to Sieyes, he had not been admitted into the secret of the day. He had given directions for closing the barriers, and preventing the departure of couriers and coaches. "Why, good God!" said the General to him, "wherefore all these precautions? We go with the nation, and by its strength alone: let no citizen be disturbed, and let the triumph of opinion have nothing in common with the transactions of days in which a factious minority prevailed."

The members of the majority of the Five Hundred, of the minority of the Ancients, and the leaders of the *Manege*, spent the whole night in factious consultations.

At seven o'clock in the evening, Napoleon held a council at the Tuileries. Sieyes proposed that the forty principal leaders of the opposite parties should be arrested. The recommendation was a wise one; but Napoleon believed he was too strong to need any such precaution. "I swore in the morning," said he, "to protect the national representation; I will not this evening violate my oath: I fear no such weak enemies." Every body agreed in opinion with Sieyes, but nothing could overcome this delicacy on the part of Napoleon. It will soon appear that he was in the wrong.

It was at this meeting that the establishment of three Provisional Consuls was agreed on ; and Roger Ducos, and Napoleon, were appointed ; the adjournment of the consuls for three months was also resolved on. The leading members of the two councils came to an understanding on the manner in which they should act at the sitting of Saint Cloud. Lucien, Boulay, Émile Gaudin, Chazal, Cabanis, were the leaders of the Council of Five Hundred ; Regnier, Lemer cier, Cornudet, Fargues, were those of the Ancients.

General Murat, as has been observed, commanded the public force at Saint Cloud ; Pansard commanded the battalion of the guard of the Legislative Body ; General Serrurier had under his orders a reserve stationed at Point-du-Jour.

The workmen were actively employed in getting ready the halls of the palace of Saint Cloud. The *orangerie* was allotted to the Council of Five Hundred ; and the gallery of Mars, to that of the Ancients ; the apartments since designated the Saloon of Princes, and the Emperor's Cabinet, were prepared for Napoleon and his staff. The inspectors of the hall occupied the apartments of the Empress. So late as two o'clock in the afternoon, the place assigned to the Council of Five Hundred was not ready. This delay of a few hours was very unfortunate. The deputies, who had been on the spot from twelve o'clock, formed groups in the garden : their minds grew heated ; they sounded one another, interchanged declarations of the state of their feelings, and organized their opposition. They demanded of the Council of Ancients, what was its object ? why it had brought them to Saint Cloud ? was it to change the Directory ? They generally agreed that Barras was corrupt, and Moulins entitled to no respect ; they would name, they said, without hesitation, Napoleon and two other citizens to fill up the government. The small number of individuals who were in the secret, then threw out that the object was to regenerate the state, by ameliorating the Constitution, and to adjourn the councils. These hints not being successful, a degree of hesitation showed itself, even among the members most relied on.

At length the sitting opened. Émile Gaudin ascended the tribune, painted in lively colours the dangers of the country, and proposed thanks to the council of Ancients, for the measures of public safety which it had set on foot ; and that it should be invited, by message, to explain its intentions fully. At the same time, he proposed to appoint a committee of seven persons, to make a report upon the state of the Republic.

The furious rushing forth of the winds inclosed in the caverns of Eolus never raised a more raging storm. The speaker was violently hurled to the bottom of the tribune. The ferment became excessive.

Delbred desired that the members should swear anew to the Constitution of the year III.—Chenier, Lucien, Boulay, trembled. The chamber proceeded to the *Appel Nominal*.*

During the *Appel Nominal*, which lasted more than two hours, reports of what was passing were circulated through the capital. The leaders of the assembly *du Manege*, the *tricotouses*,† &c. hastened up. Jourdan and Augereau had kept out of the way; believing Napoleon lost, they made all haste to Saint Cloud. Augereau drew near to Napoleon, and said, “Well! here you are, in a pretty situation!” “Augereau,” replied Napoleon, “remember Arcole: matters appeared much more desperate there. Take my advice, and remain quiet, if you would not fall a victim to this confusion. In half an hour you will see what a turn affairs will have taken.”

The assembly appeared to declare itself with so much unanimity, that no deputy durst refuse to swear to the Constitution: even Lucien himself was compelled to swear. Shouts and cries of “bravo” were heard throughout the chamber. The moment was critical. Many members, on taking the oath, added observations, and the influence of such speeches might operate upon the troops. All minds were in a state of suspense; the zealous became neuter; the timid had deserted their standard. Not an instant was to be lost. Napoleon crossed the saloon of Mars, entered the Council of Ancients, and placed himself opposite to the president. (At the bar.)

“You stand,” said he, “upon a volcano; the Republic no longer possesses a government; the Directory is dissolved; factions are at work; the hour of decision is come. You have called in my arm, and the arms of my comrades, to the support of your wisdom: but the moments are precious; it is necessary to take an ostensible part. I know that Cæsar and Cromwell, are talked of—as if this day could be compared with past times. No, I desire nothing but the safety of the Republic, and to maintain the resolutions to which you are about to come.—And you, grenadiers, whose caps I perceive

* The *Appel Nominal* was a calling over of the names of the deputies, each one giving his vote at the time of answering. *Note of the Editor.*

† The *tricotouses*, or knitters, were female jacobin clubs, chiefly encouraged by Robespierre: they took their place in the national assemblies to hear the debates, and often formed a very large proportion of the audience.

Note of the Editor.

at the doors of this hall—speak—have I ever deceived you? Did I ever forfeit my word, when in camp, in the midst of privations, I promised you victory and plenty; and when, at your head, I led you from conquest to conquest? Now say, was it for my own aggrandisement, or for the interest of the Republic?”

The general spoke with energy. The grenadiers were electrified; and, waving their caps and arms in the air, they all seemed to say, “Yes, true, true! he always kept his word!”

Upon this a member (Linglet) rose, and said with a loud voice, “General, we applaud what you say; swear then, with us, obedience to the Constitution of the year III. which alone can preserve the Republic.”

The astonishment caused by these words produced the most profound silence.

Napoleon recollected himself for a moment; and then went on again emphatically; “The Constitution of the year III. —you have it no longer—you violated it on the eighteenth of Fructidor, when the Government infringed on the independence of the Legislative Body; you violated it on the thirtieth of Prairial, in the year VII., when the Legislative Body struck at the independence of the Government; you violated it on the twenty-second of Floreal, when, by a sacrilegious decree, the Government and the Legislative Body invaded the sovereignty of the people, by annulling the elections made by them. The Constitution being violated, there must be a new compact, new guarantees.”

The force of this speech, and the energy of the General, brought over three-fourths of the members of Council, who rose to indicate their approbation. Cornudet and Regnier spoke powerfully to the same effect. A member rose in opposition; he denounced the General as the only conspirator against public liberty. Napoleon interrupted the orator, and declared that he was in the secret of every party, and that all despised the Constitution of the year III.; that the only difference existing between them was, that some desired to have a moderate Republic, in which all the national interests, and all property should be guaranteed; while, on the other hand, the others wished for a revolutionary government, as warranted by the dangers of the country. At this moment Napoleon was informed that the *Appel Nominal* was terminated in the Council of Five Hundred, and that they were endeavouring to force the president Lucien to put the outlawry of

his brother to the vote. Napoleon immediately hastened to the Five Hundred, entered the chamber with his hat off, and ordered the officers and soldiers who accompanied him, to remain at the doors: he was desirous to present himself at the bar, to rally his party, which was numerous, but which had lost all unity and resolution. But to get to the bar, it was necessary to cross half the chamber, because the President had his seat on one of the wings. When Napoleon had advanced alone across one-third of the orangery, two or three hundred members suddenly rose, crying, "Death to the tyrant! down with the dictator!"

Two grenadiers, who, by the order of the General, had remained at the door, and who had reluctantly obeyed, saying to him, "You do not know them, they are capable of any thing!" rushed in, sabre in hand, overthrowing all that opposed their passage, to join the General, and cover him with their bodies. All the other grenadiers followed this example, and forced Napoleon out of the chamber. In the confusion one of them named Thome, was slightly wounded by the thrust of a dagger; and the clothes of another were cut through.

The General descended into the court-yard, called the troops into a circle by beat of drum, got on horseback, and harangued them: "I was about," said he, "to point out to them the means of saving the Republic, and restoring our glory. They answered me with their daggers. It was thus they would have accomplished the wishes of the allied kings. What more could England have done? Soldiers, may I rely upon you?"

Unanimous acclamations formed the reply to this speech. Napoleon instantly ordered a captain to go with ten men into the chamber of the Five Hundred, and to liberate the President.

Lucian had just thrown off his robe. "Wretches!" exclaimed he, "you insist that I should put out of the protection of the laws my brother, the saviour of the country, him whose very name causes kings to tremble! I lay aside the insignia of the popular magistracy; I offer myself in the tribune as the defender of him, whom you command me to immolate unheard."

Thus saying, he quitted the chair, and darted into the tribune. The officer of grenadiers then presented himself at the door of the chamber, exclaiming, "*Vive la Republique!*" It was supposed that the troops were sending a deputation to

express their devotion to the Councils. The captain was received with a joyful expression of feeling. He availed himself of the misapprehension, approached the tribune, and secured the President, saying to him in a low voice, "It is your brother's order." The grenadiers at the same time shouted, "Down with the assassins!"

Upon these exclamations, the joy of the members was converted into sadness; a gloomy silence testified the dejection of the whole assembly. No opposition was offered to the departure of the President, who left the chamber, rushed into the court-yard, mounted a horse, and cried out in his stentorian voice, "General—and you, soldiers—the President of the Council of Five Hundred proclaims to you that factious men, with drawn daggers, have interrupted the deliberations of that assembly. He calls upon you to employ force against these disturbers. The Council of Five Hundred is dissolved."

"President," replied the General, "it shall be done."

He then ordered Murat into the chamber, at the head of a detachment in close column. At this crisis General B * * * ventured to ask him for fifty men, in order to place himself in ambuscade upon the way, and fire upon the fugitives. Napoleon replied to this request only by enjoining the grenadiers to commit no excesses. "It is my wish," said he, "that not one drop of blood may be shed."

Murat presented himself at the door, and summoned the Council to disperse. The shouts and vociferations continued. Colonel Moulins, aide-de-camp of Brune, who had just arrived from Holland, ordered the charge to be beaten. The drum put an end to the clamour. The soldiers entered the chamber charging bayonets. The deputies leaped out at the windows, and dispersed, leaving their gowns, caps, &c.: in one moment the chamber was empty. Those members of the Council who had shown most pertinacity, fled with the utmost precipitation to Paris.

About one hundred deputies of the Five Hundred rallied at the office and round the inspectors of the hall. They presented themselves in a body to the Council of the Ancients. Lucien represented that the Five Hundred had been dissolved at his instance; that, in the exercise of his functions as President of the assembly, he had been surrounded by daggers; that he had sent attendants to summon the Council again; that nothing had been done contrary to form, and that the troops had but obeyed his mandate. The Council of the An-

cients, which had witnessed with some uneasiness this exercise of military power, was satisfied with the explanation. At eleven at night the two Councils re-assembled; they formed large majorities. Two committees were appointed to report upon the state of the Republic. On the report of Beranger, thanks to Napoleon and the troops were carried. Boulay de la Meurthe, in the Five Hundred, and Villetard in the Ancients, detailed the situation of the Republic, and the measures necessary to be taken. The law of the 19th of Brumaire was passed; it adjourned the Councils to the 1st of Ventose following; it created two committees of twenty-five members each, to represent the Councils provisionally. These committees were also to prepare a civil code. A Provisional Consular Commission, consisting of Sieyes, Roger Ducos, and Napoleon, was charged with the executive power.

This law put an end to the Constitution of the year III.

The Provisional Consuls repaired on the 20th, at two in the morning, to the chamber of the Orangery, where the two Councils were assembled. Lucien, the president, addressed them in these words:

“ Citizen Consuls! The greatest people on earth entrusts its fate to you. Three months hence, your measures must pass the ordeal of public opinion. The welfare of thirty millions of men, internal quiet, the wants of the armies, peace,—such are to be the objects of your cares. Doubtless courage and devotion to your duties are requisite in taking upon you functions so important; but the confidence of our people and warriors is with you, and the Legislative Body knows that your hearts are wholly with the country. Citizen Consuls, we have, previously to adjourning, taken the oath which you will repeat in the midst of us: the sacred oath of ‘inviolable fidelity to the sovereignty of the people, to the French Republic one and indivisible, to liberty, to equality, and to the representative system.’ ”

The assembly separated, and the Consuls returned to Paris, to the Palace of the Luxembourg.

Thus was the Revolution of the 18th of Brumaire crowned with success.

Sieyes, during the most critical moments, had remained in his carriage at the gate of St. Cloud, ready to follow the march of the troops. His conduct, during the danger, was becoming: he evinced coolness, resolution and intrepidity.



THE MATCH RACE.**BETWEEN ECLIPSE and HENRY, for TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.***(From the New York Evening Post.)*

YESTERDAY, (May 28th,) the match race between Eclipse and a southern horse called Henry was run over the Union Course. It will be recollected that the gentlemen from New York, while in attendance on the match race last fall at Washington city, between Eclipse and Sir Charles, offered to run the former this spring on the Long Island course, for 20,000 dollars, against any horse that could be produced in the United States or elsewhere and gave the southern gentlemen from that time, November, 1822,) to the time of starting, to look round and name their horse. The challenge was readily accepted, and 3,000 dollars fixed on as the sum to be forfeited in case either party declined running the race. A number of horses were put in training for the occasion, but only two, viz.—Henry and Betsy Richards, were brought from the south, who, it was judged could contend with Eclipse, and, which of these two were to run the race remained a secret, until the signal was given from the Judges' box to bring up the horse, when Henry made his appearance, and Eclipse soon after. The doubts which had before been entertained, (and they were many,) that the southern sportsmen would pay forfeit and there would be no race, vanished at once, and all was anxiety to see the result of the contest. The hour of starting soon arrived, but such was the immense crowd upon the course in solid column, for nearly a quarter of a mile both right and left of the Judges' box, that some minutes were taken up by the officers in clearing it; nor was it effected without much difficulty. About ten minutes after one P. M. both horses set off at the tap of the drum; Henry taking the lead and keeping it the whole four miles, came in about half a length a-head. Although several efforts were made by the rider of Eclipse, a young man, whose name we do not recollect, to pass his antagonist, still, he could not accomplish it. The result of this heat was so different from what the northern sportsmen had calculated upon, that the mercury fell instantly below the freezing point. Bets three to one that Eclipse would lose the second heat were loudly offered, but there were few or no takers. Time of running the heat, 7 min. 40 sec.

SECOND HEAT.—The time having elapsed for breathing, the horses were again brought up for the second heat, but it had been determined in the interim to change Eclipse's rider, as has often heretofore been done, and who should appear but our old

friend Purdy,* who was welcomed with tumultuous cheers from the multitude. He soon mounted, and at the signal both went off. Henry took the lead, as in the first heat, and kept it until about two thirds round on the third mile, when Purdy seized, with a quickness and dexterity peculiar to himself, the favorable moment that presented, when by appearing to aim at the outside, he might gain the inside, made a dash at him accordingly, and passed him on the left; and maintained the ground he had gained to the end of the second heat, coming out about two lengths a head. The air was now made to resound from every quarter, with "Purdy forever!" and as soon as he had been weighed the populace bore him off on their shoulders across the course, in spite of all the entreaties he could make to the contrary. The mercury in the sporting thermometer immediately rose again to pleasant summer heat, and the backers of Eclipse were now ready for any thing that offered; they proposed to bet even, but there were no takers. Several offers to draw were made by gentlemen who had bet on Henry, but not accepted. Confidence was again completely restored to the friends of Eclipse. Time of running this heat 7 m. 49 s.

THIRD HEAT.—When the horses were brought up for this heat, a jockey named Taylor, known for many years on the Southern courses, for his great success, and whose skill was acknowledged to be inferior to no one, made his appearance, when it was announced that he would ride Henry the third heat instead of the boy who had rode him the two former. The course once more cleared, off they went, Purdy taking the lead and keeping it to the end of the race, came in about three lengths ahead of his antagonist. The air was now rent with shouts of extacy from the New Yorkers, and the press around the judges' stand for a short time was so great that nothing could overcome it. The whole course was blocked up in one solid mass of men, ten thousand deep, leaving no ground to bring the horses to the stand so so that the riders could be dismounted and weighed. Order, however, was at length restored, the riders were weighed, every thing found right, and Eclipse pronounced the victor. He was then marched off the field to the popular air of—

"See, the conquering hero comes."

Thus has ended the greatest race that ever was run in this country,

* It is said that on witnessing the defeat of his favorite horse, Purdy burst into a flood of generous tears, and offered even then to redeem him if permitted. What was the cause of his not being engaged before, the sporting world are anxious to know. It is believed that had he been so, the third heat would not have been necessary to Eclipse.

The result has shown that the challenge may be again fearlessly repeated—"LONG-ISLAND ECLIPSE AGAINST THE WORLD." We hope, however, Mr. Van Ranst will never suffer him to run again, but let the country have the benefit of his stock. He has now proved himself before all cavil, to be a horse of speed and bottom unequalled in this country, or perhaps in any other at this time. Time of running the third and last heat, 8 m. 24 s.

Thus the event has proved that the opinion of northern sportsmen is better than that of the southern; that size and bone are essential to strength, and ought to be taken into calculation; and supposing blood and bottom to be equal, must always win. It has been, therefore, the object of northern sportsmen, ever since governor Jay first recommended it, to ensure these qualities by requiring greater weights than are carried at the south. The natural consequence is a breed of large, strong and serviceable horses. We hope they will not deviate from this wise course.

It is judged there were upwards of fifty thousand spectators on the field, and it is with great satisfaction that we add, that as far as we can learn, no serious accident occurred to mar the pleasures of the day.

POETRY.

On the Death of Dr. EDWARD BARTON.

SPIRIT of bright intelligence! that beam'd
 Through the quick-darting eye,—and sat enthron'd
 On that pure smile, which seem'd not of the earth.
 Spirit of mild benevolence!—that sung
 O'er the wan sufferer's couch, soothing his pangs,
 Forgetful of thine own; Spirit! that lov'd
 To rove among the scenes of other days,
 The shades of ancient story, and the bow'rs
 Of classic fancy—whither art thou flown?
 Why, am I answer'd by the rushing sigh?
 Alas! I know it all. I mark'd the sign
 In that deep hectic flush,—which stain'd thy cheek
 When thou didst part from us. I knew, that Death,
 Sent that brief beauty—ere he set his seal
 Of icy paleness. Thou didst go to seek
 Hygeia o'er the wave—and in those climes
 Where she delights to revel. But her gifts
 Were not for thee. Her fountain was close-seal'd
 To thy parch'd lip. Her garden had for thee
 A sepulchre.—And didst thou fall alone,
 Unwept, uncherish'd? No. In strangers' breasts
 Affection met thee, and a foreign voice

In holiest accents bade thee rest in peace.
 Thy God forsook thee not, and thy meek soul
 Communing with its Saviour saw the earth
 Recede, unmov'd. Thy mouldering ashes fill
 A stranger's tomb, but thou hast found a home
 From whence is no departure : where thy heart,
 No more vibrating on the arrow's point
 Of this unpitied world, expands to taste
 The fulness of eternal bliss.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Spontaneous Combustion.—The following case of Spontaneous Combustion has been described by Mr. James Gallan of Glasgow in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, vol. vii. p. 219. Having sold to a spirit-dealer a parcel of Sample bottles, I sent them packed in an old basket, the bottom of which was much broken; to prevent the bottles from falling through, I put across the bottom of the basket a piece of old packing sheet, which had lain long about an oil and colour warehouse, and was besmeared with different kinds of vegetable oil. About six or eight weeks after, the gentleman informed me that my oily cloth and basket had almost set his warehouse on fire. The basket and cloth had been thrown behind some spirit casks pretty much confined from the air, and about midday he was alarmed by a smell of fire. Having moved away the casks in the direction whence the smoke issued, he saw the basket and cloth in a blaze. This fact may give a useful hint to persons in public works, where galipoli, rape-seed, or linseed oils are used in their manufactures; as it is an established fact (though not generally known,) that these vegetable oils used in cloths, yarn or wool, in the process of dyeing, and continued for a time from the open air, are very apt to occasion spontaneous fire.

Chinese Year.—A paper was lately read before the Royal Society, by J. T. Davis, Esq. on the Chinese Year. The introductory part of this paper was occupied in proving that there was no scientific knowledge of Astronomy in China, before that introduced by the Arabians, and afterwards by European missionaries. The 36 eclipses, recorded by Confucius, are useful in determining chronological points, but afford no evidence of astronomical science. The encouragement and promotion of foreign professors of astronomy, and their adopting the errors of those professors, show that they had not been originally acquainted with it themselves. A drawing was also exhibited, illustrating the 28 constellations, of which the year consists, with the degrees they respectively occupy; the Chinese have no solar year.

A voyage round the world, by M. de Roqueville, Lieutenant in the navy, is advertised as speedily to be published in Paris.

Professor Horne of Germany, has published illustrations of Shakspeare.

Gold Mine.—We extract the following article from the first number of a newspaper entitled the "Cheraw Intelligencer, and Southern Register," printed at Cheraw, South Carolina.

"In the county of Anson, N. C. two miles from Rocky River, and about thirty-five miles from this place, there has been discovered an extensive Gold Mine; in excavating which, twelve workmen are employed with very considerable success. We have conversed with a gentleman who a few days since visited this mine; from him we learn the ore is exceedingly pure, and sells readily in its *crude* state, at 91 cents the pennyweight. While he was present, *one piece* was dug up, weighing twenty-two ounces, equal to 340 dols. 40 cts. One other piece had previously been found, weighing forty ounces, equal to 728 dollars. Gold is not found deeper than three and a half feet below the surface. There is a small creek running directly through this mine, the bottom of which being covered with millions of particles of gold, glittering through the limpid stream, presents a very interesting and beautiful appearance."

The following extracts from a letter from Miss Edgeworth, to an American lady, will be perused with lively interest by our readers :

"Bracebridge Hall has not been, I believe, as popular as the first work of Mr. Irving; but that is because it tells of England, with which we are better acquainted than with America—probably Bracebridge Hall will be liked better with you than even the Sketch Book. It is beautifully written—obviously he has taken the Spectator for his model, and his old knight is a modern Sir Roger de Coverly—with variations, Lady Lilliacraft is good and her dog admirable—the Stout Gentleman—the Inn Yard—the Rookery—are all exquisite paintings in the high finish of the Flemish school—and the Mad Girl, and the chapter on Country Gentlemen, have excellencies, of another and a higher order.

"The fault of the book (Bracebridge Hall) is that the workmanship surpasses the work. There is too much care and cost bestowed on petty objects. This is the fault of the Flemish school. It is all natural—but all nature does not deserve to be painted by a master's hand. The herring on a board, and the dropsical woman, and the beggar boy, are fine Flemish pictures, but we regret that such talents were bestowed on such subjects. I have seen a celebrated old woman's head by a Flemish painter, Denner, which actually made me shudder, and dis-

gusted me, from being too accurately taken off from *reality*—like a mask taken from a dead face—a *fac simile* without life.

“Thank you for the *Spy*. I cannot agree with you in thinking it a flashy performance. We read it aloud in our family, and notwithstanding many peculiar faults of style and composition, and the wearisome trick of describing every creature’s looks and emphasis every time they speak or move, we found it highly interesting, from describing manners and a state of society that are new to us,—and independently of this American value, we think it a work of great genius. In the Flemish style nothing in Washington Irving, or even in Walter Scott, is more perfect nature than the Irish follower of the camp, *Betty*. I single her out as an instance, because of her we can best judge. She is one of the most faithful and exquisite Irish characters I ever saw drawn; with individual characteristic touches, and yet representing a whole class. The humour, and wit, and blunder, and sagacity, and good nature, and want of moral principle, and abundance of moral feeling, most happily blended together, so as to make it genuine Irish. It has the rare merit of not being the least exaggerated in humour—and the dialect is such as could not have been *hit* except by one well acquainted with Irish characters.

“But independently of *Betty*, there is very strong drawing of character and of human nature in general, as well as of national character in this work. The story I grant you is confused, and the main interest turning upon the *pedlar Spy* injudicious. No sympathy can be excited with meanness, and there must be a degree of meanness ever associated with the idea of *Spy*. Neither poetry nor prose can ever make a spy an heroic character. From Dolon in the *Iliad* to Major Andre, and from Major Andre to this instrument of Washington, it has been found impracticable to raise a spy into a hero. Even the punishment of *hanging* goes against all heroic stomachs—the scaffold is a glorious thing, and may be brought on the stage with safety—but would even Shakspeare venture the gibbet?”

Colouring matter of the Lobster.—In the *Journal de Pharmacie* we learn that M. Lassaigne has lately examined the colouring matter of the Lobster. He obtained it by separating the shell of the animal from all other substances and digesting it in alcohol, using the same portion to different quantities of the shell. The pieces thus treated gradually parted with their colouring matter, and were incapable of being red, when boiled. The solution collected and evaporated afforded a red matter having the appearance of fat. This substance is insipid and inodorous; is insoluble in water, but is easily dissolved in sulphuric acid, or concentrated alcohol. Its solution is of a scarlet colour, and does not become turbid by the addition of water, so that it is not analogous to fat. Potash, Soda, or Ammonia, do not alter its colour. Dilute mineral acids have no effect upon it; but, when

concentrated, they destroy and change it into a dull yellow substance. Salts of tin, lead, iron, and copper, do not precipitate this substance from a solution of alcohol. M. Lassaigue states, that this substance is contained in a membrane, which adheres strongly to the calcareous envelope when the animal is young; but that it is easily separated from those at the full growth. The membrane is very thin, and is of a violet colour in reflected light; but of a purple hue in transmitted light.

Mr. Howison, a recent traveller in British America, gives a lively description of a winter storm in Canada. "It had ceased snowing but the wind was still very high. The heavens were covered with large fleeces of broken clouds, and the stars flashed through them as they were wildly hurried along by the blast. The frozen surface of Lake St. Clair stretched in chill and dreary extent towards the horizon, and exhibited a motionless and unvaried expanse, except when a gust of wind whirled a wreath of snow into the air, and swept it forward in eddying columns. The leafless trees creaked and groaned under the blast, and the crashing of boughs, yielding to its violence, broke upon the ear at irregular intervals."

English Travellers in America.—In the Monthly Magazine, for December, 1822, there are two or three letters written by a certain J. Hawes, for the purpose of communicating some information respecting our country. From this intelligent traveller we learn that the population of New York, according to the last census, was 15,000* persons; that a dollar in Philadelphia is

* If this accurate inquirer had consulted that model of statisticians, the patriotic Mr. Niles, he might have learned from his invaluable Register, that but a few years ago there were "not less than 20,000 men and women, in New York, wandering about the streets, in search of employment!" We need not be surprised at the blunders of foreigners, when such absurdities are gravely published at home, by an Editor who significantly dates his lucubrations from "Freedom's chair," and whose friends, as he informs us, call him "Old Niles," though he is "little more than forty years of age," on account of his being "such a plain *matter-of-fact man*!" We could remind him of another name by which he was celebrated in days of yore,

When a Didler by diddling outdiddled a Dun;

But—*verbum sat*, to borrow a favourite scrap from this Editor's scanty store of learning. We shall not disturb those profound cogitations in which he is now abstracted.

He knows what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

If we live to write his elegy, the merry muse of Butler will readily suggest a motto: We shall say, *Hic jacet*,

SIR AGRIPPA;—for profound,
And solid lying, much renowned.

only seven shillings : that our clergy are removeable at pleasure: that the town of Bedford is forty miles from this city : that wheat, at the time when these veracious letters were written, was *only* three dollars and a quarter per bushel ! &c. &c.

Another traveller, whose letters were published in the same Magazine, some years ago, stated that the ladies of Philadelphia never wear stockings but when they go to balls !

It appears that for some years, very able translations have been made into Russian prose of the Poems of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott. The *Courier de l'Europe*, of 1821, inserted extracts from the Siege of Corinth, Mazeppa, the Giaour, and the Bride of Abydos, which were published at the commencement of that year, by M. Katchenovsky. The poet Joukovsky has enriched Russian literature with a beautiful translation, in verse, of the Prisoner of Chillon. It is only during the present year that poetical translations have been made of the poems of Scott. Several have been inserted in a literary journal, called the *Bien-intentionne* ; and the *Courier de l'Europe* has published a well-executed translation of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. The Lady of the Lake has been translated into Italian verse, by M. Joseph Indelicato, and published at Palermo.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE cannot insert the communication from "A critic." The verses which are the subject of his animadversion are entitled to more respectful consideration, as a literary performance ; and the sex of the author should shield her from rudeness. Our correspondent has forgotten that,

Rough satires, sly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,
Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches.

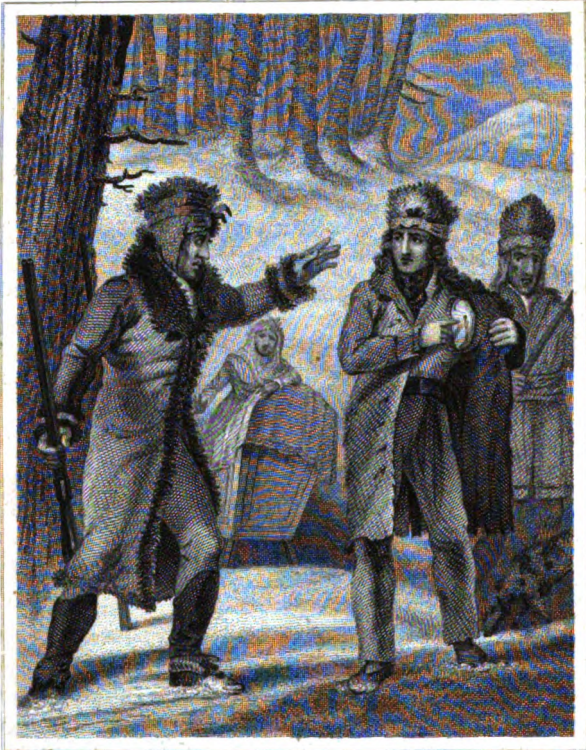
If he is bent on the diversion of baiting an author, our Parnassus is plentifully stocked with more lawful game. The lady in question possesses a sharp wit and if she should take the field in vindication of her claims, we apprehend that the critic would acquire little glory from the encounter :

Then the she-Pegassus shall gain the course,
And the grey mare shall prove the better horse.

The review of "Logan" and "Seventy Six," is unavoidably postponed : so also is the Journal of a Voyage to India.

Our new correspondent from Charleston, S. C. is entitled to our thanks for his communication. We shall be obliged if he will correspond with us often and copiously.

The "Suicides Grave" will be returned to the author, on application at our office.



Dumas Del.

F. Koenig Sc.

ROBERTSON SHOWING HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN TO THE ENGLISH.

The Pioneer Vol. 1, P. 11

mind, and the ample
natural history, to which he manifested a decided predilection
at an early period of his residence at the university, will abundantly
excuse his not having done so. On his occasional visits
to his mother, during the vacations, the neighbouring botanical
garden of the Apothecaries' Company, and private gardens, af-
forded him specimens of cultivated plants and flowers, for the

1875

The Powers of 1875

The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH BANKS, BART.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THIS celebrated naturalist is said to have been originally descended from a noble Swedish house. He was born at Rereby Abbey, in the county of Lincoln, 13th December, 1743, and at the proper age was sent to Eton, and thence removed to Oxford, where, at the age of eighteen, he was left in possession of an ample fortune, by the death of his father in 1761. Soon after this period his mother removed to Chelsea, and resided there for many years. There she obtained the gratitude and esteem of the neighbouring poor, to whom her charities were at once liberal, extensive and judicious. What progress Mr. Banks made in his collegiate studies we are not able to state; he appears not, however, greatly to have distinguished himself in them, and indeed his entire devotion of the chief energies of his mind, and the ample resources of his fortune, to the pursuits of natural history, to which he manifested a decided predilection at an early period of his residence at the university, will abundantly excuse his not having done so. On his occasional visits to his mother, during the vacations, the neighbouring botanical garden of the Apothecaries' Company, and private gardens, afforded him specimens of cultivated plants and flowers, for the

successful pursuit of his favourite study,—while for those of wilder growth, and oftener of fairer hue, he extended his researches over the neighbouring hills and dales, and to more distant woods. In one of these scientific excursions, while botanizing in a ditch, he was rudely seized on by a body of constables, who, finding him busy, or as they fancied, concealed among nettles, briars, and thorns, concluded that he must be the robber for whom they were making diligent search. Accordingly, without heeding his remonstrances or protestations, they pinioned and handcuffed their breathless prisoner, and dragged him before a neighbouring magistrate; but, on searching his person, great was the surprise of the officers—when, instead of money, and watches and jewels, they found his pockets stuffed with plants and roots and wild flowers, which were immediately returned to him, with suitable apologies for the mistake which had placed him in so awkward a predicament. This ludicrous adventure had no effect, however, in damping the ardour and avidity with which he followed up his practical researches. To these he added a great fondness for angling, which, on account of a kindred devotion to the same amusement, introduced him to the acquaintance of the celebrated lord Sandwich, afterwards first lord of the Admiralty; who, spending all his leisure hours on the water, formed an intimacy with the subject of this memoir, more beneficial, it is to be apprehended, from the infidel and licentious character of this nobleman, to the prosecution of his scientific pursuits, than to his morals or his principles. In company with him, during their residence in London, Mr. Banks passed whole days upon the Thames; and even at night, when fish are said to bite more readily, they were often to be found in a punt at their accustomed sport. Whilst they luxuriously quaffed their Champagne and Burgundy—for nothing could divert or lessen the devotion of lord Sandwich to his wine—their rods were regularly ranged round the boat, with bells affixed to the extremity of each, whose tinkling sounds gave notice of that important incident in a sportsman's life,—a nibble at his hook. When summoned thus to watch the uncertain conversion of nibbles into bites, and of bites to the capture of the prize, the sportsmen were so eagerly bent upon their pursuit, that the morning often dawned upon them at their labours. The diversion pre-

duced a more solid advantage for Mr. Banks in procuring for him the important patronage of his brother angler, who, on all occasions, forwarded his schemes for the advancement of his favourite study, and eventually assisted him most materially in their progress. Possessing facilities for following up his chosen pursuit, denied to many a votary of science as ardent but not as rich, that gentleman confined not his inquiries to the study or to books, but on quitting the university in 1763, crossed the Atlantic, to visit the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, with the sole purpose of examining their productions in the various departments of natural history. His enterprising spirit was rewarded by the accumulation of much practical knowledge, and of many rare and valuable specimens for his cabinet. In the year 1768, an ardent desire to increase his information, and to add to the riches of his cabinet, induced him to join the expedition then about to sail under captain Cook, on a voyage of circumnavigation and discovery, particularly in the southern seas. The English government at whose order this important expedition was undertaken, through the instrumentality of his friend lord Sandwich, readily furnished to our scientific adventurer every facility for the prosecution of his inquiries, and for rendering his situation as comfortable as possible during a long and perilous voyage. He, however, was ready on his part to contribute largely out of his private fortune towards the general purposes of an expedition, which had for its object the promotion of the cause of science. Accordingly he engaged, at his own expense, a most desirable companion in the person of Dr. Solander, a learned Swede, educated under Linnæus, and generally supposed to have been his favourite pupil. He was, at this time, assistant-keeper of the collection of Natural History in the British Museum, a situation which he had obtained chiefly on the credit of letters of introduction which he brought with him to England, from his illustrious tutor. The scientific attainments of this gentleman, and his zealous devotion to the same pursuits, rendered him peculiarly eligible to direct and assist the investigations of Mr. Banks, who also took with him two draftsmen, one as a delineator of views and figures, the other of objects in natural history. Besides these, he was attended by a secretary, and four servants, two of them negroes. He also pro-

vided himself, at a considerable expense, with the scientific instruments necessary for his intended observations; with every convenience for preserving such specimens as he might be able to collect of natural or artificial objects; and with a variety of articles of domestic manufacture suitable for distribution in the remote, and in many cases, the savage regions which he was about to visit, for the improvement of the condition of their inhabitants, and the introduction among them of some of the comforts of life. In June 1771, the expedition returned to England. The official papers connected with the voyage were immediately given to the lords of the Admiralty, by whom the compilation of a regular narrative of its incidents and discoveries was intrusted to Dr. Hawkesworth. To him Mr. Banks freely communicated the circumstantial journal which he had kept of the events of the voyage, containing a great variety of incidents which had not come under the notice of captain Cook; with descriptions of the countries and people which they had visited, their productions, manners, customs, religion, policy, and languages, much more full and particular than could be expected from a nautical man. He furnished also many practical observations on what he had seen and learnt, besides permitting such of his drawings, taken by the artists, as were thought the most striking and important, to be engraved, for the illustration of the voyage, which was published with the journals of those previously performed under the successive direction of commodore Byron, captain Wallis, and captain Carteret, in 3 vols. 4to, in 1783. Dr. Hawkesworth acknowledged his obligations to Mr. Banks in the following terms.—“It is, indeed, fortunate for mankind, where wealth and science, and a strong inclination to exert the powers of both for purposes of public benefit, unite in the same person; and I cannot but congratulate my country upon the prospect of further pleasure and advantage from the same gentleman, to whom we are indebted for so considerable a part of this narrative.” The public voice coincided with this opinion of the merits of Mr. Banks; he was received in every circle with the respect and kindness due to the man who, at imminent personal risks and privations, had rendered essential service to the cause of science. He and his learned associate, Dr. Solander, were introduced to the King, by Sir John

Pringle, then president of the Royal Society, and were honoured with an interview of some hours' length.

In 1772 he made preparations to accompany captain Cook, in an expedition fitted out for the purpose of attempting to reach the Southern Continent, so long supposed to exist, though vainly sought for by navigators, until chance seems lately to have thrown its discovery in the way of a much humbler individual. The plan was reluctantly abandoned in consequence of some difficulty about the ship. Unwilling to be inactive, or to have made such extensive preparations in vain, he chartered, at 444 dollars a month, a ship for Iceland, and embarked in it, for the purpose of examining the productions of a country, at that time scarcely known to the rest of Europe, in company with his former companion Dr. Solander, together with Dr. Van Troil, Captain Gore, Dr. Lind, and others—whose charges together with those of the whole expedition, he defrayed. Nor could those charges have been slight: for in addition to the persons already named, he was accompanied by three draftsmen, and two writers, whom he had engaged for his South Sea expedition, and seamen and servants, to the number of forty in the whole.

This was the last voyage in which Mr. Banks engaged; the remainder of his days being spent in England, chiefly at his seat in Lincolnshire, and his house in town; though he occasionally passed a short time with his friends, who were numerous, not only in the scientific world, but amongst persons of rank and fashion. Elected a member of the Royal Society, he was a constant attendant at its meetings; and during the long course of years in which he was connected with that institution, he contributed several interesting and valuable papers to its memoirs. Still ardent in the pursuit of science as ever he had been when he encountered such dangers in her cause, he opened and kept up an extensive correspondence with some of the most illustrious of the foreign philosophers, especially with those who had made any of the branches of natural history their more immediate study; and whilst his house in London, the noble library which he had collected there,—the catalogue of which filled four 8vo. volumes,—and a most extensive cabinet of whatever was curious in nature, or ingenious in art, were thrown open with the utmost facility of access to every scientific man at home,

we cannot be surprised that both in England and abroad, Mr. Banks became distinguished speedily, as one of the first naturalists, and most liberal patrons of science, of the age. His high reputation in these points procured him, as we have already stated, the honour of an introduction to the king, who ever after his first acquaintance with his merits as a philosopher, and his character as a man, exhibited towards him a partiality, as well founded as it was flattering; took great delight in his society; and on all occasions most zealously promoted his interests. He particularly consulted him on the subjects of gardening and farming, pursuits to which it is known that he was extremely attached and would often send for him to give his advice on these points, keeping him in conversation upon them for three or four hours at a time; and walking, as he did so, in his gardens, and the adjacent country, as many miles. This distinguished countenance was not, we may be assured, without its influence in advancing Mr. Banks to the presidency of the Royal Society, on the resignation of Sir John Pringle, in 1777; in consequence of a dispute on the relative merits of pointed and blunt conductors of the electric fluid; when his warm adherence to the reasoning of Dr. Franklin upon the subject, exposed him to the displeasure of the royal family. The seat of his successor was far, however, from being an easy one; for though by his devoted and successful pursuit of an extensive, although a particular department of science, he was, perhaps, as well qualified for the high station to which he was elevated, as the distinguished physician, and medical philosopher, who retired from it; yet it was said that too much of favouritism and court influence were apparent in an election, which would otherwise have not only been unobjectionable, but peculiarly proper. It was some time, however, before the smothered discontent broke out into a flame; but the marked, and, therefore, imprudent, preference given in the meetings of the society under the new president, to papers on natural history, heaped up additional fuel on materials already sufficiently combustible; and in Dr. Horseley, bishop of Rochester, the malcontents, whose leaders were chiefly if not entirely mathematicians, found a person every way fitted to fire the train. Under him, therefore, a regular and rancorous opposition to the president was commenced, and continu-

ed for some time, in a spirit most unworthy of the men of letters, and the philosophers who engaged in it. So high, indeed, was the dispute at one time carried, so warm the language which those embarked in it employed, that at one of the meetings of the society, Dr. Horseley publicly and openly asserted that "Science herself had never been more signally insulted than by the elevation of a mere *amateur* to occupy the chair once filled by a Newton." In another speech delivered whilst the object of his merciless attack filled, himself, the chair, he thus repeated and enlarged upon this indignant vituperation. "Sir, we shall have one remedy in our power, if all others fail; for we can, at last secede. When that fatal hour arrives, the president will be left with his feeble train of amateurs; and this toy upon the table (pointing to the mace,) the ghost of that society, in which Philosophy once reigned, and Newton presided as her minister." In the course of a few years, however, Mr. Banks, by the suavity of his manners, liberality, and gentlemanly conduct, succeeded in calming the storm, and allaying even the appearance of discontent. In the year 1779 he espoused the daughter of Mr. Hugesson of Kent, by whom he had no issue. This union occasioned no alteration in his habits, in so far as the patronage of science was concerned. His house in Soho square was still thrown open to her votaries, and he became every year more and more decidedly the centre round which were attracted the native philosophers of the country, and those whom the spirit of research brought from foreign lands. The latter, especially, always met with the most hospitable reception in his house, in which a weekly *conversazione* was held during the sitting of parliament, and of the Royal Society; where new discoveries of every kind were communicated and discussed; rare and curious specimens of the various productions of nature, and the ingenious works of art, exhibited; and plans suggested and arranged for the general diffusion of scientific information. Then, as at all times, his unique collection of books and specimens, illustrative of the various branches of natural history, were open to the inspection of the curious in those departments of science, who had never any difficulty in procuring access to these copious and invaluable sources of information.

But there was one feature in these scientific parties, which, highly

useful, as we admit them to have been in the diffusion of knowledge, we cannot pass over without marked disapprobation. They were uniformly held on the evening of Sunday; and were regarded, there is every reason to suppose, by many of their attendants, merely as an agreeable method of killing time, which hung heavily on their hands.

In the year 1781, Mr. Banks was created a baronet; and a few years after he received at the hands of his sovereign two very flattering marks of his approbation, in being made a member of the Privy-council, and invested with the order of the Bath.

It was chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. Banks that the African Association was formed. At one of the first meetings he introduced the enterprising adventurer, Ledyard, then just returned from his bold and perilous attempt to cross the Russian dominions, and Kamtschatka, on foot; for which purpose he had been supplied liberally with pecuniary means by Sir Joseph himself, through whose introduction he soon became the first agent of the new association. The establishment of an English Settlement in New South Wales, was owing, in a great measure, to the earnestness with which he urged the fitness of the spot for the purposes which the government had in view; and through life he took a deep interest in its welfare. At his recommendation also, the extensive shores of New Holland were explored with considerable advantage to the country, whose enterprising navigators first bestowed particular attention upon it, and to the progress of science, which first conducted their footsteps to its distant, and then unfrequented shores. He was very active in forming the Horticultural Society; in short, his whole life was devoted to the promotion of the great cause in which he so early and eagerly embarked. For thirty years he employed at his own expense, a draughtsman, whose sole business it was to make sketches of all new plants that perfected their flowers in the royal gardens at Kew; and this artist he continued in this employment by a bequest of 300*L.* per annum.

He died in May 1820, in the 81st year of his age.

SCALPING.

Mr. MACAULY, in his *Rudiments of Political Science*, observes that scalping, which at present appears to be almost peculiar to the American Indians, was formerly practised by the Gauls and

other northern nations. He quotes Livy and Diodorus Siculus in support of this assertion; the former of whom, speaking of the Gauls, says—*In conspectu fuere Gallorum equites, pectoribus equorum suspensa gestantes capita, et lanceis infixæ, ovantesque moris sui carmine*; and Diodorus Siculus speaking of the same nation, relates that the Gauls who sacked Rome, employed the first day after the victory which they had obtained over the Romans in scalping those whom they had slain, agreeably to the custom of the country.

The authority of Heroditus is quoted to prove that the practice of scalping was established among the Scythians, who, that author says, were accustomed to present to their kings the scalps which they had taken, and the person who produced no scalp was not entitled to any share of the plunder. That the Romans themselves so late as the time of Marius, and under his command, could bring themselves to practise the same abominable act, is made to appear from a passage in Paulus Orosius, in which the idea of scalping is very unambiguously expressed.

ON CONSULTING THE GENIUS IN ORDER TO DETERMINE THE PROFESSION.

WHETHER nature has given to particular men talents adapted to particular occupations, and to them only; whether she has destined each of us to his appropriate sphere of action, in which alone we can attain to excellence and distinction, and excluded from which we must sink into obscurity and contempt; whether those powers of the intellect, known by the denomination of genius, be innate or acquired, peculiar or general; these are questions of equal importance and curiosity in the analysis of the human mind; and not without their weight in the humbler enquiry respecting the proper choice of a profession. In the former point of view they are, indeed, too abstruse and extensive for present discussion; but in the latter, a few observations upon them will not be thought foreign to the purpose.

That a poet must receive his peculiar powers from nature, and not from study;* that his genius is a gift, and not an acquisition; is a maxim which has for many centuries passed current in the world; and is yet continually repeated as a truth, which it is not necessary to prove; because it would be literary heresy to call it in question. Nor has the privilege of native endowment, *the spark of preternatural fire*, been confined to the poet alone. It has been claimed and admitted for the painter, the statuary, and even the mathematician; for every man, who exhibited proofs of superior talents; who rose to such excellence in his profession, as his cotemporaries in general either did

* *Poeta nascitur, non fit.*

not attempt, or did not attain. Instead of disputing the truth of the maxim, indeed, they endeavoured only to account for the fact: and genius has been ascribed to the bounty of nature, or to the inspiration of the muses; to the influence of the climate, or to some favoured era of the world; to an extraordinary organization of the human frame; to some peculiar forms of civil government; and, indeed, to such causes, as it is difficult to enumerate, and not always easy to comprehend. It was an article of faith, in which weakness found consolation for its want of powers; the blind adoration paid by ignorance to wisdom.

The truth of the doctrine, however, seems to have been at least tacitly questioned by many of those, in whose favour it had been admitted. While they claimed it as an honour, *and had their claims allowed*, they did not depend upon it for their success and their fame; to talents they have prescribed instruction and industry; to genius, labour and cultivation. Horace and Cicero maintain that the advantage of good precepts and the exertion of art must assist the endowments of nature in the production of excellence: and though Milton talks of the *stellar virtue* and a *strong propensity of nature*, he joins to them *intense study*, and *an insight into all seemly arts and affairs*.

By others again the doctrine has not only been questioned, but wholly denied. Hogarth and Poussin, Buffon and Newton asserted each in his own case, that the supposed peculiarity of genius was nothing but study and diligence; and Helvetius, Johnson, and some other modern authors have maintained the general position; that the same proportion of talents is equally adapted to the prosecution of every science; that he who has risen to eminence in his profession was endowed by nature with strong powers of intellect; and that his peculiar excellence arose from diligent application to the peculiar object of his pursuit; as the rays of light produce their greatest effect when concentrated by art. That partial attachment, which so many men feel for their favourite study, is not the dictate of nature, but the result of their own continued attention. Familiarity with their subject is not the consequence, but the cause, of their affection for it. Aristotle's various and extensive knowledge was the fruit of various and extensive enquiry. *The great reader* was the appellation by which his master distinguished him while yet a youth at school. *It is by time and patience*, says the oriental proverb, *that the leaf of the mulberry-tree becomes satin*. And the ease and harmony, so observable in the poetry of Pope, is known, by the indisputable evidence of blotted manuscripts, to have been the effect of long study and repeated correction. None of the works of literature or science, which we peruse with wonder and delight, appear to have been produced at once by any vigorous effort of sudden thought, and still less by the assistance of preternatural inspiration. On the contrary, in-

deed, they are known to have been brought to maturity by long and intense application of the mind to its object; by exerting all its powers upon a single point. *Paradise Lost* rose by the labour of many years to its present stupendous height, from the scanty basis of a mythological tragedy; and the splendid theory of gravitation was pursued to its completion, from the casual reflection of its author upon the fall of an apple.

In opposition to these facts and these authorities, however, something may still be urged on the other side of the question. That certain individuals are endowed by nature with faculties peculiarly adapted to certain pursuits, and that a bias upon the mind often clearly points out the employment, to which those faculties are destined, cannot be fully disproved, either by any unanswerable deductions of theory, or any unequivocal testimony of experience. That nature grants to different men intellectual talents in very different degrees is too obvious to require argument, or to admit dispute; and it should seem not unreasonable to conclude, that these faculties are no less different in their kinds; requiring objects as different for their full improvement or their greatest utility. The duties requisite for the existence and happiness of human society are varied and almost without end; and it is natural to suppose that talents adapted to this variety would be granted by him, by whom society itself was ordained. The structure and the strength of different men are fitted to very different kinds and degrees of exertion; and no satisfactory reason can be given, why an equal difference may not be expected in different minds. That courage and cowardice are frequently the unalterable effects of natural constitution, is universally acknowledged; and that men are consequently formed by nature more or less qualified for various employments cannot consistently be denied. The intellectual powers of the two sexes appear to be adapted to different purposes, to those duties, which each respectively is required to perform; and the powers of the several individuals of the same sex may in like manner be varied, according to that variety of situations and employments into which men are unavoidably thrown in the changes and chances of human things. That the features and tempers of the parents are continually inherited by the offspring is too obvious to be questioned; and a similar inheritance of intellectual endowments may not only be calculated upon without absurdity; but is, indeed, so generally expected, that its failure is seldom observed without expressions of surprise and disappointment. The wisdom and learning of the father bring additional disgrace upon the ignorance and folly of the son. To all who are conversant in the business of education it is well known, that boys who excel their schoolfellows in one particular pursuit; in another are sometimes left at a great distance behind them. That may be true of intellectual exertions in general, which is

found by experience to be true of a particular art or science; and no man, for example, can attain to eminence in the theory or practice of music, who has not received from nature that peculiar organization, which constitutes a musical ear. There are instances of excellence in scientific pursuits, at periods of life so early, that it seems not possible they should have been obtained by choice, instruction, and study. Pope *lisped in numbers while yet a child*; and Le Brun was a painter at five years of age.

Such are the considerations that may be urged on the side of natural and peculiar genius; and though they are not without plausibility in their favour, many of them might be easily refuted, and none of them appear by any means decisive. To examine each of them separately, however, would lead me into a disquisition not only voluminous in itself, but unnecessary to the present purpose. I am concerned only with the degree and the variety of talents, as they appear in early life. In every large school, it is well known that the youth, who shows superior abilities in one branch of study will generally excel equally in any other, to which he shall apply with the same assiduity and zeal. The best poet in an academy, is frequently also the best mathematician. That different students excel in different pursuits does not arise so much from the different kinds, as from the different degrees, of their respective talents or respective diligence; and when a boy is discovered to make a much greater progress in one study than in another, the progress will be found to be proportioned, not so much to any peculiarity in the nature of his intellectual powers, as to the comparative difficulty of the various objects, to which he has applied. He who is not equal to the acquisition of languages, may yet make a respectable figure in the easier study of mathematical science: and he, who will never be able to demonstrate a proposition in the elements of geometry, may yet rise to distinction in the mechanical operation of writing a fine hand. That powerful disposition to particular pursuits, which is sometimes observed in the minds of children or of men, may generally be traced to the persons and objects with which they have been most familiar; to the transactions and the narratives that have most forcibly engaged their early attention. It is not the effect of innate ideas, but of their peculiar association. The late Sir Joshua Reynolds declared, that the destination of his mind to the art, in which he so eminently excelled, arose in his early youth, from the accidental perusal of Richardson's treatise on the subject. Linnæus contracted his early attachment to the science of botany by assisting his father in the cultivation of his garden. And the genius of Moliere took its direction to poetry and the stage, from his being made in his childhood the constant companion of his grandfather in his frequent visits to the theatre. An in-

stance much relied on for the original designation of the human mind to a particular pursuit, is that of the celebrated Pascal; yet it evidently appears that his fondness for mathematical pursuits originated in his listening when a child to the conversation of men of science, who resorted familiarly to his father's house: and he was himself so far from believing the doctrine in question, that he has left upon record an opinion, in which every intelligent schoolmaster will support him, that what is called nature, is only our earliest habit.

If, however, there be any strong and unequivocal marks of aptitude and inclination for a particular pursuit; whether given by nature or the nursery, whether the result of instinct or of accident; they may generally be very early and very easily discovered; and ought certainly to have their weight in the choice of a profession. But the existence of this natural genius is so doubtful, or its effects so feeble, that it rarely can be depended on; and need not be much regarded. In fixing a youth's future occupation in the world, our attention will be claimed by objects of much greater importance; because of much more influence upon his prosperity and his virtue.

Let the parent's situation in life be first maturely considered; his rank and his property, his interest, his connections and his prospects. These will best determine the destination of the son: as it is within the circle of these, that his father can most effectually assist and support him. Ambitious efforts to push him beyond these more frequently bring ridicule and repentance, than wealth, honour or enjoyment. His own desire of distinction will probably require restraint, rather than encouragement; the curb, rather than the spur. To indulge a youth in the various luxuries of his apparel and his table, of company, expense, and dissipation, beyond the just measure of his birth and fortune, in order to procure for him a more elevated station in society, has, indeed, been occasionally successful, and is therefore frequently attempted. But the more usual result has been loss and disappointment to the parent; and to the son, mortification and misery; to feel with additional poignancy the want of what he had long enjoyed; and those hardships of his humble state, for which no previous discipline had prepared him.

Too many parents seem to forget the observation of Rochefoucault, *that we may appear great in an employment below our merit; but that we shall generally appear little in one that is above it.* Titles themselves only disgrace those, whose actions disgrace their titles. No supposition, indeed, is more erroneous or mischievous, than that he best discharges his duty to his offspring, who raises them the most above his own level in the world. Neither happiness nor virtue are proportioned to rank or riches. And if any man really enjoys more satisfaction than falls to the lot of men in general, it is he who has risen by his

own efforts from a humbler to a higher situation of life ; and who can compare his present affluence and elevation, with his former want and obscurity. In opposition to classical authority, that an estate obtained not by labour, but by inheritance, is a necessary ingredient in human happiness ; it has always appeared to me to be a less kindness to a son, to bequeath him a fortune, than to give him an opportunity to obtain it for himself ; to place him in a situation, where his progressive advancement may depend upon his own exertions. Nothing, indeed, can justify the attempt to give him a distinguished place in society, but his possessing such talents as will enable him to discharge its duties with honour to himself, and advantage to the public ; and to ascertain whether he really possesses those talents, is supposed to be hardly less difficult to the parent, than it is in itself important.

The parent himself is by no means an unbiassed judge. The abilities and merits of our own offspring are always viewed through the perspective of affection, and magnified according to its power. The politeness of the present day requires that our friends not only give their opinions with tenderness and caution, but that they echo our own partial sentiments with flattery and praise. The preceptor is generally either unwilling to mortify the parent, or afraid to hurt his own interest, by any unfavourable report, however just ; for he well knows that any alleged want of talents or diligence will rather be imputed to the teacher than the pupil : and that such information will more frequently give offence, than obtain regard. It is supposed too, that the teacher, whatever may be his judgment or his integrity, will often be mistaken. It is maintained that the dullest and most unpromising capacity in a child frequently breaks forth at a more advanced period of youth ; and, like the sun emerging from the mist and gloom of the morning, shines with great and unexpected splendour. It is likewise asserted, on the other hand, that early and premature talents have not always attained that pre-eminence which their beginning promised ; that we do not always find the fruit proportioned in its abundance to the profusion of the blossom. In these points, however, the experienced teacher will not be greatly deceived. The youth of slow capacity, it is true, will generally improve with somewhat more rapidity as his understanding approaches to maturity ; but he will hardly ever be entitled to the praise of quickness and brilliancy. In the child of an opposite character, parental partiality will often see genius, where there is only vivacity, and mistake pertness for wit. But the exercises of a school are a less fallacious test of the mental powers ; and every teacher, who possesses the degree of penetration, which his situation requires, will soon discover real talents, wherever they exist. Nor will he be under any apprehensions for their continuance and im-

provement. With due care and cultivation the harvest of intellect is hardly ever known to fail. Here then the parent may learn to form the proper estimate of the abilities of his son. But he must encourage the teacher to speak with freedom; as well as listen with patience to whatever he may hear.

It is not unusual with parents to leave to the son himself the choice of his future employment in the world; sometimes, perhaps, merely to gratify his humour by indulging it; but more frequently in the hope, that he will pursue with diligence and satisfaction the track to which inclination has led him; or at least, that he will adhere with steadiness to the occupation of his own choice. But this expedient, however frequent or plausible, has always appeared to me equally hazardous and absurd. If the decision be postponed till the youth have years and experience sufficient to enable him to make a judicious option; it must be delayed till his education is necessarily finished; till little appropriate instruction can be given; till few appropriate habits can be established; and, indeed, till it may be too late to engage in the profession, he might most desire, either with advantage to himself, or on terms of equality with his competitors. If it must be made at an earlier period; what can be expected but that, which has so frequently happened, that the choice of folly should terminate in repentance? The child having little observation, and less experience, can have no principles of selection; no rational grounds of preference. He will, in all probability fix upon some profession, with which he is too little acquainted to perceive the difficulties, to which it is exposed; upon that, which he has accidentally heard leads to affluence and honour; without reflecting on the talents, the care, and the toil, by which those splendid effects were produced. Finding the acquisition of learning laborious, he will select an employment, where he fancies that neither labour nor learning will be required: or feeling, what youth naturally feels, a repugnance to restraint, he looks round for an occupation, where the greatest freedom of action is allowed, and the greatest indulgence of his passions may be expected; and we continue to see, what we have always seen, the idle and the luxurious of all ranks and descriptions crowding to the navy, the army, and the stage. No wonder surely, that such weakness is punished by its natural consequences, the disappointment of the parent, and the misery of the offspring.

Opposite to this is an error meriting equal censure; because leading to equal mischief. The father will sometimes determine the future destination of his child, not only before his faculties and disposition can be ascertained, but even before his birth; and afterwards persist in the determination, not only against the youth's unfitness for the situation intended, but against his insurmountable aversion to it. I would not on one

hand, indulge a child in any choice of a profession, which ignorance or caprice alone had led him to form ; nor would I, on the other, force him into a situation, against such a rooted antipathy, as it seemed impossible to conciliate. Choice is often succeeded by disgust; but aversion rarely by steady attachment. Opposite extremes often terminate in the same point ; and this unyielding obstinacy leads to the same evils as indiscriminate indulgence, the shame and misery of the child, and the too late repentance and self-reproach of the parent.

Though in the choice of a profession I think little regard is due to any supposed peculiarity of genius ; yet considerable attention may reasonably be paid to peculiarity of temper. When the youth approaches to the age, at which it will be necessary to determine his future occupation in the world, it will be prudent to consider, and it will not be difficult to discover, the true character of his heart, as well as his understanding : whether, for example, he is more inclined to gravity or to vivacity ; to be careless and inattentive, or observant and inquisitive, respecting the objects before him ; whether his disposition be bold or timorous, phlegmatic or sanguine ; whether it be obstinate or tractable, unfeeling or affectionate. How far any of these qualities have been implanted by nature, or acquired or modified by instruction and habit, it will not at this period be necessary to enquire : but it will be of serious importance to determine in what degree they exist in his mind, and to what extent they are likely to influence his sentiments and conduct. As far as it may be found practicable in itself, and consistent with the interests of virtue, such an employment may then be chosen, as shall appear most suitable to the temper of him, for whom it is intended ; as shall not excite his disgust, either by opposing any strong propensity of his own, or subjecting him to the ridicule of his friends or rivals. Where no superior motive intervenes, it is obviously more eligible that, in the discharge of the duties of his station, he should be allowed to yield to the current of inclination, not compelled incessantly to struggle against it.

Were it less frequent, it would surely excite more surprise, that in determining the future employment of his child, the parent very seldom or very slightly considers its probable influence on his morals. He is anxious enough to provide for the acquisition of wealth or honours, as subservient to happiness ; but rarely reflects, that they are truly desirable only as they may be subservient to virtue. To secure the future integrity of his son, the most effectual measure undoubtedly is, to impress so strongly upon his infant mind the principles of morality and religion, that they shall be his guide and guardian in every future transaction of his life. But in aid of this proceeding it is of serious moment to consider his temper and his passions ; to select a profession, where neither the former will be too severely tried, nor the latter

too much exposed to their appropriate temptation. It is as surprising, as it is cupable, that the parent should forget or neglect in the disposal of his own child, those truths of which in all other cases he appears to be fully sensible; that affluence and honours have only an occasional and temporary importance, depending upon the disposition of the possessor, and the uses to which they are applied; but that virtue and piety have a real and unchangeable value, securing alike the happiness of time and of eternity.

It is one of the imperfections of our nature, that where cool and impartial deliberation is the most necessary, because the question is of the highest moment, there our passions are the most agitated; and too often influence those determinations, which reason only ought to guide. Nor is there any instance in which this is more obvious or more mischievous than, in our sentiments and conduct respecting the education, the talents, and the future professions of our children. What seems most wanting to parents in this interesting deliberation, next to the exclusion of that partiality, of which they can never be wholly divested, is a greater degree of confidence in the judgment of teachers, and of firmness in their own purposes. Teachers are not only less influenced by their affections and passions, than parents; but have better means of judging of the qualifications of those entrusted to their care. Let them be heard with patience and candour; let the future destination of the youth be fixed after a mature consideration of the whole of his character; of his talents and his temper, his wishes and his passions; and when the decision is made, let the deliberation be, not whether it may be changed with advantage, but by what means its success may be most effectually secured.

If the observations already made be just, and that fondness for a particular profession, which in boys is frequently mistaken for native genius and instinctive propensity, be nothing more than an early and accidental association of ideas; this will suggest an obvious mode of attaching a youth to any occupation, which his friends may judge to be most suitable to his circumstances and his talents. What association shall be formed in the mind of the son will depend not a little upon the prudence and discretion of his parents. The more early his intended employment is made known to him, the greater prospect is there that it will engage his attachment. It will naturally become an occasional subject of conversation; let it always be mentioned in his presence with respect; and his best hopes of wealth, distinction, and enjoyment in the world, constantly represented as inseparably connected with his diligence and success in his destined profession. By expedients like these the notion of a certain pursuit in life will *grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength*; till no capricious fancy of his own

will supplant what his parents have inculcated; till no wish to change his occupation shall relax his industry, or disturb his tranquillity.

In order to reconcile the son to his profession, when once it is determined, an artifice is often practised by the parents, which I can by no means recommend; its inconveniences are studiously kept out of sight, lest they should excite disgust; and its advantages placed in the most favourable point of view, that they may secure his attachment. Deception in the management of children is never justifiable in its principle, and seldom finally beneficial in its effects. In the present instance, when the youth finds toil and difficulty, where he had been taught to expect only ease and pleasure, the disappointment of his hopes will be aggravated by his resentment of the imposition; and what was designed to attach him to his situation, will be amongst the first causes of dislike and discontent. Let him rather be told at once, what he will always find to be true, that care and labour are the lot of man in every department of life; that success is generally proportioned to exertion; and that difficulty is one of the most equitable measures of merit.

The most eligible and the most efficacious mode of reconciling a youth to the occupation, for which he is destined, is to teach him from his early infancy, the value and the obligations of filial obedience; not only the deference which is due to the opinions of those so much better able than himself to form a right judgment, and whose sole motive for preference must be their desire effectually to promote his interest; but still more, the submission he owes to that authority over him, which nature herself has ordained; and which the parent can have no wish to exercise, but for the advantage of his offspring; in whose happiness is involved his own. Filial obedience, indeed, is in few points more necessary, than in the choice of a profession; and in this case, as in all others, it will neither be difficult nor painful, if it have been early begun and steadily enforced. Nothing surely can give a youth a more favourable opinion of his occupation; than to know that it was chosen for him by those, who have the right, the inclination, and the judgment to choose what is the fittest and the best.

Were these principles, which are surely as obvious as they are necessary, more generally attended to, we should not so often see young men thrust into stations, from which they are either soon driven by their inability to fill them; or in which they remain only the monuments of their own shame; and we should not hear such loud and frequent complaints: either that the parents were not able to fix their sons in the profession they most desired; or that the sons were involved in misery and ruin by being abandoned to the folly of their own choice. The degree of talents in a youth is the first

object of attention: their nature is of less importance. The employment itself will soon give them the requisite direction. Dexterity is the offspring of practice: and time and diligence will produce, if not genius and inspiration, at least all their beneficial effects.

ON THE ESTIMATION, THE TREATMENT, AND THE GRIEVANCES OF
THE MASTERS OF OUR ACADEMIES.

THAT every thing is honourable in proportion as it is useful, is a proposition which appears at first sight to be equally natural and just; and which, Seneca assures us, the wisdom of antiquity approved; yet that this is by no means the case, the slightest inspection of human opinions will abundantly convince us. We shall soon find, indeed, that honour is not so much the concomitant of utility, as of rarity; the result, not so much of the value of the work, as of the difficulty of the performance. That which requires the exertion of the superior powers of the mind, and which few men can hope to attain, engages the largest portion of admiration and esteem. Agriculture is undoubtedly the most useful and the most necessary of human occupations. Yet it is not in the number of those most highly respected; because to practise it with success, and even with excellence, requires only such abilities, as almost every man is found to possess. But we honour the poet for his talents; though they contribute to little else than our amusement; and the soldier for his courage; though it is made necessary only by the follies or the crimes of mankind.

Nor is this system without equity in its principle, or benefit in its effects, Superior abilities are naturally entitled to the honours they receive: and in proportion as the higher powers of the mind are honoured, their exertions are stimulated and encouraged. But this system also is sometimes violated by the caprice of custom and of fashion. Attainments requiring equal time and talents in the pursuit, are not received with equal degrees of applause; and that which to-day is highly valued, was once perhaps wholly despised. Skill in the science of the law requires not less abilities and application than skill in the practice of medicine; yet it certainly does not possess an equal share in the favour of the public. The performers on the stage were formerly treated with such contempt, as to be excluded from all the superior circles of society; unless, indeed, when admitted as buffoons, for the entertainment of the company. But at present a player is every where received with welcome and respect: and, indeed, we do but justice, when we observe, that this change in

their estimation has arisen chiefly from the personal merit and talents of individuals. Garrick first purchased for the profession that share in the good opinion of the public, which has since been very honourably supported and preserved.

That the profession of a schoolmaster is in a high degree useful to the community, and that it requires for its due exercise no contemptible talents, are points universally confessed. But it will not be asserted, that it is held in proportionate estimation. The term does not convey to the mind the notion of a dignified character, and a schoolmaster is not, as such, well received amongst the superior orders of society. A few individuals of the profession, by their literary talents and private virtues, may have forced their way to eminence and distinction; and the masters of many of our public schools derive a dignity from the establishments, over which they preside. But the general idea entertained of a schoolmaster seems to be, that of a humble drudge in the garden of knowledge; who digs the soil, and trains the plants, indeed; but who cannot taste the beauty, or understand the value of the flowers and the fruit. He is considered only as the pioneer of science; who removes obstructions and smooths the road for those literary heroes, whose honours he is not permitted to share. Philips with considerable zeal endeavours to vindicate Milton from the imputation of having kept a *common boarding school*; and whatever may be thought of the necessity or the success of the vindication, it sufficiently marks, what were the sentiments of the writer on the subject, and what he supposed would be the sentiments of his readers. What was apprehended to be a disgrace to the author of *Paradise Lost*, is not yet considered as an honour even to men of ordinary endowments.

Of this contemptuous notion the reasons are, perhaps, not difficult to be found. There are duties in the profession, to which men of very humble abilities are equal, and which men of superior talents cannot be expected to undertake. He who teaches the alphabet to infancy, and the master of the charity-school of his parish, how well soever they may deserve their hire by their diligence or dexterity, cannot contribute much to the honour of the fraternity, to which they belong. The profession, like every other, is disgraced by the ignorance, the vulgarity, and the vices of some of its members; and their errors and excesses not only excite the more notice, because schoolmasters are peculiarly exposed to observation; but are the more severely censured; because it is reasonably expected that those, who undertake to become the teachers of our children, should exhibit the example of excellence in their conduct, as well as its lessons in their instructions. Those too, in whose hands is the distribution of common fame, are connected only with common schoolmasters, and generally decide from common appearances.

To the masters of academies amongst us, however, my observations are intended to be exclusively confined ; and by some of these, artifices are practised not likely to exalt them in the estimation of the public ; because not very consistent either with the dignity of science, or the principles of moral rectitude. Men, who do not possess, what should seem an indispensable requisite, literature itself, sometimes open schools, as an eligible mode of procuring that subsistence, which they know not by what other means to obtain ; and in order to fill them with pupils, practice all the meaner arts of trade, in a case where they are the most culpable, because the most mischievous in their effects. Such men with a degree of assurance and insensibility, which will not easily be credited, where they have not been seen, intrude themselves into any family, where there are boys to be sent to school ; censure all other places, of education, and solicit pupils for their own seminaries. Measures again not more laudable are too often adopted to seduce scholars from their rivals in the occupation ; or to establish their own reputation for superior learning, or superior dexterity in the art of teaching. In the conversation and deportment of men of this description, nothing, indeed, is neglected that can allure ; nothing, that can captivate those, who take every thing else upon trust, when they are satisfied with professions and appearances. When a number of scholars have been by whatever means drawn together, and subsequent enquiries are made by their friends respecting their conduct and improvement, the master is prepared with such answers, as, with the necessary variations, suit every occasion, and satisfy every parent. Where there is any reason to praise, he praises without bounds and without discrimination. When he cannot commend the general conduct of his pupil, he can apologize for the follies of childhood, and perhaps applaud his talents ; and where talents are notoriously wanting, he can escape to the commendation of his temper and his diligence. Where nothing can be praised for the time past, he may have better hopes for the time to come ; and will have observed with pleasure symptoms of opening genius and more laudable application. To exhibit to such visitors, as the unassisted performances of the boys, compositions and translations that have been the most carefully corrected, drawings retouched and *mounted* by the master, and specimens of writing polished and decorated by the teacher ; these are artifices, which have been a thousand times exposed, and which may yet be a thousand times successfully repeated. The most favourable report is willingly received by the parent in the most favourable sense ; and his own wishes give irresistible weight to such testimony, as would in any other case be rejected with contempt. Thus every youth, in the judgment of his nearest connections has a good character while at school ; and how soon he may afterwards forfeit it in the world, is only a secondary consideration

with the master, whose principal object is already attained. Artifices still meaner and lower might be specified; but they would violate the gravity of disquisition; and lead the reader to suspect that I designed to make a jest of what is in truth of the most serious importance.*

That every man should wish to appear to advantage in his profession, and to advance his fortune by extending his reputation, can neither excite wonder nor provoke censure: It is at once natural and laudable; and some indulgence, perhaps, must be shewn towards measures adopted for self-defence; towards those artifices which the schoolmaster is tempted to practise, in order to counteract such as are practised against him. But I would stigmatize with the severest reprobation those contemptible and delusive expedients, which can only produce a temporary profit to the individual, and in the end, unavoidably degrade the profession; which are usually exerted only in proportion as the proper objects of education are neglected; which are in reality the disguise of a detestable fraud; and the essential interests of the community, as well as immediate justice to the rising generation, require that this fraud should be counteracted and exposed.

Before a man is permitted to preach in our churches, he must have produced testimonials of his competent learning and morals and have obtained from the Bishop his ordination and authority. Before he can engage in the practice of medicine, at least in the metropolis and its neighbourhood, he must have proved his quali-

* In a hundred different places you may find, if you will take their own word for it, the *best academy*, as well as the *cheapest shop*, in the world. The situation for this academy too is usually chosen at such a distance from one of our larger towns, and especially from the metropolis, that it may answer all the purposes of a *cake-house* to the friends of the students. There is an *ordinary on Sundays* without a bill; and tea and chocolate for the ladies, whenever their inclination leads them to call upon their relations or their sons. When the premises and accommodations are examined, and the examination is usually solicited by the master, the beds are found to be equally soft and elegant, and the chambers to have a free circulation of air. The play-ground is dry and large, and surrounded with an insurmountable fence. The pupils when seen by their friends, are always neat and cleanly in their persons and their dress. The utmost tenderness is professed; and while other schools have recourse to the tyranny and brutality of the rod, all offences are with them carefully prevented by the constant presence of the master or an usher amongst their pupils. No dangerous or vulgar diversion, therefore; and what is of still greater moment, no ruinous vice, according to their own accounts, can ever find its way within their walls. With whatever fidelity the professions of tenderness may in general be fulfilled; on the approach of the holidays, at least, the scholars are seldom subjected to correction; and for this obvious reason; lest they should be sent to their relations with the traces of it on their persons, or the resentment of it in their minds. On the contrary indeed, they are kindly invited by classes to *sup in the parlour*, and feast on the delicacies of the season; and consequently dismissed for the vacation in such temper, as may be most likely to secure their own return, and their recommendation amongst their friends and connections. But I am weary of the subject, and desist. Even this short statement has been thrown into a note, lest I should be thought to degrade the subject, the language and the profession.

fications before those, who are able to judge of them ; and have procured from the college of physicians, or the corporation of surgeons, their approbation and licence. If then such precautions are necessary to guard our faith and our health against the arts of innovators and empirics, at an age too, when we ought to be better able to judge for ourselves ; surely some security may be justly required from those, who are to be entrusted with the care of the learning, the morals, and the religion of the rising generation. The power of granting licences might be restored to the bishop of the diocese ; or an incorporated society of judges might be formed. Some examination should certainly be ordained, before a man is permitted to open a school ; some testimony should be demanded of his literary and moral qualifications ; some test of his attachment to our civil and ecclesiastical constitution. How far the legislature might interfere with the education of our children, without prejudice to the liberty of the subject ; and by what means such interference might be rendered at once beneficial to the rising generation, and compatible with the indulgence of parental affection, and the exercise of parental authority : these are questions, which it is a matter of considerable delicacy to discuss, and of no less difficulty to determine. But if it be the duty of government to provide not only for the obedience, but for the virtue and piety, of the members of the community ; it must be allowed to direct that, by which those important objects are the most influenced, and the best secured, the education of the youth of the country. The enemies of social order in general, and in particular of our own government and laws, have endeavoured to make our schools the vehicles of their pernicious doctrines ; they have attempted to poison our principles at the source, and to produce, in the next generation at least, the mischiefs, which they may fail to effect at present. It cannot surely be doubted then, but the legislature may justly meet its enemies on their own ground ; that it may counteract their machinations by prescribing to what hands education shall be entrusted ; to what objects its pursuits shall be directed ; and what political and moral principles it shall be permitted to inculcate. Such too has already been the success of these enemies of our establishment, that the interference of the legislature seems not only justifiable but indispensable. Not only the comfort, but the existence, of civil society seems to be at stake ; and to exert their efforts for its preservation is the undoubted duty of those, who are invested with the supreme authority of the state. The question of abstract right appears to be superseded by the urgency of the danger ; and what speculation might doubt, or delicacy withhold, imperious necessity is likely soon to demand.

But wherever the remedy should be sought, the existence and magnitude of the evil will not be questioned. Nothing, however, can be farther from my intention than to insinuate that these dis-

graceful artifices are general amongst the masters of our academies. Numbers amongst them might easily be specified, who act on all occasions with the conscious dignity, and, indeed, the conscious integrity, of the teachers of learning and virtue. But however it may be lamented, it cannot be denied, that schools are sometimes crowded with pupils under the care of men, who are not able to teach any department of science; who are ignorant of every foreign language, and but imperfectly acquainted with their own; and who, indeed, possess not a single recommendation for the office they have assumed, unless hypocrisy and servility be included in the number. Can it be matter of wonder then, that a disappointed parent should consider as general or common the deception which has been practised upon himself; that the artifices of a few should be sometimes imputed to the whole; or that the injury done to society should be resented by the reproach of a profession, the utility of which must always depend in no small degree upon its estimation.

This contemptuous idea of the master of an academy is one principle cause of the injurious treatment, which he sometimes receives; of the vexations to which he is continually exposed. Every profession is undoubtedly subject to hardships peculiar to itself; and in each they are probably much more nearly equal than is generally supposed. We see the fairer side of our neighbours condition, and we feel the miseries of our own. Horace, indeed, and common observation will inform us, that the merchant and the soldier often reciprocally envy the supposed advantages of each other's pursuits; that he, who is immersed in the business and tumult of the metropolis, sighs continually for the ease and tranquillity of the country; and that he, who is condemned to the retirement and solitude of the country, imagines that happiness is to be found only in the crowds and amusements of the metropolis. The hardships of the schoolmaster, however, may reasonably be presumed to exceed those of most other occupations; both because the members of every other profession admit them to be at least equal to their own; and because it is an employment, in which hardly any man engages from choice and predilection; which almost every man actually engaged in it, is eager to relinquish; and to which, when once relinquished, no man, perhaps, ever voluntarily returned. Many of the grievances attendant upon it, however, might be so easily alleviated or removed, that one would hope a mere statement of the facts might produce some portion of the remedy.

The first source of the vexations, incident to the profession of a schoolmaster, is the variety of objects, to which he is called upon to attend, and the different talents and tempers of the students entrusted to his care. He has the conduct and superintendance of a large domestic establishment; to see that his confidential servants do not impose upon him; and that his teachers

do not neglect their respective duties. He has the various endowments of his pupils to direct each to their proper object ; to stimulate the sluggishness of one, and to correct the perverseness of another ; to restrain vicious propensities wherever they appear, and to encourage every instance and every symptom of virtue ; to watch the health of the delicate ; to force information upon the dull ; and to establish in all the habits of diligence, order, and obedience. He knows that he is under a distinct and separate responsibility for the improvement of every youth placed under his protection ; and that his reputation and his interest are in every instance at stake. Here then surely is ample employment for the most sagacious and the most active mind ; here surely are required such constant vigilance and exertion, as may be intitled to the admiration, but cannot excite the envy, of the members of any other profession. But as these are the cares and labours peculiarly belonging to the conduct of a school, the duties, which the master undertakes to perform ; though they certainly mark the severity of his occupation, they ought not perhaps to be stated as its grievances. They are, indeed, generally considered as the principal vexations, to which the master of an academy is exposed ; and much reason would he have to rejoice were this the real state of the case. But the labours of the desk form the smallest portion of his hardships. The different degrees of intellect possessed by different students are easily discovered ; to this the different tasks are as easily proportioned ; and every thing then proceeds with the order and regularity of mechanical operations. The various shades of character in the pupils do not attract much regard ; nor would such minute attention produce much literary advantage. Every hour brings its proper business. A composition is to be examined, or an author to be read ; idleness is to be punished, or diligence rewarded ; transgression is to be chastised, or merit applauded ; and he, who suffers his temper to be ruffled, or his peace to be destroyed, by the follies of those, who are placed under his care to have those follies corrected, is either very culpable or very unfortunate ; he wants one of the indispensable requisites for the office he has undertaken.

The real and the greatest grievances of a schoolmaster arise, not from his pupils themselves, but from their relations and friends. When parents have heard such a recommendation of an academy, as inclines them to give it the preference, as the place of their son's education, it is a very general custom to make a visit to the master and the premises ; in order to form their own opinion of what may be expected from both. A thousand enquiries, generally implying distrust and suspicion, are then made with very little delicacy. The manners of the master and his family, the bed chambers and the play ground, the diet, the terms and the modes of teaching, are scrutinized with the same minuteness and in the same spirit, that goods are cheapened on a counter ; and

he who is to be entrusted with the education of a child is treated with as little ceremony, as he that measures tapes and ribbands for the family. The master knows himself to be upon his trial, not indeed for his life, but for *that whereby he lives*; and, however he may feel the mortification, must conduct himself with unabated respect towards those who are sitting in judgment upon him, and who are proposing to become in their own opinion his benefactors. He is well aware that their estimate of his merits will be formed from his appearance and conversation; much in the same manner as they decide upon our current coins by the colour and the sound. To their various enquiries he is not unprepared with appropriate answers. Whatever they may seem inclined to disapprove he is armed at all points to defend. There is indeed no part of his conduct, which the master of an academy studies with more care, than his deportment towards those who come to make personal enquiries after his school; there is no point, on which he values himself more highly, than on the dexterity with which he gives his own character, and sends away every inquirer satisfied with his plan and his accommodations. Too often, indeed, he is tempted to match hypocrisy against suspicion, and to sacrifice his conscience at the shrine of his interest. It is by no means intended that the most diligent enquiries should not be made in a case of such importance to the parent and the child; but they may generally be made from others with more advantage; and where it is necessary to consult the master himself, let him be treated with the delicacy due to a man supposed to be capable of instructing our youth in the principles of science and of virtue.

Not to mention the interval of doubt and anxiety after these inquiries have been made, the negligence with which it is unreasonably extended, and the levity, with which promises are frequently broken; when the pupil at last is brought, much useless advice is generally given on the subject of his treatment and instruction. Tenderness is first required; because gentleness will do every thing with him, and severity nothing. An assurance is given, that he has good talents, but has been neglected: that he had a very high character from his last school; but still the last school is severely censured; and perhaps for no better reason, than to engage a superior share of favour from that where the youth is now to be placed. I am far from wishing that the parent should not communicate in confidence to the master his future prospects with respect to his son, and whatever he thinks may be useful in his education. But instructions in the *art and mystery* of teaching no man presumes to give to the masters of Eton and Westminster; and if the master of an academy stands in need of them, our sons ought not to be entrusted to his care. Nor would there be much reason to complain of the parents directions in the first instance; but similar directions are continu-

ally repeated by various branches of the family. The elder sisters, the maiden aunts and the grand-mother, all occasionally think themselves authorized to interfere with the teachers of their relation. When once our chairs and tables are ordered from the cabinet-maker, we seldom presume to instruct him further in his own trade; we leave the mode of preparing the articles we require to his own judgment and skill. But thousands think themselves able to inform the master of an academy, of what should seem at least equally difficult, by what expedients he may most successfully teach the principles of conduct and the elements of science.

Nor do parents confine their suspicions or their contempt of the masters of academies to their own breasts. They generally communicate them to their children; and thus provide additional vexations for their teachers. Instead of impressing on the minds of their offspring that reverence for the preceptor, which should give weight to his advice, and efficacy to his instructions, they teach them to despise his authority, by allowing an appeal from it to themselves; they encourage the pupil to sit in judgment upon his teacher, and to make a report of his diligence, his temper, his talents, and his whole conduct in his school and his family. Nor is this more humiliating to the preceptor, than prejudicial to his scholar. The latter will never make the necessary exertions in obedience to commands, of which he is allowed to question the propriety, and from which their lies an appeal; and the former is driven to regulate his conduct, not by what will satisfy the dictates of justice, but by what may best secure the approbation of his own pupil.

The conductor of a boarding-school again is subjected frequently to mortification, and sometimes to loss; because parents do not give previous notice when they mean to remove their sons from under his care; whether it be to some other place of education, or to the duties of their intended occupation in the world. The master of an academy can seldom ascertain, what number of his pupils will return after every recess; and the first weeks of opening the school are consequently a season of uncertainty in a point of the utmost importance to his character and his success. Circumstances, indeed, sometimes arise, in which such notice cannot be given. For reasons abundantly sufficient for the removal of a pupil may occur, which were not expected, and could not be foreseen. But the most frequent cause of the omission rests, I believe, with the pupil himself. His report in the holidays must be heard; his wishes must be consulted; and if these are unfavourable to the school, it is not always thought necessary to treat with respect the master, of whom, it is supposed, there is reason to complain. It has, indeed, been declared in some instances upon the *cards*, that a quarter's previous notice of the removal of a pupil, or the pay-

ment of the terms for that period, would be required. But this system, though it would be unquestionably beneficial, is not likely to be generally adopted. To a well established school it is not necessary: and a school not well established will not venture to enforce it. The only adequate remedy is, more open and liberal conduct on the part of the parents; to repose their confidence, where they trust their sons.

Another source of no small anxiety to the master of an academy, is the accidental sickness of any of the scholars. The care of the children of others under such circumstances must always be a source of great concern to a man of principle and sensibility; and the danger of infection alarms a schoolmaster both for his pupils and his interest. But this is not the whole, nor the worst that disturbs him. If the disease have arisen from any misfortune, he will probably incur the imputation of negligence; and from whatever cause it may have proceeded, it will not be easy for him to escape censure. If he give notice to the friends of the youth, upon every slight indisposition he is apprehensive of being thought to trifle with their time and their quiet; and still more of bringing into question the salubrity of the situation he has chosen: and if he trust his own medical friends, and the complaint at last prove dangerous or fatal, he will not soon be pardoned for not having given more early intelligence.

It may appear strange, but it is necessary, to include his bills amongst the grievances of a schoolmaster. From, them, however, not a few mortifications arise. In opposition to each other, or in the hope of attracting a greater number of pupils, academies frequently offer terms too low for the prospect of independence: and sometimes even of a liberal subsistence. These, therefore, they are under the necessity of augmenting by various charges for articles not supposed to be included in the general terms; and as far as such charges are factitious and unreasonable, I abandon them to all the censure they deserve. They cannot be more offensive in themselves, than the principle, from which they proceed is contemptible. But there are others, which should not be hastily condemned. Amongst these the long established custom of an entrance fee is obviously entitled to priority of notice. By some of our modern theorists this has been pronounced absurd. But it is by no means without its use. It is a fair and open addition to the profits of the master. It is not more than a reasonable compensation for the additional trouble of a new pupil. It is usually the mark of an established not an upstart school; and it is a very necessary restraint upon the caprice of parents in changing the places of the education of their sons; for these changes are not more vexatious to the preceptor, than prejudicial to the improvement of the student. In other charges the master of an academy is little more than the agent; in the payments to the teachers of drawing or dancing, and to the wa-

rious tradesmen, whom his scholars have been directed by their friends to employ. When the periodical accounts are to be settled, the total amount is at one time censured, without adverting to the particulars of which it is composed; and at another, particular charges are condemned; some of which perhaps were ordered by the parents; others are obviously necessary; and none probably unreasonable or unjust. Men of little minds too are apt to assume a temporary superiority over those to whom they are paying money; and to embrace those opportunities to obtrude their advice or their reproofs. I have heard the master of one of our most respectable academies declare, that nothing belonging to his profession was more irksome than the insolence, to which he was sometimes obliged to submit, when at last he received the sums which had generally been very hardly earned. To the vexations on this subject a remedy equally simple and efficacious might be easily applied. Let the parents consent to pay at once such liberal terms as may fairly cover the certain and contingent expences of the education of their sons; and I will venture to assert that every schoolmaster of respectability will readily receive them without this offensive method of making a bill. In a few cases this system has been adopted: and has, I believe, in every instance given satisfaction to the parties concerned. One cannot, indeed, reflect, without a mixture of shame and indignation, that the same sort of contest should sometimes exist between the parent and the preceptor, which is so often observed between the inn-keeper and his guest; the one calculating, how much he can charge, and the other how little he shall pay.

But the most copious source of vexation to the master of an academy is the complaints and reproaches of those, who have entrusted their children to his tuition. The impatience of parents is not easily satisfied; and whenever rapid improvement is not made, their partiality ascribes the defect, not to any want of talents in their son, but to the negligence and mismanagement of the teacher. The father is too often inclined to proceed with something of the spirit and impetuosity of the ancient philosopher, who, when he found the pupil illiterate, without further enquiry chastised the preceptor. The master is then harassed with reproaches, which he can neither prevent by removing the cause, nor silence by stating fairly the incapacity of the student. For this would not fail to give offence, and probably be followed by the removal of his pupil. He is, indeed, frequently teased with complaints so frivolous on other subjects, that were not the consequences often serious, they would excite only a smile of contempt; the loss of a handkerchief, or a grammar; a blot in a copy-book; or an error in entering an operation of arithmetic; accidents which no care can prevent; and which therefore

should not be made the subject of any injurious imputation to the master.

Complaints become still more troublesome, when made on the authority of the child. His mistakes or his resentments, his idleness or his disgrace, his love of novelty, and his wishes to change his school; all these causes, and such as these, often tempt him to misrepresent what really happened, or to invent what never occurred. Few boys can be made fully sensible of the guilt and meanness of falsehood; and still fewer have penetration enough to understand or to foresee its fatal effects. Whenever therefore they have a favourite point to carry, they violate truth with little scruple. The negligence of those appointed to attend them; the want of cleanliness in their linen or their beds; the coarseness or scantiness of their food; the tyranny and severity of their teachers; frauds with respect to their pocket allowance; the master's frequent absence from school; or his vices in private life; all or any of these are made the basis of complaints; which, however groundless, are too much believed, and excite the attention, and probably the indignation, of the parent. The misfortune is, that under such circumstances the parent does not always pursue the measures, which justice and candour would have directed. In some instances the child is removed from the school in silent resentment: and the master has no opportunity of vindicating his character and conduct: in others, the subjects of complaint are stated with such rudeness and insolence, that he disdains to reply; and even where he obtains a patient hearing, little credit is given to his denial or defence against the assertions and the wishes of a favourite child.

These complaints are often referred, as to a competent judge, either to some contemptible adventurer, who teaches arithmetic and geography to the daughters of the family, and who would be glad to have his services extended to the sons; or to some rival schoolmaster, or schoolmaster's friend, who is previously disposed to encourage the disgust, because he hopes to profit by the quarrel.

It is unquestionably as much the duty as the inclination of the parent to watch the improvement of his child, and to state to the master whatever appears to retard it. But it may be stated with all the delicacy due to his character and station; not as a fact and a certainty, but as a report or a suspicion; as a charge, of which, though not fully credited, it is deemed incumbent upon the parent to enquire into the cause and the foundation. Frivolous complaints should not be encouraged, or should be wholly despised; and those of a more serious aspect, if fairly stated, will often be as fairly explained. When it is known to the boy that all his accusations against his school will be thus canvassed,

few will be made; and he will rarely venture upon falsehood, when he knows that strict enquiry will be made into the truth.

The weight of these grievances may not perhaps appear very oppressive, except to those by whom they have been felt. But let it be remembered, that they are felt by men, whose sensibility to the treatment they receive has usually been quickened by a liberal education; who have been taught to respect themselves by the progress they have made in the pursuits of science; who are interested for the honour of their own profession, of which the general esteem is not equal to the general utility; and who are conscious of their intellectual superiority over most of those, by whom their misery is inflicted. But what gives the keenest edge to these vexations, what enables the weapon to inflict a deeper smart, is the want of a more adequate recompense for the labours of the profession. In these days it must be a prosperous school that furnishes a liberal subsistence: the most numerous is not more than equal to a distant prospect of independence; and in none can affluence be obtained. Regard for his interest, therefore, keeps the master in a perpetual state of anxiety. The loss of a pupil in disgust may prove a serious misfortune. It is a reduction from profits, which could ill bear diminution; it interrupts one of the connections, by which the school is supported; and probably converts a friend into an enemy. An academy is vulnerable in a thousand points, and every wound may be fatal.

Let it, however, be understood, that I have stated these grievances by no means as inseparable from the profession; but as evils, to which it is continually exposed. I have not stated the want of candour and liberality in parents, as if it were universal or general. Had I done so, I had been guilty of equal ingratitude and injustice. I have myself experienced, in common, I doubt not, with every other schoolmaster of reputation, numerous instances of such confidence and generosity, as were equally honourable to him who gave, and to him who received them.

But every large school has connections, from which the inconveniences, that I have enumerated, may be apprehended; and some of our inferior seminaries have few, perhaps, of any other description. I have stated these vexations as proceeding by no means exclusively from the friends and parents of the pupils; for they are too often provoked by the schoolmasters themselves; and sometimes proceed wholly from their folly, their meanness, or their pride. *Errors are committed within as well as without the walls of Troy.* I have stated them with the greater freedom; because they are of importance, not only to the profession in particular, but to the community at large. They exhaust that patience in the teacher, which ought to be reserved for the instruction and benefit of his pupils; they sometimes render his

temper so irritable, that he can hardly be considered as fit for his own profession : they accelerate that injury to his health, which his labours would naturally occasion, and render him the sooner unequal to the task. Above all, they have driven many to endeavour to make an academy merely an occupation of profit: to look upon their pupils not so much as youth to be educated, as instruments of gain ; to practise all those artifices, which have been so justly censured ; all that delusion, which the people seemed to court, and without which they would not be contented. Is it to be wondered, then, that in this case, as in almost every thing human, evils become reciprocally the cause and effect of each other ! Unprincipled schoolmasters provoke illiberal treatment, and illiberal treatment makes unprincipled schoolmasters. Is it to be wondered, that so few men of spirit and talents engage in the profession ; or that they escape from it, as soon as a decent subsistence can elsewhere be found !

In enumerating what were in his judgment the requisite qualifications of an instructor of youth, Quintilian has drawn such a literary and moral character, as would, indeed, do honour to any profession ; but which human frailty forbids us to hope will frequently be found : yet the idea of the antient rhetorician, however exalted, seems by no means equal to the popular expectation of the present day. If we consult the sentiments and conduct of the less intelligent and less liberal part of the community, it will appear that the master of an academy is required to possess, like the hero of a romance, not only talents and virtues, above the ordinary endowments of humanity, but such contrarieties of excellence, as seem incompatible with each other. He is required to possess spirit enough to govern the most refractory of his pupils, and meanness enough to submit to the perpetual interference of their friends ; such delicacy of taste, as may enable him to instruct his scholars in all the elegancies of polite literature, and robust strength enough to bear without fatigue the most incessant exertions. He is required to possess learning sufficient to relish the eloquence of Cicero and Demosthenes ; and good nature to listen without weariness to a grandmother blazoning the merits of her heir ; skill adequate to the performance of his task, and patience to be instructed how to perform it. He is required to possess judgment enough to determine the most proper studies, and the most suitable destinations for his pupils ; and complaisance at all times to submit his own opinion to the opinions of those, who have employed him ; moral principle sufficient to ensure on all occasions the faithful discharge of his duties ; and forbearance to hear those principles continually suspected, and his diligence and fidelity called in question. It is expected that he shall be daily exposed to the severest trials of his temper, but neither require nor be allowed any indulgence for its occasional excesses ; and that he be able to secure all the good effects of dis-

cipline, without the use of the only means which ever yet procured them. He is expected to feel that conscious dignity, which science confers upon its possessor; and yet to descend without reluctance to teach infants their alphabet; to possess generosity enough to maintain his pupils liberally without a liberal stipend; and insensibility enough to permit his demands to be taxed by those, by whom they ought to be most readily and gratefully discharged.

That many parents appear to expect this variety of talents in the teachers of their sons, the masters of academies know to their sorrow and their cost; but where such constellations of excellence are to be found, it is surely needless to enquire. The glasses of Herschel, in the search, would sweep the regions of space in vain.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

No. VIII.

FIVE miles below Blannerhassett's Island is Little Hockhocking River, and a little further on we have Hockhocking Island and Great Hockhocking River. This would seem to be a family name among the streams and islets of this section, or at least to have been a favourite appellation among the first explorers of this region of the country. It is rather a jaw-breaking word—but in common use it is softened by a device similar to that of the good lady in New England whose son was named *Through-much-tribulation-we-come-into-the-kingdom-of-heaven*; she "called him *Tribby* for shortness;" and for the same reason probably, the word *Hocking* has been substituted for its more sonorous original. A town has been laid out at the mouth of the latter of these streams called Troy; and on its banks, about twenty-five miles off we find Athens, said to be a thriving village, with an academy, and situated in a fine country. If Dan Homer could be permitted to repossess the Styx, and visit these regions, would he not be amused at the sight of the modern Troy and Athens on the shores of the Hockhocking? Think you a Grecian tongue could compass the pronunciation of this word?

Ten miles lower down, and near the mouth of Shade River, is the "Devil's Hole;" a remarkable cave on the Ohio side of the river. I had not time to visit this supposed residence of his satanic majesty.

In the afternoon we passed Le Tart's Rapids. Here are some fine farms, and handsome improvements. At the foot of the rapids is a floating grist mill. The principal part of the machinery is erected on a large boat, resembling a common scow,

which also supports one end of the shaft of the water-wheel—the other end is supported by a small sharp boat; lashed at a sufficient distance, and devoted to this purpose exclusively. On the other side of the scow is a large boat which receives the flour, corn, &c. All of these are lashed firmly together and fastened to the shore, and the water rushing between them, propels the water-wheel. The bend of the river at this place is graceful, and adds to the interest of a very pleasing prospect.

We passed the *Rock of Antiquity* in the night; so that I could not inspect it. It stands at the water's edge on the right side of the river, about three miles below the rapids; and takes its name from some ancient sculpture which appears on its face, supposed to be the work of the Aborigines. None of the figures are now intelligible but one, which represents a man in a sitting posture, smoking a pipe. Our uncultured predecessors have left so few memorials behind them, that the rudest and frailest of their monuments arrest attention. The rough penciling of a savage hand has excited as much interest as the precious relic of an Italian master. Even this sequestered rock has attracted the eye of the curious traveller. For my part, I am not fond of inanimate curiosities—and if I could restore the fire to the dark eyes, and the gloss to the raven locks, of some of the savage beauties who once “wasted their sweetness” on the “desert air” of these solitudes, I would gaze at their wild glances with more delight than ever was felt by a virtuoso in the Pantheons or the Catacombs. I love monuments—but let them be breathing and blushing monuments of animated clay—these are noble objects—one of which is worth all the *mummies*, *Egyptian heads*, and *Rob-Roy-purses*, in christendom, and all the rocks and stones that ever the ingenuity of one age piled up to puzzle the curiosity of another.

During the same night we passed the mouth of the Great Kenhawa River, Point Pleasant, and Galliopolis. On the Kenhawa about seventy miles from its mouth, salt water is found in abundance and of excellent quantity; and extensive manufactories of salt have been in successful operation for several years. This river, however, will be better known to the historian, from the bloody engagement which took place near its mouth in the year 1774, between the British under Lord Dunmore and an Indian army of the Shawanoe, Delaware, Mingoe, and other tribes. The Indian force on this occasion was not less than a thousand warriors, a body more numerous, than they have usually been able to collect at one point against the whites. It was after this battle, that Logan, a chief of the Delawares, sent to Lord Dunmore the speech which has rendered his name so celebrated, and which is considered as one of the finest displays of eloquence on record. Mr. Jefferson, who preserved this beautiful effusion of native feeling in his *Notes on Virginia*, has been

accused of palming upon the world a production of his own, by those who had no other ground for the suspicion than the force and feeling of the composition itself. But all doubt on this subject has been removed long since, by the testimony of officers who were present on the occasion, when it was delivered, and who, many years afterwards, remembered the impression made upon their minds by the affecting appeal of the unlettered chieftain. There are, however, strong grounds for the belief that Logan himself was deceived as to the part supposed to have been taken by Colonel Cresap in the massacre of the Indian family; and that some of Cresap's men, in retaliation for an attack made previously by the savages upon some traders, perpetrated this murder without his knowledge. Cresap, it is said, was not in the neighbourhood at the time, and could not have known of the sudden broil which produced a catastrophe so deeply to be deplored.

The town of Gallipolis in Ohio, four miles below the mouth of Kenhawa, is finely situated on a high bank, and commands a pretty view of the river. It was settled about twenty-five years ago, by about a hundred French families, who sought an asylum from the political tempest which devastated their native country. They purchased a large tract of land, from a company who had obtained a grant of it from the United States. But the company had neglected to fulfil the conditions of their contract, the land therefore reverted to the government, and the unfortunate French found too late that they had been duped by swindlers. Thus landless and in a strange country their situation was truly distressing; but Congress, with a munificence highly honourable to the nation, interposed to save them from destruction, and by a grant of 24,000 acres indemnified them in part for their losses.

On the morning of the 21st we passed Guyundat village, in the neighbourhood of which we found Big Guyundat river, Little Guyundat, and Indian Guyundat. This would seem to be as favourite a name as Hockhocking. Just below the village we overtook one of those rude skiffs which frequently convey emigrants to the West. This was a small flat-bottomed boat, of simplest construction, about twelve feet long, with high sides, and a roof. As I was looking out for a friend, who in a moment of whim, had embarked by himself, a few days before me, in a "frail tenement" like the one in sight, I took our small boat and rowed towards it—but was not a little surprised on approaching it, to discover, instead of a young gentleman, a grey-headed man, and as grey a headed woman, tugging deliberately at the oars. This primitive couple looked as if they might have been *pulling together* down the stream of life, for the last fifty years, without having become tired of each other's company; for while their oars preserved a regular cadence, they were chatting sociably together—and they smiled as they invited me into their

skiff. I confess I was astonished—for, much as I had seen of the carelessness with which my countrymen undertake toilsome pilgrimages, and the alacrity with which they change their habitations, I was not prepared to behold, without surprise, old age and enterprise travelling together; and when I learned that this ancient couple were seeking a new home, I anticipated a tale of distress, banishment, and sorrow. The days of their pilgrimage had not been *few and evil*. Neither of them could have seen much fewer than seventy years, and both were withered, wrinkled, and apparently decrepid—but they were sprightly and social and spoke of clearing *new lands* in the wilderness with a confidence which evinced nothing of the feebleness or indecision of age. In answer to my inquiries as to the reasons which had produced the present change of residence, the old man observed, in a careless off-hand sort of way, “Why, sir, our boys are all married, and gone off, and bustling about for themselves,—and our neighbours, a good many of ’em’s gone *out back*—and so the old woman and me felt *sort o’ lonesome*, and thought *we’d go too*, and try *our luck*.” “But, my friend, it is rather late in the day for you to become a wanderer.” “Tut man,” said he, “better late than never—*there’s luck in leisure*, as the saying is—and may-be the old woman and me’ll have as good luck as any of ’em.” This was followed by a tender of the whiskey bottle; and after drinking to our better acquaintance, should we meet again in the woods, we parted.—Tell me no more of *antiquities*—repeat not that this is a degenerate age! Here were the right sort of *antiquities*. This old Kentuckian, who at the age of seventy still dares the gloom of the forest, panting for new lands to settle—is worth a hundred dead Greeks, aye, or living Englishmen either.

22d. This morning we passed Portsmouth, a small village in the Sciota bottom. A little below this I landed at a cabin where the good woman was nursing a child with a sore head. She complained that she had applied to several physicians for relief, in vain—and she was firmly persuaded that the eruption could not be cured except by a *seventh son*.

On the 23d, we passed Maysville in Kentucky, early in the morning where I landed to throw some letters into the post-office; but had not time to make any observations.

About sunset we landed our boat for a short time on the Kentucky side. A poor negro, who had lost both his feet, but still moved with activity on his knees, like the hero in Chevy Chase, who,

“ — When his legs were smitten off
Still fought upon his stumps,”

came on board, to dispose of a string of fish. One of the passengers, an European, purchased a fishing-line from him, direct-

ing the fellow to call again for the money, but when he came he refused to pay the stipulated sum, and kept the poor black wrangling a half an hour about a few cents. The needy cripple was at last compelled to take what he could get, and hobbled away muttering imprecations against the stranger, whom he termed "a mighty poor white man," an expression which in the mouth of a negro indicated the most sovereign contempt. The blacks entertain a high respect for those whom they term "gentlemen," a title which they apply with a good deal of discrimination; but "poor white folks" they cordially despise. I regretted the conduct of our fellow-passenger, because such meanness and dishonesty, disgust the persons who suffer by it, and induces him on a subsequent occasion to treat foreigners with less civility; and it is thus that the misconduct of travellers provokes our people into acts of rudeness which make them appear disadvantageously to those who are not acquainted with the cause of it. It was a vile act. The man who would cheat a negro, would purloin without shame:—He who would wrong a poor cripple would not hesitate to commit murder:—Had he been an American I should have blushed for him; as it was, I could only thank Heaven he was not my countryman.

ITHACUS.

THE BAN-SHEE.—AN IRISH TALE.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder? SHAKESPEARE.

For some years before 1798, that feverish state of Irish society, necessarily excited by the agitation of circumstances and feelings likely to produce important changes in it's formation, was particularly observable; and would have been much more so, but that there was an apparent attempt to procure the removal of two popular grievances, by means which, although legal, were still violent enough to conceal in their turmoil the manifestations of deeper and more desperate designs. Radical Reform in the north, and emancipation in the south, west, and east, gave more than sufficient employment to even the zealous Magistrates; and as the consciousness of crime, and fear of detection were felt more strongly by the Rebel than the Reformist, he naturally adopted more caution and prudence in his exertions. It was thus that various petty attempts at putting down existing the powers were organized without attracting the attention they demanded.

The great men, the arch rebels who acted all along with a degree of caution and prudence almost unexampled in the annals of civil warfare, were glad, in the security of retirement, to observe those partial out-breakings of the rebellious feeling, as it

gave them an opportunity of judging as well of the spirit, as the strength of their partizans. They generally ended in the hanging of two or three of perhaps the humblest and most innocent of the offenders for *white-boyism*; and it was not until the country was involved in open rebellion, that the secret meetings, the organization, the plans, objects, and leaders of those temporary risings were investigated, or understood. Circumstances connected with one of these, form the ground-work of the present tale.

It was a fine evening in December. There had been snow for some time, but the day before a hard frost had set in, which gave that appearance of firmness and consistency to natural objects, so relieving to the eye, and invigorating to the mind. The sun in going down left broad, deep-red masses of light glaring upon, and from,—reflected in a thousand fantastic colours,—the innumerable sparkling prisms which they every where encountered, the earth outvied the sky in starry paving, and when the last rays of the sun died on a neighbouring hill they left swift-changing hues varying from vermilion to rose, and purple; and last a shadowy stream of light whose tints it would be impossible either to fix or to describe. Its last flush had expired, and an host of those lights which have been well called “the Poetry of Heaven” were unveiling their beauties to the world, when a well-mounted stranger entered a straggling mountain village situated near the Atlantic, in one of those large western districts, which to this day from want of roads and want of value, remain inaccessible to, and indeed unsought for by, any but their native inhabitants. In order to have some conception of an Irish mountain village, let the reader imagine twenty or thirty huts built for the most part of pieces of rock of immense size and of every form, having the interstices filled with clay and pebbles, and in aspect varying to almost every point of the compass. A narrow horse-way well studded, not paved, with large stones runs from the gable end of one hut, to the back of another, and so on to the front of a third. On one side, with the intervention of a dark pool, caused by the draining of its waters, stretches a large bog, the nearer part of which is cut into various furrows and intersections, with here and there a *clamp* of turf, built on the bank of the dyke from which it was taken. On the other rise barren hills, covered with stones and thistles, with an occasional patch of green, and at the bottom, stripes of “potatoe-gardens” enclosed by walls about three feet high, and made of single stones piled one upon another, without mortar or cement of any description. These walls, peculiar I believe to Ireland, form a singular, and I think, characteristic feature of Irish scenery. They appear more like lines traversing the country, than dividing it, and even when viewed around the comfortable farm-house, produce an impression entirely different from those feelings of comfort and security, excited by the hedge-rows and substantial walls of England.

It was into such a spot that the stranger, we have mentioned, rode with as much celerity as the nature of the path would permit. His dress and appearance were such as were calculated to excite curiosity, for both were foreign. Large whiskers and mustachois so encroached on his face as to leave little else observable, and a military cloak almost completely covered horse and rider. When he had gained the centre of the village he paused apparently in reflection on the road which he should pursue. A little farther on towards it's extremity, the clang of hammers and the bursts of flame and smoke which escaped through numerous apertures in the roof and walls, proclaimed the residence of a blacksmith, and thither he proceeded. In an Irish village the blacksmith's forge is usually the lounge for all the idle or curious in the neighbourhood. The smith is generally a wit, and gleanes from the passing traveller, as he tightens or replaces a loosened shoe, information which he deals out, sometimes not a little amplified, to his neighbours and acquaintances. But this evening there appeared something more than the ordinary group of listners. There were no long, large figures stretched along the floor as usual, no gaping faces waiting to catch the arch smile from the sharp eye of the Smith, as, with the handle of the bellows in one hand, and his pinchers holdiding the iron he was heating in the other, he told some good joke which happened at the last fair. The blowing of the bellows, and clang of sledge and hammer proceeded without intermission. The Smith and his assistants worked, and said nothing; while upwards of fifty men, dressed in their holiday clothes, were gathered into small groups in, and about, the forge, conversing in Irish, and in a suppressed tone. As the stranger alighted they retired to some distance, and one only of the best dressed stepped forward to hold his stirrup and assist him. "How far is it to Glanloch, friend?" said he as he alighted. "But a small mile to the Glan, sir, but whose house did you want?" "Mr. Burke's, agent to Lord * * *,"—"The master's,—it's about three miles to ride round the lake, sir, but if you put up the beast at Pat McDonough's I'll call the boat, and you can go over in half the time." "I had much rather ride round if I could procure a guide, and perhaps the Smith can get me one;" and he advanced into the forge. As he did so a number of persons, who were inside, closed around the bellows, anvil, &c. so as completely to conceal them; and the Smith advanced with "a shoe lose your honour? wont I fasten it in a minute, while the beast stands out-side?" "Aisy now, the gentleman only wants a guide to Mr. Burke's, Thady,"—"To the Castle, your honour? and Tom Boyle what better will you do, dear, than to walk fair and easy beside the gentleman's horse to the master's?" The latter part of this sentence was addressed to the man who had assisted the stranger to dismount,—and who re-

turned the look of intelligence which accompanied it, as he stated that he was ready to proceed.

The stranger rode on slowly to the end of the village, and passing through a lane, similar to the one which led to it, found himself in what appeared to have once been an handsome avenue. It was now overgrown with ribbon-grass and thistles, but the road was firm beneath, and even the partial shelter of a straggling hedge on each side gave to it an appearance of regularity, hardly to be expected from the total barrenness of the surrounding scenery. As they ascended by a circuitous route the hill which overlooked the lake and glen from which the place derived its name, he was astonished to find that although his horse proceeded at the slowest possible pace, he was frequently obliged to pull up, and wait for his guide, who loitered behind with perfect heedlessness of the task he had undertaken; but he remembered the look which had passed between him and the Smith, and judged it would be most prudent not to notice the delay. When he had gained the summit of the hill, the extreme beauty of the scene which lay beyond as far as the eye could reach, induced him to check his horse. The character of the country appeared completely altered; rich meadows stretched down on every side to the bottom of the glen, which was filled by a lake of three or four miles circumference, whence a river passed off, by which, after a course of a few miles it poured its waters into the Atlantic. At the farther side, nearly opposite the village, appeared the remaining walls of the Castle of Glanloch. It did not appear to have ever been extensive. Clumsy strength appeared its characteristic, and this, and the want of all attempts at ornament, proclaimed it of an era pre-existent to the introduction of Gothic Architecture. The skeleton walls still remained perfect and shewed its form to have been a square, with a small courtyard in the centre, and towers, or rather circular staircases reaching to the floor of the third story, with doors opening into a gallery running round each. A little beyond was situated the present mansion, a handsome villa with its aspect towards the lake, and almost enclosed in a wood of dwarf oak, beech, and mountain ash, which covered a large portion of the hills behind.

The road now wound gradually down the hill, but still much above the level of the lake, and on the side towards the water the remains of a strong defending wall were still visible, although entwined, and almost covered, with ivy. As the stranger proceeded slowly on, he perceived a boat which had evidently proceeded from the village, gain the shore below the Castle. One man, its sole occupant, entered it, and in a few minutes proceeded to meet them. He took off his hat as he passed him, and conversed with his guide in a low tone and language, which he supposed Irish. Whatever the communication had been, it seemed to take away the necessity for delay, for Tom Boyle suddenly appeared to

recover the use of his limbs, and led the way briskly to the Castle. As they approached it, however, he continued in the old road, which led directly to the ruins, passing on the left a more modern avenue which conducted to the new house. The stranger again checked his horse, and addressed him. "I want to see Mr. Edward Burke, and the most likely place to find him will be in the house he inhabits;—I go *this way*," and he turned into the avenue. Boyle immediately seized the bridle; "you must come this way, sir; Pat Mooney there,"—pointing to the man who had joined them,—"pushed the boat across from the village, and saw the Master; he said he was glad you were come and would give you the meeting at the Castle." They again proceeded, and at a short distance from the Castle met "the Master," Mr. Burke himself. As he approached, the stranger thought he had never seen a finer figure, or a more handsome man. Colossal strength appeared to have been the primary object in his formation. Although above six feet high, his shoulders were more than proportionably broad, and his whole frame was gigantic. An exquisitely formed head and neck, well shaped, and deeply-marked features, hair intensely black, and a high commanding dignity of aspect, with the perfect symmetry of his limbs, redeemed him from all appearance of clumsiness; while large deep raven eye-brows, almost meeting, an unpleasant expression of the eyes amounting almost to scorn, and the legible manifestation of inextinguishable pride, which every muscle of his face appeared to combine in producing, marked him as rather to be admired than loved. The meeting between him and the stranger was warm and affectionate. He assisted him to dismount, and led the way to the remains of one of the Castle offices, which stood near them. When they were alone, and skreened from observation by it's walls, he gave loose to the impetuosity of joy. "Success, brother!—success which I had not dared to anticipate, beyond hope or expectation; two thousand, at least of the finest men in Europe, and I can muster them in half an hour."—"What are two thousand, when we could not take the field, with any certainty, under ten? There are at this moment three thousand available men ready to oppose us, and every place of strength in their possession. Edward, if not for ourselves, let us have some feeling, even of fear, for those numbers, who if they do not conquer must perish." "How is this, Neal, you have acquired prudence since we met in Dublin; I am sorry I cannot compliment you on the acquisition.—But it is the old theme; you wish me to allow you to solicit foreign assistance." "Not at all, Edward," said he coolly, "that step *is* taken without your permission being solicited; my despatches to Paris have arrived before this."—"You could not—you dare not do it, Neal."—"You forget, Edward, I am your elder brother."—"Elder? what is your age to me if my country is to be betrayed,—but it

shall not !—Neal, I disclaim your assistance ; I will take the field to-morrow, and then," said he with a laugh, in which were mingled pride defiance, and anticipated vengeance, " we will be ready, after freeing our country, to beat back from it's shores, the foreign slaves who would pollute them. Military skill, for which alone we sought you, may be found elsewhere. I did think that, at least, the first hour in which my brother retrod the home of his infancy would have been one of unmixed confidence ; but when a kingdom is at stake, private ties must, and will be broken. Neal, listen to me,—to night the leaders and prominent men among all those whom I can influence, have met me here to hold a council, or—for what is the use of disguise, I despise them all as much as you can, a drinking match,—a night of debauchery,—they are to have colours presented too, and songs,—some have been written on purpose, no matter, they must be humoured.—I did intend to introduce you as Colonel Neal Burke, my brother, and a friend to the cause. It may be so still, if you promise not to attempt to influence them to delay, or—for certainty is best, —if you promise to take no part whatever in any debate which may arise.—If these terms will not suit you—" " They do perfectly,—Edward, understand me, if you fight, so will I, and as you please. I thought that the rank I had obtained in the army of the first military power in Europe, my more advanced age, and the service I had seen, might have justified my giving a brother advice ; I was deceived perhaps ;—as to the rest, I have as much right as you, or any man, to devise means for serving my country ; my despatches to Paris have not, unless you wish it, any necessary connection with you, or your designs. They comprised my opinion of the state of the country, and the probability of a rising being successful, if assisted from abroad ; and were addressed to a brother officer, O'Donnel, to be laid before the Minister. You have not deserved this frank statement, but I will not add to the perils and vexations that surround you." " I thank you, Neal, but my opinions are unaltered ;—There is one subject on which I would ask your advice, and will follow it implicitly. You know I am his Lordship's agent here. I took it to gain influence, and I have succeeded. I have my accounts made up. Shall I forward them with a request to appoint some person in my place ?—if done at all, it must be done to-night."—" Certainly, it would have been better had it been done before. But, Edward," said he, as they proceeded arm-in-arm to the Castle, " why did you not send somebody to meet me ?" " I did, my Gamekeeper, a keen shrewd fellow, left this a week ago ; I told him to stop at Brady's—until you came."—" I was three days at Brady's, and there were no inquiries,—are you sure of him ?"—" I think so, but he has been going a good deal about, and may have been suspected, and taken up." As he finished speaking they entered the Castle by a postern door, and passed through a rude arcade

to the central Court, which was to be the scene of the night's festivity. Already the space, not occupied by a large table running from one end to the other, was filled by young men who, with few exceptions, were the hangers on, and dependants of respectable, but impoverished families. To them any change must bring good; and educated, as all young Irishmen of their station of life were, with extravagant notions of personal courage, it was not extraordinary that they joined with enthusiasm in a cause which, in the event of success, promised them property, fame, and honour; and even now gave, what they so much wanted, occupation and an object for exertion, of real importance. From the small narrow windows looking on the Court, blazed large torches of dried bog-wood, which threw a deep crimson glare upon the agitated faces of the Council. The table was completely covered with Claret, a wine then easily procured in Ireland, and immense quantities of whiskey were brought from a large vessel broached in one corner. When the brothers entered, the confused din of voices subsided, and the seats round the table were immediately occupied. As soon as the national toast had been given, and some other national ceremonies had been gone through, Edward Burke, who acted as chairman, introduced his brother. "I wish, gentlemen," said he, "to introduce to you, my brother, Neal Burke, Colonel in the French service. But a few weeks have elapsed since he retrod, for the first time for many years, his native shore. From causes, which we have all felt in bitterness and sorrow, but which we are about to remedy in revenge and triumph, he found himself an exile in his native land. The rapacious hands of tyrants had wrested from us the possessions which might have rendered exertion unnecessary; yet while they robbed us of our wealth, and scoffed at our poverty, they denied us even the means of acquiring honourable independence. My brother, then, with sorrow and regret, left the clime of his fathers, for a foreign shore. His merit,—I will mention it, for I am proud of it,—gave him fame and competence; and he now comes to offer to you and to his country, the fruits of science and experience. I will not insult you or him, by adding, an honest and enthusiastic heart." This address was received with loud applauses. Colonel Burke's health was drank with reiterated cheers, and the wine circled so quickly as, in a very short time, to unfit most of the party for those purposes of deliberation for which they had assembled. Edward,—or as he was now called, —General Burke, however, entered into a detail of plans and intentions which were by no means met by that feeling of unanimity which he had anticipated. It was soon plain that, numerous as were the individuals assembled, still as numerous were the objects which each expected the others to assist him in obtaining. With one, the murder of a magistrate who had oppressed him; another, the plunder of a house; a third, an armed force for the

purposes of resisting the payment of tithes and rent; a fourth, the abduction of a girl; a fifth, the massacre of the Protestants; and so on, *ad infinitum*, formed the consummation of his wishes; and few indeed were those who contemplated any thing like a tangible or rational plan for a national rebellion. The debate was ended by an agreement, that each, with the followers he could muster, should meet General Burke on the third day from the present. Business having been thus ended, preparations were made for the grand ceremony of the night, the presentation of the colours, worked by the sisters and relations of Burke. Mary O'Neil, a relation, and destined to share his glory should he succeed, surrounded by a number of girls dressed in green and yellow, carrying one banner in her hand, and followed by her brother, a pale melancholy boy of sixteen, carrying the other, appeared on a platform erected opposite one of the windows of the first story, amidst loud cheers, to which the repeated echoes gave a peculiar and somewhat terrifying effect. The flags were of green silk, with a large shamrock worked in gold in the centre of each; at the bottom, "*Erin go braugh*," and round the top, "*Tria juncta in uno*." It did not, however, appear that the lady who was elected to deliver to warriors the standards round which they must fight and die, or be disgraced and dishonoured, was well selected. Mary O'Neil appeared about seventeen, her stature low, and her whole figure petite, but exquisitely moulded. Added to these, fair hair, and large light blue eyes, gave a semblance of extreme girlishness, totally inconsistent with the duty she was about to perform. It was, indeed, apparent that she had no heart to the task. The profusion of colour, almost too much for beauty, which resided on her cheek, was gone, a large tear at intervals slowly rolled down her face, and it was not until after many convulsive attempts that she succeeded in delivering the address written by her brother, as indeed were all the songs which followed. He presented a singular contrast to more than her slightness of form, he added that delicacy of constitution, and gloominess of spirit, so often remarkable in the *early* part of the lives of those who have "looked on Nature with a Poet's eye." But now his eye kindled with almost more than earthly animation, every slight muscle of his face swelled with the very passion of enjoyment; and it is possible that, of all who were there assembled, he was the only one whose patriotism was pure: unmixed with private motives, undegraded by schemes of personal interest, ambition, or revenge. After the applauses which had greeted her entrance, had ceased, in a trembling and agitated voice she at length spoke the allotted address:—"Gentlemen, born in a country favoured by nature, and dignified by heroes worthy of it's soil, you have looked around you and beheld it tainted and polluted by the tread of the stranger, and the tyrant. You have seen our lan-

guage,—the language of the brave, the wise, and the free,—extirpated; our manners ridiculed, and our religion proscribed. You have seen this, but not in apathy; the spirit of insulted manhood, of indignant patriotism, of piety, of virtue, and of honour, has found its shrine in every heart, its worshippers in every pulse, that beats. You have arisen in the pride of strength, and firmness of resolve, to free your country and punish the usurper. May the end be glorious, as the resolution is honourable; may the flags which I now present you wave over many a field of conquest and triumph; or if they must meet defeat, may they never witness disgrace,—and never will they while they are held by an Irishman. General Burke,”—and here her voice became almost inaudible. —“To you I now entrust them; I know no hand worthier to hold the standard of freedom, than that which has been first raised in its support. The shamrock is our signal, and our motto is “*Erin go braugh!*” She handed down the colours, which General Burke placed on each side of his chair, and paused, yet looked as if she wished to say something more. It was evident the prepared address was concluded, yet still she held out her slight hand as if to request attention. A silver cup with wine was given her to drink “Success to the cause,” and this appeared to repossess her. She held it firmly, and spake in a louder tone than had yet been heard: “You have entered into a fearful cause, in which blood and vengeance will mark your footsteps;—may they not trace them to a dishonourable grave! The best thing I can wish you is ‘victory or death.’” Her voice again failed, and after a vain attempt to proceed, she tasted the wine, and hastily retired. General Burke, who perceived that some were disappointed, and others affected, by her language and her manner, exerted himself to restore good fellowship. He sent round the claret, and called out to a relation who sat near him, “Connel, if you have got a song, let’s have it; and young O’Neil, I hope, has another; no words, man, but begin.”—“I am ready, General.” Silence was obtained, and the following song, set to a national air, and well sung, restored perfect conviviality:—

“Come, rear the banner green, my boys!

 Come, rear the banner green;

’Tis Erin’s signal seen, my boys!

 ’Tis Erin’s signal seen!

The white veil floats from lady’s bower,

 The pennon skims the sea,

The red flag waves from Castle tower,

 But green’s the flag for me!

We tread the soil of free-born men,

 These valleys once were free;—

And free they yet shall be again,

 Shout,—strike for Liberty!

Shades of our slaughter'd sires, arise !
 Come, teach them once again,
 Though dark and drear are Irish skies,
 They're loved by Irishmen.

Ere the first sun-beam streak the sky,
 These truest hearts shall meet ;—
 And noon shall see our banners fly
 Above our foes' defeat.
 At Morning's break the pike shall shine,
 All burnish'd by its ray ;
 Which foemen's blood, like mantling wine,
 Shall stain ere close of day.

Then raise the banner green, my boys !
 Then rear the banner green ;
 'Tis Erin's signal seen, my boys !
 'Tis Erin's signal seen !"

Loud and extravagant cheers followed the termination of this Ballad. Rebellious toasts were now given, and snatches of popular songs were sung, mingled with such roars of inebriation, that nearly an hour had elapsed before General Burke could command sufficient silence for the song of his young friend, O'Neil. When attention was at length obtained, with much pathos of voice and manner he sang a composition in honour of the Shamrock, which, like the former, was succeeded by the loudest applauses. "*The Shamrock!*" was drunk with three times three; and the whiskey and claret went round still more briskly. Men, who were before modest and retiring, endeavoured, but in vain, to attract attention to their songs and speeches. The greater number were completely inebriated; but here and there were to be seen groups of two or three, who comprehended that something more was necessary in deliberation, previous to taking the field, than drunkenness and debauchery; and on whose faces the intelligent gazer might read a determination to have nothing more to do with what already appeared to be a lost cause. It was now past midnight, and yet there did not seem the slightest intention of breaking up the revel: when Edward Burke perceived his brother wearied and disgusted, and knowing every thing which had as yet appeared was sense and prudence compared with the folly and madness which would be displayed before morning, beckoned to him to retire. In a few minutes he followed him to the gate of the Castle: "Neal, you must be tired, follow that path, and a few minutes will bring you to the house; your bed-room is ready, and all the servants are up. Good-night!—I must not be missed." The cold frosty air, the mild light of the moon and stars, and the perfect stillness, formed a delightful contrast to the scene of noise and confusion which he had quitted; and Colonel Burke pursued his path with that elasticity of step and buoyancy of spirit which a cool

atmosphere always induces after relaxation. As he approached the house he perceived a female figure, as if waiting for some one, in the path in which he was advancing, which, after some hesitation, advanced to meet him, when to his utter surprize he recognized Mary O'Neil. "Colonel Burke, I wish to speak to you," said she in a hurried tone, "take that path, it will bring us to the boat-house." She led the way with a celerity of motion which he found it difficult to equal; and when they had entered, she pointed to a seat. "This is no time for ceremony, your brother and my—my cousin is hurrying to his fate. I do not speak now of the dangers necessarily attendant upon a desperate cause, but of what is fixed, determined on. Colonel Burke, have you ever heard that there are attendant spirits, not on individuals only, but families, in this country, who watch their welfare and warn them of misfortune?"—"You mean the Ban-Shee."—"I do,—but do not speak so loud,—I saw her to-night."—"You thought so, Miss O'Neil. You have over-exerted yourself; you are interested for my brother, and —"—"No,—do not, for God's sake, now treat me as a child; think of me as you please, but believe me, and I will convince you though it madden me.—Dare you do as I have done? Will you come with me to meet her?"—"Yes, or harsher fiends than the poor Ban-Shee; I fear no devil while an angel's by!"—"This is no time for levity, Colonel."—"Pardon me, for you know I am more than half a Frenchman; but I will be as solemn and serious as you wish in future."—Miss O'Neil then entered a small boat, into which the Colonel followed her, and she pointed to the shore directly opposite. A few pulls of the oars brought them near it, when suddenly she grasped his arm with convulsive violence, and directed his eyes to a female form sitting on a low rock on the shore, who in a few minutes gave up her occupation of washing a handkerchief, which she folded and placed in her bosom, and commenced singing, indistinctly, unconnected lines and verses of several ancient ballads. The tones, however, became more articulate, her voice louder, and her manner more impressive, as, with something like regularity of tune, and with her eyes fixed upon the Moon, she chanted the following lines:—

" The fair new moon is shining bright,
 Alas ! too bright for me !
 For my lover is there, and he lives in the moon,
 And his eye is the light we see.

Oh ! leave my Love, the paly moon,
 She's colder than love may be,
 And she vex'd me with thoughts which were not my own,
 When she stole thee away from me.

But now the fair moon is going to rest,
 And at parting she smiles on me,
 And her bed is the sky, and her curtain the cloud,
 Sweet Moon, good night to thee !"

When she had finished she looked towards the lake, perceived the boat, and, with a loud shriek, ran towards the village. "Miss O'Neil, I must follow her,—it is impossible to remain in this uncertainty."—"No, no; *that* is not the Ban-Shee.—It is a poor girl, niece to our parish priest here, who lost her senses lately. A few days before she was to have been married, her lover was taken up on an almost forgotten charge connected with these unfortunate disturbances. She was walking with him by this lake, when he was taken: he made some resistance, and was wounded. She bound that handkerchief you saw, round his arm, and still fancies it covered with blood. She was always fond of singing, and since her last visit to him, the day before execution, the only circumstance which appears to afford her pleasure is to stroll out at night to sing those verses, and wash her handkerchief, as you have seen her." "I am ashamed, Colonel, of the trouble I have given you: we had better return."—"It is a melancholy story, I had rather have met the Ban-Shee herself; but I suppose, Miss O'Neil, we are to say nothing of our moonlight voyage; as you acknowledge that you were deceived?"—"I am not sure; neither dress or voice were the same, and I must at once have known poor Grace."—"Well, you almost deserve to be exposed, but I will be honourable."—They very soon gained the Boat-house; Colonel Burke without further hindrance, proceeded to bed, and Mary O'Neil joined her cousins. It was late before he awoke the following morning, and when he came down to breakfast he found a note from his brother stating, that particular business compelled him to be absent for a few hours, but that he should be home to dinner. The whole day, however, passed, without his appearance, but before bed-time a messenger arrived with the following hurried letter:—

"DEAR NEAL,

I have been entrapped, but am comparatively safe,—taken up on suspicion. The man who went to meet you, was foolish enough to attempt to engage some serjeants of the Regiment at L. in the cause. He was immediately secured, but was staunch, and my connection with him was all they had to go upon. The rising must be deferred,—I have already managed all that. You have nothing to do but to keep quiet, or what may be better, get out of the country quickly. Explain to the girls, particularly Mary, the total absence of danger, and believe me,

Your affectionate brother,

EDWARD BURKE."

"P. S. There are immense quantities of pikes in the vaults under the Hall of the Castle. Examine the place, and if you think it will not bear a search sink them in the Lake."

Thus, for the time, ended the circumstances which it has been our object to explain. In 1798 we find Edward Burke was a prominent leader, and although we have not been able to trace his fate, it is too probable that he suffered the penalty so justly incurred by every man, whose private schemes of revenge or of ambition would embroil his country in blood, and his countrymen in misery.

MRS. ANNE RADCLIFFE.

“ — The mighty magician of the *MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO*, bred and nourished by the Florentine Muses in their sacred solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition, and all the dreariness of enchantment: a poetess whom Ariosto would with rapture have acknowledged, as the

La nudrita

Damagella Trivulzio, *AL SACRO SPECCO.*

O. F. c. 46.”

Pureuits of Literature, Dial. 1.

THE late Mrs. Radcliffe, who died on the 1st of March last, was the wife of W. Radcliffe, Esq. barrister-at-law, and late proprietor and editor of the English Chronicle newspaper. She was known and admired by the world as the able and ingenious authoress of some of the best romances that have ever appeared in the English language; and which, to the honour of the country, have been translated into every European tongue, and read every where with enthusiasm. Her first work was *Athlin and Dumbaine*, her second, *the Romance of the Forest*, and her third the *Sicilian Romance*, which established her fame as an elegant and original writer. Her next production, published in 1793, was the famous *Mysteries of Udolpho*, for which the Robinson's gave her 1000*l.* and were well repaid for their speculation, the work being universally sought for, and many large editions rapidly sold. Having been incorporated by Mrs. Barbauld into her edition of the British Novelists, and being, in that or other forms, in every library, it would be superfluous, in this place, to enlarge on its transcendant merits. Hyper-criticism alone can detect faults in it. The denouement is not considered by many persons as a justification of the high colouring of the previous narrative; but it was Mrs. Radcliffe's object to show how superstitious feelings could feed on circumstances easily explained by the ordinary course of nature. This object she attained, though it disappoints the votaries of superstition, and, in some degree, irritates the expectations of philosophy. Be this as it may, taken as a whole, it is one of the most extraordinary compositions in that species of literature.

In 1794, Mrs. Radcliffe gave to the world a Narrative of her Travels in France, Germany, and Italy; but, in describing mat-

ters of fact, her writings were not equally favored. Some years after, Cadell and Davies gave her 1500*l.* for her *Italians*, which, though generally read, did not increase her reputation. The anonymous criticisms which appeared upon this work, the imitations of her style and manner by various literary adventurers, the publication of some other novels under a name slightly varied for the purpose of imposing on the public, and the flippant use of the term 'Radcliffe school,' by scribblers of all classes, tended altogether to disgust her with the world, and create a depression of spirits, which led for many years, in a considerable degree to seclude her from society. It is understood that she had written other works, which, on these accounts, she withheld from publication, in spite of the solicitations of her friends, and of tempting offers made her by various publishers. Her loss of spirits was followed by ill health; and the only solace of her latter years was the unwearied attentions of an affectionate husband, whose good intelligence enabled him to appreciate her extraordinary worth. The situation in which they resided, during the last ten years, is one of the most cheerful round the metropolis; and here, under a gradual decay of her mental and bodily powers, this intellectual ornament of her sex expired on the 1st day of March in the 62d year of her age. In person, Mrs. Radcliffe was of diminutive size; and, during the prime of her life, when she mixed in company, her conversation was vivacious, and unalloyed by pedantic formality.

If the merit of fictitious narratives may be estimated by their power of pleasing, Mrs. Radcliffe's romances will be entitled to rank highly in the scale of literary excellence. The works of this ingenious writer not only possess, in common with many other productions of the same class, the agreeable qualities of correctness of sentiment and elegance of style, but are also distinguished by a rich vein of invention, which supplies an endless variety of incidents to fill the imagination of the reader; by an admirable ingenuity of contrivance to awaken his curiosity, and to bind him in the chains of suspense; and by a vigour of conception and a delicacy of feeling which are capable of producing the strongest sympathetic emotions, whether of pity or terror. Both these passions are excited in her *Mysteries of Udolpho*, but chiefly the latter; and we admire the enchanting power with which the author at her pleasure seizes and detains them. Without introducing into her narratives any thing really supernatural, Mrs. Radcliffe contrived to produce as powerful an effect as if the invisible world had been obedient to her magic spell; and the reader experiences in perfection the strange luxury of artificial terror, without being obliged for a moment to hoodwink his reason, or to yield to the weakness of superstitious cruelty. Her characters are drawn with uncommon distinctness, propriety, and boldness; and her descriptions are rich, glowing,

and varied. They discover a vigorous imagination, and an uncommon command of language, and many of them would furnish admirable subjects for the pencil of the painter.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A VOYAGE TO CALCUTTA.

TO OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

THE recollection of former scenes is always delightful, unless they have been stamped upon the memory by misfortune, and remind us too forcibly of "faults and follies unretrieved." But even under these circumstances the remembrance of the past is not altogether divested of pleasure. The traveller, undoubtedly possesses a greater store of the images of other times, than those, whose theatre of action, has been confined to one community, and a repetition of similar occurrences. I can recal none of my youthful ideas and feelings, more pleasant than those which attended my first absence from home. Perhaps I may thus account for my wandering disposition, and the dread with which I have regarded every scheme of business, which would give me a home, and fix me there.

It was at a time of life, when the disposition to travel is strongest, that I was tempted to make a voyage to India. Hitherto I had never been more than a hundred miles from my native place; never separated from the society of my friends. But I was now to experience a situation entirely new, to gaze on the novelties of a peculiar people, and a distant land, and to witness the wonders of the mighty deep. The first impressions which we receive in a new situation, are generally the strongest, and most durable. I shall never forget the first night that I spent in the cabin of a ship. We had cast anchor so far down the Delaware bay, that we expected, on the following morning, to leave our pilot, and commit ourselves to the vast ocean, to be for months, unblessed with the sight of land, and to remain in utter ignorance of the affairs of the world. It was a cold and boisterous night in December, and the north-western wind howled among our lofty masts, and complicated rigging, with such *squally* irregularity, as to produce quite enough of that ingredient of the sublime, called a sense of danger. The captain and the pilot held a consultation upon the expediency of striking the upper masts, and thus at the very outset was I supplied with some illustration of the instant danger which hangs over the mariner; but it was trifling in comparison with that which I was taught to expect. It is impossible to unravel the train of causes and circumstances, which dispose the mind to serious reflection, upon subjects which

had been previously neglected as unimportant. When I reflected that I had to encounter the accidents common to human nature, and some of a peculiarly dangerous cast, for a whole year, a thousand duties which I had left unperformed, crowded upon me. I might never return to attend to them; but this idea never entered into my calculations, when I prepared for my departure. I believe my "Cape-letter" by the pilot contained more items than lines.

Before we had crossed the Gulph stream, we met with a storm from the N. E. which was peculiarly embarrassing on account of the current of the sea setting in an opposite direction, a circumstance that mariners exceedingly dislike. I viewed with some anxiety the increasing magnitude, and impetuosity of the waves as the rising winds obliged us from time to time, to take in a sail, and at length reduced us to two only, and those close reefed. I staid on the deck, clinging to some of the ropes by which I was surrounded in order to enjoy the sight of a storm at sea. The show was half over before I became reconciled to the sudden evolutions of the ship. It was here that we first "shipped a sea," or in other words, suffered an immense wave to break over us.

There is no accident at sea better calculated to strike terror in those who witness it for the first time. Imagine an immense billow rolling towards you with impetuous violence; its foaming summit bending forward, and breaking down its steep front till it meets with the labouring vessel, over which it hurls an irresistible mass of water. The ship trembles with the concussion, and cracks as if in the act of being rent asunder; while the inundation of the deck leaves you for some moments in doubt whether she has resisted the shock, or is in the act of settling forever in the deep. We felt the effects of this accident during the rest of our voyage; our bulwarks were carried away so as to expose the deck to a continual spray, and the ship leaked so much as to render frequent pumping necessary to our safety.

In a few days we got clear of that dread and detestation of mariners,—the Gulph stream,—and experienced more pleasant weather as we receded farther from land. We now amused ourselves with harpooning the dolphins, which frequently played around the ship, or chased the little flying fish whose double advantage of flying and swimming, was not sufficient to preserve them from the voracity of the swifter dolphin. I had a great curiosity to see a whale; accordingly, one morning as I lay in my bed, I was hailed from the deck by the captain, who saw the spouting of one, as he thought, to windward. I saw indeed a considerable agitation of the water, but the spray flew round in a circular direction, and immediately we beheld with astonishment a long conical point depending from the clouds, and rapidly extending to the surface of the sea. From the zenith to

the horizon, the sky was darkened by thick clouds, and the wind was divided into fitful gusts. The dreadful *water-spout* approached nearer and nearer, and filled us with terror. Destruction seemed inevitable if our ship should be drawn into the vortex of the whirlwind. Our guns were mustered, and never did enemies at close quarters load and fire with more anxious zeal than we did, until with inexpressible joy, we beheld the dissolution of the awful phenomenon. Never did I behold a sight so grand, so awful, and in every respect so sublime, as the appearance of the heavens, and the face of the waters at this moment. The clouds seemed to dip into the sea and imbue it with their own blackness; the very winds rested and came at intervals in sudden gusts; while the tremendous column, curving downwards almost directly over our heads, seemed to command the admiration of the elements.

We proceeded without further adventure, to the precincts of the equinoxial line. There had been much monotony in our voyage so far, excepting the varieties occasioned by the storm and the waterspout. But in the equinoxial regions, fancy is ever at play.

Gentle zephyrs wafted us along over an undulating ocean whose broad and smoothly rolling billows seemed but the basis of those waves which had escaped from some distant storm, and left all their terrors on the way. Here frequent calms displayed to us the glassy surface of the silent sea, far as the eye could reach, unruffled by the slightest breath of air, and perfect as a mirror, save where the *fishing-gull* darted upon his prey, and broke the continuous surface. As the evening advanced, tinging the light clouds with every imaginable hue, we lay along the deck, and enjoyed the transcendent beauties of the atmosphere. We were in a new world; we had left the angry regions of the north, whose tumultuous blasts invade not the tranquillity of equatorial seas. Here we were amused by the shoals of flying-fish which rise from the water at the approach of their enemy, the dolphin; many of them fall on board the ship. The dolphin singling out his victim, may be seen gliding with the celerity of an arrow near the surface of the water, ready to seize his prey as he falls, or sometimes leaping from the water to arrest him in his flight.

It is no uncommon occurrence for a partial current of air to find its way over a tract of ocean in sight of a becalmed ship. Indeed, I have seen, when becalmed on the line, three vessels displaying their canvass at the same time, to as many breezes from different points of the compass. These light airs, gently ruffling and enlivening the dilatory swell of the ocean are termed *cats'-paws*. They produce an agreeable variety upon the monotonous surface of a calm sea, and, with some assistance from fancy, produce all the most pleasing features of a landscape. The sea immediately

around the ship, perfectly becalmed, resembles a level lawn. A little beyond, appears a furrowed field, with all the rocks and gullies which produce the picturesque ; narrow intervals amidst this ruffled surface untouched by the breeze, appear like full streams which slowly glide through the harmonious scene ; while some rising clouds, lifting their edges above the horizon, complete the landscape by their resemblance to distant mountains, forests, and romantic rocks. But the scene soon changes ; and distant clouds darken the Heavens, while thick mists obscure the air. Heavy rains descend, and the ship trembles beneath tremendous thunder : such is the fickleness of the weather in the neighbourhood of the Equator. The perfect calmness of the day, promises the sailor a night of uninterrupted repose. But the departure of the sun, suffers the mists of the atmosphere to condense, while

“ From cloud to cloud the red’ning lightnings rage ;

’Till in the furious elemental war

Dissolv’d, the whole precipitated mass

Unbroken floods and solid torrents pour.”

We had on board five or six men and boys who had never crossed the line, or, to speak technically, had never hailed “ Old Nep,” and these were to be formally introduced to his marine godship, after due preparation by washing, shaving, and a confession of their faith. But this ceremony has been described so often that I need not dwell upon it in this place. Soon after this we *took the trade winds* and bade adieu to the regions of calms and thunder storms. In a few days we passed through them and stretched far into the southern hemisphere where every thing seemed to wear a different aspect. The “ glare of the sky as the sun set at eve” was generally different from that which we had heretofore seen. Perhaps this difference between the atmospheric phenomena of different latitudes may be accounted for by the greater remoteness of one part than another from land. Our course hitherto had lain between two great continents, but now we were at a great distance from either. We invariably experienced more or less change in the weather as we arrived in the neighbourhood of an island. The winds were more squally and inconstant and the atmosphere less serene.

I wish some philosopher would account for the circumstance of the planets being visible in these regions during the day. I have seen the planet Venus when I was about to take the altitude of the sun at meridian.*

Having made our way through the calms and variable winds which prevail for a few degrees between the trades and the region of west winds, beyond the limits of the trade wind, to the

* Our correspondent docs not seem to be aware that this has been seen in Philadelphia. O. O.

42nd degree of south latitude, we fell in with a strong wind from the westward in the expectation of which we had stretched so far to the south. The wind freshened so much, however, that we almost feared we should verify the saying of "Killing with kindness."

We flew directly on our proper course before this breeze at the rate of two hundred miles in 24 hours, sometimes more, until we came in sight of the remote island of St Pauls, somewhere about the 80th degree of east longitude.

Here, from the long continuance of the wind, the waves had acquired an astonishing magnitude and proportionate velocity; but their regularity rendered them not only safe but pleasant and useful, unlike the confused or cross seas rolling together from different quarters or partially broken by a change in the direction of the wind which had raised them. Far as the eye could reach, the immense ridges of water extended like ranges of mountains with broad vales between, and the grandeur of the scene was frequently augmented by the tops of the overgrown billows breaking and dashing down their sides in momentary cataracts. In scudding before the wind, when the stern of the ship was lifted by the coming sea and she was beginning to glide into the trough before her, we could often see the top of a wave over the yard, as we stood on the quarter-deck. It was fortunate for us, heavily laden as we were, that the direction of these immense billows coincided with our own, otherwise we could not have availed ourselves of the use of these continual prosperous winds; as it was, indeed, we were constantly inundated by the massy waters which dashed over every obstacle in their impetuous career.

The sparkling of the sea, when interrupted, produces a beautiful appearance at night. The bank of water which the bow of the ship rolls forward may aptly be compared to a bank of diamonds glittering with great brilliancy. The course of a fish may be seen at night at a considerable depth, by the stream of light caused by his motion through the water. But the sparkling of the broken wave is seen to the greatest advantage, during a storm at night when all around, above, and below, is wrapped in utter darkness. Then the proud curling wave is the only object which the eye can catch: its phosphorescence is momentary, but frequently repeated.

One night when we were in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope, the whole sea appeared illuminated with a dull light like that transmitted by roughened glass. The captain fearing that he was in shoal water sounded with 100 fathoms line, but found no bottom.

By the time we had proceeded as far eastward as we desired to be, the wind had in some measure abated; and when we had escaped from the tumultuous regions of the south into the

calmer tropical seas, the relief we experienced resembled that of a calm evening succeeding the terrors of a stormy day.

Our long passage from St. Paul's to the Bay of Bengal was rather tedious and barren of incident. I cannot however pass over the splendour of the evening skies in the Indian Ocean. On this immense tract of sea, the currents of the wind, uninterrupted by the proximity of land, seldom meet in contrary course to mingle angry clouds and raise the storm. The light clouds of evening are spread in the horizon like the unruffled streams to catch the glories of the setting sun. Scarcely an evening passed without a display of the most highly-coloured and brilliant scenery in the air. My memory will long retain a picture of this kind, the most extensive and magnificent that I ever beheld. Thin strata of vapours were spread over the western horizon, extending to the zenith and widely spreading to the north and south, but separated towards the west as if the sun had cut his path through their insubstantial substance, and now, as but half his disk was visible on the golden wave, the approximating edges of the clouds were tinged with a metallic brilliancy, like melted gold and silver, intolerable to the eye, while the light masses of cloud still farther from the sun caught the slanting beams and reflected them with a gradually diminishing lustre until the golden glitter was lost in the splendid iridescent tints succeeding each other as in the prismatic spectrum even to the zenith, yet blended into each other with indescribable harmony. I gazed in wonder at a profusion of splendour which seemed to wrap the Heavens in a flame.

Our long and tedious voyage now appeared to be at an end as we advanced up the Bay of Bengal. We here fell in with an English ship, a few days out from the port to which we were steering, and rejoiced in the feeling that there were yet other human creatures in the world from which we had been so long insulated. The supercargo and myself took advantage of this opportunity to write to our friends at home; even by the circuitous route of England. We boarded our "neighbour" in a small boat and remained while we wrote our letters. By the time that we had ended our visit the ships had drifted nearly eight miles asunder, and the roll of the sea had considerably increased, which indicated approaching wind. I never felt so insignificant as on this occasion, on the open sea in a little boat which rose and sunk and rolled about in such submissive obedience to each petty wavelet, as if it were perfectly incapable of any thing like resistance. I imagined something of the horror which must possess those who are constrained to commit themselves to such a flimsy vehicle with no friendly ship in sight to afford an asylum from the approaching storm. Being so near the surface of the water our prospect was frequently bounded, when we descended into the "trough of the sea" by the water surrounding

us like a funnel and perhaps no where more than ten or twelve yards from us: yet the novelty of the situation was not unpleasing.

A few days afterwards, while we were discussing the probable continuance of our voyage over a bottle of madeira, sick of the sea and wearied with perpetual motion, we heard the electrifying shout of "LAND!" We ran upon deck. A blue, irregular streak occupied a considerable part of the monotonous horizon which had so long fatigued our eyes. In a few hours we descried the white sands of Orissa, unsheltered by the least sign of vegetation and glowing beneath a fervid sun. A pagoda, too, the first object peculiar to the country, that we had seen, soon after became visible. We were indeed in India, and my eyes thoughtlessly wandered along the beach in search of elephants and tygers. A peculiar smell is always perceived on first approaching the land of India. Our first anxiety was to procure a pilot without whom it is extremely dangerous to approach the land about the northern parts of the Bay of Bengal, on account of the shallowness of the water at great distances from shore and the hidden banks of sands and shells. We were obliged again to turn our backs to the land and cruize in the offing until another sun should assist us to descry the welcome sail of a pilot brig. On this evening we experienced one of those hot breezes common to the coasts of India. The wind arose very suddenly but did not blow with violence. The air was so hot as to render respiration difficult. I found considerable relief in the cabin where the cool air had not yet been displaced by the breeze from the burning sands of the coast. These hot breezes, we were informed, are generally the precursors of the dreadful "tiffon," the destroyer of many a gallant barque. Our thermometer was raised, in ten minutes from 84° to $97\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr. It continued to rise, but I confine the observation to a limited time to show the very remarkable change in the temperature of the air.

The first evening that we lay in this river seemed an era in my existence. As we approached our anchorage ground, the trees, which had yet formed but a shapeless fringe on the horizon, became more and more developed and at length the smaller herbage was distinctly visible. More than four months had elapsed since we had been blessed with such a view of the unequivocal *terra firma*; every feature of nature seemed harmonised into a smile. The full moon rose ere twilight had ceased to glimmer in the west. I climbed to the top of the mast to feast my eyes on the landscape. I could neither eat nor sleep, but sate on deck all night, charmed with the beautiful scene which was rendered highly romantic by the gleam from the distant light-house, the cries of the curlew and howlings of innumerable jackals that trooped along the shore in quest of prey.

Along the course of the Hoogly, the land on either side pre-
 AUGUST, 1823.—NO. 256. 19

sented an uninterrupted plane, thickly covered with trees and bushes, and occasionally diversified by a few cultivated rice fields, and small lakes of water. Not a hillock was to be seen. Here and there small villages of the natives were scattered on the bank of the river. Their huts are generally constructed of canes, and plaistered with clay or covered with broad palm leaves. Here might be seen the indolent Hindu sitting in the shade of the beautiful cocoa grove, enjoying his nut-shell pipe or interrupting the silence of the evening with his rude lute and tomtom, and presenting a picture of primitive simplicity and happiness which one might almost envy! I could have exclaimed to one of these "gentle Heathens" in the language of Virgil: "*Tityre, tu patulæ recumbans sub tegmine fagi, sylvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena:*"—did I not fear that if there had been, a muse within hearing, she would have cursed his impertinent discord. I was told that the Bengalese resign the palm of superiority to the Europeans in all departments of art and science except music; in which they appear to me to be miserably deficient.—But who loves not,

"————— the native strain,
Which first awak'd the ear to music's charm?"

A few days brought us to the ancient city of Calcutta. For several miles below the town, the shore of the river is beautifully improved and decorated with splendid buildings, round which the graceful mango and thick groves of cocoa trees cast the most inviting shade, and tempted the palate by their luxuriant fruit. This bank is appropriately termed the "Garden Reach."

I cannot express my sensations at landing in the crowded city of Calcutta. The men and manners, language and costume, style of building; every thing was so different from what I had heretofore seen, that a thousand curious fancies crowded at once upon my brain. The fairy scenes of the Arabian tales which amused "my youthful fancy" recurred, as if their truth were corroborated by the objects around me. The splendid piles of oriental architecture, represented the enchanted palaces. The Armenians, with high peaked hats and singular costume, continually reminded me of the magicians of ancient story—while crowds of the tawny coloured natives, some almost naked, and others covered by light and graceful folds of fine muslin, diversified the ever-varying scene.

Palanquins were in waiting to bear us to our destined residence; for so excessive is the heat of this climate, in summer, that no persons are found in the streets, on foot, whose circumstances can afford the luxury of a palanquin. The servility of such offices as palanquin-bearers is not only novel, but, general-

ly, disgusting to those Americans who are not familiar with such scenes at home.

The excessive heat of the summer, in Calcutta, unalleviated either by wind or rain, confines the Europeans and other strangers from more temperate regions, to their houses throughout the middle of the day. Towards evening, the public walks become crowded by ladies and gentlemen; and the numerous groupes of people, in the graceful Asiatic costume, may be seen in different parts of the city, walking on the tops of the houses, and forming an interesting and singular scene. The Esplanade, the most beautiful and fashionable promenade, extends along the bank of the river, from the southern boundary of the city, to Fort William. It is about half a mile in length, and shaded by several rows of trees. The fort itself is the most admirable monument of human skill and industry that I saw in this country. It mounts about 1000 guns, and its high walls with deep moats between, seem to bid defiance to invasion. The buildings within, are very neatly constructed, and disposed in regular rows. The beautiful grass-plots, gravelled walks, and long alcoves of shady trees produce a charming effect, which is enlivened and heightened by the numerous parties of visitors, displaying all the rich varieties of European dress, and the more graceful costume of the East; while a stream of rich and imposing melody proceeds from a large band of musicians, blending every object, as it were, and every feeling, into its own harmonious strain.

Music, as in all warm climates, is a popular amusement in Calcutta. Throughout the day, the ear is harassed by the ceaseless din of a crowded population of nearly a million of people, busily employed in a thousand occupations. At night, the streets are perfectly deserted. The deep silence itself is grateful; but how charming the interruption of music whose chords are softened by distance! Towards midnight, more discordant sounds occasionally break upon the ear;—the yells of jackals are heard in various parts of the city, or the mournful notes of the curlew, “to the moon complaining.”

But to the wakeful invalid, the long silence of night is intolerable; and I heard with joy the cannon of the fort announce the break of day, and awaken from their sleep the innumerable birds of prey,* who, immediately at the signal, fill the air with their reiterated screams.

Calcutta, is the best place in the world for lazy people, and those who are fond of all manner of luxury. On account of the great numbers and poverty of the lower classes, or *caste*, service is very cheap. Every gentleman, who wishes to support even a

* The police of Calcutta protects these birds from injury—they are the only scavengers of the city.

decent appearance, is obliged to employ a number of servants—at least a dozen, including his palanquin-bearers. The most expensive of these, his valet, costs about 2 dols. 50 cts. per month. The Hindu religion gives to each man a definite profession, which he may not change for another. They are extremely punctilious in the observance of their duty, that none may intrude within the province of another's profession. This gives rise to frequent vexations among strangers, who have not become accustomed to the peculiar practices of the place. Your valet, for example, who will brush your coat, would *lose his cast* if he condescended to use the shoe-brush. The Bramins are the highest in rank and consequently cannot be guilty of any act that would look like servility. The larger merchants belong to this cast, and if one of them, with whom you may do business, has to deliver a piece of writing, he will not hand it directly to you, but place it on a table within your reach, or call a servant to hand it to you. I have sometimes teased the old Sarcar, Chattejyr, who was remarkably punctilious, by snatching a note from his hand, before he could drop it upon the table. The natives of Calcutta, especially the higher orders, are generally very well formed. I have seen among them some of the most excellent models of the human face and figure. They are a very inoffensive people and seldom resort to blows, even in self-defence. I once witnessed a quarrel, in which the belligerents pawed at each other like children, until one of them received a gentle slap from the open hand of his antagonist, and the battle was immediately terminated by the precipitate flight of the unfortunate party. They are, as we might expect from the heat of their climate, and exclusively vegetable diet, an effeminate people.

It is amusing to observe the mechanics at their work. By a very wise policy, they avoid as far as possible, the use of machinery, which would reduce the number of workmen. As an example of the effects of this system, I will merely mention, that I have seen three men employed in boring a hole through a board, and their awkward instrument would be unmanageable by fewer hands. Nor is it less amusing, to see three or four of these shadows of men, combining their powers to move a plank, that an American, or northern European, might carry under his arm.

Such is the love of architecture in Calcutta, that even the burial grounds of the Europeans, are objects of admiration, from the great number of splendid monuments, which they contain, and the curious diversity of taste exhibited in them. Large piles and pyramids of marble, or plastered brick-work, confine the visiter to narrow walks, as he studies the sculptured designs indicative of the profession, and the departed honours of the stranger, who here terminated his earthly career.

On a serene morning in July, I took advantage of an early

tide, to visit Serampore, and the country seat of the marquis of Hastings. The banks of the river above the city, are much higher than any we saw below, and thickly covered with under-wood. We saw several Hindu temples, whose white walls were beautifully relieved by the deep shade of the cocoa and mango groves. They were situated immediately on the banks of the river, with steps leading down into the water. At these places, as well as in the river at Calcutta, the natives may be seen every morning, paying their devotions to the 'Sacred Stream.' They wade into the water, and, after a general ablution, utter a prayer with their faces turned towards the East. Some of them, I have observed, turn alternately to the four cardinal points, utter a prayer at each, over a vessel of water, which they dip from the river. Being accidentally detained on the river all night, and our time being limited, we only arrived at Serampore about the time that we had calculated to leave it, to take advantage of the tide in our excursion. Consequently, I saw no more of this town, than that it is situated on a high bank, and contains some splendid buildings.

We saw at a village, called Kedjeeree, an itinerant mechanic, employed in making fishing-hooks of iron. The excessive merriment which he excited in our company, may excuse me for describing this uncouth phenomenon. He was seated in the street, in the position common to his countrymen, *i. e.*—on his heels, with his ears and knees in contact, holding a T anvil in his toes, and industriously beating a thin strip of ragged iron, in the faith that it would in the process of time, become a fish-hook. On his ears, were hung long strings of hooks and rings, his stock in trade, and specimens of his skill. He held an old file between his teeth, and a budget of indescribable trumpery, under his arm. He occasionally cast towards us a glance of exultation, as we stood around him, incapable of withholding our laughter, which was in no degree restrained, by his interpretation of it, as an unequivocal compliment to his skill. He only beat the quicker, and we laughed the louder.

Having been but three days arisen from my bed, to which I had been for several weeks confined by "the fever," my exposure during the night, on the river, without either bed or blanket, rendered me incapable of improving the hour which we spent at Serampore, in collecting materials for the description of this interesting place. We proceeded to Barakpore, the country seat of the Governor-General.

We landed on an extensive lawn, bordered towards the river, by an irregular row of large trees, and extending about a half a mile in each direction. Nicely gravelled walks wandered in every direction among the tufts of almond trees that beautified this fairy spot, and innumerable birds of the most beautiful, and to us, singular plumage, were chirping around. Among them, we

saw a species resembling the dove, with the exception of its breast, which was of a bright green, and shone with metallic lustre.

At this place there is an extensive menagerie and aviary, and we were gratified with a sight of some of the largest royal Tygers, the black Tyger of Java (a beast of the most wicked and inveterate physiognomy,) and, in short, almost every kind of animal common to India, had here a representative. The menagerie consists of a row of dens, about thirty feet square, with grated doors opening into a long piazza, where the animals are sometimes suffered to promenade for the benefit of fresh air. The aviary contains a great variety of birds, who almost stunned us by their heterogeneous and incessant noise—surely, the Governor does not keep them for the sake of their music!

At the spring tides a curious phenomenon appears in the Hoogly river. The current being opposed by the points of land at the turns of the river an accumulation of water takes place which is reflected towards the opposite shore and rushes with tremendous noise up the river; the water breaking and rolling forward like a tumbling dam. To an observer, situated on the shore towards which the *boor* or *bohur* is advancing, the water beyond the ridge appears to be higher than that before it, forming a step; the natural tendency of the fluid to find its level produces the most magnificent effect. The roar of this bank of water may be heard a great distance and is the first notice of the approach of the flood tide. The *boor* may probably owe its origin to the velocity of the current in the Hoogly river. At the time when the tide in the sea is at its lowest ebb, the current of the river is still flowing and the tide in the sea may rise somewhat above the level of the river, before it can overcome the momentum of its stream and drive it back in a flood tide. When the sea does thus overcome the current of the river, it must enter with great velocity, and meeting with any obstacles in its course, such as the opposing banks at a turn in the course of the river, a considerable accumulation of water must immediately take place and be reflected with violence towards the opposite shore. Hence the *boor* only appears where the channel of the river deviates considerably from a direct line.

When we left Calcutta, the S. West Monsoon was blowing, pouring deluges of rain upon the hitherto dry and parched land. Its violence was only equalled by the thunder, which made the very earth tremble.

The cause of the reverberation of thunder, has been a subject of considerable debate. Some have ascribed it to the echo arising from the inequalities of the surface of the earth. But unfortunately for this theory, the loudest thunder is not heard in mountainous districts, but at sea and on extensive planes. Major Long, in his late Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, observed this circumstance in the vast prairies of the west, and I have been astonish-

ed at the tremendous peals and reverberations of thunder on the ocean and in the flat country of Bengal. This is perfectly consistent with the known laws of electricity as exemplified by the machine. This fluid we know will escape from or be attracted to, a surface, more or less readily, as the surface approaches to a point or a plane. Now we may suppose that all projecting points, the tops of hills for example, in an atmosphere charged with electricity are continually inviting, if I may use the term, discharges of this fluid, as well from the cause which I have mentioned, as from the circumstance of their proximity to the excited clouds. Hence, such great accumulations of the electric matter do not take place in mountainous regions as where there is an expanded plane (or segment of a very large sphere), presenting no objects to excite partial discharges from the air. I believe then that the greater violence of thunder in such situations arises from the greater quantity of electricity accumulated and discharged. The reverberation of the sound may arise from the oscillation of which elastic bodies, whether solid or fluid, are capable, when their quiescent state is suddenly interrupted by a power which is not equally and simultaneously applied to every part.

We left Calcutta to beat out of the Bay of Bengal against the *S. W.* monsoon which was then blowing violently. We were somewhat discouraged by meeting with several vessels which were returning to Calcutta, having found it impracticable to continue their voyage. One, I remember, was so injured in the attempt to get clear of the sand-heads as to be condemned on her return to Calcutta as unfit for sea.

We were for twenty-eight tedious days, during which we seldom saw the face of the sun, buffeting our way against the squally monsoon, until we got completely out of the Bay of Bengal and directed our course towards the Cape of Good Hope, when we expected another exemplification of Juno's vengeance upon Eneas—nor were we disappointed.—We were here compelled by severe head winds and unreasonable waves, for two days, to '*heave to.*' This was the first time that we had been obliged to have recourse to this measure of convenience and safety. I was amused and gratified to observe how easily we lay, amidst the storm, which, as long as we carried sail, dashed over us its angry waves with reiterated threats of destruction.

Taking advantage of a milder breeze, we made our escape round the far famed Cape in sight of the '*Table Mountain,*' and the trade-wind then filling all our sails, we bounded merrily towards home. A few days brought us in sight of St. Helena where Napoleon Bonaparte was then imprisoned.—He had been from home longer than we who were returning on the wings of a prosperous gale.—I could not refuse him my pity while I acknowledged the justice of his fate.—

FOR THE FORT FOLIO.

LOGAN, A FAMILY HISTORY. In 2 vols: Philad. 1822.
SEVENTY-SIX. By the Author of LOGAN. In 2 vols.
Baltimore, 1823.

THESE are truly what the immortal bard would denominate

TALES,
Told by an IDIOT; * full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing!—

The most expert reviewer in Mr. Jeffery's garret could not find a dozen words in the whole compass of the English language, so well fitted to describe the four volumes on our table. They are among the most ridiculous tissues of froth and fustian, combined with something that is much more censurable, which have attracted our attention since the appearance of Ogilvie's *Philosophical Essays*. In reading these tales we are alternately provoked to laughter by an absurdity, disgusted by vulgarity or shocked at the profane exclamations of the several interlocutors. We shall not undertake to substantiate the whole of this opinion by quotations, because many of the passages ought never to have been committed to paper; but a few sentences, which may be selected without offence to the reader, will enable him to decide between us and the author, who, in one of his crudities, has gravely declared that he believes he "could contribute to the reputation of his country." Battle of Nigara, p. xxi.

* The author seems to have had some suspicion that his book might bring such an imputation upon him, as may be inferred from a note in "Logan," vol. i. p. 179; where he says "*This* is not the raving of a madman." The first word is italicised, seemingly for the purpose of declaring more emphatically that although all the rest of the book might be regarded as no better than the ravings of bedlam, yet that this particular passage is the effusion of a lucid interval.

There is another misgiving in the preface to "Seventy-Six," where the author says that some of the persons to whom "Logan" has been attributed "are mad—stark, staring mad: nay one of them," he adds, "is actually under confinement, while I am writing, in the Pennsylvania hospital."

The writer has here unintentionally furnished information which may bring him into trouble, as the following relation may show:

A few years ago, the worthy managers of the institution just mentioned, procured a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* to ascertain the sanity of a person who called himself, at one time, JERU O'CATAMACT, and at another, GEORGE C. PERCIVAL; who having taken it into his head that he was a poet, went about reciting his rhapsodies, to the great annoyance of the good people of this Commonwealth.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
He raved, recited,—maddened round the land.—POPE.

He once advertised that he would recite one of his productions at the Washington Hall, and sent two of his tickets to Mr. Oldschool, but that wary old gentleman declined the invitation:

All fly to TWIT'SAM, and, in humble strain,
Apply to him, to keep them mad or vain.

Laughable as this opinion is, the modest writer has found a Reviewer to keep him in countenance. Cotemporary criticism has seriously saluted him with the title of the GREAT AMERICAN UNKNOWN; has placed him on the same pedestal with the *Great Unknown* of Edinburgh; has pronounced that "the sterling merit of these works, promises to give them a permanent, we might almost say an eternal existence—an existence at least as durable as the human mind."

The mind of the author is said, by the same sapient critic, to be "omnipotent in energy, exhaustless in its combinations, grand in its sentiments, sublime in its conceptions, opulent in its fancy, and capable of rocking creation by its daring, and making the throne of Omnipotence to totter on its base!"

Among the miracles recorded in these potent tomes, there is one related by a Colonel, which surpasses all that ever flitted in the imagination of Mendez Pinto, and is worthy of a place in the pages of the immortal Munchausen.

"I saw him, said he, when the bullet struck his heart; he was at full speed. Yet he kept on, for a whole minute, and went completely through two divisions of the broad-sword, as I am a living man, before he fell: the saddle turned, and the horse broke away from under him—the saddle-cloth shot to ribbons, and dripping with blood.

Seventy-Six, Vol. 2, p. 167.

Here follows a very coarse joke, which might pass in the stable where it is represented to have originated, but which is singularly out of place, where it is repeated; whether we consider the speaker or his auditors. In the following pages, we have a striking illustration of this writer's ideas on the subject of female delicacy, in the "beautiful propriety" of the conversation between Lucia and Ellen's husband. This Lucia, the model of

The officers repaired to the spot, at the hour appointed. But the room was in darkness; no madman was there, and Mr. Renshaw could throw no light upon the subject. Old *Surgo ut Proxim* was applied to for information, but he said that the poet in his "rapt phrenzy," had forgotten to pay for advertising and he knew nothing of him. The next that was heard of the stroller was that he had been seen in a "Portico" in Baltimore, "uttering Greek incantations to call fools into a circle." But upon inquiry in that renowned city, no one could give any tidings of mad Jehu, and the "Portico" was said to have been removed to Philadelphia, which was certainly a mistake, as we can vouch that *it never was heard of in this city*.

The officers, keen-scented as they are, were now completely at fault. Jehu drove so furiously that he fairly outstripped them. They were afraid to return without him. "What would Mrs. Grundy say?" thought they as they pondered on the writ. Time was, they said, when a man's brains were out, there was an end of him; but there is no end of this peripatetic poet. In this predicament, they picked up a spruce little dandy, from Charleston; a pretended son of Apollo, who was found declaiming in the streets against Lord Byron for always stealing his ideas. They tied his hands behind him with pink ribbands, put him into a scented band-box and conveyed him to the Hospital, where he now raves about "Blue Beard" and murders "Richard the Third," to the vast amusement of the inmates of that Institution.

beautiful propriety," whose charms were such, that her lover vows, though he were "blind and deaf," he "should have heard her and seen her, forever and ever," (ii. p. 173.) on receiving a written proposal of marriage, thus replies to it:

"Archibald—I thank God that I have lived to hear the proposal; to see it in black and white. I should never have believed it else." *ib.* p. 186.

When the reader is informed that Archibald is the same man who saw the sergeant going through the broad-sword exercise, after a bullet had penetrated his heart, he will agree with us that the incredulity of the lady was at least reasonable, whatever may be said of her politeness. The whole of her letter is a specimen of "beautiful propriety," altogether unequalled.

The wedding-scene, p. 129, in the same work, is too long to be copied, but we cannot resist the temptation of indulging our readers with a part of it.

Mary and Ellen are about to be married to Arthur and Copely. While the former of these ladies takes her place before the minister, the latter is asked if she is ready:

"Not quite," said the incorrigible girl, "these plaguy gloves," tearing her hand through one of them, with a petulant vivacity, that could not conceal her emotion.

"You tremble," said Copely, tenderly.

"Pho, pho—no! there, deuce take the glove! I'll be married without mittens."

"Don't be frightened," said Copely, soothingly, and really distressed at her vivacity, for her lips trembled incessantly, and her eyes ran over, when ever she shut them.

Frightened! who's frightened? you must have been dining out man. Hush! the deed is doing. The incantation—Lord, how cold I feel!

Hush, yourself, you pestilent little baggage.

But she would not let him proceed. The clergyman had just come to the word obey; and Mary had just pronounced it, with a deep, sweet emphasis.

"Ellen pointed at her. 'Do you believe,' said she, loud enough to be heard by all of us; 'do you believe that I am going to tell that *lie!*—*obey!*—*I obey!*—whom!—you! no. I shan't promise any such thing.'

"I'll make you," said Copely.

"How?"

"Choke you?"

"How?"

"With kisses,"

"Faugh!"

"Come," said Mr. Arnauld, "come, Colonel, it is your time now."

Copely stepped forward, and would have taken her beautiful hand; but her distress was getting too evident to be concealed.

"Lord, what a fumbler!" she cried, shaking from head to foot and pale as death.

"There's a dreadful ringing in my ears," said Copely, softly, as the clergyman moved to his place.

"There *will* be, if you don't hold your tongue," said Ellen, raising her hand.

"How bright your eyes are, Nell!"

"I'll tell you what it is, Chester Copely," said she, looking him up in the face, while her colour came and went, like flashes of fire over alabaster, for a moment; "you will break my heart if you are not more serious."

His countenance fell instantly; his eyelids quivered; and he held her hand

to his lips. But not a word did they hear—not a word I am sure; for, when the clergyman paused for a response, she looked up, as if starting from a trance, in the prettiest confusion imaginable.

'Love, honour, and obey,' said the parson.

'Love, honour, and, (glancing maliciously at Copely,)—ahem—O—O—'

'Love, honour, and obey,' repeated the clergyman, seriously and emphatically.

She hitched forward her pretty shoulder pettishly; and Copely began to prepare his lips for the threat, by wiping them with his cuff.

'Obey! obey! obey!' cried the mad girl, rising on tip-toe, and laughing faintly as if her very heart were breaking.

The ceremony was over; and Copely was about to offer the salutation of love, when the clergyman put in his claim.

'Stop, Sir,' said Copely gravely; 'that woman is my wife, now. I will have no man—and no minister, the last of all men, profaning her lips, now!'

We all stood thunderstruck. Vol. ii. pp. 129—130.

No wonder. As to the lady—"it was a minute or two before she could speak"—for the indignant husband talks of *strangling* the poor priest—but when she did, "it was only to say: 'you frightened me sadly, Chester—I thought of Blue Beard—the wolf, in Little Red Riding Hood,' " &c.

Washington is introduced among the heroes of this "prodigious" performance, but he is "confoundedly puzzled," we learn, by certain movements of Sir William Howe; while Archibald's "sinews were strung to snapping," (pp. 21, 22.) and his mare, not to be outdone by her rider, "stood upright."! p. 25.

The author takes care to inform us that his heroes and heroines are all of "high fashion," and distinguished by their "stylishness;" but when they are brought upon the stage, to speak and act for themselves, they appear to be exceedingly vulgar people, who have borrowed their language from Swift's *Polite Conversation*. The men swear like troopers before the ladies, and indulge in the lowest ribaldry; while the ladies in return call them "elegant fellows." Ellen "a beautiful little creature, with hair the colour of raw silk, very light blue eyes," a "roguish little face," &c. talks of the house "getting too hot to hold us all." In walking with her lover, she expostulated "all the way, as fast as her tongue could run, and scolded him for his military stride." "The devil, himself, cannot keep the step with you," said she. On another occasion, having made a mistake in addressing a gentleman, our female readers must admire the manner in which she is extricated from what some of them might consider as an embarrassing predicament:

"Not Arthur Rodman," she cried, turning deadly pale—"pray, (recovering herself and curtsying,) "who the devil are you?" Vol. I. p. 189.

Of such a lady we can read without surprize that "she kicked up her heels and was skipping off to the room in front, when she suddenly stopped, shook her finger at us, and leaned forward,"

&c. Sometimes she is represented as "snapping her fingers," &c.

Colonel Clinton, who is meant to be a hero of the highest order,—who is always "standing erect,"—with "a noble countenance,"—"a haughty lip," which, when *speaking* of Washington, is "all eloquent with deep and *unutterable* reverence," is very indignant at a rumour that Gen. Lee is to take the chief command. "I know him well"—says the Colonel—"and *between you and me*, if they make him general of the American armies, I will make him a head shorter, on that day *before* he sleeps."—"We looked at him," says the narrator,—"*the flashing of his eyes; the lordly swelling of his chest; and not one of us, questioned, for a moment, I will venture my life on it, that he would not have been as good as his word!*"

Archibald is another hero, with "sublime eyes," and all that. He is under an impression that he has been supplanted in the affections of Lucia by Clinton, and being about to depart for the camp, he takes his leave of her in the presence of his rival. He tells her she does not know what she has lost in preferring another to him; and he sobs most affectingly as he dwells upon his disappointment. Whereupon the colonel begins to be apprehensive of the consequences of this melting tenderness, but Archibald suddenly addresses him, in the following appalling words:

"Clinton, by G—! I will not be interrupted, (striking the hilt of his sword) and if you interfere again, man as you are, tall as you are, I will bring your forehead to the dust." p. 120.

"Clinton retreated a pace or two, tapped the hilt of his sabre, with his fingers—and smiled—damn him, I could hardly keep my own sword in its sheath." p. 120.

That the reader may have some idea of the exquisite *propriety* of this scene, it may be necessary to inform him that Lucia was dotingly attached, at this very time, to Archibald, and entertained, for a very sufficient cause, the most cordial detestation of the other swaggerer. What that cause was, we dare not attempt to explain, but leave the disgusting relation where the author has placed it. It is of such a character, however, that the lady assures the colonel she "dare not look in the glass;" but she is not entirely bereft of that solace, for she "sometimes catches a glimpse of her haggard face in—the furniture!"

Well might such a female be ashamed to behold her features; but what shall we say of the polluted mind which conceived this loathsome picture of depravity? How can the writer imagine that any decent person will allow a book to remain in his library which abounds, as these volumes do, in gross and needless violations of decorum? Yet we have seen it gravely asserted in a daily paper,—in this city,—that in these pages nothing will be found to call a blush upon the cheek of modesty, or some such phrase. We shall not moot this point with an Editor *whom no*

*one will even name,**—but shall content ourselves with observing that the cheeks to which *he* is accustomed must have lost the power of changing their hue, if many pages in these paltry performances do not make them tingle.

LORD BYRON.—DON JUAN.

THE career of this nobleman, as a poet and a man, has been alike singular, although on the latter we shall, for the present, forbear to enlarge. In the year 1807, he first appeared before the public, as the author of "Hours of Idleness; a Series of Poems, original and translated. By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor." This juvenile production gave at least as flattering promises of future excellence, as is usually to be found in the first production of a youthful poet; yet, for some reason or another, at which we never could form a nearer guess than that its author was an Englishman, a young man, and a lord, the wise men of the north,—a phrase, courteous reader, by which we doubt not that you will be aware of an intention to designate those gigantic critics, the Edinburgh Reviewers,—thought proper to wreak upon it their direst vengeance. "The poesy of this young lord," they told the public, whose oracle they assumed to be, "belongs to that class which neither gods nor men are said to permit." "His effusions," they go on to add, "are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water." Poems "without even one thought;" "hobbling stanzas;" "things and other things called translations;"—these are a few of the laudatory epithets of a critique, concluding with this very witty and complimentary conceit, "again we say, let us be thankful; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth." In a previous part of that choice and very curious article, after having most obligingly assured his lordship, that nothing but a regard to the saying of Dr. Johnson that "when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged," could induce them to give his poems a place in their review, they bestow on him their friendly counsel, that "he do forewith abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account." To that advice his lordship did not think proper to attend, but at once astounded the world, and confounded his critics, by publishing the "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers," a poem as caustic in its satire, as nervous in its language, and as merciless in its ven-

* We should have said more truly that the person alluded to in the text is not named among Christians; there is a humorous Jew who sometimes *spits upon his gaberdine* and calls him by ludicrous nicknames, which seem to smart like a Burgundy plaister, seasoned with Spanish flies.

geance, as any that the English language then had, or yet has, produced. To that indignant philippic the reviewers vouchsafed not to reply: a still severer one was threatened, and they were silent, until the appearance of the two first cantos of Childe Harold afforded an opportunity which they eagerly embraced, of soothing the irritated bard. The lordling was now a lord, a peer of parliament, and worse and worse, a most decided Whig, a fact of which his reviewers had previously been ignorant, and which they learnt but when it was too late to repair the grievous mistake into which they had been led. Now light burst in upon them; the film was removed from the prophetic eye and he who could neither write poetry for gods nor men, now wrote verses all worthy of the gods. Scott only could come near him, and even Scott was his inferior. His "lines without a single thought," suddenly, and as by magic, expanded into, poetry, "full of considerable power, spirit, and originality," giving promise of future excellence, say these infallible judges of literary excellence, and of poetical talent, "to which it is quite comfortable to look forward." Overpowered by the beauty of prospect which met the enraptured gaze of the seers, on their second peep into futurity,—and second sight is unerring in a Gael,—when they came as critics to pronounce again upon the poetical career of the minor lord, his defects were converted into excellences, and, as did the sprites, and fays, and elves, at the crowing of the cock, so, at the lash of his unsparing satire, did lord Byron's tamenesses and hobblings; lines without a thought, and things without a name, vanish into air. His irreligious opinions were merely, "not more orthodox than his political;" his "speaking without any respect of priests, and creeds, and dogmas, of all descriptions," such "sentiments" as the reviewers would have "thought not likely to attain popularity in the present temper of the country;" and his "doubting very freely of the immortality of the soul, and other points as fundamental," but of "the disadvantages under which this poem lays claim to the public favour," which, notwithstanding this little demerit, if demerit it may indeed be called, they very confidently bespeak on its behalf. Nor ends the marvellous revolution here; for in the poems of the noble Lord, whose effusions they resembled but to dead flats and stagnant pools, they now every where discovered "a singular freedom of thought and expression;" thought before, it will be recollected, he had none; "a great force and felicity of diction, the more pleasing that it does not appear to be the result of long labour or humble imitation; a plain manliness and strength of manner infinitely refreshing, after the sickly affectations of so many modern writers, and reconciling" these candid, gentle, willing to be delighted writers, "to the asperity into which it sometimes degenerates, and even in some degree to the unamiableness upon which it constantly borders." But even this was

not enough for the amend-honourable, we will not call it, for neither in its French or English occupation, can the term honourable be applied to any thing so dastardly, so crouching, and so mean,—as in the excess of their newly inspired admiration, the inoffensive beings doubt whether there is not even “something piquant in the very novelty and singularity of that cast of misanthropy and universal scorn” which they could not but reckon as “among the repulsive features of the composition.” From the year 1812, when this extraordinary, and, we would fain hope, unique recantation, for such it is in substance, if not in form, was published, down to the present time, the Edinburgh Reviewers, have been amongst the staunchest of lord Byron’s admirers, the most shameless palliators of the grossly immoral and irreligious tendency of his productions; though on both these points the Quarterly has not left them far behind. A smile has, indeed, been occasionally excited upon our countenances by the awkward attempts of the latter to reconcile its avowed respect for the laws and established religions of the country, with that gentle and most tempered measure of censure upon lord Byron for his daring contempt of them, and of all that is good, which was necessary to secure the continued imprint of “John Murray, Albemarle street,” to the very saleable productions of so irascible a being.

His lordship, in one of his wayward fits, for which, in charity, we hope that he is not at all times accountable, determined to put the compliance of his publisher and his critics, to a severer test, by sending over to the former the two first cantos of *Don Juan*, a poem which, in spite of all his remonstrances, and we have reason to believe they were urgent and repeated, Mr. Murray was compelled to purchase and to print, or to hand its titled author over to some other publisher, to make as much of the thousand after thousand copies of his works, as notwithstanding all his liberality in purchasing the copy-right,—and no bookseller, we are persuaded, has more,—he had done of those which he published. The temptation certainly was strong, the loss actual and incidental; in case of an obstinate refusal, great and certain; the long hesitating publisher yielded to the licentious bard, but he had grace enough left not to put his name upon the title-page of a work, of which, we honestly believe, that he was thoroughly ashamed. Thus did the publisher of the Quarterly act in this emergence; but how acted its editor—how did the Edinburgh Reviewers, as guardians of the public taste and morals, proceed? To their disgrace, their lasting discredit, be it spoken, they deserted the post of duty; afraid of speaking what they thought, lest lord Byron in the one case, should be offended, or Mr. Murray injured, in the other, by what they said. Several years have rolled by since the first appearance of this most disgraceful production; and both the leading journals of the day have in the interim, bestowed their usually abundant meed of

praise upon subsequent productions of his lordship's pen, without the most distant allusion to this objectional poem. We tread not, however, in their steps; for with infinitely humbler talents, we trust that we are actuated by far better principles, and, therefore, fearless alike of lord Byron, of his mercenary or self-interested critics, and of the whole host of his indiscriminate admirers, we advance boldly to a charge infinitely more easy to substantiate than to *meet*. Don Juan, the hero of his lordship's tale, is as complete a rake, as entire a sensualist, as the world ever saw, or the prurient imagination of the most abandoned writer ever formed or could form, in its wildest fits. Yet his debaucheries are not enough to satisfy the depraved taste of lord Byron, but he must e'en paint the father and mother nearly as bad as their hopeful son, and introduce them in his poems, for the mere purpose of making them the vehicles of conveying to the world the poison of his own immoral principles, and his irreligious sentiments; with here and there a hit or two at his deserted and injured wife, too plain and palpable for any one to mistake, however his lordship may have found it convenient to insinuate, rather than to put upon record, an evasive detail of the application. This dastardly conduct must disgust every one who has had the misfortune to read through the five cantos of this most—objectionable and nondescript production. Silly and incidentally are these blows usually struck; and subtly, most subtly, is the poison of which we have spoken, instilled into the minds of youthful readers, the likeliest to be injured by it, and the least likely to beware of the danger to which they are exposed, where the object of the author seems but the raising of a smile at a ludicrous association of ideas, when, in fact, it is to level the distinction between virtue and vice—between the evil and the good. Few are the proofs of this assertion,—few, indeed, the extracts from this poem, of any description, which we, in justice to our readers or ourselves, can admit into our pages; but even to the titled profligate before us, justice must not be denied, and that he may have it, we will transcribe the following sneer at that character, on which, above all others, save that of the Christian, from which, in the female sex, this cannot be severed, the happiness of life depends—a virtuous and a modest woman; a race, of which, could his lordship's wishes and principles prevail, even a specimen would not, we are persuaded, be found amongst us.

“In short, she was a walking calculation,
 Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,
 Or Mrs. Trimmers books on education,
 Or “*Cœlebs' Wife*” set out in quest of lovers;
 Morality's prim, personification,
 In which not envy's self a flaw discovers,
 To others' share let “*female errors fall*,”
 For she had not e'en one—the worst of all.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—
 Of any modern female saints comparison;
 So far above the cunning powers of hell,
 Her guardian angel had given up his garrison;
 E'en her minutest notions went as well
 As those of the best time-piece made by Harrison:
 In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
 Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!
 Perfect she was; but as perfection is
 Insipid in this naughty world of ours,"

But we will not continue the ribaldry, which finishes with an infidel sarcasm on the innocence of Paradise, expressed in an indecent wonder. We wonder not at *his* wonder, who, for the mere sake of ridiculing the Bible, and bringing in, as far as the wit which he has perverted to his destruction, and would do to that of others, can do it;—religion into contempt, could impiously write and print, two such lines as these:

"'Tis strange—the Hebrew noun which means 'I am,'
 The English always use to govern d—n."

Of the use of one of these words, as well as the other, thus strangely, and we will add blasphemously, united, for the jingle of a rhyme, and the pointing of a jest of the person, too, and the thing, which in Scripture they denote—if he repents not heartily of having written these lines, as we fervently hope he may—his lordship may hereafter have a more accurate knowledge than he now possesses, or chooses to avow, and will assuredly have it to his cost.

In the plot of this celebrated poem; and in the filling up an outline so boldly imagined, in outrage of all morality and decency, to say nothing of religion, his lordship has evinced a contempt of every thing that is correct and decorous in society—a fertility of imagination and licentiousness of expression in all that is the reverse—a grovelling delight in whatever is vicious and impure—a hatred of all that is good, forming, we would hope, a part of the privilege of the British peerage, as we do not recollect to have met with any thing approaching to it since the days of the profligate and abandoned Rochester, whom, if he pursues his present infatuated career, we would warn lord Byron that he may hereafter equal in infamy, as he now excels him in talent. He could set the table in a roar; he could poison the public mind, and debauch its taste, with his libidinous jests, and his indecent tales; be like his brother lord, could laugh at priests, and revile the oracles of the living God—but a time came, and happy was it for him that it did come, in which he saw the error, the vice, and the folly of his ways, and, in the bitterness of his soul, cursed the days and the years which he had devoted to them. His covert commendation of the religion of Lucretius, the obscenity of Juvenal and Martial; his envying the transgressions

of Augustine to sneer at his confessions; his blasphemous use of the name of the Most High, and his daring and contumelious jestings with his word; his bold reviling and bolder taunts, at all religion, and denial even of a future state, and the resurrection of the dead; his profane applications of Scripture, and profaner parodies upon it; his impure double entendres, and hints, and sudden omissions, worse almost than any expression could be; his ridicule of chastity and conjugal fidelity; his open justification of adultery and lasciviousness, or his artful palliation of them as mere peccadillos; his subtle underminings of the foundation of female virtue; his contempt for all reformation and repentance; vices which we fearlessly charge even upon the first canto of his licentious poem, will, at all events, have treasured up for lord Byron ample food for the bitterest remorse of conscience, if conscience here should be permitted, in mercy, to do its work;—or, it may be of the most dreadful, and yet unavailing torments of a death-bed, when the envied, yet the truly pitiable being, amply furnished with all the blessings that this world could afford, and above all, richly endowed, beyond most of his fellows, with intellectual gifts of the sublimest order, at thirty confesses that he “has spent his life, both interest and principal,” long, perhaps, before he has attained the sixty years to which he seems to look forward,—to avail ourselves of one of his own lines, with the single exception of an oath, or expletive in the nature of one,—

“Will find a dreadful balance with the devil.”

MY BIRTH-DAY.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

“My birth-day,” what a different sound
 That word had in my youthful ears!
 And how, each time the day comes round
 Less and less white its mark appears!
 When first our scanty years are told
 It seems like pastime to grow old;
 And, as youth counts the shining links,
 That time around him binds so fast,
 Pleas'd with the task, he little thinks
 How hard that chain will press at last.
 Vain was the man, and false as vain,
 Who said “were he ordain'd to run
 His long career of life again,
 He would do all that he *had* done.”—

Ah, 'tis not thus the voice, that dwells
 In sober birth-days, speaks to me ;
 Far otherwise—of time it tells,
 Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly—
 Of counsel mock'd—of talents, made
 Haply for high and pure designs,
 But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
 Upon unholy, earthly shrines—
 Of nursing many a wrong desire—
 Of wandering after love too far ;
 And taking every meteor fire,
 That cross'd my path-way, for his star !
 All this it tells, and, could I trace
 Th' imperfect picture o'er again
 With pow'r to add, retouch, efface
 The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
 How little of the past would stay !—
 How quickly all should melt away—
 All—but that freedom of the mind,
 Which hath been more than wealth to me ;
 Those friendships, in my boyhood twin'd,
 And kept till now unchangingly ;
 And that dear home, that saving ark,
 Where love's true light at last I've found,
 Cheering within, when all grows dark,
 And comfortless, and stormy round !

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The following curious article is translated from a late number of the *Revue Encyclopedique* :—

“An account of Experiments on Animal Magnetism, made at the Hotel Dieu of Paris, during the Months of October, November, and December, 1820 ; by J. Dupotet, Student of Medicine, Paris, 1821.

If the experiments of Mr. Dupotet may be relied on ; if Mr. Husson, physician of the Hotel Dieu, has really witnessed the facts, stated in the report ; if the thirty physicians, who have signed the report, have not been the dupes of illusion ; if, finally, we are to credit authentic certificates, the great question of the existence and efficacy of animal magnetism is decided ; the commissaries of the King, who reported in 1784, were mistaken, and Mesmer should be placed among those men of genius whom their contemporaries have despised and persecuted.

On the 20th October, 1820, Dr. Rozen had occasion to speak, at

the Hotel-Dieu, during the visit of Dr. Husson, of a magnetic cure, an account of which had been sent to the society of practical medicine, at Paris, by Mr. Desprez, a distinguished physician. He informed his associates, that a cure of nervous sciatica, which had resisted all the usual remedies, had been cured in a short time by animal magnetism. The physicians, and students who were present, requested permission of Dr. Husson to try the effect of this novel remedy, on some patients who were considered incurable. He consented, and a young girl afflicted with hysterics, and spasmodic vomiting, which nothing could allay, was intrusted to Mr. Dupotet, the magnetiser. From the first day on which she was magnetised, the vomiting ceased; and after a course of the most accurate, ingenious, and careful experiments, the physicians were convinced, that the magnetic influence was real, curative, and entirely independent of the imagination.

Among the many curious facts related in this pamphlet, we have particularly remarked the experiments made on a girl named Samson, and two other individuals, who, during the magnetic sleep, appeared to be in a state of complete insensibility. Mr. Recamier shouted in the ears of the girl violently, pushed and punched her, without producing the least sign of sensibility. Surprised at this phenomenon, he determined to push his experiments to the furthest extent, and in the sittings of the 6th and 8th of January 1821, he placed burning moss on the thigh of one of the men, and on the stomach of the other; in the one case, the burn produced was seventeen lines in length, and eleven in width, and in the other, fifteen lines in length, and nine in width; neither of these patients exhibited the least sign of sensibility, either by cries, motion, or variation of the pulse. Among the witnesses were Messrs. Robouam, Gibert, Lapeyre, Bergeret, Carquet, Crequei, Trouche, all physicians.

I acknowledge, that I cannot conceive why Dr. Husson, who has not feared to relate these experiments to his class, in the presence of a hundred and fifty physicians, has not yet addressed a memoir on this subject, to the Academy of Sciences. He certainly must know that if experiments of this nature are not given to the world, many ages may elapse before public opinion is fixed on this important subject.

SONG.

Tune—"Fly not yet."

ONCE again thy lover prays,
 That thou those gentle notes would'st raise,
 Which seem, as from thy harp they rise,
 Like sounds seraphic from the skies
 When angels wake the string.

'Twas but for them and thee my love,
 Harmonious sounds were made to move.
 For them and thee melodious measure
 Pours its soul subduing treasure.

Once more, once more,
 Notes, like thine I ne'er again
 Shall hear, dear maid, and oh 'tis pain
 To find them cease to ring.

Once again ! the lyre that hung
 O'er Memnon's tomb, forever rung,
 When, fled the dusky glooms of night,
 The morning beamed its ruddy light,
 And flashed upon the lyre.
 And thus since doubt's dark cloud has fled,
 And hope beams brightly in its stead,
 Oh, while our hearts its flame confessing,
 Own the pleasing painful blessing,
 Once more, once more,
 Strike the notes that lull to rest
 The anxious passions of the breast,
 And quench their raging fire.

THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

1. *The Edinburgh Review.*

In the middle of the last century the *Monthly Review* was at the head of periodical literature in Great Britain. The proprietor gave three guineas a sheet (16 pages) to his contributors. It outlived the *Critical*, because the latter gave but two guineas, and therefore it received only what had been rejected by the *Monthly*. The Magazines in general paid but two; but the old *European* under Perry's Editorship, nearly forty years ago, paid three. The ancient *Monthly*—of which Dr. Priestly furnished the plan—paid five; but Phillips undid his authors by his small type and by his compressed and closely printed pages. The *Edinburgh Review* gave, at its commencement ten guineas, and it is said to give more now; the *Quarterly* followed at fifteen, but its favoured contributors are said to receive a much larger sum. *Blackwood's* and the *London Magazines* give from ten to twenty guineas, and the *New-Monthly*, pays as liberally, considering the manner in which it is printed. Sir Richard Phillips will give ten guineas for a first rate article; but he inserts such scanty morsels at a time, that it is quite wearisome to have any thing to do with him. No Magazine, that pays at all, gives now less

than five guineas, and Proprietors find that to pay liberally is the only way to insure an extensive circulation, and its corresponding profits. That this liberality should have a very powerful effect upon the contents of these miscellanies is a natural consequence of the practice.

The *Edinburgh Review* was instituted in 1802 by a society of young whigs in that city; though the honour of its projection is generally given to the Rev. Sidney Smith. Mr. Jeffery, the present Editor, and Mr. Brougham, were the first who agreed to unite their voluntary labours with his, and to try the experiment for a twelvemonth. Their ostensible object was to rescue criticism from the state of degradation into which it had gradually sunk, and to give the world, what for many years it had not seen, a fair, but at the same time, a bold and impartial review of such works as appeared to merit public attention. Having fully matured their plans, they commenced their operations, and the first number of the Review came forth to startle and astonish the savans of London and Edinburgh. Its success surpassed their most sanguine expectations; the work took with the public and soon became a most profitable adventure. The projectors now extended their views, and obtained the active concurrence of Professors Playfair and Leslie; and, though all their applications were by no means successful, several names of great respectability were added to their muster-roll, and among others those of Mr. Malthus, and Mr. Horner. The celebrated Dr. Wolcot, (*Peter Pindar*,) is also said to have furnished an article on the Fine Arts; and Mr. Bloomfield, and Mr. Walpole, of Cambridge, and Mr. R. P. Knight, were enlisted to supply the deficiency of classical writers on the north side of the Tweed. The last of these gentlemen is the Reviewer of *the Oxford Strabo*; an article which excited great attention at the time. Such was their poverty, however, with respect to classic authors, that some very curious anecdotes are related to prove the awkward shifts to which they have been reduced; and a Scottish nobleman once actually begged for Mr. Jeffery an article on Dr. Clark's Greek Marbles, which was written for the *Quarterly Review*, and rejected by Mr. Gifford, even after it was printed, as unworthy of that publication!

Had they confined their labours to mere literary censure, they might have still retained the good opinion of many. But they would not be contented with a sphere so circumscribed, and they mingled with their criticism the most rancorous political maliciousness. They extended the circulation of their Review by so doing it is true; and they also procured for it the aid of the most celebrated characters of the Whig Party both in England and Scotland; and however wealthy such individuals might be, they were given to understand they must condescend to receive a price for their communications: a condition, probably, not

very generally or violently opposed. The novelty of the plan of the work,—of which the most cutting severity formed a very conspicuous characteristic, together with the consummate ability displayed in the composition of the articles, attracted universal notice; and in the course of a very short time the new Review became not only the decided oracle of the whigs and their disciples, but was celebrated no less for the extent of its views, than for the boldness with which those views were tenaciously maintained. Antecedent to its appearance there existed no publication so well conducted or on so large and liberal a scale. The other Reviews were contracted in their designs, and either despicably devoted to the adulation of the great and powerful, or as outrageously addicted to their abuse. The *Edinburgh Review*, at first, maintained a bold, straight forward, and independent course; espousing the cause of the people and vindicating their rights with a hearty manliness which left little doubt of its sincerity. In common honesty we must give the Devil his due. We have said thus much of the *Edinburgh*, because we think it *has* deserved, and we could well wish that it deserved it still. But, alas! it did not long maintain either its consistency or its impartiality. Of late years much of its pristine vigour and critical acumen have been superceded by unmeaning sophistry, and arrogant bathos; “*Gaudet monstris mentisque tumultu* ;” and it has been transformed into an arena, where the supporters of a most inconsistent and illiberal party gambol, and exhibit themselves in a variety of odd and unseemly attitudes. Its indecent sneers at all religious institutions, and even at religion itself, have certainly cautioned all good and honest men from relying upon its destructive and deceitful doctrines; while they rendered perfectly just and true its comparison with—

“ The wily serpent strong,
Which scatters venom through the nation long,
Striving Religion's gold links to undo ;
Doing Liberty and Reason wrong
Praising the rabble herd and scoffing crew ;
And in the days of danger, darkness, death,
Darkening with borrowed shade, the nation's troubled path !”

That the reader may see there is ample foundation for this assertion, a quotation of two passages may suffice :—“ We shall leave it,” say they, “ to others to decide, whether the taste of that critic be very good, who prefers the harp of the Jews to the lyre of the Greeks; and who plucks the laurel from the brow of Homer to place it on the head of good King David !” p. 99.—“ We do not,” they say elsewhere, “ know the designs of the Creator in the construction of the Universe, or the ultimate destination of man. The idea of its being our duty to co-operate with the designs of Providence, we think the most impious presumption !” p. 418-19. But it is one consolation to know, that

most of the deadly poison now dealt forth by the *Edinburgh Review* is perfectly innocuous, because its hollowness and deceit are so apparent that "he who runs may read." It must be a terrible vexation to Jeffery, and the Rev. Sidney Smith, and Hazlitt, if he is still permitted to scribble there, to see how their pious and benevolent labours are despised and ridiculed,—how that fiat which formerly went forth with all "the pomp and circumstance" of a despot's mandate, is now laughed at by all, and feared by none. But the Review is in its dotage, and has totally outlived all that honest and hearty vigour which it displayed of yore, and much as we could have wished that its course had been more honourable, we cannot help rejoicing at the prospect of the fast approaching dissolution of the blue and yellow scarecrow.

(to be continued.)

BLUSHES.

THERE is a blush, a coyish blush,
 When kindred hearts together meet ;
 It rises in a gentle flush,
 When soft the youth is seen to greet.

There is a blush, a crimson blush,
 In lonely hall or quiet grove,
 When, seeking vain her thoughts to crush,
 The melting maiden owns her love.

There is a blush, a transient blush,
 That on the æræph aspect glows,
 When at eve's mild and modest hush,
 The lover breathes his ardent vows.

There is a blush, a live-long blush,
 By smiling friends when urged and led :—
 It rises in a sudden gush,
 At Hymen's shrine when they are wed.

O ! may each blush the fair express,
 Who will be partner of my life ;—
 And soothe me in her fond caress,
 And screen me from this world of strife !

RONDEAU.

From the "Mysteries of Udolpho."

"THE last strain of distant music now died in air, for the gondola was far upon the waves, and the party determined to have music of their own. The Count Morano, who sat next to Emily, and who had been observing her for some time in silence, snatched up a lute, and struck the chords with the finger of harmony herself, while his voice, a fine tenor, accompanied them in a rondeau full of tender sadness. To him, indeed, might have been applied that beautiful exhortation of an English poet, had it then existed :

—"Strike up, my masters,
But touch the strings with a religious softness !
'Teach sounds to languish through night's dull ear
Till melancholy starts from off her couch,
And carelessness grows concert of attention !"

With such powers of expression the Count sang the following :

Soft, as yonder silver ray, that sleeps
Upon the ocean's trembling tide ;
Soft as the air, that lightly sweeps
Yon sail, that swells in stately pride :

Soft as the surge's stealing note,
That dies along the distant shores,
Or warbled strain, that sinks remote—
So soft the sigh my bosom pours !

True as the wave to Cynthia's ray,
True as the vessel to the breeze,
True as the soul to music's sway,
Or music to Venitian seas :

Soft as yon silver beams that sleep
Upon the ocean's trembling breast ;
So soft, so true, fond love shall weep,
So soft, so true, with *thee* shall rest.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Antiquities of the Jews.—Carefully compiled from authentic sources, and their Customs Illustrated from modern travels. By William Brown, D. D. Minister of Eskdalemuir. To which is added, A Dissertation on the Hebrew Language, from Jennings' *Jewish Antiquities*. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. W. W. Woodward. 1823.

THE Bible is filled with allusions to customs and manners, peculiar to our *elder bretheren*, to whose custody it was originally committed. The study of these, therefore, is indispensable to all who wish to understand the weighty matters of the Sacred Book, and relish the beauties, considered merely in a literary

point of view, with which it is replete. The Scriptures seem to be now more generally read than they were at any former period; and the demand for explanatory works keeps pace with this awakened attention. We have scores of commentators; and no traveller, who visits the countries where the children of Israel once sojourned, neglects to notice what may throw new light upon the inspired volume. Mr. Brown has carefully explored the most valuable, as well as the most recent, works, from which he could derive any aid in his undertaking. He has brought together a vast and curious mass of information, in the perusal of which the Biblical student will find many a difficulty solved, and many an obscurity removed. Passages which have scarcely excited attention will be found to sparkle with metaphorical beauty. The philologist may augment his stores from the study of Jewish Antiquities, and the divine, may greatly relieve the aridness of theological disquisition, by an occasional digression on the manners of this once-favoured people. The sources of Biblical Archæology—after the Bible—are, ancient monuments; old coins; the works of Philo, Josephus and others, who were cotemporaries of the Apostles or wrote not long after their day; the Talmudical writings; certain ecclesiastical writers who lived in Syria and Arabia; and modern travellers who have visited the wandering Arabs, and the intinerant shepherds of Palestine, Egypt and the north of Africa. But how few of us have access to those books; and still smaller is the number of those who may walk under the triumphal arch of Titus, or meditate on the instability of earthly things amidst the ruins of Persepolis and Palmyra. If we cannot approach the fountain, we must be contented to draw from the stream. In this employment, the writer before us will furnish a safe and useful guide. It should be the aim of such a work as this to unite comprehension and brevity; the style should be perspicuous and simple; and above all, the greatest fidelity in searching and quoting authorities should be observed. These qualities appear to be combined in the book before us, and therefore we cheerfully recommend it as a valuable acquisition to the stock of theological literature.

It would be a curious subject of speculation to inquire how far the customs of former times have been preserved by the Hebrews of the present day.

ANECDOTE OF MORAUD; A FELON AT BOTANY BAY.

(From *Freycinet's Voyage Round the World.*)

[Our readers will no doubt recollect Cobbett's ingenious plan of *raising the wind* by means of forgery, on the Bank of England, under the pretence of promoting the cause of reform. The

following anecdote from a recent French voyager, relates to another patriot, and will show that the English Reformer is not entitled to the merit of originality for his notable scheme.]

“ I cannot resist the inclination of giving you an account of a Frenchman of the name of Moraud, whose son, a perfectly honest man, is now the possessor of a magnificent establishment at Sidney (Botany Bay,) and who cultivates in the interior an immense tract of land, acquired by the labour and economy of his father. This Moraud did not reproach himself with any crime: he was desirous, he says, of *becoming a partner in the Bank of England without advancing any money*; and he took a pleasure in boasting of his courage and address to all who went to see him. I cannot better make you acquainted with this original story, than by using his own language, which I extract from Peron’s voyage :

“ ‘ War had broken out,’ said Moraud, ‘ between Great Britain and France: the forces of the two nations were pitted against each other; but it appeared to me easier to destroy our rival by attacking its finances, than by force of arms. I resolved, therefore, *like a good patriot*, to take upon myself this ruin, and accomplish it in the heart of London itself. If I had succeeded, France would have erected altars to my memory: and on how little did it depend that I was not proclaimed the avenger of my country, instead of being treated as a felon!

“ Scarcely had I arrived in England, when I began my labours, and they succeeded beyond all expectation. Seconded in particular by an Irishman, not less able than myself, and who, *prompted like me, by a noble patriotism*, displayed still more eagerness for the ruin of England,—I was soon enabled to counterfeit bank-notes with such perfection, that we found it very difficult ourselves to distinguish those that issued from our presses, from the genuine notes. Already I exulted: all my arrangements were made for inundating England with the produce of our manufactory; I wanted only some particular information relative to the numbering; when my companion, whom I had hitherto regarded as *an honest man*, took it into his head to steal from our store a few of these notes, which still wanted some formalities, trifling it is true, but indispensable. He was taken up immediately: and, as he had not hesitated in one instance, to act *dishonourably*, on this occasion he did not scruple to behave like a *polltrou*. He made a full confession: I was taken up, and carried to prison with him. All our implements, all the produce of our manufactory was seized; and Great Britain was saved from the ruin I had prepared for her.

“ Evident as the proofs of our *project* were, I did not despair (thanks to the nature of the criminal laws of England,) of escaping death: but such were the weakness and terror of my

cursed *partner*, that I could not doubt of our mutual destruction, if I were to be confronted with this pusillanimous fellow, before a court of justice. To prevent my own fate, which could not have retarded his, *I resolved to prevail on him to rid me of himself*. Besides, as the author of our misfortune, it was but just that he should suffer the punishment of it. Accordingly I endeavoured to convince him in a very pathetic address, that, our death being inevitable, we had nothing to think of but the means of escaping the pain and ignominy : that, setting one mode of death against another, it was better to die like men of honour, than to perish by the hands of the hangman.

“The Irishman was moved, but not resolved : I then pointed out to him, that, if his own infamy did not affect him, he ought at least to spare his children the disgrace of finding themselves treated as *the offspring of a man that was hanged* ; and that, if he were unable to bequeath them wealth, he ought, by a generous sacrifice to save them from shame and disgrace.

“These last reflections inflamed the Irishman with a noble courage. We procured corrosive sublimate ; I pretended to take a dose ; he took one in reality, and died : and thus freed from this *imbecile rascal*, I escaped the gallows that awaited us both. I was let off for transportation to this colony, where I am condemned to pass the remainder of my days. The period of my sentence is expired : I carry on with advantage two of my original trades, those of a goldsmith and a watch maker. The two rascals, who work for me, triple my profits. In a few years, I shall be one of the richest land-holders in the settlement ; and already I should be one of the happiest, if I were not incessantly tormented with the regret of having so unfortunately miscarried in such an *honourable* undertaking, and seeing myself on this occasion considered as a vile criminal, even by those among you, my countrymen, who cannot be acquainted with the *noble principles* of my conduct, or who do not properly appreciate them.”

MR. DUVAL.

“Never, in speaking to any person say Mr. What-d’ye-call-him, or Mr. Thingumbob, but enquire his name and address him by it.”—Chesterfield.

THOUGH fashions, they say, seldom live to be ancient,
 In Mr. Duval they were found not so transient ;
 The date of his school you might read in his dress,
 But no modern could match him in strict *politesse* ;
 Not caring for substance, devoted to form,
 In feelings quite cold, but in etiquette warm,
 He held it an act of incredible shame,

To speak to a person unless by his name.
 One night, at a tavern, sitting much at his ease,
 As much as with form easy comfort agrees,
 He saw, at the fireside, a stranger display
 His back—coat upturn'd—just, you know a *l'Anglaise*.
 He ey'd him—would speak—but how hit on the plan?
 Long pond'ring at length he thus calmly began:
 "Will you favour me, pray with your name Sir?" said he;
 "My name" said the other, "why what's that to thee?"
 "Not much, I confess, but I gladly would know."—
 "Well *Thompson's* my name since you will have it so."
 "I thank you," said he, "that is all I desire—
 "The tail of your coat, Mr. Thompson's, on fire!"

 SONG.

Dramatic Morality.

WILLY SHAKESPEARE has left, as a lesson to men,
 That in all things there's good, if we view 'em but right,
 And though many the stage as an evil condemn,
 Yet we'll moralize that if you'll listen to night.
 When Prudence is manager, act what you please,
 While Discretion is prompter, applause you must gain;
 But whoever performs without license from these,
 A patent of Virtue can never obtain.
 For we all are but Actors, then let us take care,
 Every part to play well, for the merit lies there!

Old Time is the scene-shifter,—Wit writes the plays,
 All the World is the Audience, our merits to scan;
 Good, or bad reputation, that's censure or praise,
 Which attend on the Poet, the Actor, and Man!
 All the parts on the Stage too are subject to change,
 Now mournful, now merry, their actions appear;
 Thus through life Fortune's wheel ever turns as we range
 For we all are but Actors, &c.

The Comedy's Youth, and the After-piece Age,
 The time of Performance, while Life gives us breath;
 Till like Players worn out, we take leave of the Stage,
 Say, *farewell*,—and the curtain falls, lower'd by Death!
 Like the Epilogue's lines, is the end of our play,
 But if Virtue's performance has not been in vain;
 The applauses of friends keep our names from decay,
 And our lives, like Stock-pieces, are acted again.
 Thus as all are but Actors, &c.

ANECDOTE OF HUME, AND LADY W.

THE lady was partial to the philosopher, and the philosopher was partial to the lady. They once crossed the Frith from Kinghorn to Leith together, when a violent storm rendered the passengers apprehensive of a salt-water death; and her ladyship's terrors induced her to seek consolation from her friend, who, with infinite sang-froid, assured her "he thought there was great probability of their becoming food for the fishes;"—"And pray, my dear friend," said lady W—e, "which do you think they will eat first;"—"Those that are gluttons," replied the historian, "will undoubtedly fall foul of me; but the epicures will attack your ladyship."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ALBUM.—No. I.

JOHN SELDEN, the great English lawyer, expounds the compact between princes and people, by an illustration which every one must comprehend. He states the question thus:—"Whether may subjects take up arms against their prince?" and he answers it in these words:—"Conceive it thus: here lies a shilling between you and me; ten-pence of the shilling is yours, two-pence is mine, by agreement: I am as much king of my two-pence, as you of your ten-pence: if you therefore go about to take away my two-pence, I will defend it; for there you and I are equal, both princes."

"It is impossible," says Addison, "to read a page in Plato or Tully, and a thousand other ancient moralists, without being a greater, and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish French authors, or those of our own country, who are imitators and admirers of that nation, without being for some time out of humour with myself, and every thing about me. Their business is to depreciate human nature, and to consider it under the worst appearances; they give mean interpretations, and base motives to the worthiest actions. In short, they endeavour to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of man, and that of brutes." This was said, perhaps, with a more peculiar reference to the maxims of La Rochefoucault; but it is equally applicable to every blighting view of man, and to every impure history of the springs of human action; in short, to every theoretical error that touches the course of human conduct, or its fountain-head in human thought.

In the year 1598, a German professor of divinity, distorting some passage from Luther, maintained, "that philosophy was the mortal enemy of religion; that truth was divisible into two branches; the one *philosophical*, and the other *theological*; and that what was *true* in philosophy, was *false* in theology.

This fatal heresy, of opposing reason and revelation to each

other, was compared, by Mr. Locke, to an attempt “to persuade men to put out their eyes that they might the better receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.”

Of Hobbes, the great speculative subverter of moral distinctions, and the arch enemy of political freedom, Bishop Warburton remarks, that “he was the terror of the last age, as Tindal and Collins are of this: the press sweat with controversy, and every young churchman militant would try his arms in thundering on Hobbes’s steel-cap.”

SONG.

The following lines are addressed by an anonymous Poet, to a fickle Fair.

WHAT was our parting? *one wild kiss,*
How wild I may not say,
One long and breathless clasp, and then
As life were past away.
We parted,—I to weep o’er all
My young hearts’ great excess
Of passion, you to dream your love
Into forgetfulness.
What has our absence been? a long
And dreary while to me;
And must I feel—I dare not ask—
What it has been to thee?
How shall we meet on either side,
With heart so light as thine?
On yours it may be fond again,
It will be cold on mine!

TO A SET OF BAD FIDDLERS

MAY you never play in tune,
Either morning, night, or noon;
May you never, noon or night,
Know your left hand from your right.
May your strings be always breaking;
Pegs, I charge you ne’er unscrew,
May your heads be ever aching.—
Mine, ye knaves! you’ve split in two.

TO A FRIEND.—*Expressing a wish to travel.*

Dost thou, then, listening to the traveller’s tale,
Of mountainous wilds, and towns of ancient fame,
And spacious bays, and streams renowned of name,
That roll their plenty through the freshened vale;
Dost thou, then, long to voyage far away,

And visit other lands, that thou may'st view
 These varied scenes so beautiful and new ?
 Thou dost not know how sad it is to stray
 Amid a foreign land, thyself unknown,
 And, when o'erwearied with the toilsome day,
 To rest at eve and feel thyself alone.
 Delightful sure it is, at early morning;
 To see the sun-beam shine on scenes so fair,
 And when the eve, the mountain heights adorning,
 Sinks slow, empurpling the luxurious air.
 Pleasant it is at times like these to roam—
 But wouldst thou not at night, confined within
 Thy cold and comfortless and lonely inn,
 Remember with a sigh the joys of home ?

EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVING,

Prefixed to this Number.

THE picture prefixed to this Number of the Port Folio, represents the scene, in the *Pioneers* (vol. I. p. 14) in which Judge Templeton and young Edwards are contending for a deer at which both of them had just fired. The former is willing to pay for the animal, but he is ambitious of being considered a good sportsman.

"With how many shot did you load your gun?" demanded Edwards.

"With five, sir," said the Judge, gravely, a little struck with the other's manner;—"are they not enough to slay a buck like this?"

"One would do it; but" moving to the tree behind which he had appeared, "you know, Sir, you fired in this direction—here are four of the bullets in the tree."

The Judge examined the fresh marks in the rough bark of the pine, and, shaking his head, said, with a laugh—

"You are making out the case against yourself, my young advocate—where is the fifth?"

"Here," said the youth, throwing aside the rough over-coat that he wore, and exhibiting a hole in his under garment, through which large drops of blood were oozing.

"Good God!" exclaimed the Judge, with horror; "have I been trifling here about an empty distinction, and a fellow creature suffering from my hands without a murmur?"

The other persons introduced in this Illustration are Natty Bumpo and Elizabeth, the daughter of the Judge.

Several other scenes from this popular tale are in the hands of skilful engravers, for the embellishment of our Journal. A few copies without the book, may be had by those who wish to bind them in the original work.



PHILADELPHIA

Published by H. Hall 1823

... by a youth, who was of the same country with himsen, desired to see it, and was so much pleased with the attempt, that he put it into the hands of Aaron Hill, Mallet, and Young. With Thomson, further than in the subject, there is no coincidence. The manner is a caricature of Shakspeare's.

SEPTEMBER, 1823.—NO. 257 23

The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN ARMSTRONG.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, the son of a Scotch minister, was born in the parish of Castleton, in Roxburghshire. The date of his birth has not been ascertained, nor is any thing known concerning the earlier part of his education. The first we hear of it is, that he took a degree in medicine at Edinburgh, on the fourth of February, 1732; on which occasion he published his Thesis, as usual, and chose *De Tabe Purulenta* for the subject of it. A copy of a Latin letter, which he sent to Sir Hans Sloane with this essay, is said to be in the British Museum. In an advertisement prefixed to some verses which he calls imitations of Shakspeare, he informs the reader that the first of them was just finished when Thomson's *Winter* made its appearance. This was in 1726, when he was, he himself says, very young. Thomson having heard of this production by a youth, who was of the same country with himself, desired to see it, and was so much pleased with the attempt, that he put it into the hands of Aaron Hill, Mallet, and Young. With Thomson, further than in the subject, there is no coincidence. The manner is a caricature of Shakspeare's.

SEPTEMBER, 1823.—NO. 257 23

In 1735, we find him in London, publishing a humorous pamphlet, entitled *An Essay for abridging the Study of Physic*, which, though he did not profess himself the writer, Mr. Nichols says,* he can, on the best authority, assert to be his. In two years after he published a *Medical Essay*. This was soon followed by a licentious poem, which I have not seen, and the title of which I do not think it necessary to record.—While thus employed, it was not to be expected that he should rise to much eminence in his profession. The dying man does not willingly see by his couch one who has recently disgraced himself by an open act of profligacy. In January 1741, he solicited Dr. Birch to use his influence with Mead in recommending him to the appointment of Physician to the Forces which were then going to the West Indies. It does not appear that this application was successful; but in five years more, (February 1746,) he was nominated one of the Physicians to the Hospital for Invalid Soldiers behind Buckingham House; and in 1760, Physician to the Army in Germany. Meantime (in 1744) he had published his *Art of Preserving Health*, a didactic poem, that soon made its way to notice, and which, by the judiciousness of the precepts, might have tended to raise some opinion of his medical skill. At the beginning he addresses Mead:—

—— Beloved by all the graceful arts,
And long the favourite of the healing powers.

He had now become intimate with Thomson, to whose *Castle of Indolence* he contributed the three stanzas which conclude the first canto. One of the alterations made in them by Thomson is not for the better. He had written—

And here the gout, half tyger, half a snake,
Raged with a hundred teeth, a hundred stings:

which was changed to—

The sleepless gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings.

When Thomson was seized with the illness of which he died, Armstrong was one of those who were sent for to attend him.

* Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes*, Vol. ii, p. 307, &c.

In 1751, he published *Benevolence*, an Epistle to Eumenes; and in 1753, *Taste*, an Epistle to a Young Critic. In the next year he wrote the *Forced Marriage*, a tragedy, which Garrick did not think fitted for the stage. It was printed in 1770, with such of his other writings as he considered worthy of being collected. In this book, which he entitled *Miscellanies*, in two volumes, first appeared the second part of *Sketches or Essays on various Subjects*, by Launcelot Semple, Esq.; the former had been published in 1758. Wilkes was supposed to have contributed something to these lively trifles, which, under an air of impertinent levity, are sometimes marked by originality and discernment. His poem called *Day*, an epistle which he had addressed to Wilkes in 1761, was not admitted by the author to take its place among the rest. For the dispute which gave rise to this omission he was afterwards sorry; and in his last illness declared, that what he had got in the army he owed to the kindness of Wilkes; and that although he had been rash and hasty he still retained a due sense of gratitude. In attacking Wilkes, he contrived to exasperate Churchill also, who was not to be provoked with impunity, and who revenged himself in the *Journey*. In 1771, he published a *Short Ramble through some Parts of France and Italy*. In the neighbourhood of Leghorn he passed a fortnight with Smollett, to whom he was always tenderly attached. Of his book I regret the more that I cannot speak from my own knowledge, because the journey which it narrates is said to have been made in the society of Mr. Fuseli, with whom it is not easy to suppose that any one could have travelled without profiting by the elegance and learning of his companion. I have no better means of bringing my reader acquainted with some *Medical Essays* which he published in 1773; but from the manner in which they are spoken of in the *Biographical Dictionary*,* it is to be feared that they did not conduce to his reputation or advancement. He died in September, 1779, in consequence, as it is said, of a contusion which he received when he was getting into a carriage. His friends were surprized to find that he had laid by three thousand pounds, which had been saved chiefly out of his half-pay.

* Chalmers' *Biographical Dictionary*, vol. ii, p. 486.

Armstrong appears to have been good-natured and indolent, little versed in what is called the way of the world, and, with an eagerness of ostentation which looks like the result of mortified vanity, a despiser of the vulgar, whether found among the little or the great.

His *Art of Preserving Health* is the only production by which he is likely to be remembered. The theme which he has chosen is one, in which no man who lives long does not at some time or other feel an interest; and he has handled it with considerable skill. In the first Book, on Air, he has interwoven very pleasing descriptions both of particular places and of situations in general, with reference to the effects they may be supposed to have on health. The second, which treats of Diet, is necessarily less attractive, as the topic is less susceptible of ornament; yet in speaking of water, he has contrived to embellish it by some lines which are, perhaps, the finest in the poem.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
 Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
 I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
 By mortals else untrod. I hear the din
 Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
 With holy reverence I approach the rocks
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.
 Here from the desert, down the rumbling steep,
 First springs the Nile: here bursts the sounding Po
 In angry waves: Euphrates hence devolves
 A mighty flood to water half the East:
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
 The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
 What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades
 Enwrap these infant floods! Through every nerve
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round:
 And more gigantic still th' impending trees
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
 Are these the confines of another world?
 A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
 What unknown regions? If indeed beyond
 Aught habitable lies.

This has more majesty and more to fill the imagination, than the corresponding paragraph in Thomson's *Autumn*.

Say then where lurk the vast eternal springs, &c.—771.

Yet it is inferior in beauty to some verses in a Latin poem by a writer who is now living.

Quippe sub immensis terræ penetralibus altæ
Hiscunt in vastum tenebræ; magnarum ibi princeps
Labitur undarum Oceanus, quo patre liquoris
Omnigeni latices et mollis lentor aquai
Profluxere, nova nantes æstate superne
Aerii rores nebularum, et liquidus imber.
Fama est perpetuos illinc se erumpere fontes,
Florigerum Ladona, et lubrica vitra Selemni,
Crathidaque, imbriferamque Lycæis vallibus Hagno,
Et gelidam Panopin et Peirenen lacrymosam,
Illinc et rapido amnes fluere et mare magnum.

In the third book, he once more breathes freely, and in recounting the various kinds of exercise by which the human frame may be invigorated, his poetic faculty again finds room to play. Joseph Warton, in his *Essay on Pope*, has justly commended the *Episode on the Sweating Sickness*, with which it concludes. In the fourth and last, on the *Passions*, he seems to have grown weary of his task; for he has here less compression and less dignity.

His verse is much more compact than Thomson's, whom he resembles most in the turn of the expression; although he has aimed now and then, but with an ill-assured and timid hand, at a Miltonic boldness in the numbers or the phrase. When he takes occasion to speak of the river with which his remembrances in early life were associated, he has, contrary to his usual custom, indulged himself with enlarging on his prototype.

Thomson had mentioned incidentally the Tweed and the Jed:—

—— The Tweed, pure parent stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With sylvan Jed! thy tributary brook.—*Autumn*, 889.

He has thus expanded it:—

—— Such the stream,
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,

Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
 Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
 Unknown in song: though not a purer stream,
 Through meads more flowery, or more romantic groves,
 Rolls towards the western main. Hail, sacred flood!
 May still thy hospitable swains be blest
 In rural innocence; thy mountains still
 Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
 For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
 With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
 Oft with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
 Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
 In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:
 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
 With the well-imitated fly to hook
 The eager trout, and with the slender line
 And yielding rod, solicit to the shore
 The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
 And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

B. iii, v. 96.

What he has here added of his love of fishing is from another passage in the Seasons.*

But his imitations of other writers, however frequent, have no semblance of study or labour. They seem to have been self-suggested, and to have glided tacitly and insensibly into the current of his thoughts. This is evinced by the little pains he took to work upon and heighten such resemblances. As he did not labour the details injudiciously, so he had a clear conception of his matter as a whole. The consequence is, that the poem has that unity and just subordination of parts which renders it easy to be comprehended at one view, and, on that account, more agreeable than the didactic poems of his cotemporaries, which having detached passages of much more splendour, are yet wanting in those recommendations. One objection to his subject is, that it is least pleasing at that period of life when poetry is most so; for it is not till the glow of youth is gone by, and we begin to feel the infirmi-

* Spring, v. 876, &c.

ties and the coldness of age, that we are disposed to bestow much attention on the Art of Preserving Health.

His tragedy is worth but little. It appears from his Essays, that he had formed a contracted notion of nature, as an object of imitation for the tragic poet; and he has failed to give a faithful representation of nature, even according to his own imperfect theory.

The two short epistles on Benevolence and Taste have ease and vigour enough to show that he could, with a little practice, have written as well in the couplet measure as he did in blank verse. If Armstrong cannot be styled a man of genius, he is at least one of the most ingenious of our minor poets.



FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

No. IX.

*Pittsburgh.**

MY DEAR N.—

THE situation of Pittsburgh, at the head of the Ohio, and at the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, was probably first noticed for its military rather than its commercial advantages. The early French and English settlers of this country were engaged in continual wars with each other and with the natives, in the course of which the former determined to establish a chain of posts from Canada to Louisiana. One of the most important of these was fort Du Quesne, situated at this point. It did not escape the military eye of Washington, when he visited this country, several years before the revolution, on a mission from the government of Virginia; and in his despatches he speaks of its importance with a prophetic spirit. During the struggle which is commonly called Braddock's war, fort Du Quesne changed masters, and the English, abandoning the original work, which was probably a mere stockade, built a more regular fortification on a site immediately adjoining, which they named fort Pitt. This post,

* It will be perceived that this letter should have been Number II. of the series, and that several of the others have appeared out of their regular order. We are requested by the author to say, that this has arisen from his not having had leisure to complete the whole series at once—and that he has withheld such as were not finished to his satisfaction, for revival. We give them as they reach us; and wish that other travellers through our country, equally well qualified to instruct and amuse, would communicate their observations to us.

erected on a low point of land, and commanded by hills on every side, would appear, to a soldier of the present day, to have been useless; nor can the reasons of its original establishment, and subsequent importance, be ascertained, without recurring to the history of those times. As a place of deposit for military stores, no other spot could have been so eligible, as there is none from which they could be distributed with equal celerity, or over so large an extent of country. Nor was its situation with regard to defence, so desperate as we might at first imagine. It is to be recollected that in those days there was little or no artillery west of the mountains, and that it was considered as almost impossible to cross the rugged cliffs of the Alleghany ridge with a carriage of any description. There was little reason, therefore, to apprehend that any ordnance would be brought to storm the ramparts of fort Pitt. But notwithstanding this imagined security, the works, of which there are extensive ruins, seem to have been built after the usual fashion of that period. A bomb-proof magazine is still extant, in good preservation. They are said to have been built by Lord Stanwin, and to have cost the British government 60,000*l.* sterling. As it would seem, by placing the fort at this exposed spot, that an attack by artillery was not apprehended, and as, if such an attack had been made, resistance would have been in vain, it is difficult to conceive what could have been the motives of the builders in giving it such strength and regularity. We must either suppose that their military habits prevailed over the better dictates of prudence, or that they intended to impress their Indian neighbours with an exalted opinion of their security and power. It is said that shortly after the English took possession, the Indian traders built a row of fine brick houses, on the margin of the Alleghany, but that their foundations were sapped by the encroachments of the river;—no vestige of them remains. About the year 1760, a small town was built near fort Pitt, which contained about two hundred souls; but on the breaking out of the Indian war, in 1763, the inhabitants retired into the fort, and their dwellings were suffered to fall into decay. The British officers had some fine gardens here, called the “king’s,” and “artillery gardens,” and large orchards of choice fruit; the old inhabitants of the present town recollect them, but there are now no remains of these early attempts at luxury and comfort.

After fort Pitt came into the possession of the Americans, it was occupied but for a short time, when the garrison was removed to a spot about half a mile further up, on the Alleghany river, where a picket-work and block-houses were erected, and called fort Fayette. This post was occupied by the United States’ troops until the erection, within a few years past, of the arsenal, two miles further up. The location of the arsenal, as a military post, is injudicious; and so little skill was exerted in its erection, as to render it not susceptible of defence; but in other respects it is a

convenient and valuable establishment, well calculated for the manufacture and deposit of ordnance, small arms, and other munitions of war.

Pittsburgh was first laid out in the year 1765; it was afterwards laid out, and surveyed and completed, on its present plan, in 1784, by colonel George Woods, by order of Tench Francis, Esquire, attorney for John Penn, and John Penn, junior. The increase of the town was not rapid until the year 1793, in consequence of "wars and rumours of war," which impeded the growth and extension of the neighbouring settlements. The western insurrection, more generally known as the "Whiskey war," once more made this the scene of commotion, and is said to have given Pittsburgh a new and reviving impulse, by throwing a considerable deal of money into circulation. Since that time it has increased rapidly, and a few years ago was erected into a city.

Pittsburgh, and its vicinity, may proudly challenge comparison in beauty of scenery and healthfulness of situation. Surrounded by hills and vallies, which, in the seasons of verdure, are clothed with the richest vegetation, commanding points may be found in every direction, from which the eye is delighted with the most romantic scenes. Three noble streams contribute to diversify the prospect, embellishing and enlivening an endless variety of nature's loveliest pictures.

Grant's hill, an abrupt eminence which projects into the rear of the city, affords one of the most delightful prospects that I am acquainted with; presenting a singular combination of the bustle of the town, with the solitude and sweetness of the country. How many hours have I spent here, in the enjoyment of those exquisite sensations which are awakened by pleasing associations and picturesque scenes! The city lay beneath me enveloped in smoke—the clang of hammers resounded from its numerous manufactories—the rattling of carriages and the hum of men were heard from its streets. Churches, courts, hotels and markets, and all "the pomp and circumstance" of busy life, were presented in one panoramic view. Behind me were all the silent, soft attractions of rural sweetness—the ground rising gradually for a considerable distance, and exhibiting country seats surrounded with cultivated fields, gardens, and orchards. On either hand were the rivers—one dashing over beds of rock, the other sluggishly meandering among the hills;—while the lofty eminences beyond them, covered with timber, displayed a rich foliage, decked and shadowed with every tint of the rainbow. Below the town the Ohio is seen, receiving her tributary streams, and bearing off to the west, burthened with rich freights. The town of Alleghany on the right hand, and Birmingham on the left—the noble bridges that lead to the city in opposite directions—the arsenal, and the little village of Lawrenceville in the rear, added variety to the scene. What a spot for the poet! But little more than half a century ago, how

lonely and insulated were these solitudes! How solitary was that fortress whose flag, like an exotic flower, displayed its gaudy colours in an uncongenial clime, and whose morning gun awakened the echoes which had slept for a thousand years! The sentry walked "his lonely round" upon those battlements which are now in ruins—the officer strayed pensively along the margin of the river, and as he gazed on the surrounding beauties which now began to pall upon the senses, he thought, as the poet has since sung.

" Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man—
Oh, had I the wings of the dove,
How soon would I taste you again!"

The deer then tenanted the forest, and the Indian, with his light canoe, sported on the wave. Behold now the contrast! But enough of this. This eminence received its name from colonel Grant, a Scottish officer, who fell a sacrifice here to his imprudent courage in the war which ended in 1763. He had been detached with a body of 800 Highlanders to surprise the French garrison of fort Du Quesne, and arriving at these heights in the evening, he delayed the final blow until the succeeding morning. The morning found him ready for action, and confident of success—but elated by the impunity which had so far attended his enterprise, or despising his inactive foe who seemed already within his grasp—in a moment of incaution he ordered his musicians to sound the *reveillé*. As the martial sounds stole along the hills, calling forth the echoes from a hundred caverns, the gallant Scots might have fancied themselves in that *far awa'* land, which a Scotsman never forgets—but, alas! Those bugle blasts which aroused their hearts to enthusiasm, were the last they were destined to hear! The French and Indians, thus informed by their enemy of his approach, sallied privately from the fort, possessed themselves of the hills in the rear of Grant and of the surrounding coverts, and rushing in upon the devoted party, hewed them in pieces!

Castlemain's hill, one of the highest points in this vicinity, affords a rich and extensive prospect, embracing a view of this lovely country for many miles round. The Monongahela is seen winding its serpentine course far beneath the spectator's feet, and the city dwindled to an atom, appears in distant perspective. Persons of taste resort to this spot—and a stranger would not be pardoned who should omit to pay it a visit.

Twelve miles from Pittsburgh, on the banks of the Monongahela, is "Braddock's field," a scene of signal disaster to the British arms. The name of Braddock has not been cherished by his countrymen, and no attempt has been made to rescue his fame from obloquy—perhaps, because no plausible ground of vindication exists; but every feeling mind must deplore the premature death of a brave, though obstinate leader, and the sacrifice of a gallant ar-

may. There is nothing more arbitrary than the meed of applause or opprobrium, bestowed upon the soldier's toils; success being too generally the test of military merit. I am therefore disposed to judge charitably of military miscarriages, and to venerate the shades of the fallen brave, although they may have fallen unwisely. He who gives his life to his country gives his all, and having thus proved the sincerity of his patriotism, leaves his reputation to posterity, with a sacred and imposing claim upon their candour. In the tempest of that day which consigned Braddock to an unhonoured grave, the genius of Washington dawned with a lustre which gave promise of its future greatness, and the American reveres the spot which has been hallowed by the illustrious presence and gallant deeds of the father of his country. "Braddock's field," for so the battle ground is termed, is now a large farm, owned and cultivated by an individual. The scene of action was on the banks of the river, on an undulating surface, covered, at that time, with thick woods, but now occupied by enclosed fields. Vast quantities of bones have been thrown up by the plough, and at times gathered into heaps and burned; but large numbers still remain, scattered around for the distance of about a mile. These fragments were sufficiently numerous when I last visited this spot, in 1819, to have designated it as a battle-ground, even to a casual observer who had not been previously aware of the fact.

But the prospect which the good people of Pittsburgh consider as most "lovely to soul and to eye," is to be found on the northern face of Coal-hill. The yawning caverns, which here display their hideous mouths, would have been celebrated among the ancients as the abodes of unpropitious deities; but the less classical citizens have peopled them with spirits of "sterner stuff;" they have made them mines of inexhaustible wealth, and drawn from them the materials of substantial comfort. Not only this hill, but the whole of the surrounding country is full of coal of excellent quality, which is found in immense strata, lying almost invariably upon one and the same level. It contains a large proportion of sulphur, is hard, heavy, and of a deep shining black colour; it is easily ignited, and produces an intense heat; but is very dirty, emits immense volumes of smoke, and throws up an unusual quantity of dust and cinder. These latter fill the atmosphere, and are continually falling in showers, to the great terror of strangers and sojourners, and with manifest injury to the dresses of the ladies, and the white hands of eastern gentlemen. From this cause, every thing in Pittsburgh wears a sombre hue; even the snow as it falls, brings with it the floating particles of cinder, and loses its purity by the connexion. But the people are now so used to the "black and midnight" appearance of objects in their city, as scarcely to be aware of the inconvenience—so that I once heard a lady exclaim, on witnessing a snow storm *out of town*, "la! what *white snow*!"

A disease was formerly prevalent here, which was attributed to the influence of coal smoke. This was a swelling of the glands of the neck, which produced no pain nor ultimate injury, but was an unsightly and incurable deformity. No case of it has originated here for many years; it is now scarcely to be met with, and only found in persons over the middle age, who contracted it long since. It was therefore probably owing to some peculiarity in the climate, which has since been removed. But I am keeping you too long on Coal-hill.

It would be an endless task to point out all the fairy spots with which nature has embellished this romantic country. They who would court inspiration from the valley or the grove, or who love

“The soft magic of streamlet and hill,”

could scarcely go amiss in the environs of Pittsburgh. Those hills, those vallies, and those streams, delight not merely by their intrinsic beauty; they are also endeared to the Pennsylvanian by many fond associations. The events which have rendered fort Pitt and Braddock's field conspicuous in history, are already imprinted on the mind of every American—but every neighbouring eminence and winding glade, has also been the scene of hardy achievement. This was one of the first points selected by those who commenced the work of civilization in the western country. Here all the difficulties of a new settlement, the horrors of Indian warfare, and the bereavements of an isolated society, cut off from assistance and almost from intercourse, were encountered to the fullest extent. The Alleghany ridge then presented a formidable barrier, and they who passed it found themselves in a new world, where they must defend themselves or perish. The first settlers therefore waged continual war—they fought *pro aris et focis*—for life and all that makes life dear. But these wars were distinguished only by acts of individual prowess; and produced none of those great events which affect national fame or greatness, and which it is the province of the historian to record. They will therefore find no place in the annals of our country. Yet the day will surely arrive, when the poet and the novelist will traverse these regions in quest of traditionary lore, will listen with eagerness to the tales of hoary-headed sires, and laboriously glean the frail and mutilated memorials of the daring of other days. Then will the gallant men who have smoothed our path, and conquered for us the country of which we are now so proud, find a place, if not with better men, at least with the Rodericks and Rob Roys of fiction.

It would require more room than I can afford, and more patience than I possess, to give you a detailed account of all the branches of commerce and manufactures which contribute to the prosperity of Pittsburgh. The latter have flourished here extensively, in consequence of the variety of raw materials indigenous

to the country—the abundance of fuel—the salubrity of the climate—the cheapness of provisions—the convenience of the markets—and the enterprising spirit of the people. The most important branch includes all articles manufactured of iron, a metal which is found in great abundance in the neighbouring mountains, whence it is brought, in *pigs* and *bars*, to this place, at a small expense, and wrought for exportation. Most of the machinery for this and other purposes, is propelled by steam, the management of which has been brought to great perfection; but the neighbourhood also affords many fine water courses, some of which are occupied. Cannon of a very superior quality have been cast here for the United States' service. The manufacture of glass, which was introduced by the late general O'Hara, about the year 1798, has been carried on with great success. There are now a number of establishments in operation, which produce large quantities of window glass, and other ware of the coarser sort; and one at which flint glass is made and ornamented with great elegance. Messrs. Bakewell, Page, and Bakewell, have the credit of having introduced the latter branch of this manufacture; and their warehouse presents an endless variety of beautiful ware, designed and executed in a style which is highly creditable to their taste and perseverance. Manufactories of wool and cotton have been supported with some spirit, but as yet with little success. We have a foolish pride about us, which makes our gentlemen ashamed of wearing a coat which has not crossed the Atlantic; but I hope we shall grow wiser as we grow older. Articles of tin and leather are fabricated at Pittsburgh to an astonishing amount. In 1809, boots and shoes were manufactured to the amount of seventy thousand dollars, saddlery to the amount of forty thousand, and tin ware to the amount of twenty-five thousand. In the same year hats were made to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars, and cabinet ware to the amount of seventeen thousand. In addition to these, there have been tan yards, rope walks, and manufactories of white lead, and paper—nor should I forget some half dozen of printing offices, and several book stores, which have been instrumental in the shedding of a vast deal of ink. You will perceive that I have made this enumeration from data collected several years ago—the increase of population and business has been great since that time, and when I add that in addition to the branches already mentioned, all the other mechanic arts receive a proportionable share of attention, it will be seen that as a manufacturing town, Pittsburgh stands in the first rank; and that her rapid rise and progress may be adduced as a proud testimony of American enterprise.

The commerce and trade of Pittsburgh arise partly from her manufactories, and partly from her having been long the place of deposit for goods destined for the western country; all of which, until very recently, passed from the Atlantic cities, through this

place, to their respective points of destination. They are brought in wagons, carrying from thirty-five to fifty hundred pounds each, and shipped at this place in boats. Upwards of four thousand wagon loads of merchandize entered Pittsburgh during the year 1813, by the main road, from Philadelphia alone; in which is not included the baggage or furniture of travellers and emigrants, nor is notice taken of arrivals by other routes. This business has brought an immense quantity of money into circulation at Pittsburgh, but it has lately been much injured by the competition of Wheeling, and the introduction of steam boats upon the Ohio. The wealth of this place, however, and its local advantages, must long sustain it against all opposition; and if the capital of her citizens should eventually be drawn from any branch of commerce, it will probably be thrown into the manufactories, where the profits will be quite as great, and much more permanent. Some of the finest stean boats which navigate the Ohio—the James Ross, the General Neville, and many others, were built here.

This is also a *port of entry*, and ship building has been carried on with some spirit—even here, at the source of the Ohio. A curious incident connected with this subject, was mentioned by Mr. Clay on the floor of Congress. "To illustrate the commercial habits and enterprise of the American people, (he said) he would relate an anecdote of a vessel built and cleared out at Pittsburgh for Leghorn. When she arrived at her place of destination, the master presented his papers to the custom-house officer, who would not credit them, and said to him, 'Sir, your papers are forged—there is no such place as Pittsburgh in the world! Your vessel must be confiscated!' The trembling captain laid before the officer the map of the United States—directed him to the gulf of Mexico—pointed out the mouth of the Mississippi—led him a thousand miles up it to the mouth of the Ohio, and thence another thousand up to Pittsburgh. 'There, Sir, is the port whence my vessel cleared out!' The astonished officer, before he had seen the map, would as readily have believed that this vessel had been navigated from the moon."

Of the society of this place I have but little to say, for that is entirely a matter of taste. Strangers are generally pleased with it, for if they do not find among the male inhabitants that polished urbanity which distinguishes many of the small towns in the south and west, they are amply repaid for the absence of it, by the sweetness and affability of its female denizens, among whom there is a sufficiency of beauty and grace to decorate a ball room to great advantage. Indeed, I have seldom beheld finer displays of female loveliness than I have witnessed here. There is a small theatre, occasionally occupied by strollers, but often destined to exhibit the histrionic genius of the young gentlemen of the place, among whom the enacting of plays was formerly a fashionable amusement. On such occasions, the *dramatis personæ* were re-

presented by a select company, regularly organized, among whom were some beardless youths who personated the females. In this manner, some fine displays of genius have been elicited—the ladies smiled graciously on the enterprise, and the whole was conducted with great decorum.

A seminary of learning has been founded at the town of Alleghany, called the "Western University," and liberally endowed with land by the state legislature; but it is not yet organized. An academy in Pittsburgh has heretofore presented the means of classical education, and a number of minor schools have been supported, among which may be mentioned the Sabbath schools, conducted with great spirit and benevolence, by a society composed of the religious of different denominations. There has also been an admirable school for young ladies; and a library company has likewise been established here.

To discipline the body as well as the mind, another institution has been established, under the name of the Western Penitentiary. The stupendous building intended for this purpose, is nearly completed, and will form a splendid and commodious edifice. It is situated on an extensive plain, in the town of Alleghany, where this noble pile, with its massy walls and gothic towers, will show to great advantage.

Twenty years ago, when this settlement was young and insulated, and the savage yet prowled in its vicinity, legal science flourished with a vigour unusual in rude societies. The bench and bar exhibited a galaxy of eloquence and learning.

Judge Addison, who first presided in this circuit under the present system, possessed a fine mind, and great attainments. He was an accomplished scholar, deeply versed in every branch of classical learning. In law and theology he was great—but although he explored the depths of science with unwearied assiduity, he could sport in the sun-beams of literature, and cull, with nice discrimination, the flowers of poesy. He assumed his judicial authority under many perplexing circumstances. The country was new, and the people factious—the bar was undisciplined, and the rules of practice vague—the judicial system had been newly modelled, and was now to be tested; its excellences to be proved, and its defects to be discovered—and while an unusual weight of responsibility thus devolved upon the judge, the novelty of his situation must often have left him without precedents to govern his decisions. These appalling circumstances would have daunted a man of less firmness than judge Addison, but his mind possessed an energetic vigour which opposition could not subdue, nor difficulty embarrass. He pursued a dignified course, which was equally serviceable to the country, and honourable to himself. His decisions were so uniformly correct, that few of them have been reversed; they have been published, together with a number of charges delivered to grand juries, and the volume is in high repute

among the lawyers of Pennsylvania. I should be happy to be able to add, that this distinguished man was rewarded for his services, and permitted to be useful as long as he continued to be honoured. But it was not so. He became obnoxious to a dominant faction; was impeached, condemned, and hurled from a seat to which he had given dignity, for an act which was probably right, but which, if wrong, was not dishonourable or corrupt. Such are the effects of party spirit—its venom, like a poisonous miasm, pervades the whole atmosphere in which it is generated, and creates a pestilence, which sweeps worth and worthlessness to a common grave!

This gentleman was succeeded by Judge Roberts, an excellent lawyer, and a man of great integrity and benevolence, who wanted only the energy of his predecessor. He had firmness enough to be always upright, nor could he be swayed from an honest conviction, or intimidated in the discharge of the duties of his office—but he was too mild to enforce a rigid discipline in his court, and too passive for the despatch of business. He could neither be biassed nor alarmed—but he had too much of the “milk of human kindness” in his nature, and loved mankind too well, to be a judge of men. The hall of justice brings together all the elements of discord—the angry passions are roused—turbulent spirits are brought into contact—life, fortune, and character are at stake—hopes and fears are awakened—crime, folly, and misfortune are disclosed—the veil of secrecy is torn from the sorrows of the heart and the scenes of the fireside—and the man who can gaze on such a scene with a steady eye, and decide with collected promptness, must have a very firm or a very cold heart. The gentleman of whom I am speaking, had no cold-heartedness in his composition—his sympathies were easily awakened, and his was a breast of too much candour and generosity, to conceal, or be ashamed of, an honourable impulse. Yet his mind possessed great vigour and clearness, and he was universally esteemed, as well for his good sense and attainments, as for his uprightness and amiability. They who knew him best, will always remember him with kindness, and his decisions will be respected, when none of us shall be left who knew his virtues. He is recently deceased.

Judge Wilkins, who now presides in this district, has long been a prominent man. As an advocate he was among the foremost, and as a citizen has always been conspicuous. His public spirit and capacity for business, have thrown him into a multitude of offices. He presided for many years over one of the branches of the corporation—has represented his county in the legislature,—was president of the Pittsburgh bank, and of several companies incorporated for the purposes of internal improvement. Judge Wilkins has brought to the bench an active mind, much legal experience, and an intimate knowledge of the practice of the court over which he presides:—but as he is still on the stage, I must not be his biographer.

There were at the bar in the olden time, many illustrious pillars of the law—Steele Semple, long since deceased, a man of stupendous genius, spoken of by his cotemporaries as a prodigy of eloquence and legal attainment:—James Ross, who is still on the stage, and very generally known as a great statesman and eminent advocate—who for depth of thought, beauty of language, melody of voice, and dignity of manners, has no equals—Woods, Collins, and Campbell, who would have shone at any bar—Henry Baldwin, an eminent lawyer—a rough, but powerful and acute speaker, who has lately become conspicuous in congress, as chairman of the committee on domestic manufactures, and as the author and able advocate of the celebrated tariff bill—with others, whose history has not reached me.

Thus you perceive that Pittsburgh, with her dingy aspect, has some strong and many enticing traits in her character and history. Her fate is now in her own hands. She is yet young, and there is great room for improvement. By husbanding her resources, opening and extending her channels of commerce, and fostering the native genius of her sons, she may attain a rank which will leave her but few rivals.

Yours, truly.



SONG;

From the Spanish.

On my lap he slept, and my raven hair
Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there—
Love! shall I rouse him to tell him so?
O no! O no!

I comb'd my raven locks, for he
Look'd on these locks with ecstasy,
Which the wild breezes scattered,
Stealing the stragglers as they fled—
He was fann'd by those breezes—my raven hair
Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there—
Love! shall I rouse him to tell him so?
O no! O no!

He call'd me cruel—but if he knew
This heart of mine!—I heard him say
My raven locks and my chesnut hue
Were his life's charm and his life's decay.
Siren! he cried—and then he flew
To my lap, where he slept, and my raven hair
Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there—
Love! shall I rouse him and tell him so?
O no! O no!

SONNET.

FAITH.

It is a glorious thing, when all is said,
 To give one's soul up to some large belief.
 For me, I would much rather be a leaf—
 Frail traveller with the winds, and by them led
 To those dim summits where the clouds are bred—
 Than scorn *all* creeds; or on the wild sea foam
 Be driven, a weed, from home to unknown home;
 Or like some gentle river fountain-fed
 Lapsing away and lost. These things in mirth
 Live, though they know not whence they come, or go:—
 I, with more knowledge but less wisdom, flow
 A melancholy sound,—yet from dull earth
 Borne on the wings of angels, or bright dreams,
 Sometimes, from perilous thoughts to heaven-convincing
 themes.



MR. KEMBLE.

— He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but it was a little bowed by time—perhaps by care. He had a noble Roman style of countenance; a head that would have pleased a painter; and though some slight furrows on his brow showed that wasting thought had been busy there, yet his eyes still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling race around him.—*Sketch Book.*

JOHN KEMBLE is dead!—Alas! Actors have a double mortality and die twice!—First their mental faculties droop and become impaired, and they die from the stage, which is their public life; and then after a few years of inglorious silence and sloth, they catch the common trick of age, and die into dust! The first death is the most severe; for that is the death of grandeur, power, bright popularity,—fame! The poetry of life then expires, and nothing is left but the mere lees of prose! One night—the night of retirement—makes terrible change, and holds a frightful division: on one side we see the pomp of pageant, the measured march, the robe, the gemmed crown, the lighted eye, the crowd, the brilliancy, the shout, the triumphs of well-feigned passion, the beauty of breathed poetry! On the other side all is dark! Life's candles are burnt out—aye, and in one night! We see the by-gone actor, bent down from his pride of place, creeping about in his impoverished state—feeble, dejected, commonly attired, solitary, lost! The past remains to him a pang-like dream! Stripped at once of all his

greatness, he wanders about like one walking in his sleep—seeing others usurp his throne in the public heart, or, not daring to abide the misery of such an usurpation, straying solitarily to some distant spot—some foreign shore—there to hear no storm of applause, no deafening shouts of a multitude, but to see quiet sunsets, hear the evening wind die along the waters, and watch the “untumultuous fringe of silver foam.” woven momentarily and monotonously at his feet. He is Lear turned out by his pelican children from pomp to poverty! We will answer for it that John Kemble did *not*, as some one has said, quaff health in the south of France—not health of the heart—which is the only health worth possessing and cherishing!—that he did *not* find the air that blew over the vine-covered hills of France wholesomer than that of a crowded house; nor the lengthened murmurs of the Mediterranean shores more soothing to the soul than the deep thunders of the pit. He was a grand, meditative, melancholy man; and as the airs and waters of evening toned him down to dreaming thought, he was the one, if ever such one were, to escape into a bright vision of the past—fleet on swift thoughts from the land of France, and be (in the words of his own Penruddock) “in London once again!”

Since the 23d of June, 1817, John Kemble has been no longer John Kemble to us—nor to himself! That one sad night closed a long account between us, in which we find ourselves debtors for many, many hours of brave delight. He retired to the land of Burgundy and tri-coloured flowers, there to waste away his brief days, and we rushed, like persons in despair, to drink intoxicating draughts of fermented Kean, and to drown remembrance in a brimming bowl of Macready! Now, however, that we have heard of the final death of our great favourite, all our recollections of him start into life, and urge us to speak of him, for the last time, with affection and respect; to recal some of those thoughts which attended him during his bright career; to record, as clearly as we may, the triumphs of an actor, who above all others, embodied to the life the wild, heroic, and matchless characters of Shakspeare. We never met Mr. Kemble but once off the stage, and that was during his last visit to England. His face was as finely cut in its features as ever! and that clear outline reminded us of what we had gazed at in brighter scenes; but he sat in a large arm chair, bent down, dispirited and lethargic. He spoke no word, but he sighed heavily; and after drowsing thus for a time he went away, and we never saw him again!

We have alluded to the last sight we had of John Kemble: “of this no more!” Let us call to mind the life and beauty of his bright dramatic existence, and take this sad but fit opportunity of giving a sketch of this noble tragedian in his best days. If we thought we could, in the lovers of the drama yet unborn, awaken an interest for his excellences, we should indeed rejoice, but we

shall be satisfied ourselves in the mere loose which we shall be able, in this paper, to give to our love and gratitude.

Of the youthful days of Mr. Kemble we know little; for he has not turned dramatic Rousseau, as that mad wag Mathews has done, and given a history of his floggings and his fame. The private life too, we conceive, of a public man should always be warily told; for who but the veriest fool would crave to have little failings, detracting peculiarities, helpless faults, recorded minutely, and with the malice of a biographer, against the children of genius. History is hard enough with the hate of the pen; and it would be well if the reader could, in his researches after the dead in literature, find some such check as the epitaph-hunter occasionally stumbles upon in a country church-yard:

Reader pass on, nor idly spend your time
In bad biography, and bitter rhyme;
For what I am—this cumbrous clay insures;
And what I was,—is no affair of yours.

Most Popes have their Bowleses: most Savages have their Johnsons! We do not however, by these objections to the anatomizing propensity of biography, mean to infer that Mr. Kemble had any peculiar fault or vice which requires oblivion; for his private habits and character might well dare the malice even of friendship: we only mean to protest against that busy and impertinent inquiry which is occasionally made into the darker corners of a man's private life, when, by some power or skill, he has created an interest for himself as a public character. The few facts we know explain erring or imperfect reports, or refer to Mr. Kemble's first passion for the stage, and to his earliest connection with it; and may safely be told without violation of that propriety which we so much wish to see sacredly maintained.

Mr. Kemble was educated at a Roman Catholic school at Sedgely, in Staffordshire. His father was the manager of a country company; and wishing, perhaps from experience, to save his children from that pursuit, "which makes calamity of so long life," he sent John Kemble to a foreign university to qualify for one of the learned professions. John, however, became celebrated for his recitations from Shakspeare, and returned to England to betake himself to the stage. Not fifty fathers could have kept such a mind from its darling object.

He first appeared at Wolverhampton, in the *Force of Love*, and made a tolerable impression on the tradesmen there. But the neighbourhood of the coal mines is no very favourable spot for the flights of youthful genius, and the passion for the drama does not rage over-violently in a hammering inland country-town, where the love of fame is superseded by the love of factories. Mr. Kemble, however, had previously, when only ten years old, played with his little sister (since grown, like Jack the Giant Killer's bean, into Mrs. Siddons) in the tragedy of King Charles the First!

He next performed the blazing part of Bajazet, at Wolverhampton, and shook his iron chain to the great pleasure of the audience. This play must be always popular with the iron trade; and on the evenings upon which it is played, the founders, no doubt, invariably agree with Mr. Moore, that—

*Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night—that, oh! 'twere pain
To break its links so soon!*

Mr. Kemble played in this, his time, many parts—and in many indifferent villages. But at length he joined that incomparable old man Tate Wilkinson, at York; and delighted the crabbed, aged, good manager with his powers; and this was, perhaps, the surest warranty of their value. Here Mr. Kemble gave recitations from the poets and prose writers of England, and netted some reputation and profit; though not much of the latter; for the grinding of odes makes but ill bread. The preaching of the Bard—the Passions—the Progress of Music, behind a green baize table—is about as idle an attempt, as cutting the tongue of an eagle with a sixpence to make him sing.

From York Mr. Kemble went to Edinburgh with Old Tate, who had taken the theatre there. This was not *ratting* over to any new manager, which the Patentee, with his vermin antipathies, would have abhorred. In Edinburgh Mr. Kemble delivered a lecture, of his own construction, “on Sacred and Profane Oratory;” and gained much credit in the north, which is rather extraordinary, when it is remembered how mighty the Scotch are in lectures of all descriptions. A great effect was produced, we have no doubt, by Mr. Kemble’s mode of delivering his composition; for his style of declamation was always popular in the north.

In 1782 he proceeded to Dublin, and appeared in Hamlet. To perform this divine part was, in that time, considered a courageous and an honourable effort; and laurels reaped in Denmark were greenest of leaf. The time is changed: for it appears by a play bill, very lately put forth by the *Committee of the Western Philanthropic Institution for relieving the Poor*, that Mr. C. Kemble being prevented, by his domestic calamity, from playing in Don John, Mr. Macready had kindly and generously, in their moment of distress, *condescended to perform the character of Hamlet*. Condescended!—condescended to play Hamlet!—“Well! what comes next, Mr. Merriman?”

Mr. Kemble, who, by enacting Hamlet, did not conceive he was “relieving the poor,” dared nobly, and sent his fame bravely abroad. On the 30th of September, in the next year, he appeared as the Danish Prince, on the boards of Drury-lane, and at once established himself with the town. For a year or two he performed but few characters, as Mr. Smith was then the hero of the stage; but in 1788, Mr. Kemble was left in full possession of the tragic

throne; and he reigned in old Drury some years. He married, and became manager, which falls to the lot of but few lords of the creation!

Mr. Kemble continued to preside over Drury-lane for upwards of twelve years, during which period he accomplished many vast improvements in the style of getting up plays, particularly in the costume! In 1802, he travelled—visited and observed the theatres at Paris and Madrid, and formed a friendship with Talma, the great French tragedian, which lasted throughout Mr. Kemble's life.

In 1803 having purchased a share in Covent-garden (which Mr. C. Kemble now holds,) he appeared on the boards of that theatre in his then celebrated performance of Hamlet, and was rapturously received. He revived several of Shakspeare's plays between that year and 1808, and made Covent-garden classic ground; when, in one short morning, the house was consumed by fire. By this fatal event Mr. Kemble was an enormous loser. But the Duke of Northumberland indulged on this occasion in an act of liberality and kindness, nearly unprecedented in the history of peers, which much lessened the manager's loss.

* The circumstances attending this munificent conduct of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, of whose supposed parsimony the world was so fond of whispering, have never been made public; but as they redound so much to the good feeling of Mr. Kemble, and assert so splendidly the Duke's liberality and excellence of heart, we shall correctly detail the facts, upon the genuineness of which we pledge ourselves. When at the York theatre, Mr. Kemble was in need of a few soldiers to enrich certain processions, and he therefore applied to an officer of a regiment stationed in the city, for permission to engage some of the men. The officer rudely refused, declaring that his men had better things to learn than the duties of a theatre. Mr. Kemble, repulsed, but not vanquished, renewed his application to the then Earl Percy, who had higher authority; and his Lordship immediately granted the permission required; and, indeed, directed that the men should assist Mr. Kemble in any way he could make them serviceable. Several years passed;—the York days were over;—and Mr. Kemble had become the proud favourite of London—when on one occasion, Dr. Raine, the head master of the Charter House, called upon him, and stated that he was commissioned to request, on the behalf of a nobleman, Mr. Kemble's assistance in the education of his son. Mr. Kemble said that he was compelled, from want of time, and on other accounts, to refuse all such requests—and, much as he regretted it, he was compelled to refuse the application of his friend. Dr. Raine observed, as he was leaving the room, that he lamented the refusal, as the Duke of Northumberland would be greatly disappointed. On hearing the name of the nobleman, Mr. Kemble desired the doctor to stay; and immedi-

ately said, "The Duke has a right to command me;" at the same time recounting the anecdote we have just stated of His Grace, when he was Earl Percy. Mr. Kemble consented at once to the Duke's request, and attended the present Duke for some time, giving him lessons on elocution. But no apparent satisfactory return for his superintendence seemed to be made, or even to be contemplated by the noble family. Time went on. The day of kindness came. On the very morning upon which the theatre was burned down, His Grace wrote to Mr. Kemble, and proffered him the loan of 10,000*l.* upon his personal security, if it would be a convenience to him. It *was* a convenience. Mr. Kemble accepted the offer with readiness and gratitude—and paid the interest for the time to the steward. On the day, however, upon which the first stone of the new Covent-garden Theatre was laid, the Duke wrote again to Mr. Kemble, and observed, that no doubt *that* day was one of the proudest of Mr. Kemble's life—and that his grace was anxious, as far as possible, to make it the happiest. He inclosed the cancelled bond!—at another time, finely declaring, that Mr. Kemble had taught him how to make a return! Was not this nobility?—Ought not such a man to have his memory righted?—Did the name of Percy ever adorn a more princely deed?—One grand, unaffected, quiet act of this nature speaks more for the man than a thousand subscriptions to public charities, whereby a person pays only for advertising his own generosity.

The ruins of the old theatre did not long moulder:—a new theatre was erected as by the hand of magic, but the foundation stone was first laid by the hand of the Prince Regent; who, as Grand Master Freemason, patted the stone with a silver trowel. All our readers know the beautiful appearance of the building; but all may not remember its first rich and yet chaste interior. It was opened on the 18th of September, 1809, with *Macbeth*; but the Proprietors having imprudently increased the store of private boxes, and inflicted an additional sixpence upon the pit admission-price, and a further shilling upon the boxes, the English public danced a rigadon upon the new benches for sixty nights, and behaved with all the well-known brutality of the Bulls. Not a word was heard from the rise to the set of the curtain. The audiences were, nearly to a man, infuriated; each hat was lettered O. P.—The cry was still O. P.—The dance was O. P.—The yell was O. P.—Each managerial heart beat to the truth of Sir Vicary Gibb's Latin pleasantry, *effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum.*" John Kemble appealed to the pit in black; the pit turned a deaf ear,—certainly the only one it could have to turn! Manliness seemed to give way to dastardly hate. Mr. C. Kemble was hooted for being a brother—Mrs. C. Kemble was yelled at—nay, pelted at with oranges—for being the wife of the brother of a Kemble. Mrs. Siddons was of the Kemble blood; and that was enough. The fight was long, but not doubtful. Dutch Sam was called in,

with a large bunch of Jew boxers, but he was *dropped* at the foot of the check-taker; and did no good. At length a compromise was made; the shilling on the boxes was suffered to remain, the private boxes were diminished, and the pit sixpence fell to the ground. The house did not for a long time recover its fortunes or its freshness; and Mr. Kemble could not easily forget his manifold and infamous indignities.

Mr. Kemble quitted Covent-garden in 1812, for a short period, and re-appeared in 1814 in *Coriolanus*; a laurel crown was thrown on the stage, and the audience rose to receive him. In 1817 he took leave of the Scottish audience in *Macbeth*, and spoke a farewell address in verse, written by Sir Walter Scott. Poetical farewells are not free from suspicion. He returned and played his best parts in London, up to the 23d of June, 1817, when, on that night, he took his entire leave of the stage in *Coriolanus*. As we are now brought to the last hour of Mr. Kemble's professional life, we must pause to recal a few of those characters in the representation of which he so eminently excelled.

The *Hamlet* of John Kemble was, in the vigour of his life, his first, best, and favourite character. In the few latter years, time had furrowed that handsome forehead and face deeper than grief even had worn the countenance of *Hamlet*. The pensiveness of the character permitted his languor to overcome him; and he played it, not with the mildness of melancholy and meditation, but with somewhat of the tameness and drowsiness of age. There never was that heyday in his blood that could afford to tame. He was a severe and pensive man in his youth—at least in his theatrical youth. We *have*, however, seen him in *Hamlet* to the very heart! We *have* yearned for the last flourish of the tipping king's trumpets,—for the passing of Mr. Murray and Mrs. Powell,—for the entrance of Mr. Clarendon and Mr. Clarendon's other self in *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*. We have yearned for all these; because then, after a pause, came *Hamlet*!—There he was! The sweet, the graceful the gentlemanly *Hamlet*. The scholar's eye shone in him with learned beauty. The soldier's spirit decorated his person. His mourning dress was in unison with the fine severe sorrow of his face; and wisdom and youth seemed holding gracious parley in his countenance. You could not take your eye from the dark intensity of his: you could not look on any meaner form, while his matchless person stood in princely perfection before you. The very blue ribband, that suspended the picture of his father around his neck, had a courtly grace in its disposal. There he stood! and when he spoke that wise music with which Shakspeare has tuned Prince *Hamlet's* heart, his voice fell in its fine cadences like an echo upon the ear—and you were taken by its tones back with *Hamlet* to his early days, and over all his griefs, until you stood, like him, insolated in the Danish revel court. The beauty of his performance of *Hamlet* was its retrospective air—its intensity

and abstraction. His youth seemed delivered over to sorrow, and memory was, indeed, with him the warder of the brain. Later actors have played the part with more energy,—walked more in the sun,—dashed more at effects,—piqued themselves more on the jerk of a foil;—but Kemble's sensible, lonely Hamlet has not been surpassed. Hamlet seems to us to be a character that should be played as if in moonlight. He is a sort of link between the ethereal and the corporeal. He stands between the two Fathers, and relieves the too violent transition from the living king, that bruises the heavens with his roaring cups, to the armed spirit that silently walks the forest by the glow-worm's light, and melts away when it "gins to pale its ineffectual fire." As far as Prince Hamlet *could* be played, John Kemble played it,—and now that he is gone, we will take care how we enter the theatre to see it mammoched by any meaner hand.

Mr. Kemble's delineation of Cato was truly magnificent. The hopes of Rome seemed fixed upon him. The fate of Rome seemed to have retired to his tower-like person as to a fortress, and thence to look down upon the petty struggles of traitors and assassins. He stood in the gorgeous foldings of his robes, proudly pre-eminent. The stoicism of the Roman wrestled with the feelings of the father, when his son was killed; and the contest was terrifically displayed. That line in the Critic, which has always seemed the highest burlesque, was realized and sublimed in him: "The father relents, but the governor is fixed." If Mr. Kemble had only stood with his grand person in Cato, he would have satisfied the audience, and have told all that Addison intended throughout five long cast-iron acts.

There are those amongst his admirers who eulogized him much in Brutus, nay, preferred him in that character. We thought the Roman part of Brutus was admirably portrayed; but the generous fears—the manly candour—the tenderness of heart, which rise up through all the Roman stoicism, rather wanted truth and vividness. The whole character was made too meditative, too unmoved. And yet the relation of Portia's death renders such objections extremely hazardous. In this part he dared much for the sake of correct costume; and we are quite sure that if any other performer had been as utterly Roman in his dress as Mr. Kemble was, that he would have endangered the severity of the tragedy.

Coriolanus was a Roman of quite another nature; and we rather think Mr. Kemble was more universally liked in this part than in any other. The contempt of inferiors suited the haughty tone of his voice; and the fierce impetuosity of the great fighting young Roman was admirably seconded by the muscular beauty of person in the actor. When he came on in the first scene, the crowd of mob-Romans fell back as though they had run against a wild bull, and he dashed in amongst them in scarlet pride, and looked, even in the eyes of the audience, sufficient "to beat forty of them."

Poor Simmons used to peer about for Kemble's wounds like a flimsy connoisseur examining a statue of some mighty Roman. The latter asking to be consul,—his quarrel with the tribunes,—his appearance under the statue of Mars in the hall of Aufidius, and his taunt of the Volscian just before his death, were specimens of earnest and noble acting that ought never to be lost out of the cabinets of our memories.

In Macbeth this great performer was grandly effective; particularly in the murder scene. Perhaps he fell off in the very concluding scenes; but at the banquet, he was kingly indeed! The thought of the witches always seemed to be upon him, weighing him down with supernatural fear. In Richard the Third, he was something too collected, too weighty with the consideration of crime, too slow of apprehension. In this part Mr. Kean certainly has surpassed all others, and we never saw quick intellect so splendidly displayed as in this brilliant little man. In King John, although the character is in itself tedious, Mr. Kemble was greatly elaborate and successful. His scenes with Hubert, and his death, were as powerful as genius could make them. His death chilled the heart, as the touch of marble chills the hand; and it almost seemed that a monument was struggling with Fate! The voice had a horror, a hollowness, supernatural; and it still sounds through our memories, big with death!

In characters of vehemence and passion, such as Hotspur, Pierre, Octavian, he so contrived to husband his powers, as to give the most astounding effects in the most prominent scenes in which those characters appeared. And in the melancholy pride and rooted sentiments of such parts as Wolsey, Zanga, the Stranger, and Penruddock, he had no equal. In the latter character, indeed, with apparently the slightest materials, he worked up a part of the most thrilling interest. He showed love, not in its dancing youth and revel of the blood, but in its suffering, its patience, its silent wasting intensity. Mr. Kemble dressed the part in the humblest modern dress, and still he looked some superior creature. Philosophy seemed determined to hold her own. The draped room was shamed by his severe presence. His boots and hose bore a charmed life! Love hung its banner out in his countenance, and it had all the interest of some worn record of a long-past contest and victory.

We have seen Mr. Kemble in Lord Townley, in Biron, Sir Giles Overreach, and various other characters; but we preferred him in the parts upon which we have principally remarked. Although he was filled with the spirit of Massinger in Overreach, and bore the Ancient Drama sternly up, *Sir Giles* is highly poetical, and cannot be realized by a natural actor. His very vices relish of the schools.

Having thus briefly noticed those characters which Mr. Kemble so completely triumphed in representing, we shall proceed to

give a short account of his retirement from Covent-garden Theatre on the 23d of June, 1817, and of the dinner given to him by those admirers who were anxious to testify, by some attention, their value of his classical and exquisite personification of most of the higher characters in the English drama. And we shall then conclude this paper with the circumstances with which we are acquainted respecting his death.

When it became publicly known that Mr. Kemble was to retire on the night of the 23d of June, every box in the house was secured, and the orchestra was fitted up for the accommodation of those lovers of the drama who longed to see their great actor once more! All the leading members of the profession were present. Kemble played Coriolanus with an abandonment of self-care, with a boundless energy, a loose of strength, as though he felt that he should never play again; and that he needed to husband his powers no longer!—The audience were borne along with him until they approached the *Rapids* of the last act—and then they seemed at once conscious of their approaching fate, and shrank from the *Fall!* The curtain dropped amidst wild shouts of “No farewell! No farewell!” But, true to himself, the proud actor came forward, evidently “oppressed with grief—oppressed with care!” He struggled long for silence—and then, alas! he struggled long before he could break it!—At length, he stammered out in honest, earnest truth—“I have now appeared before you for the last time; this night closes my professional life!”—The burst of “No, no!” was tremendous;—but Mr. Kemble had “rallied life’s whole energy to die,”—and he stood his ground, continuing his farewell address, when the storm abated, in the following words.—He was of course continually interrupted by his own feelings, and by the ardent cheers, and loud affectionate greetings of the audience.

“I am so much agitated that I cannot express with any tolerable propriety what I wish to say. I feared, indeed, that I should not be able to take my leave of you with sufficient fortitude,—composure I mean,—and had intended to withdraw myself from before you in silence;—but I suffered myself to be persuaded that if it were only from old custom, some little parting word would be expected from me on this occasion. Ladies and Gentlemen, I entreat you to believe, that, whatever abilities I have possessed,—either as an actor, in the performance of the characters allotted to me,—or as a manager, in endeavouring at a union of propriety and splendour in the representation of our best plays, and particularly of those of the divine Shakspeare;—I entreat you to believe that all my labours, all my studies, whatever they have been, have been made delightful to me, by the approbation with which you have been pleased constantly to reward them.

“I beg you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to accept my thanks for the great kindness you have invariably shown me, from the first night I became a candidate for public favour, down to this painful mo-

ment of my parting with you!—I must take my leave at once.—Ladies and Gentlemen, I must respectfully bid you a long, and an unwilling farewell!”

On his retirement, a multitude seemed agonized!—No one knew what to utter—where to look!—a laurel crown and a scroll were handed from the pit to the stage. But he, for whom it was intended, was gone! The manager was called for; and Mr. Fawcett appeared—he took the wreath, and, declaring the pride he had in being commissioned to present it, withdrew. The people left the theatre, as though they had witnessed a death.

Behind the scenes Mr. Kemble had more kindness to encounter. The actors and actresses waited to greet him with respect and anxious love! They crowded around him, and several of them entertained some memorial of him. Mathews obtained his sandals.

Some gentlemen had, previously to this night of retirement, contemplated the arrangement of a public dinner to be given to Mr. Kemble, and the idea was soon carried into effect. A public meeting for the purpose was called, and a committee immediately appointed. A subscription was at the same time entered into for a piece of plate to be presented to Mr. Kemble on the occasion.

Mr. Kemble was invited, and the 27th of June was fixed upon as the day. Men of intellect seemed to vie with each other in endeavouring to pay him honour. A design for a vase was furnished by Mr. Flaxman—and a medal was struck for the committee. Mr. Poole, the author of several clever dramas, contributed a very elegant inscription for the vase; and Mr. Campbell wrote an Ode, which was committed to Mr. Young to recite, and to Mr. T. Cooke to compose. Lord Holland took the chair at the dinner. The room was thronged with noblemen and gentlemen of literary talent and taste—and the sight was altogether one of remarkable interest.

After dinner, and after the usual toasts, Lord Holland in a neat speech gave the health of Mr. Kemble, and produced the design for the vase (the vase itself not being completed in time) and read the inscription, which was as follows:

To
JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE,
On his retirement from the stage,
Of which, for thirty-four years, he has been
The ornament and pride;
Which to his learning, taste, and genius,
Is indebted for its present state of refinement;
Which, under his auspices,
And aided by his unrivalled labours
(Most worthily devoted to the support of the
Legitimate Drama,
And more particularly to the
GLORY OF SHAKESPEARE)

Has attained to a degree of Splendour and Propriety
 Before unknown;
 And which, from his high character, has acquired
 Increase of
 Honour and Dignity:

THIS VASE,
 By a numerous assembly of his admirers,
 In testimony of their
 Gratitude, Respect, and Affection,
 Was presented,
 Through the hands of their President,
 HENRY RICHARD VASSAL, LORD HOLLAND,
 XXVII June, MDCCCXVII.

"More Is Thy Due Than More Than All Can Pay."

Lord Holland having read the inscription and closed his speech—Mr. Young rose immediately, and recited Mr. Campbell's Ode with considerable feeling and energy. There are too many stanzas, perhaps, in this ode—and the measure is by no means a dignified one—but the following passages are attractive:—

His was the spell o'er hearts
 That only Acting lends,
 The youngest of the sister arts,
 Where all their beauty blends.
 For Poetry can ill express
 Full many a tone of thought sublime;
 And Painting, mute and motionless,
 Steals but one partial glance from Time.
 But by the mighty Actor brought,
 Illusion's wedded triumphs come,
 Verse ceases to be airy thought,
 And Sculpture to be dumb!

And there was many an hour
 Of blended kindred fame;
 When Siddons's auxiliar power
 And sister magic came:
 Together at the Muse's side
 Her tragic paragons had grown;
 They were the children of her pride,
 The columns of her throne.
 And undivided favour ran,
 From heart to heart, in their applause.
 Save for the gallantry of man,
 In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,
 Robust and richly graced,
 Your Kemble's spirit was the home
 Of Genius and of Taste.
 Taste, like the silent gnomon's power,
 That, when supernal light is given,

Can dial inspiration's hour,
 And tell its height in heaven.
 At once ennobled and correct,
 His mind survey'd the tragic page,
 And what the actor could effect,
 The scholar could presage.

Mr. Kemble, of course much affected by such heaped up honours, replied with difficulty; his speech, however, was earnest and true—and in public speaking this is no poor character. Much toast-drinking, and complimenting, and speechifying, followed—and M. Talma, Mr. West, Mr. Young, and Mr. Mathews, principally supported the debate. Soon after eleven o'clock Lord Holland and Mr. Kemble retired—and this was the last time the public could ever look upon their bright and classic favourite. Such a day was a proud one to the profession, of which Mr. Kemble was the ornament. It proved to the members of it, that cultivation of mind, and regulation of conduct, could and would secure respect and love from the highest and the most enlightened in the nation.

We have now closed Mr. Kemble's public life;—we have no further honours to record—no other scenes of splendour to exhibit;—and it only remains for us to accompany him into his retirement, and to relate the simplicity and goodness of his brief hour of domestic quiet—and to say the little we know of his final, his pious, and his peaceful death.

The climate of England not agreeing with a severe asthma, with which indeed, as our readers well know, Mr. Kemble had long been afflicted;—and having run his race of glory with proud speed to the goal, he had nothing more to do than to be happy and to be well. He, therefore, retired to a serene spot of earth, and to warmer air—to breathe out his last years in cheerful repose and comfort. His house, called *Beausite*, was situated at Lausanne—and the sweetness of the climate, and the extreme beauty of the scene, (as the name of his residence testifies,) seemed to speak long life and healthful quiet to John Kemble. It had been well for him if he had “sought to know no more;” but the children of fame are a restless race, and Kemble must visit Italy!—He travelled, therefore, during the last winter to Rome—and became ill immediately. It was with difficulty he returned to Lausanne, to which place, however, his physician peremptorily ordered him; and though he seemed to recover in the air of home, he never really overcame the mal-influence of Rome—and his death in a comparatively short time came down upon him.

We never remember, in our time, any actor who acquired so much popularity as John Kemble; he bore the young lovers of the drama along with him like a clan, and they always seemed ready to fight for the supremacy of his genius. The first rows of the pit were nightly crowded with his youthful followers—and they

hailed him as the clansmen hail their chief. His very defects were doted upon,—the laboured precision of his voice—the measured solemnity of his action—the feebleness arising from his constitutional malady. Those who would read tragedy, read it as he delivered it;—Tragedy reigned in solemn grandeur then—for the broken starts and rapid familiarities of the new school were in Kemble's bright time unknown. He just saw, before his retirement, the dawn of Mr. Kean's genius in the new dramatic world; but this did not take from the rich and grand lights of his own setting!—We have, in our early play-days, seen John Kemble with a delight which will never visit us again! We have thrilled on his inspired nights. We have listened with almost breathless awe, at the times when he has been cold as marble with illness. We have venerated his very cough! Oh! that we could hear him again!—But John Kemble is dead! Mr. Kean may triumph in his vehement line of hurried nature—Mr. Young may engraft the new upon the old style, and strive to triumph in both—Mr. Macready may “frighten the isle from her propriety;”—but we, though we may be scared into forgetfulness for the moment, can never find that “oblivious antidote,” which will banish for ever our first classic favourite from our minds. His majestic form and noble powers *will* rise up in our memories, and assert, with conscious pride and fearless confidence, the measureless superiority of JOHN KEMBLE!*



SONG;

From the Spanish.

Say, Juan, say, of what he died?—
So young, so pensive, and so fair!
Of unrequited love he died—

What said he, shepherd?—thou wert there
When death stood threatening at his side—
—That of his pains the saddest pain
Was—he could not that pain declare—
He would not speak of that again,
Poor youth! he had been scorned by pride—
Of unrequited love he died!

* Some public testimony of respect to this great actor has been very properly talked of; and indeed Lord Holland, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Mackintosh, and a few other eminent characters, have taken some steps for effecting such an object. Such talents ought, indeed, so to be honoured. We should conceive that the best way would be to call a meeting for the purpose—when, we are confident, the subscription for a monument would be filled in a day.

And when he felt the failing breath
 Grow weak—what said he of his doom?
 —That there are pains far worse than death,
 And he had known them—thoughts of gloom
 Shadow'd the portals of the tomb—
 Some things he said—and none replied—
 Of unrequited love he died!

And when the last, last throb drew nigh,
 Before the fluttering spirit fled?
 —Soon, soon the pilgrim will be dead:
 But there are thoughts which cannot die.
 No more he felt, no more he said;—
 He sleeps upon the valley's side—
 Of unrequited love he died!

SONG;

From the Spanish of Julian de Linares.

Shepherdess! say, what wilt thou do
 When thou shalt find me far removed?
 —O! I shall love thee, fond and true,
 Better than I have ever loved.

Ere I am sunder'd far from thee,
 Say, do my sorrows wound thy breast?
 —Shepherd! the farewell's misery
 Cannot in idle words be drest.
 Tell me thy thoughts, thy feelings too,
 Thou who my sorrow's balm hast proved:
 —O! I shall love thee, fond and true,
 Better than I have ever loved.

Tell me, my joy, when I am fled,
 What wilt thou do when thinking of me?
 —I will follow thy fancied shade
 Wheresoever I followed thee.
 But if time from thy distant view
 Drive the thoughts of him who roved
 —Nay! I will love thee, fond and true,
 Better than I have ever loved.

How shall I credit thee—how conceive
 That thou wilt love as loving now?
 —Silly Shepherd! O! rather believe
 Absence fans the lover's glow.
 Heavenly sounds—sure one who knew
 Love's art so well ne'er faithless proved!
 —No! I will love thee, fond and true,
 Better than I have ever loved.

MISS HAWKINS'S ANECDOTES.*

THIS orange we mean to squeeze for the public use. Where an author is poor, this is wrong: but Miss Hawkins being upon her own acknowledgment rich, (p. 125,) keeping "a carriage, to the *proprete* of which she is not indifferent," (p. 253,) and being able to give away manors worth more than 1000*l.* per annum, (p. 140,) it is most clear that her interests ought to bend to those of the public; the public being really in very low circumstances, and quite unable to buy books of luxury and anecdotage.

Who is the author, and what is the book? The author has descended to us from the last century, and has heard of little that has happened since the American war. She is the daughter of Sir John Hawkins—known to the world,—1st, as the historian of music—2d, as the acquaintance and biographer of Dr. Johnson—3d, as the object of some vulgar gossip and calumnies made current by Mr. Boswell. Her æra being determined,—the reader can be at no loss to deduce the rest: her chronology known, all is known. She belongs to the literati of those early ages who saw Dr. Johnson, and conversed with Goldsmith, Garrick, Bennet Langton, Wilkes and liberty, Sir Joshua, Hawkesworth, &c. &c. All of these good people she "*found*," (to use her own lively expression) at her father's house: that is, upon her earliest introduction to her father's drawing-room at Twickenham, most of them were already in possession. Amongst the "*&c. &c.*" as we have classed them, were some who really ought not to have been thus slurred over—such as Bishop Percy, Tyrwhitt, Dean Tucker, and Hurd: but others absolutely pose us. For instance, does the reader know any thing of one *Israel Mauduit*? We profess to know nothing; no, nor at all the more for his having been the author of *Considerations on the German War*, (p. 7;) in fact, there have been so many German wars since Mr. Mauduit's epoch, and the public have since then been called on to "*consider*" so many "*considerations*," that Miss Hawkins must pardon us for declaring, that the illustrious Mauduit, (though we remember his name in Lord Orford's *Memoirs*) is now defunct, and that his works have followed him. Not less defunct than Mauduit is the not less illustrious Brettell.—Brettell!—What Brettell?—*What Brettell!*—Why, "*wonderful old colonel Brettell of the Middlesex militia*," (p. 10,) "*who, on my requesting him, at eighty-five years of age, to be careful in getting over a five-barred gate, replied—Take care of what? Time was, when I could have jumped over it.*" "*Time was!*" he says, *was*; but how will *that* satisfy posterity?—What proof has the nineteenth century that he did it, or

* *Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs*: collected by Letitia Matilda Hawkins. Vol. I. London: F. C. and J. Rivington, 1823.

could have done it? So much for Brettell, and Mauduit. But last comes one who "hight Costard:" and here we are posed indeed. Can this be Shakspeare's Costard—every body's Costard—the Costard of *Love's Labour's Lost*? But how is that possible?—says a grave and learned friend at our elbow. I will affirm it to be impossible. How can any man celebrated by Shakspeare have visited at Twickenham with Dr. Johnson?—*That*, indeed, we answer, deserves consideration: yet, if he can, where would Costard be more naturally found than at Sir John Hawkins's house, who had himself annotated on Shakspeare, and lived in company with so many other annotators, as Percy, Tyrwhitt, Steevens, &c.? Yet again, at p. 10, and at p. 24, he is called "the learned Costard." Now this is an objection; for Shakspeare's Costard, the old original Costard, is far from learned. But what of *that*? He had plenty of time to mend his manners, and fit himself for the company of Dr. Johnson: and at p. 80, where Miss Hawkins again affirms that his name was "always preceded by the epithet *learned*," she candidly admits that "he was a feeble—ailing—emaciated man, who had all the appearance of having sacrificed his health to his studies:" as well he might, if he had studied from Shakspeare's time to Dr. Johnson's. With all his learning, however, Costard could make nothing of a case which occurred in Sir John Hawkins's grounds; and we confess that we can make no more of it than Costard. "In a paddock," says Miss Hawkins, "we had an oblong piece of water supplied by a sluice. Keeping poultry, this was very convenient for ducks:—on a sudden, a prodigious consternation was perceived among the ducks: they were with great difficulty persuaded to take to the water; and, when there, shuddered—grew wet—and were drowned. They were supposed diseased; others were bought at other places; but in vain! none of *our* ducks could swim. I remember the circumstance calling out much thought and conjecture. The learned George Costard, Dr. Morton, and the medical* advisers of the neighbourhood were consulted: every one had a different supposition; and I well recollect my own dissatisfaction with all I heard. It was told of course to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. Mrs. Garrick would not give credit to it: Garrick himself was not incredulous; and after a discussion, he turned to my father with his jocose impetuosity, and said—'There's my wife, who will not believe the story of these ducks, and yet she believes in the eleven thousand virgins.'"—Most probably the ducks were descended from that "which Samuel Johnson trod on,"—which, "if it had lived and had not died, had surely been an odd one:" its posterity therefore would be odd ones. However,

* From this it should seem that Costard was a duck doctor: we remember also a History of Astronomy by one Costard. These facts we mention merely as hints for inquiry, to the editors of the next Variorum Shakspeare.

Costard could make nothing of it: and to this hour the case is an unsolved problem—like the longitude or the north-west passage. But enough of Costard.

Of Lord Orford, who, like Costard, was a neighbour and an acquaintance of her father's, Miss H. gives us a very long account; no less than thirty pages, (p. 87—117) being dedicated to him on his first introduction. Amongst his eccentricities, she mentions that "he made no scruple of avowing his thorough want of taste for Don Quixote." This was already known from the Walpoliana; where it may be seen that his objection was singularly disingenuous, because built on an incident (the windmill adventure) which, if it were as extravagant as it seems (though it has been paliated by the peculiar appearance of Spanish mills,) is yet of no weight, because not *characteristic* of the work: it contradicts its general character. We shall extract her account of Lord Orford's person and *aboard*—his dress and his address, which is remarkably lively and picturesque; as might have been expected from the pen of a female observer, who was at that time young.

"His figure was, as every one knows, not merely tall, but more properly *long*, and slender to excess; his complexion, and particularly his hands, of a most unhealthy paleness. I speak of him before the year 1772. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating, very dark and lively:—his voice was not strong; but his tones were extremely pleasant, and (if I may so say) highly gentlemanly. I do not remember his common gait: he always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy which fashion had then made almost natural; *chapeau bras* between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm; knees bent; and feet on tip-toe, as if afraid of a wet floor. His dress in visiting was most usually (in summer when I most saw him) a lavender suit; the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver, or of white silk worked in the tamour; partridge silk stockings; and gold buckles; ruffles and frill generally lace. I remember, when a child, thinking him very much under-dressed, if at any time, except in mourning, he wore hemmed cambric. In summer, no powder; but his wig combed straight, and showing his very smooth pale forehead, and queued behind;—in winter, powder." What an amusing old coxcomb!

Of Dr. Johnson, we have but one anecdote; but it is very good; and good in the best way—because characteristic; being, in fact, somewhat brutal, and very witty. Miss Knight, the author of *Dianthos*, and of *Marcus Klaminus*, called to pay him a farewell visit on quitting England for the continent: this lady (then a young lady) is remarkably large in person; so the old savage dismissed her with the following memorial of his good nature:—"Go, go, my dear; for you are too big for an island." As may be supposed, the Doctor is no favourite with Miss Hawkins: but she is really too hard upon our old friend; for she declares "that she

never heard him say in any visit six words that could compensate for the trouble of getting to his den, and the disgust of seeing such squalidness as she saw no where else." One thing at least Miss Hawkins might have learned from Dr. Johnson; and let her not suppose that we say it in ill-nature—she might have learned to weed her pages of many barbarisms in language which now disfigure them; for instance, the barbarism of "compensate for the trouble"—in the very sentence before us—instead of "compensate the trouble."

Dr. Farmer disappointed Miss Hawkins by "the homeliness of his external." But surely when a man comes to that supper at which he does not eat but is eaten, we have a deeper interest in his wit, which may chance to survive him, than in his beauty, which posterity cannot possibly enjoy any more than the *petits soupers* which it adorned. Had the Doctor been a very Adonis, he could not have done Miss Hawkins so much service as by two of his *propos* which she records:—One was, that on a report being mentioned, at her father's table, of Sir Joshua Reynolds having shared the gains arising from the exhibition of his pictures, with his man-servant, who was fortunately called Ralph,—Dr. Farmer quoted against Sir Joshua these two lines from Hudibras:

A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
Who in the adventure went his half,

The other was, that speaking of Dr. Parr, he said that "he seemed to have been at a feast of learning (for *learning*, read *languages*) from which he had carried off all the scraps." Miss Hawkins does not seem to be aware that this is taken from Shakspeare: but, what is still more surprising, she declares herself "absolutely ignorant whether it be praise or censure." All we shall say on that question is, that we most seriously advise her not to ask Dr. Parr.

Of Paul Whitehead, we are told that his wife "was so nearly idiotic, that she would call his attention in conversation to look at a cow, not as one of singular beauty, but in the words—'Mr. Whitehead, there's a cow.'" On this Miss Hawkins moralizes in a very eccentric way: "He took it," says she, "most patiently—as he did all such trials of his temper." Trials of his temper! Why, was he jealous of the cow? Had he any personal animosity to the cow? Not only, however, was Paul very patient (at least under his bovine afflictions, and his "trials" in regard to horned cattle,) but also Paul was very devout; of which he gave this pleasant assurance: "When I go," said he, "into St. Paul's, I admire it as a very fine, grand, beautiful building; and, when I have contemplated its beauty, I come out: but, if I go into Westminster Abbey, d——n me, I'm all devotion." So, by his own account, Paul appears to have been a very pretty fellow: d——d patient, and d——d devout,

For practical purposes, we recommend to all physicians the following anecdote, which Sir Richard Jebb used to tell of himself: as Miss Hawkins observes, it makes even rapacity comical, and it suggests a very useful and practical hint. "He was attending a nobleman, from whom he had a right to expect a fee of five guineas; he received only three. Suspecting some trick on the part of the steward, from whom he received it, he at the next visit contrived to drop the three guineas. They were picked up, and again deposited in his hand: but he still continued to look on the carpet. His lordship asked if all the guineas were found. 'There must be two guineas still on the carpet,' replied Sir Richard, 'for I have but three.' The hint was taken as he meant."

But of all medical stratagems, commend us to that practised by Dr. Munckley, who had lived with Sir J. Hawkins during his bachelor days in quality of "chum:" and a chum he was, in Miss Hawkins's words, "not at all calculated to render the chum state happy." This Dr. Munckley, by the bye, was so huge a man-mountain, that Miss Hawkins supposes the blank in the well-known epigram,

When —— walks the streets, the paviors cry,
"God bless you, Sir!" and lay their rammers by,

to have been originally filled up with his name,—but in this she is mistaken. The epigram was written before he was born; and for about 140 years has this empty epigram, like other epigrams *to be lett*, been occupied by a succession of big men: we believe that the original tenant was Dr. Ralph Bathurst. Munckley, however, might have been the original tenant, if it had pleased God to let him be born eighty years sooner; for he was quite as well qualified as Bathurst to draw down the blessings of paviors, and to play the part of a "three-man beetle."* Of this Miss Hawkins gives a proof which is droll enough: "accidentally encountering suddenly a stout man servant in a narrow passage, they literally stuck." Each, like Horatius Cocles, in the words of Seneca, *solus implevit pontis angustias*. One of them, it is clear, must have backed; unless, indeed, they are sticking there yet. It would be curious to ascertain *which* of them backed. For the dignity of science, one would hope it was not Munckley. Yet we fear he was capable of any meanness, if Miss Hawkins reports accurately his stratagems upon her father's purse: a direct attack failing, he attacked it indirectly. But Miss Hawkins shall tell her own tale. "He was extremely rapacious, and a very bad economist; and, soon after my father's marriage, having been foiled in his attempt to borrow money of him, he endeavoured to atone to himself for this disappointment by protracting the duration of a low fever in which he attended him; making unnecessary visits, and with his

* "Fillip me with a three-man beetle."—*Falstaff, Henry IV.*

hand ever open for a fee." Was there ever such a fellow in this terraqueous globe? Sir John's purse not yielding to a storm, he approaches by mining and sapping, under cover of a low fever. Did this Munckley really exist; or is he but the coinage of Miss Hawkins's brain? If the reader wishes to know what became of this "great" man, we shall gratify him. He was "foiled," as we have seen, "in his attempt to borrow money" of Sir J. H.: he was also soon after "foiled" in his attempt to live. Munckley, big Munckley, being "too big for an island" we suppose, was compelled to die: he gave up the ghost; and, what seems very absurd both to us and to Miss Hawkins, he continued talking to the last; and went off in the very act of uttering a most prosaic truism, which yet happened to be false in his case: for his final words were "that it was—hard to be taken off just then, when he was beginning to get into practice." Not at all with such practices as his: where men enter into partnerships with low fevers, it is very fit that they should "back" out of this world as fast as possible; as fast as, in all probability, he had backed down the narrow passage before the stout man-servant. So much for Munckley,—big Munckley.

It does not strike us as any "singular feature," (p. 273,) in the history of Bartleman the great singer—"that he lived to occupy the identical house in Berners-street in which his first patron resided." Knowing the house, its *pros* and *cons*, its landlord, &c. surely it was very natural that he should avail himself of his knowledge for his own convenience. But it is a very singular fact, (p. 160,) that our government should "merely for want of caution have sent the *Culloden* ship of war to convoy Cardinal York from Naples." This, we suppose, Miss Hawkins looks upon as ominous of some disaster; for she considers it "*fortunate*," that his Eminence "had sailed before it arrived." Of this same Cardinal York, Miss Hawkins tells us further, that a friend of hers having been invited to dine with him, as all Englishmen were while he kept a table, "found him, as all others did, a good-natured, almost superannuated gentleman, who had his round of civilities and jokes. He introduced some roast beef, by saying that it might not be as good as that in England; *for*, said he, *you know we are but pretenders*." Yes: the Cardinal was a pretender; but his beef was "legitimate;" unless, indeed, his bulls pretended to be oxen.

On the subject of the Pretender, by the way, we have (at p. 63) as fine a bon-mot as the celebrated toast of Dr. Byrom, the Manchester Jacobite.—"The Marchioness (the Marchioness of Tweedale) had been lady Frances Carteret, a daughter of the Earl of Granville, and had been brought up by her jacobite aunt, Lady Worsley, one of the most zealous of that party. The Marchioness herself told my father that, on her aunt's upbraiding her when a child with not attending prayers, she answered that she heard her

ladyship did not pray for the King. "Not pray for the King?" said Lady Worsley, "who says this? I will have you and those who sent you know that I do pray for the King;—but I do not think it necessary to tell God Almighty who is King."

This is *savoir-vie*, which becomes wit to the by-stander, though simply the natural expression of the thought to him who utters it. Another instance, no less lively, is the following—mentioned at Strawberry-hill by "the sister of one of our first statesmen now deceased." "She had heard a boy, humoured to excess, tease his mother for the remains of a favourite dish: Mamma at length replied—'then, do take it, and have done teasing me.' He then flew into a passion, roaring out—'what did you give it me for? I wanted to have snatched it.'"

The next passage we shall cite relates to a very eminent character indeed, truly respectable, and entirely English; viz. Plum-Pudding. The obstinate and inveterate ignorance of Frenchmen on this subject is well known. Their errors are grievous, pitiable, and matter of scorn and detestation to every enlightened mind. In civilization, in trial by jury, and many other features of social happiness, it has been affirmed, that the French are two centuries behind us. We believe it. But with regard to plum-pudding, they are at least five centuries in arrear. In the "Omniana," we think it is, Mr. Southey has recorded one of their insane attempts at constructing such a pudding: the monstrous abortion, which on that occasion issued to the light, the reader may imagine; and will be at no loss to understand that volley of "*Diables*," "*Sacres*," and "*Morbleus*," which it called forth, when we mention that these deluded Frenchmen made cheese the basis of their infernal preparation. Now, under these circumstances of national infatuation, how admirable must have been the art of an English party, who, in the very city of Paris, (that centre of darkness on this interesting subject) and in the very teeth of Frenchmen, did absolutely extort from French hands, a real English plum-pudding: yes! compelled a French apothecary, unknowing what he did, to produce an excellent plum-pudding; and had the luxury of a hoax into the bargain. Verily, the ruse was *magnifique*; and though it was nearly terminating in bloodshed, yet, doubtless, so superb a story would have been cheaply purchased by one or two lives.—Here it follows in Miss Hawkins's own words. "Dr. Schomberg of Reading, in the early part of his life, spent a Christmas at Paris with some English friends. They were desirous to celebrate the season in the manner of their own country, by having, as one dish at their table, an English plum-pudding; but no cook was found equal to the task of compounding it. A clergyman of the party had, indeed, an old receipt book; but this did not sufficiently explain the process. Dr. Schomberg, however, supplied all that was wanting, by throwing the recipe into the form of a prescription, and sending it to an apothecary to be made up. To prevent all

possibility of error, he directed that it should be boiled in a cloth, and sent in the same cloth, to be applied at an hour specified. At this hour it arrived, borne by the apothecary's assistant, and preceded" (sweet heavens!) "by the apothecary himself—drest, according to the professional formality of the time, with a sword. Seeing, when he entered the apartment, instead of signs of sickness, a table well-filled, and surrounded by very merry faces, he perceived that he was made a party in a joke that turned on himself, and indignantly laid his hand on his sword; but an invitation to taste his own cookery appeased him; and all was well."

This story we pronounce altogether unique; for, as on the one hand, the art was divine, by which the benefits of medical punctuality and accuracy were pressed into the service of a Christmas dinner; so, on the other hand, it is strictly and satirically probable, when told of a French apothecary: for who but a Frenchman, whose pharmacopœia still teems with the monstrous compounds of our ancestors, could have believed that such a preparation was seriously designed for a cataplasm?

In our next extracts we come upon ground rather tender and unsafe for obstinate sceptics. We have often heard of learned doctors, from Shrewsbury, suppose, going by way of Birmingham to Oxford—and at Birmingham, under the unfortunate ambiguity of "the Oxford coach," getting into that *from* Oxford, which, by night-fall, safely restored the astonished doctor to astonished Shrewsbury. Such a case is sad and pitiful; but what is that to the case (p. 164) of Willes the painter, who, being "anxious to get a likeness" of "good Dr. Foster," (the same whom Pope has honoured with the couplet,

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well)

"attended his meeting one Sunday evening;" and very naturally, not being acquainted with Dr. Foster's person, sketched a likeness of the clergyman whom he found officiating; which clergyman happened unfortunately to be—not the Doctor—but Mr. Morris, an occasional substitute of his. The mistake remained undiscovered: the sketch was elaborately copied in a regular picture: the picture was elaborately engraved in mezzotinto; and to this day the portrait of one Mr. Morris "officiates" for that of the celebrated Dr. Foster. Living and dead he was Dr. Foster's substitute. Even this however, is a trifle to what follows:—the case "of a Baronet, who must be nameless, who proposed to visit Rome, and previously to learn the language; but by some mistake, or imposition, engaged a German, who taught only his own language, and proceeded in the study of it vigorously for three months before he discovered his error." With all deference to the authority of Horace Walpole, from whom the anecdote originally comes,—we confess that we are staggered; and must take leave,

in the stoical phrase, to "suspend:" in fact, we must consult our friends before we can contract for believing it: at present, all we shall say about it is, that we greatly fear the Baronet "must," as Miss Hawkins observes, "be nameless."

We must also consult our friends on the propriety of believing the little incident which follows, though attributed to "a very worthy modest young man:" for it is remarkable that of this very modest young man is recorded but one act, viz. the most impudent in the book. "He was walking in the Mall of St. James's Park, when they met two fine young women, drest in straw hats, and, at least to appearance, unattended. His friend offered him a bet that he did not go up to one of those rustic beauties, and salute her. He accepted the bet; and in a very civil manner, and probably explaining the cause of his boldness, he thought himself sure of success, when he became aware that it was the Princess Caroline, daughter of George II. who, with one of her sisters, was taking the refreshment of a walk in complete disguise. In the utmost confusion he bowed, begged pardon, and retreated; whilst their Royal Highnesses, with great good humour, laughed at his mistake."

We shall conclude our extracts with the following story, as likely to interest our fair readers.

"Lady Lucy Meyrick was by birth the Lady Lucy Pitt, daughter to the Earl of Londonderry, and sister to the last who bore that title. She was of course nearly related to all the great families of that name; and losing her parents very early in life, was left under the guardianship of an uncle, who lived in James-street, Buckingham-gate. This house was a most singularly uncouth dismal dwelling, in appearance very much of the Vanburgh style of building; and the very sight of it would justify almost any measure to get out of it. It excited every one's curiosity to ask, What is this place? What can it be for? It had a front of very dark heavy brick work; very small windows, with sashes immensely thick. In this gay mansion, which looked against the blank window side of the large house in St. James's Park, twenty years ago Lord Milford's, but backwards into a market gardener's ground, was Lady Lucy Meyrick to reside with her uncle and his daughter, a girl a little older than herself. The young ladies, who had formed a strict friendship, were kept under great restraint, which they bore as two lively girls may be supposed to have done. Their endurances soon reached the ear of two Westminster scholars of one of the Welch families of Meyrick, who, in the true spirit of knight-errantry, concerted with them a plan for escaping, which they carried into effect. Having gone thus far, there was nothing for the courteous knights to do, but to marry the fair damsels to whom they had rendered this essential service:—and for this purpose they took them to the Fleet, or to May-Fair, in both which places marriages were solemnized in the ut-

most privacy. Here the two couples presented themselves; a baker's wife attending upon the ladies. Lady Lucy was then, and to the end of her life, one of the smallest women I ever saw: she was at the same time not more than fourteen years of age; and, being in the dress of a child, the person officiating objected to performing the ceremony for her. This extraordinary scrupulosity was distressing; but her ladyship met it by a lively reply—that her cousin might be married first, and then lend her her gown, which would make her look more womanly: but I suppose her right of precedence was regarded; for she used to say herself that she was at last married in the baker's wife's gown. Yet even now, if report be true, an obstacle intervened: the young ladies turned fickle; not indeed, on the question “to be or not to be” married, but on their choice of partners; and I was assured that they actually changed—Lady Lucy taking to herself, or acquiescing in taking, the elder brother. What their next step was to have been, I know not: the ladies, who had not been missed, returned to their place of endurance—the young gentlemen to school, where they remained, keeping the secret close. When the school next broke up, they went home: and, probably, whilst waiting for courage to avow, or opportunity to disclose, or accident to betray for them the matter, a newly arrived guest fresh from London, in reply, perhaps, to the usual question—What news from town? reported an odd story of two Westminster scholars, names unknown, who had (it was said) married two girls in the neighbourhood of the school. The countenances of the two lads drew suspicions upon them; and, confession being made, Lady Lucy was fetched to the house of her father-in-law. His lady, seeing her so very much of a child in appearance, said, on receiving her, in a tone of vexation, ‘Why, child, what can we do with you? Such a baby as you are, what can you know?’ With equal humility and frankness Lady Lucy replied—‘It is very true, Madam, that I am very young and very ignorant; but whatever you will teach me I will learn.’ All the good lady's prejudice was now overcome; and Lady Lucy's conduct proved the sincerity of her submission. She lived seven years in Wales under the tuition of her mother-in-law—conforming to the manners, tempers, and prejudices of her new relations.”

We have now “squeezed” a volume of 351 pages, according to our promise: we hope Miss Hawkins will forgive us. She must also forgive us for gently blaming her diction. She says (p. 277), “I read but little English.” We thought as much; and wish she read more. The words “duple,” (p. 145,) “decadence,” (p. 123,) and “cumbent,” (p.), all point to another language than English: as to “*maux*,” (p. 254,) we know not what language it belongs to, unless it be Coptic. It is certainly not “too big for an island;” but it will not do for this island, and we beg it may be transported. Miss Hawkins says a worse thing, however, of the English language, than that she reads it but little: “instead of ad-

miring my native language," says she, "I feel fettered by it." That may be: but her inability to use it without difficulty and constraint is the very reason why she ought not to pronounce upon its merits: we cannot allow of any person's deciding on the value of an instrument until he has shown himself master of its powers in their whole compass. For some purposes (and those the highest,) the English language is a divine instrument: no language is so for all.

When Miss Hawkins says that she reads "little English," the form of the expression implies that she reads a good deal of some more favoured language: may we take the liberty of asking—what? It is not Welsh, we hope? nor Syriac? nor Sungskrita? We say *hope*, for none of these will yield her any thing for her next volume: throughout the Asiatic Researches no soul has been able to unearth a Sanscrit bon-mot. Is it Latin? or Greek?—Perhaps both: for, besides some sprinklings of both throughout the volume, she gives us at the end several copies of Latin and Greek verses. These, she says, are her brother's: be they whose they may, we must overhaul them. The Latin are chiefly Sapphics, the Greek chiefly Iambics: the following is a specimen of the Sapphics:—

One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns;
If your daughters will not eat them, give them to your sons;
But, if you have none of those pretty little elves,
You cannot do better than eat them yourselves.

Idem Latine redditum a Viro Clariss. Henrico Hawkins.

Asse placentam cupiasne solam?
Asse placentas cupiasne binas?
Ecce placentæ, teneræ, tepentes,
Et cruce gratæ.

Respuant natæ? dato, queso, natis:
Parvulos tales sibi si negârint
Fata, tu tandem (supereat quid ultra?)
Sumito, præsto est.

Our opinion of this translation is, that it is worthy of the original. We hope this criticism will prove satisfactory. At the same time, without offence to Mr. Hawkins, may we suggest that the baker's man has rather the advantage in delicacy of expression and structure of verse? He has also distinguished clearly the alternative of sons and daughters, which the unfortunate ambiguity of "natis" has prevented Mr. Hawkins from doing. Perhaps Mr. Hawkins will consider this against a future edition. Another, viz. a singular hexameter is entitled, "De Amandâ, clavibus amissis." Here we must confess to a signal mortification, the table of "Contents" having prepared us to look for some sport; for the title is there printed, (by mistake, as it turns out,) "De Amandâ, clavis amissis,"—i. e. *On Amanda, upon the loss of her cudgels.*

Shenstone used to thank God that his name was not adapted to the vile designs of the punster: perhaps some future punster may take the conceit out of him on that point by extracting a compound pun from his name combined with some other word. The next best thing, however, to having a name, or title, that is absolutely pun-proof, is the having one which yields only to Greek puns, or Carthaginian (i. e. *Punic*) puns. Lady Moira has that felicity, on whom Mr. Hawkins has thus punned very seriously in a Greek hexameter:—

On the death of the Countess of Moira's new-born infant.

Μοῖρα καλὴ, μ' ἴσθεις· μ' ἀνελος μὲν, Μοῖρα κραταίη.

Of the Iambics we shall give one specimen:

Impromptu returned with my lead pencil, which I had left on his table.

Βοηθὸς ἴμι· καλλιῶ φαντ' ἰξ' ἴμι·
Ἐκ τε μολιβδίου ἢ γοησίας ἔρχεται.

The thought is pretty: some little errors there certainly are, as in the contest with the baker's man; and in this, as in all his Iambics, (especially in the three from the Arabic) some little hiatuses in the metre, not adapted to the fastidious race of an Athenian audience. But these little hiatuses, these "little enormities," (to borrow a phrase from the sermon of a country clergyman,) will occur in the best regulated verses. On the whole our opinion of Mr. Hawkins, as a Greek poet, is—that in seven hundred, or say seven hundred and fifty years—he may become a pretty—yes, we will say, a *very* pretty poet: as he cannot be more than one-tenth of that age at present, we look upon his performances as singularly promising. *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.**

To return to Miss Hawkins; there are some blunders in facts up and down her book: such, for instance, as that of supposing Sir

* Seriously, however, Mr. Hawkins's translation of Lord Erskine's celebrated punning epigram on Dr. Lettson is "very clever," as Miss Hawkins thinks it, and wants only a little revision. She is mistaken, however, in supposing that Lord Erskine meant to represent Dr. Lettson "as illiterate;" the bad grammar was indispensable to the purpose of working the name—*I. Lettson*—into the texture of the verse;† which is accomplished with great ingenuity both in the English and the Greek.

Is people sick? to me apply:
I blisters, bleeds, and sweats 'em:
If after that they choose to die,
What's that to me? *I. Lets 'em.*

Τίς νοσεί; ἔλθε· νοσῶν ἀσθεν οἴσθι κρατῆσθαι
Ἐἴμι· λελυθὶ σοφῆ φαρμακῶν ὕδρι ἴμι.
Ἀλλ', ἴσθι μὲν θανάτου μετὰ ταῦτα ἴσθι μικροῦ ἔλοιστο,
Ἐ'ΙΛΕΤ', ΣΩΜ' ἔρρισε· ὕδρι μολιβδίου ἴμοι.

Francis Drake to have commanded in the succession of engagements with the Spanish Armada of 1588: which is the more remarkable, as her own ancestor was so distinguished a person in those engagements. But, upon the whole, her work, if weeded of some trifling tales (as what relates to the young Marquis of Tweedale's dress, &c.) is creditable to her talents. Her opportunities of observation have been great; she has generally made good use of them; and her tact for the ludicrous is striking and useful in a book of this kind. We hope that she will soon favour us with a second volume; and, in that case, we cannot doubt that we shall again have an orange to squeeze for the public use. X. Y. Z.



SONG;

From the Spanish of Gongora.

They are not all sweet nightingales
That fill with songs the flowery vales,
But they are little silver bells,
Touch'd by the winds in the smiling dells,
Magic harps of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love.

Think not the voices in the air
Are from some wing'd syrens fair
Playing among the dewy trees,
Chanting their morning mysteries.
O! if you listen delighted there
To their music scatter'd o'er the dales,
They are not all sweet nightingales,
&c. &c.

O! 'twas a lovely song—of art
To charm, of nature to touch the heart.
Sure 'twas some shepherd's pipe which, play'd
By passion, fills the forest's shade—
No! 'tis music's diviner part
Which o'er the yielding spirit prevails—
They are not all sweet nightingales,
&c. &c.

In the eye of love, that all things sees,
The fragrance-breathing jasmin-trees,
And the golden flowers, and the sloping hill,
And the ever melancholy rill,
Are full of holiest sympathies,
And tell of love a thousand tales—
They are not all sweet nightingales

That fill with songs the cheerful vales,
 But they are little silver bells
 Touch'd by the wind in the smiling dells,
 Harps of gold in the secret grove,
 Making music for her I love.

SONG.

The most extraordinary combination of English verse that is, perhaps, any where to be found, is this song by T. Champion. Champion was eminent as a musician, as well as a poet; which may account for so singular a specimen of metre.

What if a day, or a month, or a year,
 Crown thy delights with a thousand wish'd contentings;
 Cannot a chance of a night, or an hour,
 Cross thy delights with a thousand sad tormentings?
 Fortune, honour, beauty, youth, are but blossoms dying;
 Wanton pleasure, doting love, are but shadows flying.
 All our joys are but toys,
 Idle thoughts deceiving:
 None hath power, of an hour,
 In their live bereaving.

ON GRAMMARS.*

It may on the first view appear extraordinary that any observations on the comparative merits of different grammars of the same language should still be either useful or necessary, in a country where education in all its parts has been long and carefully studied; where its advantages have been so justly understood. The best grammar in each case respectively, one would imagine, should have long since been universally known, and of course universally adopted. That a considerable variety, however, is still in use amongst us, though it may excite surprise, will not be disputed; and by all men of experience in the office of instruction the inconveniences of this variety are not more known than lamented. Some of our principal public schools have each a grammar of their own; which they appear as unwilling to change, as if their interest and reputation depended upon differing in this respect from their rivals; and the books, which one or other of

* It may be proper to observe that I use the word *Grammar* in the sense, in which it is commonly understood in a school, as meaning that collection of rules, by which any given language is to be learned, or the little volume in which that collection is contained.

them recommends by its practice, are employed in each of our academies according to the education, the judgment, or the connections of the master. It has sometimes happened too, that the master, or the teacher, of an academy has himself written a grammar; in the hope, no doubt, of acquiring fame by the publication, and profit by the sale; and it would, at least, be applauded by his own friends, and sold in his own school. In the English, French, and Latin languages, at least, this has been no unusual expedient. In the Greek, indeed, it has rarely been attempted; not only because Greek is a language not frequently taught in a private seminary; but because to write a grammar for the use of those, who engage in the study of it, requires a degree of learning which the master of such a seminary does not himself always possess.

Besides these motives of interest, there are other plausible arguments in favour of this multiplication of grammars. One man hopes or professes to simplify and abridge some former publication; and therefore to diminish the drudgery of learning it by heart: another to render it more perspicuous in the arrangement, or more familiar in the language; and therefore more suitable to the capacities of children. A third has detected errors and absurdities in all former grammars of the language, of which he undertakes to treat; and the cause and the apology for his publication are the defects of those, that have gone before it. Nor are these reasons without some foundation in truth. That we should have made some improvements in the composition of a grammar, and in the art of communicating it to our pupils, while we have been making such rapid advances in every other department of science, was naturally to be expected, and is too obvious to be denied. Some superfluities have been expunged, some mistakes have been rectified, and some obscurities have been cleared. Still, however, that all the grammars used in our different schools, public as well as private, are disgraced by errors or defects, is a complaint, as just as it is frequent and loud. Nor will the cause of this complaint ever be removed, if that be expected from a grammar, which no grammar can effect; that it should teach the language to the student, without the assistance of a master; that it should illustrate all the niceties of inflection, construction, and prosody; and yet be neither too prolix for the memory of a child, nor too abstruse for his comprehension. Without oral instruction children can never be taught languages: and with that aid from an able master the choice of a grammar is of less importance, than seems to be generally supposed. Written rules should certainly contain no false principles; they should teach no errors, which it will afterwards be necessary to correct. They should constitute a complete and permanent code of laws, to which the student may at all times appeal. But by what means he may be most expeditiously enabled to understand and apply them, will depend less

upon the laws themselves, than upon the dexterity of his instructor.

These considerations, with others that might easily be assigned, will, I hope, be a sufficient apology for not entering into a minute comparison of the merits of the various grammars employed for the same language in different schools.

The mode of teaching the grammar must in all languages be nearly the same. To commit to memory the general rules of the declensions, the conjugations, and the construction; and then to apply them in what is technically called *parsing*; in assigning every term to its proper class in the parts of speech; in determining the case of the substantive, and the mood and tense of the verb; and in pointing out the dependence and connection of every word with that which precedes or follows it in the sentence. In our own languages from the want of variety in our terminations, this cannot be practised by any means with the same convenience and advantage as in the ancient languages of Greece and Rome. The cases of our nouns are generally expressed by prepositions, and the tenses of our verbs by auxiliaries; both which often bear very different senses in different situations. They acquire, at least, new shades of meaning, as they have a new structure or new connection in the sentence. In these circumstances may, no doubt, be found one principal reason why foreigners in general make so little progress in the acquisition of our language; and why an Englishman is rarely master of his own, if not acquainted with any other.

In the study of the Latin tongue, the customary method may be most successfully pursued. Its grammar is one of the most simple and systematic of those, with which we are acquainted; and therefore the best foundation for the knowledge of grammar in general. Compared with its rival or its master, *Imperial Greek*, it has fewer declensions, fewer conjugations, fewer dialects, and fewer anomalies. Its inflections, therefore, may be more methodically studied, more clearly comprehended, and more easily retained in the memory. This circumstance alone, then, is sufficient to justify the general practice in our schools, of teaching the Latin previously to the Greek, of making that the initiatory language, which best facilitates the acquisition of others; which is, indeed, the parent stock, from whence most of the modern tongues of Europe are derived; and in which many of the most valuable treatises in art and science have been written, and may still be most advantageously read.

The acknowledged necessity of committing to memory the fundamental rules of grammar, and the conviction from experience that this may be effected during the years of infancy, ought to decide, without further controversy, a question that has been sometimes agitated; whether it is more eligible to learn authors from grammar, or grammar from authors. There are, however, so many

other arguments equally obvious and conclusive, all bearing on the same point, that one feels less difficulty in deciding the question, than surprise that it should ever have been started. To proceed upon principles at first is the most compendious method of attaining every branch of knowledge; and the truths impressed upon the mind in the years of childhood, are ever afterwards the most firmly remembered, and the most readily applied. The drudgery of learning dry rules by heart, which is so indispensibly necessary in the study of languages, is never afterwards either willingly undertaken, or expeditiously performed; unless, indeed, where the habits of early youth have rendered the practice easy and familiar to the student. That the memory is greatly strengthened by exercise, and by that alone, is a truth not more important in itself than generally acknowledged. Names and terms may be learnt before the ideas or objects, which they represent, can be fully comprehended, and much of the most valuable season of life consequently saved. Milton professed in his academy to teach things rather than words; but it is not known that even in the hands of Milton the attempt was crowned with success. The exertions of the teacher were probably counteracted by the defects of his plan.*

The rules, by which the Latin language is to be learned, should themselves be written in Latin, has sometimes been thought an objection to the grammars in most general use amongst us. But in this case, as in most others, that which is most generally adopted, is usually found to be most expedient. The greatest inconvenience of Latin rules is removed by a literal translation; and some positive advantages are obtained. The use and meaning of many technical terms are learnt; with which it is necessary to be familiar in order to read, at any future period, the disquisitions of the ancient grammarians. So many words and so much construction, as occur in the syntax, the prosody, and the passages adduced as examples of each, become thoroughly understood; and, what is not without its value, a facility in the pronunciation of the language is more early acquired. This is one of the many cases in human affairs where theory seems to be on one side, and practice on the other; but where the specious arguments of speculation must yield to the solid testimony of experience.

That the same grammar should be every where adopted for the same language, is an event very much to be desired, but very little

* It is curious to observe what opposite opinions on the same point have sometimes been advanced by men of the greatest talents, when they have consulted imagination and theory, instead of practice and experience. Locke, in his haste to introduce students to more valuable information, would exempt them from the drudgery of learning by heart all the technical rules of languages: while Scaliger, in his zeal for philology, has asserted, that even religious dissensions themselves have generally originated in men's ignorance of grammar.

to be expected. A Scotchman is not easily persuaded to reject the work of Ruddiman for the Latin tongue, nor an Englishman to adopt it. In our public schools novel experiments will not be tried. No sufficient reason, indeed, can be assigned, why any one of them should depart, out of compliment to any other, from that system of instruction, which has been found by experience to be efficacious and successful; and they have little inducement to provide for such a mutual exchange of students, as very rarely takes place amongst them. But in academies, the removal of pupils from one to another is more frequent, than would be credited, were it not seen. As far as these removals arise from the caprices of ignorance and folly, one can hardly wish to encourage them, even by guarding against their mischievous effects. But they are often made upon more reasonable and sufficient grounds. A child is placed at one seminary to be instructed in the first rudiments of literature; and after a certain period removed to another, to be fitted for his future destination in the world; or he is fixed at a preparatory, in order to be sent at the proper season to a public school; and the misconduct, the resignation, or the death of a master occasionally compels a parent, contrary to his intention and his wishes, to change the place of his son's education. But from whatever good cause these removals proceed, it is desirable to prevent or to alleviate the evils, with which they are necessarily attended. Were the same modes of instruction every where pursued, these evils would have no existence; and were the same grammar of the same language every where adopted, they would be materially diminished. The introduction to a different grammar at every new school occasions an useless expense to the parent, a considerable degree of additional trouble to the master, and not a little interruption to the progress of the scholar. This desirable uniformity in the use of a grammar Henry VIII. endeavoured to secure for the Latin language by a royal proclamation; which had then the force of law; and though the interference of the legislature for a similar purpose, at this day, would not be without its advantages, the objections to it are perhaps of still greater weight. It would appear to lay an arbitrary restraint upon the pursuit of science. It would not fail to excite clamour and discontent; and, with respect to the immediate subject of inquiry, it would discourage the exertions of ingenuity, and preclude improvement, in the future composition of our school books. It may, however, be asserted with little fear of contradiction, that were the worst grammar, now in use amongst us, universally adopted for each language respectively, it would on the whole contribute much more to the literary improvement of the rising generation, than the occasional assistance of better publications, in the midst of that variety, with which they are so frequently perplexed. It would, at least, be an essential advantage to that learning, which

our academies are reasonably expected to communicate, and which it is truly desirable their pupils should always receive.

ON THE STUDY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

To the pupils of our public schools the acquisition of their own language, whenever it is undertaken, is an easy task. For he, who is acquainted with several grammars already, finds no difficulty in adding one more to the number. And this, no doubt, is one of the reasons why English engages so small a proportion of their time and attention. It is not frequently read, and still less frequently written. Its supposed facility, however, or some other cause, seems to have drawn upon it such a degree of neglect, as certainly cannot be praised. The students in those schools are often distinguished by their compositions in the learned languages, before they can speak or write their own with correctness, elegance, or fluency. A classical scholar too often has his English style to form, when he should communicate his acquisitions to the world. In some instances it is never formed with success; and the defects of his expression either deter him from appearing before the public at all, or at last counteract in a great degree the influence of his work, and bring ridicule upon the author. Surely these evils might easily be prevented or diminished. Lowth's publication might be occasionally read with the teacher. It would suggest to the pupils, what perhaps escapes their notice, that the principles of their vernacular tongue are as regular and determinate, as those of the languages of Greece and Rome. Their compositions should be more frequently in English, as well originals, as translations; that they might learn to express with facility and elegance the sentiments of others or their own. They should occasionally read or speak it in public; as well to remove the natural timidity of youth, as to correct improprieties of deportment or enunciation; and in proportion as these circumstances brought them to the knowledge and the taste of our best authors, they must necessarily prevent or diminish the ordinary and ruinous attachment to such noxious rubbish, as our circulating libraries usually supply.

By the mere English student the language must be learnt, as all other languages are, by the study of its grammar, and the perusal of its writers. The little variety in our cases and our tenses, and the small number of rules in our syntax, prevent that appearance of system, which is found in many other languages. But the parts of speech must be distinguished; the concords must be understood; and the few general rules, that can be applied, must be carefully impressed upon the mind; the best authors must be selected for perusal; and passages occasionally *parsed*, with

the same form and regularity, with which a classical lesson is usually analyzed. Compositions of every description must be required at the hands of the pupil: letters, essays, and declamations in prose; and in verse, exercises in all the usual measures of our poetry.

This may not always make him, what, indeed, is not always desired, an accomplished writer; but it will enable him to do, what is always desirable, to read with judgment, taste, and pleasure. In books of criticism our native tongue surpasses every other, as well in their excellences, as their numbers. A few of the best of these should be put into the hands of the students of the language; and I need not add that Blair's *Lectures* and Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* will not be omitted. The perusal of books, like these, will, no doubt, sometimes form critics more superficial than solid; with more loquacity than taste; and who may as often weary their hearers as inform them. But time, information, and experience will repress these exuberances. The humblest portion of knowledge is preferable to ignorance; and it is better to be sometimes disgusted, than never to be delighted.

To begin right is, in this point, as in every thing else, of the utmost importance. The colloquial barbarisms of boys should never be suffered to pass without notice and censure. Provincial tones and accents, and all defects in articulation, should be corrected whenever they are heard; lest they grow into established habits, unknown, from their familiarity, to him who is guilty of them, and adopted by others, from the imitation of his manner, or their respect for his authority.

That a correct orthography should always be enforced, will not be questioned: but doubts may arise as to what orthography is correct. I should have no hesitation in deciding, with Horace and Quintilian, in all cases whatever, in favour of that, which custom has established. The permanency of the language is of much greater importance, than the irregularity of an analogy, or the exclusion or retention of a superfluous letter. To the preservation of our vernacular tongue our schools might essentially contribute; for they might in a great degree prevent or remedy that affectation by which its stability is endangered. To write all substantives with capital letters, or to exclude them from adjectives derived from proper names, may perhaps be thought offences too small or too contemptible for serious animadversion. But the evil of innovation is always something; and in these instances the advantage is certainly nothing. In his zeal for derivation or analogy, or in ostentation of grammatical skill, a man of talents will sometimes change the vowel in a substantive, or the preterite of a verb; and should every other writer of eminence allow himself the same liberty, our authors might soon be little less distinguished by the peculiarities of their orthography, than by the varieties in their style. To correct one irregularity is nothing;

and if all our anomalies are to be rectified, we shall soon have a new language. The editors of grammars have generally acted with more discretion. They knew that every language was spoken before it was written; that anomalous formations, too numerous and too firmly established to be removed or reformed, had found their way into general use; and they therefore announced them as acknowledged irregularities, which could plead prescription instead of analogy; and which, if less systematic, were by custom more intelligible and more pleasing.

But the most formidable enemy of permanent orthography is the endeavour to accommodate the spelling to the pronunciation: that the powers of the letters may, in every instance, correspond to the sounds of the words. And it is observable, that ever since our language might be considered as in any degree formed and settled, such attempts have continually been made. The first, which we have upon record, was that of Sir Thomas Smith, an officer of state under Elizabeth; and the last, that of the late Mr. Elphinston, the master of an obscure academy in the neighbourhood of London. These were bold attempts to make the orthography of the whole language at once correspond to its pronunciation; and the absurdity of them was immediately seen. In the latter particularly it was difficult to read a single sentence; and it was almost impossible to know our native tongue under its new disguise. The project was therefore despised, and soon forgotten. Nor are such attempts more absurd than impracticable. In every living language there are tones and sounds, which the letters of its alphabet cannot express; and which therefore it is impossible to describe. The colloquial and fashionable pronunciation is continually varied by negligence, ignorance, and affectation; and if the orthography is to keep pace with these variations, the language itself must be in a state of perpetual change. Every man, however, who wishes to alter the spelling of a single word, in order to make it more nearly express the sound, is guilty of a part of the absurdity that has been censured, and contributes his proportion to the fluctuation of the language. I would not willingly lose the second *e* in *agreeable*, nor the second *l* in *tranquillity*; and I would strenuously contend for the *k* in *publick*, and the *u* in *favour* and *honour*. By this exclusion of letters, supposed to be unnecessary, neither use nor propriety is improved; and etymology will often be obscured or lost.

With the great and general causes, whether internal or external, by which languages are corrupted or changed, I am not at present concerned. Over them our schools can have little influence. Hostile or commercial intercourse with foreign nations, and frequent translation from foreign languages: new acquisitions in science, and the extension of general knowledge; the search of the orator and the poet after new allusions and new modes of embellishment; and the ambition of the superior classes

of society to depart from the terms and expressions familiar to those below them; all these causes, though silent and insensible in their operations, have hitherto been found irresistible in their effects, and fatal to the permanency of languages; and I do not expect our schools to counteract an influence, which no human power has yet been found able to control. I require only from our seminaries of education a duty, to which such seminaries appear to be equal, that in points, to which their influence extends, they will exert themselves to retard, what perhaps cannot be finally avoided; at least, that the teachers will not, from vanity and affectation, accelerate the changes, which the ordinary course of events will too soon bring upon us.

Were the value of adhering to an established orthography strongly impressed upon the minds of our youth at school; were they made fully sensible of the folly and the mischiefs of departing from it; no illiterate writer of a novel, no learned coxcomb in spelling or pronunciation, would afterwards be able to corrupt their taste, or tempt them to innovation. A fixed and settled orthography would preserve the etymology and the history of our native tongue; a very pleasing and useful branch of philological study: it would render the language a more easy acquisition to foreigners, and better worth their attention: it would enable us to read each other's works with more facility and pleasure; it would have continued our ancient authors not only intelligible, but pleasing to us; and it would give to ourselves a chance of being hereafter understood. Spencer and Milton are already fast receding into the rank of ancients; and it is too probable that Pope and Dryden will become the Lydgate and the Chaucer of future times. Our language may perish in the lapse of ages, as other languages have perished; but let not those, who are appointed to teach and to guard it, be themselves its executioners.

The neglect of our own language in our public schools and our universities is probably a remnant of that contempt, in which it was formerly held, and from which it does not yet appear to have entirely escaped. A very slight consideration, however, will be sufficient to show that it is not unworthy of the study and the preservation that have been recommended. To those, who speak it, at least, its excellences may be as easily pointed out, as one might expect them to be readily admitted. The Greek language, in the hands of the orator, the poet, and the historian, must be allowed to bear away the palm from every other known in the world; but to that only, in my opinion, need our own yield the precedence.

The defects of the English language, against which complaints have been specifically and principally made, are the crowds of our consonants, and the numbers of our monosyllables. But even these are not without an apology. If it be thought, on one hand, that our monosyllables have been too greatly multiplied, in

order to express those relations of words or things to each other, which the Greek and Roman tongues expressed by the changes in their cases and tenses; our nouns of one syllable make us ample amends, on the other, by furnishing so many terms with the requisite accent, and of sufficient dignity and strength, for the terminations of the measures of our poetry. If, again, it be, as is universally allowed, one chief excellence of a language, that it conveys the largest proportion of meaning in the smallest number of terms, if those phrases be considered as the most expressive, which are the most concise, our monosyllables should not be too hastily condemned. They need not shrink from a comparison with many of the words of greater length, or the more circuitous expressions, of the most polished languages in Europe.

The common notion, that consonants render a language rough and unharmonious in proportion to the numbers of them in a syllable, is by no means universally just; and where it is just in its fullest extent, the language is not necessarily injured. What would be gained in sweetness by the exclusion of these consonants, would generally be lost in strength; and what is admitted to be harshness, is frequently compensated by expression. This supposed harshness too is often perceptible only to the eye. The real degree of it depends much upon the ease, with which the consonants unite with the vowels and with each other; and still more upon the voice and manner in which they are pronounced, and whether they are pronounced at all.

The absolute, or even the comparative, merits of a language, it may, indeed, be difficult to determine; as the decision would be materially influenced by the ear, and the taste, the country, the opinions, and the habits of him who should be appointed the judge of the question. But what is here intended, may be easily shown, that English is fully equal to all the purposes, for which speech was intended; that in almost every species of literary composition, it admits of such excellence, as no modern language can surpass. Its fitness for the narratives of history will not be questioned by any man, who can read the works of Gibbon, of Robertson, and of Hume. In disquisitions on the various subjects of philosophy, criticism, and the mathematics, we may claim at least an equal rank with our neighbours on the continent; and in theology, we are confessedly without a rival. We can produce examples of legal and political eloquence, which may be fairly put in competition with the most illustrious orations of Demosthenes or Cicero; which have successfully imitated the nervous brevity of the one, and the harmonious periods of the other. In translation, one of the most decisive tests of the merits of a language, we need not fear a comparison with any of the nations around us. The French themselves have not copied with greater felicity the solemn humour of Lucian, or the gay elegance of Anacreon; the sententious energy of Tacitus, or the majestic narratives of Livy. And with

respect to poetical translations of the works of poets, not to enumerate others of great, though secondary, reputation, the Homer of Pope is a performance of such excellence in its kind, as no other nation can boast.

In respect to poetry, indeed, the complaints have been the most frequent and loud; but surely not with the best reason. We have in England a poetical language; a diction distinct from prose, and elevated above it: an advantage not enjoyed by our great literary rivals, the French. The poetry of France, indeed, may justly boast of various excellences; but, as far as the diction only is concerned, it differs from their prose in little else, than having a certain number of syllables in a line, and a rhyme at the end of it. Blank verse is almost exclusively our own, and by no means without its utility and its elegance. In the minor works of minor poets, indeed, it has often been employed, where every reader would wish it had been avoided; where it seems to have been adopted from no other motive of preference, than to conceal the idleness or incapacity of the author. For dramatic poetry, however, it possesses an unrivalled propriety; in descriptive and didactic pieces it has sometimes been employed with good effect; and in *Paradise Lost* no man wishes the structure of the verses to be changed. In almost every species of original poetry we can produce works of such excellence, as may fairly claim a competition with whatever ancient or modern times can boast. That we have no measure of equal majesty with the Hexameter of the Greeks and Romans, will be admitted without hesitation, and the *Iliad* must probably remain for ever without a rival. But to the *Iliad* and the Hexameter alone need we acknowledge our inferiority. In two instances only we seem to have failed, the sonnet and the irregular ode; and in these I know not why we should have been ambitious to succeed. The sonnet is so unsuitable to the genius of our language, that it betrays in every line the difficulty of its own production. Like complicated music, it shows rather the dexterity, than the knowledge, of the performer; and excites in the hearer more wonder than delight. Its aim is, not so much to produce an original or splendid sentiment, as, like the iron bed of the tyrant, to reduce or extend it to a certain size; and must therefore often render it feeble by expansion, or obscure by mutilation. That a sonnet may be found in our language, which may justly aspire to the rank of an elegant trifle, or that such a sonnet may be read with pleasure, it is far from being intended to deny. But to sit down to the perusal of these trifles by the hundred, has always appeared to me, like fixing upon the tricks of Merlin or Breslau for the entertainment of a week.

To the irregular, or as it is with some affectation denominated, the Pindaric, ode, nothing probably could have reconciled us but custom and prejudice. The measures of Pindar are incorrect; because in the earlier periods of poetry the rules of composition

were not fixed; and the value of regularity was not fully known, or not duly appreciated: and it surely is not among the excellencies of a modern poet to imitate what proceeded from the ignorance of ancient times, or the defects of an ancient writer. The irregular ode cannot be *read at sight*. The course of perusal is continually interrupted by a very long or a very short line; of which, indeed, the former is often languid, and the latter almost always without dignity. The corresponding rhymes must be sought by the eye; for they are often at such a distance that the ear has ceased to expect them. That the rhymes should be forgotten by the reader, will, indeed, excite the less surprise, when it is considered, that they are sometimes forgotten by the author. In the ode, generally allowed to be the best, of which our language can boast, there are two lines without corresponding rhymes.* That beautiful poetry may be occasionally found in our Pindaric odes cannot be questioned. But the beauty does not arise from the irregularity of the measure. On the contrary, indeed, the beauty in all probability, and certainly the pleasure of the reader, would have been increased, had the measure been as regular, as the language or the sentiments are elegant or novel. Quintilian, after lamenting in the Latin language defects very similar to those, which have been so frequently lamented in our own, exhorts his countrymen to surmount or compensate by their talents and exertions, the imperfections of their native tongue: and with this exhortation, if the supposed defects of the English language be real, and if the praise that has been bestowed upon our literary productions be just, our writers must be allowed to have very fully complied. The value of a work must always be enhanced by the difficulty of its execution; and whatever is deducted from the character of our language, must be added to the credit of our authors.

We have at least, in a great measure, banished the jargon of French and Latin from our courts of justice; and our advocates are allowed to speak the dialect of other men. And we have of late ventured to write our disquisitions on art and science in our native tongue; leaving to the other nations of Europe the same option, which they have often left to us, to study the language, or to translate the books. That annotations on the authors of antiquity should still be written in Latin, there is no reason to complain. They are intended for the use of scholars of different nations, to the greater number of whom Latin is more familiar than any modern tongue. But why original compositions; why such works as the elegant preface to Bellendenus, and the ingenious dissertation on the Manlian Legion should have been published in the language of ancient Rome, it were to be wished the learned authors had assigned their reasons. They might probably have

* Dryden's *St. Cecilia's Day*. Stanza 4. Line 9. Stanza 6. Line 22.
SEPTEMBER, 1823.—NO. 257. 30

satisfied their readers on a point, on which readers in general will not be able to satisfy themselves.

It may surely be concluded, then, that the defects of the English language have been more complained of than felt; and that it ought to be a principal object of cultivation in our seats of literary education, that our students should be made fully sensible of its value and its excellencies; in order that, by compositions in their native tongue, they may contribute at once to the diffusion of knowledge, and to the honour of their language, and their country.*



SONG.

From the Spanish of Cardona.

Sad was the noble cavalier,
 Sad and without a smile was he,
 With many a sigh and many a tear
 He linger'd on his misery:
 O what has driven me, my dear!
 O what has driven me from thee?
 How can I live in exile here,
 Far from all past felicity,
 While memory's eyes in vision clear
 By night and day thy image see?
 And nought is left but shadows drear,
 Of that departed ecstasy.
 O absence sad! O fate severe!
 How busy fancy sports with me,
 And to the sweet maid's worshipper
 Plaints the sweet maid resplendently.

* In Sheridan's *Lectures on the Art of Reading*, is a compliment to our language so just, so classical, and so consonant to my own sentiments, that I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of quoting, nor the reader the benefit of perusing it. "On inquiry it would be found," says he "that probably in no language in the world, have the vowels, diphthongs, semivowels and mutes been so happily blended, and in such due proportion, to constitute the three great powers of speech, melody, harmony, and expression. And upon a fair comparison it would appear, that the French have emasculated their tongue, by rejecting such numbers of their consonants; and made it resemble one of their painted courtezans, adorned with friperies and fallals. That the German, by abounding too much in harsh consonants and gutturals, has great size and strength, like the statue of Hercules Farnese, but no grace. That the Roman, like the bust of Antinous, is beautiful, indeed, but not manly. That the Italian has beauty, grace, and symmetry, like the Venus of Medicis, but is feminine. And that the English alone resembles the ancient Greek, in uniting the three powers of strength, beauty, and grace, like the Apollo of Belvidere."

Then bitter wo seems bitterer:—
 In vain I strive with destiny,
 And seek through passion's waves to steer,
 For I am whelm'd in passion's sea.

THE GOBLINS:

From "The Harp of the Beech Woods," a volume of poems, by a lady,
 lately published at Montrose, Susquehannah county, Pennsylvania.

O'er foggy fens we goblins ride,
 And flit around the moor fiend's taper,
 Alluring wildered wights aside,
 Led by the dim and lambent vapour,
 Through tufted rushes, segs, and reeds,
 Through ponds of slime and watery meads;
 And when they get
 Their hosen wet,
 Ho! ho! we cry,
 And away we hie,
 Laughing aloud right lustily.

The heavy nightmare we bestride,
 On the sick man's bosom sitting,
 With frightful eyes, and visage wide,
 When first his slumbers soft are knitting;
 He seems on joyous journey gone,
 But labouring gets no footsteps on;
 Then toppling starts,
 As sleep departs:
 Ho! ho! we cry,
 And away we hie,
 Laughing aloud right lustily.

In war our wicked crew careers,
 On Death's pale horse, on arrows flying,
 Quaff the sorrowing virgin's tears,
 Smile o'er the dead, and mock the dying.
 At kings and pompous fools we laugh,
 Whose lives are scattered cheap as chaff;
 And when the roar
 Of havoc 's o'er,
 Ho! ho! we cry,
 And away we hie,
 Laughing aloud right lustily.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.

NEW Year's Day is the day best suited to universal holiday of any of the three hundred and sixty-five. It is the period of the regeneration of the Calendar in the most interesting parts of the civilized world. Persons of all ranks and occupations take an interest in it. It is the beginning of a new era. We have made up our accounts of happiness and sorrow with the old year; we have struck the moral balance, calculated the profit and loss, and taken stock as a trader does of his goods. We turn over a new leaf, we enter upon a fresh series of transactions, and the common maxim, "As is the beginning so shall be the ending," disposes us to enter upon it joyfully. It is a day of peace making. Family quarrels are adjusted, broken intimacies repaired, severed friendships reunited; and many a one who would reject an overture of reconciliation on the second of March, would make no scruple of being the foremost to propose it on the first of January: the season levels all the distinctions of etiquette which usually restrain the better impulses of the heart. These are among its positive advantages over all the other days of the year; it possesses many negatives one derived from their inefficiencies for holiday-making in its complete sense.

Christmas Day, notwithstanding its gambols, turkeys, and plum-puddings, is of somewhat too serious a character for the purpose; besides that it suggests ideas of tradesmen's bills. Michaelmas, indeed, is hallowed by the roasting of geese, and, which is still better, the eating of them; but then the twenty-ninth of September is *Quarter-Day*. As for Lady Day, and Midsummer—Midsummer duck-and-green-pease is mere affectation, the impotent struggle of a would-be holiday—they owe their prominence in the almanack purely to the invention of rent and taxes, and impudently stand forth as claimants on our purses, without even a decent attempt to render their approach less unwelcome, by affording us a pretext for merry-making; they are a couple of surly tax-gatherers. Easter and Whitsuntide are not altogether destitute of merit, but the advantages they possess are considerably abated by their being more or less considered by different sects. This destroys their universality.—King's birth-days are too local: one is not obliged to rejoice on the birth-day of any king, excepting the king of one's own country. The joyous influence of the twelfth of August is necessarily confined to England and its immediate dependencies; but there is no law to compel a Dutchman to cut capers and be lively on that day, to keep British subjects in countenance. The birth-day of Louis XVIII is a day of jubilee throughout all France, and the English residents there emulate the natives of the country in their manifestations of happiness on the occasion; but in London an Englishman may rejoice or not, just

as he pleases; and it is even probable that a Frenchman, living under the protection of a foreign government, might, on the seventeenth of November, exhibit a long face with impunity. Kings' birth-days are, decidedly, too local; but in all other respects they are so admirably fitted for holidays, that it is much to be lamented that all the crowned heads in Christendom were not ushered into the world on the same day of the year. One's own birthday! It is an excellent holliday for one's own self, but infinitely too limited in its joyous influence for general use. And, alas! how many poor souls are there to whom the anniversary of their birth brings nought but bitter recollections, to whom it is a day of sorrow rather than of joy, who look back with repentance or regret upon the years which have passed, and heavily step forward into the year that is to come, without a hope perhaps—except that it may be their last!

Lord Mayor's Day would be scarcely worth a passing notice, but that many persons of sense and erudition have considered it a fitting opportunity for holiday-making. The main objection against it is, that it is even more limited in its influence than a king's birthday. It is purely a London holiday, nay, a city holiday, in which the population west of Templebar takes as little concern, as it does in the celebration of the virtues of lady Godiva at Coventry. For my own part, I never could look upon it as a holiday, or a day of rejoicing, even in the city. There is, to be sure, the ringing of bells, and the firing of the river fencibles; and there are processions and feasting; but these are all expedients invented with a view to conceal the real sadness and melancholy inherent in the occasion—an intention which, after all, is but very imperfectly executed. Take what is commonly considered as the gayest and most important point of the ceremonies of the day, the dinner—(I address myself to those who are capable of digesting not merely turtle, but ideas)—there are few things intrinsically so afflicting. Rejoicing supposes gladness; and there can be but little gladness at a feast at which many an aching heart is seated, where we can even number the bosoms in which they throb. One of the most prominent ornaments of the table, the late lord Mayor, or, as he is vulgarly termed, the *old* lord Mayor—as one would speak of a cast-aside, a worn-out utensil—is a discontented, a repining, an unhappy man. Human nature forbids it to be otherwise; and what must be the feelings of the guests when they ruminate on his! There he sits, a living sermon on the vanity, the frailty, and the brevity of terrestrial grandeur; a bitter, yet salutary sermon preached distinctly *at* and *to* the new lord Mayor. But *he* heeds it not; he is too full of his infant honours. See! he rises—he gazes at his predecessor—there is condescension, pity, nay, somewhat of protection in his aspect—he pledges him—the *old one* accepts the cup—there is gall and wormwood in it—he casts, a mournful glance at the glittering insignia which but yesterday were his—he

smiles, but his heart is sinking within him!* "But yesterday," he thinks, "was I the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor! What am I now? neither one thing nor t'other! Alas! what shall I be to-morrow? Mister, plain Mister!" Then the numerous dependants and sub-officers who surround him, and who lose their dignities at the moment he is shorn of his! And, most pitiable of all, the *old lady Mayoress*, "tittering to squench her tears," as a certain deputy's lady, celebrated rather for the force than the elegance of her phrases, once expressed it. But to contemplate the last expiring grasp of the civic honours of a lady Mayoress is too painful an effort—the heart bleeds at it. Can gayety and gladness exist where we find in such abundance the elements of suffering and of wo? Spite of the human vessels, into whose capacious recesses Guildhall discharges the savoury burthens of her table,—spite of their *bellies* which *think* the ninth of November a day of rejoicing, and would gainsay me, lord Mayor's Day can never become a holiday.

No, the first day of the new year is decidedly the day of all others, and it is much to be lamented that in England it is so little distinguished. In London, indeed, the bank is closed, and the quays are deserted; but the shops are open, people walk about in their every-day clothes, and the day *looks* like any other; and, except a dinner of ceremony, or of good fellowship, nothing is done to mark it, and confer on it the pre-eminence it merits. We drink the Old Year out—(a melancholy funereal ceremony, the interring of one who has been our companion through storm and sunshine for a whole twelvemonth)—and we drink the New Year in: but this short welcome over, we inhospitably leave the stranger to make its way as it can.

But New Year's Day in Paris! *Le Jour de l'An*, as the French emphatically call it—the *day of the year*—the day of all others—is a holiday indeed. The Parisians pay no honours to the old year; it has performed its office, resigned its place; it is past, gone, dead, defunct; all the harm or the good it could do is done, and there is an end of it. But what a merry welcome is given to its successor! Perhaps this is somewhat owing to national character: the French soon forget an old acquaintance, and speedily become familiar with a new one. The very appearance of New Year's Day is sufficient to distinguish it; and any one acquainted with Pari-

* A certain worthy *new* Lord Mayor seems to have entertained the same ideas on the subject as the author. At the Guildhall dinner he rose to propose the health of his predecessor. This was his speech, "My worthy *ancestor*, I rise to drink your health, and may you enjoy on the occasion of your *extinguishment* out of the dignity which I am elevated up into—" Here, perceiving that the gloom deepened on the countenance of his *worthy ancestor*, he added, in a tone of extreme kindness. "Come, come, damn it, never mind, it aint my fault, you know, gulp down your wine, old boy."

sian manners, dropping from the clouds down upon the Boulevards, would at once exclaim, "Parbleu! c'est le Jour de l'An!"

It is unlike the *Carnival*, which is distinguished by its maskings and its buffooneries; at every turn you meet a tall lanky punch, or an unwieldy harlequin, with his hands in his breeches-pockets; and coach-loads of grotesque disguises rattle through the streets.

It is unlike the *Saint Louis*, which is the holiday of the rabble, when all the scum of Paris is in motion, when bread, and sausages, and wine, are distributed gratis, and all the theatres are thrown open at noon-day.

It is unlike the *Fête Dieu*, which is the holiday of the religious, or the pretenders to religion; when solemn processions move along the streets, and the air is perfumed with incense and sweet herbs.

It is unlike *Longchamps*, the period devoted to the worship of Fashion, the goddess who exercises unbounded sway over all ranks and classes in Paris. It is then she issues her mandates, and dictates the mode in which it is her will to be worshipped for the season to come. It is the holiday of the fop and the *petite maitresse*; it is the harvest of the taylor and the *marchande des modes*: from the prince to the porter, from the duchess down to the *poissarde*, every one who has a reputation to maintain in the *fashionable world*—and who has not—must sport something new on the occasion. A carriage, a pelisse, a new set of harness, liveries, a gown, a hat, a ribband, each according to their station. It is the period of universal pretension. Not a little daughter of a little *bourgeois*, whose severe economies throughout the preceding winter have enabled her to procure a coloured muslin gown for *Longchamps*, but fancies, as she shuffles along from the *Fauxbourg St. Martin* to the *Champs Elysées*, that she is the paramount object of attention. "Dieu! comme ma robe a fait de l'effet à Longchamps!" The countess thinks the same of her new liveries; the dandy of his cabriolet; the opera girl of her carriage, just presented to her by some booby *milord*, who is duped, jilted, laughed at, ridiculed, and caricatured, for his misplaced liberality. My landlord had bought a new umbrella. One day I begged him to lend it to me. It was impossible; for he had not bought it to have it rained upon—at least till after he had shown it at *Longchamps*. And then the jealousies, the quarrels, the heart-burnings, this important season excites! Previously to the last *Longchamps*, Madame St. Leon, in pure openness of heart, showed the bonnet she intended to wear to her intimate friend Madame Desrosiers. Will it be credited! Madame Desrosiers went immediately to the *marchande des modes* who made it, and ordered one precisely similar, in which she appeared at *Longchamps* an hour earlier than her friend. Madame St. Leon justly stigmatized this conduct as a piece of unheard-of treachery—*une trahison inouïe!* But what follows is scarcely in human nature—it is so improbable, yet so true, that it might form the subject of a melodrama. Madame La Jeune and

Madame St. Victor were bound together by the strongest bonds of friendship and affection—they were sisters rather than friends—their hopes, their fears, their wishes, their sorrows, their pleasures, were in common—their confidence was mutual—they often swore that they had *no* secrets from each other; and, in fact, this was *almost* true. As might be expected, at the approach of *Longchamps*, they consulted together about the dresses they should wear; and, as might be expected, it was settled that, as on former occasions, their dresses should be exactly alike. The chief point agreed upon was, that their gowns should be made with four *ruches*, or flounces. My pen almost rejects its office. Madame St. Victor appeared in a gown with six *ruches*! Every one admitted that Madame St. Victor's conduct was *de la dernière infamie*. The infamy of Madame St. Victor's conduct is, perhaps, somewhat redeemed by the circumstance of her dear friend's having secretly ordered *five* *ruches* to her gown, of which fact Madame St. Victor was fortunately informed in time to advance upon the encroachments of her treacherous *amie*.

But the *Jour de l'An* is every body's holiday, the holiday of all ages, ranks, and conditions. Relations, friends, acquaintance, visit each other, kiss, and exchange sugar-plums. For weeks previous to it, all the makers and venders of fancy articles, from diamond necklaces and tiaras, down to sweetmeat boxes, are busily employed in the preparation of *Etreennes*—New Year's presents. But the staple commodity of French commerce, at this period, is sugar-plums. At all times of the year are the shops of the *marchands de bon-bons*, in this modern Athens (as the Parisians call Paris), amply stocked, and constant is the demand for their luscious contents; but now the superb *magazins* in the Rue Vivienne, the splendid *boutiques* on the Boulevards, the magnificent *dépôts* in the Palais Royal, are rich in sweets beyond even that sugary conception, a child's paradise, and they are literally crowded from morning till night by persons of all ages, men, women, and children. Vast and various is the invention of the *fabricants* of this important necessary of life; and sugar is formed into tasteful imitations of carrots, cupids, ends of candle, roses, sausages, soap, bead-necklaces—all that is nice or nasty in nature and art. Ounce weights are thrown aside, and nothing under dozens of pounds is to be seen on the groaning counters; the wearied venders forget to number by units, and fly to scores, hundreds, and thousands. But brilliant as are the exhibitions of sugar-work in this gay quarter of the town, they must yield for quantity to the astounding masses of the *Rue des Lombards*. That is the place resorted to by great purchasers, by such as require, not pounds, but hundred weights for distribution. There reside all the mighty compounders, the venders at first hand; and sugar-plum makers are as numerous in the Parisian Lombard-street, as are the traffickers in

douceurs of a more substantial character in its namesake in London.

The day has scarcely dawned, and all is life, bustle, and movement. The visiting lists are prepared, the presents arranged, the cards are placed in due order of delivery. Vehicles of all descriptions are already crossing and jostling in every quarter of the city. Fortunate are they who, unblest with a *calèche* or a *cabriolet* of their own, have succeeded in engaging one for the day at six times its ordinary cost. Happy is he whose eloquence has prevailed with the driver of a *fiacre* or a *cabriolet*, to engage *by the hour* for three or four times the usual fare, or his purse would become lighter by thirty sous at each visit he made, though but the width of a street interposed between them. These servants of the public, the hackney-coachmen, are rather a more decent set of people than the same class in London, and the *cabriolet* drivers are again superior to *them*. The superiority of the latter may in some measure be accounted for, from their constant opportunities of conversation with their *fares*; while the coachmen, like ours, are either left by themselves on their seats, or to associate one with the other,—each alternative leaving them in tolerably bad company. Abandoning this important point to the consideration of any young aspirant in moral philosophy who may be in want of a thesis, I shall merely suggest, as a probable reason why both are as civil and well-conducted as such gentry can be, that a very benevolent institution, called the police, watches over them with the most constant and affectionate solicitude. “Coachman,” said I to a London jarvey, “why really you are a decent sort of man!” “’Vy, master, I’m about as good as the rest on us; but, on the ’ole, ve ’ackney-coachmen should be the greatest blackguards in all Lunnun, if them ’ere vatermen didn’t ’inder us.” “And how do they so?” “’Vy, because they somehow contrive to be even greater blackguards than ve.”

On New Year’s day the Paris fraternity are allowed the enjoyment of what seems to be their birth-right—rudeness and extortion; or rather their exercise of it is tolerated. There, on yonder deserted stand, are collected eighteen or twenty people who have been waiting, the greater part of the morning, the *possibility* of the arrival of an unhired vehicle. At length—for wonders never cease—a *cabriolet* approaches. It is surrounded, besieged, assaulted, stormed. It is literally put up to auction to be let to the highest bidder. That poor servant of the public, its driver, now finds that the public is his, and his very humble and beseeching servant too. “Eh, bien, voyons, combien me donnerez vous?”—“I’ll give you—,” says one taking out his watch. “Au diable, I’imbecile! he wants a *cabriolet a l’heure* on New Year’s Day—to drive him to Pontoise, perhaps.” (A place celebrated for its calves.) “And you there, *grand nigaud*, with your watch in your hand! *A bas les montres*, or I’ll listen to none of you. *A la course, à la*

course! And you, *ma petite demoiselle*, what is it you offer? How! three francs! *Elle est gentile, la petite, avec les trois francs! Al-lons! tout ça m'ennuie.* I'll go take a drive in the Bois de Boulogne for my own pleasure." At length he consents to take a little squat *négociant* at five times the usual fare, exclaiming, as she drives off, "Ma foi, j'ai trop bon cœur—je me laisse attendre."

But all this time I have my own pockets full of sugar-plums, a cumbrous load! There—I have got through *my* few visits, and now—but hold, I must not forget Monsieur Falcour. I believe we do not like each other, but I find his *Soirées* very agreeable; he has sometimes need of my counsels in the management of his horses and dogs; and, this being sufficient for the establishment of a very decent friendship, we cordially embrace and exchange sugar-plums every New Year's Day. The family is assembled in madame's bed-chamber. They surround a large marble table which is covered with baskets, silken-bags, paper vases, pasteboard cornucopias, and other vessels of a similar description, all full of bon-bons, dragées, sugar-candy, sugar-almonds, sugar-plums—sugar in all forms, and of all colours. They are in ecstasies at some sugar ends of candle, with chocolate wicks, just presented by a visiter, and agree that not only they are delicious, but made—*à ravir!—divinement!* M. Valcour, who expects a seat in the next Chamber of Deputies, and is now engaged in the composition of a work on political economy, takes me aside, and, with a very profound contraction of the brow, says, "Setting aside all national prejudices, you cannot but acknowledge that we have *perfected* these things in France." I approach madame, kiss each of her cheeks, and add my mite to the mountain of sweets. Madame's mother is present, —a good snuff-taking lady of sixty-seven—but the ceremony is *de rigueur*, and must be performed. In this world there is a pretty equal balance of good and ill; and, in my own case, but half an hour before, I made my New Year's visit to a sprightly little grandmother just turned of four-and-thirty, who, on my entrance, was singing a waltz tune, and dancing round a chair. Young grandmothers are not uncommon in France; and a man of a certain age might even marry a great grandmother without incurring the ridicule such a step would draw down upon him in England. But to return to M. Valcour. Having paid the usual respects to the mamma and the grandmamma, I present a small packet of peppermint drops to papa—I might kiss him too—who instantly swallows a handful and praises them in terms of exaggeration suitable to the occasion. Then come masters Alexis, Achille, Hector, and Télémaque, and the daughters Cléopâtre, Euphrosyne, and Flore—names very common in French families—and these relieve me of the remainder of my burthen. I withdraw; but not till madam has shown me an instance of *Monsieur's aimabilité*. He had that morning presented her with a *corbeille* (an ornamented satin

box,) which, in the simplicity of her heart, she imagined contained nothing but sugar-plums; but what was her astonishment when, on removing them, she discovered a *Cachemire magnifique!* Her astonishment, however, seemed rather affected; for had M. Valcour presented her with a set of diamonds, he must, in honour of the day, have smothered them in *bon-bons*.

And now, being at leisure, this corner window at Tortoni's is a convenient spot for observing a variety of passers. There is, however, a little accident which is rather unfavourable to observation. It is a thick, dense, heavy, dirty-brown, ill-favoured vapour, which prevents one's seeing distinctly twenty yards before one; a phenomenon such as in London we term a *fog*, but which I am positively assured by a Frenchman at my side is not a fog, merely a kind of exhalation; fogs being peculiar to England, and utterly unknown in this *beau climat*—"d'ailleurs c'est connu de tout le monde ça." As this is known to all the world, at least to all Paris, which, according to French notions, means precisely the same thing, and fogs moreover being the curse of England, prevailing alike in July and November, obscuring the sun, and intercepting his power of ripening even an apple—very current opinions all over the said *world*—it is useless to dispute the point.

In yonder carriage is the Minister for the — Department. He is going to the Palace, to pay to its august inhabitant his annual tribute of homage, or, to express it more accurately (since Ministries *et cetera* are liable to change,) to render the tribute of homage due from the — Department to the Palace. There will he see assembled all his honourable colleagues, together with the *corps diplomatique*, a crowd of civil dignitaries, marshals, generals, presidents, bishops, abbés, professors, academicians, governors of public institutions, deputations from chief towns, and representatives of a variety of great bodies, all performing the same ceremony. We cannot but approve this custom—it forms a bond of attachment between the people and their governor—it has been *faithfully observed for the last thirty years*. Not the least curious among the different groups is the deputation from the *Dames de la Halle—Anglicè*, fish fags. The visit of these *Ladies*—the French are certainly the politest people in the world—their visit will be formally noticed in to-morrow's *Moniteur*. These gentle creatures have sometimes rendered their *calls* at the Royal Palaces more extensively notorious. One cannot but think that the French politeness is running to waste when we see it so indiscriminately lavished. In this instance, perhaps, profusion is prudent. *Mesdames les poissardes*, who are themselves not remarkable for a delicate choice of language, are exceedingly fastidious about the forms of address used towards them; and they are mistresses of a mode of teaching people to keep civil tongues in their heads, which has the great merit of being adapted to the meanest capacities.

There goes Monsieur le Chevalier de ———. His visit is to a certain man in power with whom he is but slightly acquainted—it is his first—*n'importe*—on the *Jour de l'An*, a visit is always *aimable*. The man in power can recommend to a vacant *Prefecture*, which the Chevalier is anxious to obtain. The patron is just gone out. *Tant mieux*. But madame is visible. *Tant mieux encore*. He presents a little box of *bon-bons*. Madame laughingly remarks that the box is heavy for its size. Monsieur le Chevalier is already destined to fill the vacant *Prefecture*.

But the man in power—where is he all this time? He wants an important place for his son, and is gone to slide a box of *bon-bons* into the hand of a greater man than himself. In France, as in most other countries, the art of adroitly administering sugar-plums, and the art of obtaining places, are synonymous phrases.

That is Mademoiselle ——— of the Theatre Français. Her first visit is to Monsieur ——— editor of the ——— journal. Three days ago she received a hint that he had prepared a thundering article against her intended performance of *Celimine*, which she is to act for the first time on Monday next. The chased silver-gilt *soupiere* at her side is a new year's present for *Monsieur le Redacteur*. The article will not appear. Her performance will be cited as a model *de grace, d'intelligence, et d'esprit*.

That?—Hush! turn away, or he will call us out for merely looking at him. 'Tis Z——, the celebrated duellist. Yesterday he wounded general de B——, the day before he killed M. de C——, and he has an affair on hand for to-morrow. To-day he goes about distributing sugar-plums, as in duty bound, for *c'est un homme très aimable*.

I don't know either of the two gentlemen who are kissing both sides of each other's faces, bowing, and exchanging little paper packets. The very old man passing close to them, in a single-breasted faded silk coat, the colour of which once was apple-blossom, is the younger brother of the Comte de ———. He is on his way to pay his annual visit to Mademoiselle ———, who was his mistress some years before the breaking out of the Revolution. He stops to purchase a *bouquet* composed of violets and roses—Violets and roses on New Year's Day!—his accustomed present. His visit is not one of affection—scarcely of friendship—*c'est une affaire d'habitude*.

I am of your opinion, that Mademoiselle Entrechat, the operadancer, is extraordinarily ugly, and of opinion with every one else, that she is a fool. She is handsome enough, however, in the estimation of our countryman, Sir X—— Y—— (who is *economizing* in Paris), because she dances, and has just sense enough to dupe him—very little is sufficient, Heaven knows! He is now on his way to her with a splendid *Cachemire* and a few *rouleaus*. "*Vraiment, les Anglais sont charmants*. The poor simpleton believes she means it, and sputters something in unintelligible French in reply;

at which Mademoiselle's *Brother* swears a big oath, that *Monsieur l'Anglais a de l'esprit comme quatre*. Sir X—— Y—— invites him to dinner, but the Captain *makes it a rule to dine with his sister on New Year's Day*. O! if some of our poor simple countrymen could but see behind the curtain ——! but 'tis their affair, not mine.

In that cabriolet is an actress who wants to come out at the Comic Opera. What could have put it into her head that Monsieur L——, who has a voice potential in the Theatrical Senate, has just occasion for a breakfast-service in Sevres porcelaine!

Behind is a hackney-coach-full of little *figurantes*, who have clubbed together for the expense of it. They are going to *etrenner* the Ballet-master. One does not like to dance in the rear where no body can see her; another is anxious to dance *seule*; a third, the daughter of my washerwoman, is sure she could act *Nina*, if they would but let her try; a fourth wants the place of *ouvreuse de loges* for her *maman* who sells roasted chesnuts at yonder corner. They offer their sugar-plums, but, alas! they lack the gilding. Never despair, young ladies. Emigration is not yet at an end; economy is the order of the day in England, and Paris is the place for economizing in. Next year, perhaps, you too may be provided, with eloquent *douceurs* to soften the hearts of the rulers of your dancing destinies.

So then, it may be asked, is all this visiting, and kissing, and present-making, and sugar-plumizing, to be set down, either to the account of sheer interest, or to that of heartless form! Partly to the one, perhaps, partly to the other, and some part of it to a kinder principle than either. But, be it as it may, motives of interest receive a decent covering from the occasion; these heartless forms serve to keep society together; and, without philosophising the matter,—let it be set down that, of all the days in the year, none is so perfect a holiday as New Year's Day in Paris. P*.

THE USURER.

From the French of Gellert.

An usurer, in little time,
 A mighty mass of wealth had gained;
 'Twas not, he said, by fraud or crime,
 But all by honest means obtained.

At length, his sinful soul to save,
 With grateful superstition filled,
 (But more with worldly pride,) the knave
 Resolv'd an hospital to build.

Now that the edifice was rais'd,
 And while intent on his survey,
 His generous self he inly praised,
 A waggish neighbour pass'd that way.

A converse quick the miser sought,
 And ask'd (of admiration sure)
 Whether, the hospital, he thought,
 Was large enough to hold the poor?

"Why yes," said he, "I see full well
 The building's large—and yet, if all
 Whom you've made poor, were here to dwell,
 I shrewdly guess 'twould be too small."

SONG OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL, AFTER THE PASSAGE OF THE SEA.

Our slavery is finish'd, our labour is done,
 Our tasks are relinquished, our march is begun:
 The arm of the Lord has divided the sea,
 And Judah has conquer'd, and Israel is free!

'Why stay ye the fast going chariots? and why
 Is the far floating banner uplifted on high?
 Quick, quick! let the corslet your bosoms embrace,
 And harness the courser, and hasten the chase.'

Thus Pharaoh has spoke in the storm of his pride,
 And roll'd on our footsteps his numberless tide:
 The falchions are bright in the hands of the foe,
 Their quivers are rattling, and bent is each bow.

As the clouds of the tempest which gloomily frown,
 That wide spreading band in the evening comes down;
 As the thunder-cloud bursts at the sun's piercing ray,
 That band on the morrow shall vanish away.

Proud boaster of Egypt, be silent and mourn;
 Weep, Daughter of Memphis, thy banner is torn;
 In the temples of Isis be wailing and wo,
 For the mighty are fallen, and the princes laid low.

Their chieftains are fallen, though their bows were still bent;
 Their legions have sunk, though their shafts were unspent;
 The horse and his rider are whelm'd in the sea,
 And Judah hath conquer'd, and Israel is free.

I. F. H.

THE BOURBON FAMILY.

On the 3d of February, 1701, the letters patent were signed, by which Louis XIV. confirmed to Philip V. all his rights to the succession of the French throne. The possible union of the two crowns was the bugbear of the time. But the clause of succession was as rigidly retained by France, under all the misfortunes that preceded the peace of Utrecht, as it was anxiously insisted on by her victors. At length, however, the English ministry compelled by the clamour of the people, forced this clause out of the treaty, and it was decided that the double crown should never sit upon one head. But the faith of governments is proverbially precarious; and Philip was so little scrupulous, that, on a report of the death of Louis XV., then a minor, the Spanish King was actually on the point of setting out for France to lay claim to the throne.

Louis the XIV. might be called the father of sovereignties. The table of his descendants is a curious monument of the power that may be vested in a single family. He was the head of four branches, all of which have continued and flourished to the present time, among all the shocks of revolution.

The Spanish Branch.

Louis XIV.
The Dauphin.
Philip V.
Don Philip.
Charles III.
Charles IV.
Ferdinand VII.

The Neapolitan Branch.

Louis XIV.
The Dauphin.
Philip V.
Charles III.
Ferdinand I.

The Branch of Parma.

Louis XIV.
The Dauphin.
Don Philip.
Ferdinand.
Louis I. of Etruria.
Louis II.

Don Philip, the infant of Spain, was the first Bourbon who was invested with the Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, by the peace of 1748. He was the son-in-law of Louis XIV. His

grandson, Louis I., was declared King of Etruria in 1801. This branch of the Bourbons has received, as a provisional indemnity, the principality of Lucca; and has, besides been acknowledged as the immediate heir of the Duchess of Parma, Maria Louisa, to the exclusion of young Napoleon.

The French Branch.

Louis XIV.
The Dauphin.
Louis XV.
Louis XVI.
Louis XVIII.

We may observe *en passant*, that the chance of the Orleans succession to the throne of France, is too remote to countenance either the alarms of the reigning family or the hopes of partizanship. The descent of the Orleans line is collateral.

Monsieur, brother of Louis XIV.
The Duke of Orleans. (Regent.)
Duke Louis.
Duke Louis Philip.
Duke Philip Louis. (*Egalite.*)
The present Duke.

Thus, between the Orleans family and the throne, stand the three genealogies of Spain, Naples, and Parma.



ON THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE.

[The following passages are extracted from the prospectus of the "Select Reviews:" an excellent Journal which was commenced in this city in the year 1809.]

It is gratifying to remark that the periods of national annals, on which the historian delights to dwell, are those in which the field of literature has attained its highest degree of cultivation; for, it is then that a state has reached a point of glory and splendour, where it may indeed long repose, but which it is never destined to pass. The student loves to linger on those scenes of tranquil refinement, when the profession of arms has yielded to the study of letters, and the rough features of war have been softened by the milder influence of the imagination. It is more pleasant to dwell upon the lessons of Aristotle, than on the conquests of Alexander; upon the eloquence of Pericles, and the history of Thucydides, than on the battles which they fought, or the victories which they gained. The Augustan age of Rome has obscured the conquests of her Scipios, and among her descendants the names

of her heroes are forgotten, while the literary splendour of the house of Medici still illumines the world. The martial fame of Essex is heard of no more; but the glory of Spencer and Shakspeare is brighter than ever. The ambitious plans of Louis XIV. are remembered as a dream; his Condes and Turennes are forgotten, while his Corneille, his Racine and his Moliere, continue the pride of France. Marlborough and Blenheim are names sounded only at intervals; but those of Dryden, and Addison, and Pope, will be forever repeated with increasing delight.

It soothes the observing mind to reflect on the gradual and general cultivation of letters, which has marked the progress of the United States, since the adoption of the federal constitution. Our men of learning were then rare—our booksellers few and poor; and our students were contented with the scanty doles of literature which chance or charity threw in their way. The volumes which we imported from Europe were found only in the libraries of a few men of wealth, and but one or two native periodical publications disseminated a few gleams of literature among the middling classes of society. A great alteration has occurred within a short period. The wealth which the troubles in Europe threw upon our shores, secured by the care of an established government, has been fortunately not exclusively confined to the purchase of the luxuries of commerce. A considerable portion of it has been appropriated to the cultivation of letters, and it is now rare to find a village without a circulating library, or a native American who has not been taught to read and to write.

We have not yet, however, attained that extent of population which is sufficient to supply us with our own writers. Our means of subsistence are of such easy acquisition, that the professed literary character, who lives by his pen, is scarcely known. There are, indeed, a few honourable individuals, whose exertions have been chiefly directed to the establishment of periodical journals; but they are unaided by that phalanx of literary combatants, which is indispensable to success; and whatever may have been their patronage from the purses of the public, they have painfully experienced the want of *literary contributions*.

Journals, Magazines, and Reviews, have been established in Europe, and particularly in Great Britain, with the design of presenting a general and condensed view of the state of literature, and of directing the researches of those who have not leisure to be students. They have been conducted by associations of men of genius, who have found in their ranks Addison and Steele, Goldsmith and Johnson, Marmontel and Burke; and under the care of such men, public journals have deservedly taken a high station in the republic of letters. Their successors are among the first literary characters of the age. They now stand as sentinels at all the avenues to literary fame; and although some of them are faithful to their duty and level their weapons against those who

have really the *countersign* of genius, while traitors are permitted to pass unnoticed, it is yet easy to collect from their reports the real state of the field of letters. They abound with the speculations of men of genius, which deserve to be separated from the wretched effusions which disgrace their pages.

The patronage which is afforded to the public journals of Europe, is evident from the numbers which now exist, and are incessantly multiplying. They have increased until themselves would almost furnish a library, and until their importation into the United States can be made only by the man of wealth or by public institutions. In addition to their expense, they have the misfortune of aiding the circulation of many unsound speculations, which corrupt the morals of youth, and many false criticisms which pervert the public taste, and which can be prevented only by a careful revision and impartial selection by those, who, relying on the patronage of Americans, deem it worthy of their care.

WILLIAM PRYNNE.

THIS noted barrister was one of the most singular characters the world has ever seen. He possessed considerable learning, both in law and divinity, and was indefatigably diligent in his application to books. Entering completely into the views of the Puritans of the old school, both in regard to doctrine and ecclesiastical discipline, he was decidedly hostile to Episcopacy and to Arminianism; and by his writings on these subjects rendered himself highly obnoxious to Archbishop Laud and his friends. Having incurred the displeasure of the court by his *Histrio-Mastix*, a dull heavy book against theatrical amusements, and in the index of which dishonourable mention is made of "women actors," he was sentenced by the Star-Chamber to pay a fine of five thousand pounds to the King, to be expelled the University of Oxford and Lincoln's Inn, to be degraded and rendered incapable of following his profession as a lawyer, to stand twice on the pillory, at each time to have one of his ears cut off, to have his book burned before his face by the common hangman, and to be imprisoned during the remainder of his life. Unsubdued by these disasters, he persevered with undaunted courage in his career of authorship, and from the place of his confinement published some severe and scurrilous reflections upon his Grace of Canterbury and several of the Bishops. In consequence of this additional offence, the incorrigible delinquent was once more brought into the Star-Chamber, and sentenced to pay five thousand pounds to the King, to stand on the pillory, to have the stumps of his ears cut off, to be branded with a red-hot iron on both cheeks with the letters S L, for a Seditious Libeller, and to be perpetually imprisoned in the castle of Carnarvon. The execution of this horrible sentence the

sturdy offender bore with his usual and characteristic firmness, and even composed Latin verses when returning from the pillory with the blood oozing from his wounds. From Carnarvon he was removed to the castle of Mount Orgueil, in the Isle of Jersey; and, on the assembling of the Long Parliament, an order was issued by the House of Commons, for his emancipation. On regaining his liberty, he entered London in triumph, accompanied by Henry Burton, another of the Archbishop's exiles; while many thousands of people, several in carriages, some on horseback, and others on foot, carrying rosemary and bays, hailed his return and welcomed him into the city.

Prynne, however, derived not the smallest intellectual or moral advantage either from the sufferings he had endured, or from the state of misery and confusion into which he saw the nation plunged by a system of ecclesiastical oppression. His temper retained all its original violence, and his principles continued perfectly illiberal and intolerant. Could his wishes have been realized, the sword would have been drawn to convert the whole nation to Presbyterianism. Never was the peace of the Christian church disturbed by the learned and incoherent ravings of a more furious and bitter enemy of religious liberty. Contending for the *divine right* of Presbyterianism, and unwilling that any who refused to bow to its authority should be tolerated, he attempted to refute the arguments which Mr. Goodwin had adduced in behalf of the Independents. Not satisfied with this, he made an unprincipled attack upon Mr. Goodwin's personal character, attempted to render him odious to the secular power, and to expose him to a state prosecution. In reply to this ungenerous assailant, Mr. Goodwin published two tracts, in one of which, entitled "Innocency's Triumph," he defends his own conduct; and in the other, entitled "Innocency and Truth Triumphant Together," vindicates his principles against his formidable antagonist.



DEGRADATION OF A PRIME MINISTER.

His Chinese Majesty has lately displaced and degraded Sung Ta-jin, his Prime Minister, because he presumed to advise him not to visit certain tombs of his ancestors; and had intimated that a great drought then prevailing was occasioned by the Emperor's intention. This was deemed such glaring disobedience to the commands of his holy Majesty, that it was impossible not to punish him. It was therefore ordered, that he should be deprived of his office, and be reduced to wear a button of the sixth rank, and be sent to the eight standards of wandering shepherds at Chahaur. His name is to be retained on the books; and if for eight years he commit no error, he may again be eligible for his former situation.

MONUMENTS OF HINDOSTAN.*

From the French.

DOUBTLESS it was a vast undertaking to give a complete description of the immense country of Hindostan; to trace its history; to set forth the religion and the manners of its inhabitants; to study and to design its antique monuments and its populous cities: such an undertaking required the united knowledge and talents of the geographer, the philologist, the historian, the philosopher, and the archæologist.—Several estimable artists have already made us acquainted with the picturesque views and the romantic sites of this interesting country, with the various and singular costumes of the Hindoos, and their prodigious monuments. Many learned Indianists have developed the mysteries, till then but imperfectly known, of the Brahmanic theology; and the most celebrated travellers, judicious antiquaries, and well-informed officers, have in almost every part extended their inquiries to the most minute details of topography. However, not one of them has been able to present us with a complete view of the country, whose several parts they have described. Far be it from us to refuse the well-deserved meed of praise to the major part of these authors; but one man alone, a man of superior talent, placed in a situation which enabled him to take in with a single glance, to collate, compare, and digest into one body all the materials which had been furnished by so many and such able writers, has succeeded in forming them into one beautiful and symmetrical edifice. M. Langles is the person to whom we allude. Possessed of a thorough knowledge of the principal languages of Asia, he had also the advantage of being placed at the head of the French depot of oriental MSS., and as he had for a long time directed his inquiries to the state of Hindostan, he was every way qualified to succeed in the arduous task which he has undertaken.

Whilst numbers of learned Frenchmen were following the armies of their country through the plains of Egypt, M. Langles devoted all his time to the study of Asiatic antiquities, and having compared the results obtained by others in Africa with those which his own inquiries had afforded him, he has meditated on the striking analogy which reigns between the plains of the Nile and the fertile country that is watered by the Ganges. Every thing that relates to the history of these two countries seems covered with a veil of mystery. We have, however, reason to hope, that with the help of the Sanscrit tongue, a new light may be thrown upon the darkness of the most ancient times. Numbers of

* A Description of the Ancient and Modern Monuments of Hindostan; considered in a double point of view: Archæological and Picturesque. By I. Langles. Paris. 2 vols. folio, 144 plates and 3 maps.

antiquaries are now availing themselves of their knowledge of the Brahmins' sacred language, and the work which we announce has considerably lessened the difficulty of their researches.

After having determined the political and geographical divisions of the country, from ancient times up to the present day, according to the systems of the Brahmins, of the Europeans, and of the Musselmen, and after having followed them rapidly through all their changes, the author carefully describes the principal towns in their ancient and modern state. The limits of this paper prevent us from taking notice of those magnificent cities on the sea coast, where our curiosity is awakened by the view of so many imposing edifices filled with the crowds of an immense population, among which the eye is struck with the varied costume and appearance of Jews, Guebers, Hindoos, English, Arabs, Persians, and Portuguese. There, where in former times a few vessels established their modest entrepots, now stand flourishing cities, with a prosperous, and almost countless population. A simple company of traders holds under its sway a population more considerable than that of the metropolis, creates for itself an almost inexhaustible fund of treasures, keeps up numerous and well disciplined armies, deposes rebellious princes, accords its protection to emperors, and makes itself feared, respected and obeyed throughout Asia. Such are the prodigies which have been effected by active industry, by enlightened patriotism, and a spirit of enterprise of which the annals of few nations, perhaps of none, can offer an example. But let us hasten to that part of the work in which the author gives an account of the religion, the legislation, the manners, and customs of the Hindoos.

Since Cosmas Indicopleustes up to the last pages of some journalists who have written on the *Paria* of M. Delavigne, how many errors have been accredited, how many false notions received, how many opinions have been propagated about this singular people, whose laws and manners offer the inexplicable contrast of mildness carried even to imbecility, and ferocity which falls but little short of madness! These men, whose excessive humanity prompts them to build hospitals for sick animals, make no scruple of conducting their wives and mothers to the funeral pile raised by their artful and avaricious priests; show not the least reluctance in exposing their children to be devoured by alligators; and are delighted to see their brothers and nearest relations crushed under the wheels of the destructive chariot in which their favourite idol is annually dragged about. M. Langles quotes the most respectable authorities to prove that the pompous recitals of Bernardin de St. Pierre and Raynal—in which the natives of Hindostan are represented as models of mildness, humanity, and wisdom—are but little to be trusted to, and that at least they show but one side of the question. Indeed it is certain, that if some of the Hindoos' actions portray a mild, inoffensive character, there are others

which bespeak them to be dead to feeling and humanity. Perhaps a great deal of this may be attributed to the natural apathy and indifference which they probably owe to their climate; but there never has been a country where the artifices of priestcraft have acquired such an ascendancy as in Hindostan. The manners of the Hindoos are altogether subservient to their religious belief. M. Langles has therefore taken care to enter into a minute detail of their dogmatical and theological system.

This system is set forth in four Vedas and eighteen Puranas. The period at which these works were composed is lost in the most profound obscurity. We only know that, about 1400 years before the Christian era, the wise Douapayana collected and put in order the scattered fragments of the laws, which are composed of hymns and prayers. Among these last is to be remarked the famous *Gayatry*, which contains the fundamental points of the religion of the Sun. It is so singular that we think our readers will take pleasure in perusing it.

“This homage and adoration of thee, O! brilliant and ravishing sun, is offered to thee by us. Deign to accept our words favourably. Let our longing minds have access to thee. Let the Sun who contemplates and penetrates the world be our protector.” The same *Veda* contains a still more simple profession of faith. “There exists a living and a true God, eternal and incorporeal, impalpable and impassible, all-mighty, all-powerful, all-knowing, infinitely good, who makes and preserves all things.” This religion, however, was too simple to serve the ends of the priests, who accordingly overcharged it with dogmas, miracles, and superstitious practices. The following is a brief sketch of their creed:

Brahma is the supreme being, who gave the world existence; or, in other words, the creating power: *Vishnou* is the preserving power, and *Siva* the power which changes forms. A sacrifice was offered to the immortals, and *Brahma* was the Holocaust. It was then that from the different parts of his body sprang the different castes, to wit—from his mouth the *Brahmins*, holding the four Vedas; from his arms the *Kchatrias*, protectors of the other castes from whence the princes and warriors issued—his body produced the *Vaicyns*, who gave themselves up to commerce, to agriculture, and to the care of flocks; and from his feet came the *Soudras*, who consented to serve the others for money. These three last castes formed a great number of subdivisions. After this laborious operation, *Brahma* wanted repose; he has therefore left off taking care of men’s affairs, and they pay more attention to *Siva* and *Vishnou* than to him. For, all the Brahmanist Hindoos are divided into *Veichnavas*, or followers of *Vishnou*, and *Seivas*, or followers of *Siva*. The sect to which each person belongs is denoted by a mark which every one ought to carry on his forehead.

Brahma, *Vishnou* and *Siva* form the Indian trinity. Each of them has a wife or female companion, inferior in dignity to him-

self. The name of Brahma's companion is *Serasouti*, and she is the protectress of arts and sciences. *Lackmi* is the wife of Vishnou the preserver, and the mother of the god of love. Siva is looked upon by the Hindoos as the greatest of their gods. He is sometimes represented with five heads, but oftener with only one; with four or even thirty-two hands, each armed with a different weapon. His companion, *Parvati*—queen of the mountains—bears a great resemblance to the Diana of the Grecian mythology, being vested with the same attributes as that Goddess.

The limits of this review do not allow us to follow our learned Indianist through the immense labyrinth of the Brahmanic theogony. He enlightens every part of it with the most impartial and judicious criticism, whether he discusses the resemblance of the Greek fables to those of the Hindoos, or explains those mysterious emblems which, though whimsical to a cursory observer, often conceal a profound sense of truth and wisdom, or describes the characters and attributes of some of the 330 millions of inferior divinities which form the court of the Indian trinity. Among these divinities is to be remarked *Dipuc*, the god of love. He is represented under the form of a beautiful young man, mounted on a paroquet, and it is remarkable that the letters of his name read inversely, make the English term for the same divinity. He is accompanied by nymphs who dance by moonlight, and bear his colours. His bow is made of a sugar cane, and his arrows are adorned with the buds of the sweetest flowers.

After the gods, the priests are passed in review. The most extraordinary rule with which the Brahmins are enjoined to comply, is to quit their wives and children at a certain period of their old age; and to retire to the forest, there to let their beards and nails grow, and to endeavour to conquer the impulse of their passions. M. Langles, after having described some of the tortures to which these unfortunate fanatics are condemned by their religion, proceeds to examine some of the most celebrated systems of philosophy which took their rise in India. Among the civil institutions is one which bears a strong resemblance to the ancient Saxon custom of trial by jury. We pass over several laws which can only have been the result of repeated attempts at perfection, and which thus furnish a very plausible argument in favour of the antiquity of the nation: but on the other hand the following statute will gain the Hindoo Legislator but little credit among our ladies:—“*A woman must never be independent; in her infancy, she belongs to her father; in wedlock, she is the property of her husband; at the death of her husband, she ought to be under the guardianship of her children or male relations.*”

For the recovery of debts the Indians make use of a sort of coercion which European legislators would never have tried; but which not a few European debtors would not be sorry to see in force:—the creditor goes to the door of his debtor, and menaces

to kill himself in case of a refusal; the fear of seeing the blood of an innocent person fall upon him, almost always determines the Indian debtor to pay what he owes. Sometimes the creditor places a cow, or an old woman on a heap of faggots, to which he declares he will set fire if the debt be not immediately liquidated. But the text does not tell us whether these threats are ever put in execution.



THE OASIS OF THEBES.*

From the French.

THE name of M. Frederic Cailliaud is known to all those who study the ancient monuments of Egypt, and the geography of Africa in general. This fortunate traveller arrived at Paris in the month of February, 1819, preceded by the report of the curious discoveries he had made in the deserts to the east and west of Thebais; and the series of new observations which he made known excited a lively and general interest among the learned men of the French capital. Encouraged by their applause and by the protection of the French government, M. Cailliaud felt disposed to re-explore the country he had just quitted, and accordingly set out on this expedition in the month of September, 1819. In the month of June, 1821, he had proceeded as far as three hundred and fifty leagues beyond the southern boundary of Egypt, stemming the stream of the *Bahr el Abyad*, or white river, which seems to be the principal branch of the Nile, and which may possibly lead to its true source.

At the age of twenty-five, M. Cailliaud had travelled over Holland, Switzerland, and a part of Turkey in Europe, chiefly with a view of prosecuting mineralogical researches; but being allured by the fame of Egypt and its wonders, he left Constantinople early in 1815, and landed at Alexandria on the 12th of May of the same year. Here he met with a most favourable reception from M. Drovetti, the French consul-general, with whom he made an excursion as far as the second cataract. Soon after his return, he was honoured with the confidence of Mohamed Ali Pacha, who gave him a commission to search for the mines existing in the deserts near Egypt. Having luckily secured for an interpreter one of the French who, after the departure of their army, had entered into the service of the Mamelukes, our traveller set out on his ex-

* Narrative of a Journey to the Oasis of Thebes, and in the Deserts situated to the East and West of Thebais, performed during the years 1815, 1816, 1817 and 1818, by M. Frederic Cailliaud, (of Nantes,) digested and published by M. Jomard, Member of the Royal Institute of France, &c. &c. &c.—Paris. Part I.

pedition on the 2nd of November, 1816, with six men, eight dromedaries, and provisions for one month. He directed his course from *Bedesych*, on the right bank of the Nile, towards the shores of the Red Sea. This first excursion forms his voyage to the east, an account of which is given in his first itinerary—from p. 55 to p. 84.—After six days travelling in the desert, he arrived at *Mount Zabarah*, and there found the famous emerald mines which had hitherto only been known by the accounts of the Arabs; accounts of which the veracity was very reasonably doubted. However, M. Cailliaud has seen them in the state in which they were left by the engineers of the ancients: he has penetrated into a number of excavations bored to a considerable depth, in which, at some parts, four hundred men could have worked at a time; and he has found their cords, baskets, and tools of different sorts, even the very lamps which had been abandoned for ages. Not far from thence is a little town long since forgotten; in which several houses are still standing; and in the middle of them is a sanctuary built in the style of the old Egyptian temples, with some remains of walls, covered with Greek inscriptions. Farther on, near the shore of the Red Sea, is a mountain of sulphur, in which a mine had been formerly worked, and which exhibits proofs of former volcanic action. According to tradition, there formerly existed in those parts a commercial road, which led in an oblique direction from *Coptos*, on the Nile, to *Berenice*, on the Red Sea. M. Cailliaud having twice, and by different ways, crossed the desert which lies between the river and the sea, thought he could recognize several stations, enclosures intended to receive the caravans, and wells to refresh the traveller, which could not but belong to the same commercial road; and which coincide with its direction towards the spot where D'Anville and Gosselin have placed the ancient *Berenice*. To these topographical observations, M. Cailliaud has joined several others relative to the constitution of the mountains, to the soil of these remote countries, and to the manners of the Arabian tribes which inhabit them. He has also given the drawings of the monuments he has discovered, and copies of the inscriptions with which they are covered. At length, having procured, as the fruit of his first attempt, a small provision of emeralds, he returned to Cairo, on the 10th of January, 1817. After an interval of nine months, he set out once more from Cairo, on the 3d of November, 1817, and soon after arrived at the desert, accompanied by sixty workmen, one hundred and twenty camels, provisions and tools, besides fifty *Ababdeh* Arabs, to take care of the camels. Turning a little out of the track he had followed on his first expedition, he recognized other stations of the road from *Coptos* to *Berenice*. Farther to the south than *mount Zabarah*, he discovered other emerald mines, and still more to the south, the ruins of a little Greek town, now called by the Arabs *Sekket Bender el Kebyr*. Here five hundred houses of dry stone are still

standing, and three temples either hollowed in the rock or built with the stones of the place. They are of a style similar to that of the Egyptian monuments, and their walls are decorated with numerous Greek inscriptions. After several excursions on the coasts of the Red Sea, M. Cailliaud went by land to Thebes, taking with him ten pounds of emeralds. *At Thebes he met with several Europeans, and even with English ladies, visiting and exploring the subterranean antiquities of that ancient capital, with a degree of zeal and courage which the heat of the climate, and the hardships of all sorts they were obliged to suffer, render still more remarkable.*

The second journey of our traveller was to the west.—

“Having long since wished,” says M. Cailliaud, in his second itinerary,—p. 83 to 98,—“to visit the great Oasis, which had hitherto been only superficially noticed by passing travellers, I took advantage of the moment when my presence was not required at the emerald mines, to perform this interesting journey. I accordingly quitted Cairo on the 26th of March, 1818, and went to *Syout*, the residence of *Mohamed Bey*, governor of Upper Egypt. He granted me, without difficulty, orders to take camels, dromedaries and guides. After a long voyage on the Nile, I arrived at *Esné* where the death of *Ahmed Bey*, the pacha’s son-in-law, retarded my journey still longer. As a Frank I was called to see him—for in Egypt, it suffices to be an European to be a physician.—He was already no more when I arrived; a malignant fever had just carried him off: I found him covered with a Cashmeer shawl, surrounded by his Mamelukes, and by two dervises, who waited for me to assure them he was dead, before they repeated the customary prayer. During a whole week processions of weeping women were to be seen: at the expiration of that time the burial took place, amid the sound of drums accompanied by the cries and howlings of almost all the women in the town.”

From *Esné*, M. Cailliaud proceeded westward toward the Oasis of Thebes, where he arrived on the evening of the 29th of June, after having crossed fifty leagues of desert. Other Europeans had visited the spot, but none of them had entertained hopes of discovering ancient monuments there. M. Cailliaud has discovered several, and those very interesting. In the southern part of the Oasis, near *Beyrys*, is a temple quite in the Egyptian style, the front of which is entirely ornamented with hieroglyphics, and the sanctuary covered with a real vaulted roof, a thing not hitherto remarked in any Egyptian monument. To the west of this edifice is a Roman temple of brick, which has latterly served as a place of Christian worship. At *Bychyjou*, to the north of *Beyrys*, are Roman ruins; a little farther to the north is another Egyptian temple, the walls of which are ornamented in the interior with hieroglyphics. At *El Khargeh*, the chief town of the Oasis, are the ruins of a small Egyptian temple: a little to the west are more

than two hundred Roman tombs of brick and in the form of arcades; and towards the north-west of the town, is another Egyptian temple, worthy in point of grandeur and magnificence, to be placed in the rank of the temples of Thebais. Farther to the north-east is a large fortified Roman castle—the walls of which are forty-five feet in height, by twelve in thickness—with counter-forts; in fine, on several spots are to be found ruins of different ages equally worthy of attention, especially on account of the inscriptions with which many of them are ornamented. While crossing this Oasis from north to south, M. Cailliaud discovered, measured, and sketched many monuments that had not been seen before him by any modern European. All these observations were made before the twelfth of July, when our traveller set out for the Nile, by the road from *El-Khargeh* to *Farchiout*, which seems to have been frequented by the ancients. Having taken leave of the viceroy, at Cairo, and having received from Mr. Salt, the British consul-general, the most honourable letters of recommendation for the venerable M. Dacier, perpetual secretary of the *Academie Royale des Belles Lettres*, he embarked at Alexandria, and arrived at Marseilles, after a voyage of three weeks.

A little to the north-west of the Oasis of Thebes, there exists another, known by the name of *El-Dakkel*. It may be approached either from *Manfalout*, on the Nile, or from the Oasis of Thebes, by going from *El-Khargeh*; and M. Drovetti, the French consul-general, having performed the journey by this road, and having there found several considerable ruins, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman, that had not been seen by any other European, he has sent his itinerary to M. Jomard, who has published it as a supplement to those of M. Cailliaud.

It is M. Jomard, who, in pursuance of the orders of the French government, has digested the matter furnished by M. Cailliaud, and has drawn the two maps of the deserts, to the east and west of Thebais: maps which he offers—especially the first—as an essay on the geography of the environs of Egypt, and which can be sufficiently corrected by future observations. Most of the chapters of the work, besides the preface, belong to M. Jomard. The most ancient of the inscriptions are in hieroglyphic characters; the others are in Greek, Coptic, Latin and Arabic; for some other inscriptions, copied by M. Cailliaud, in Upper Egypt, have been joined to the inscriptions found to the east and west of Thebes. Among the former is that of a pedestal of Philæ, which has been so ably explained by M. Letronne, member of the French Institute, and which was believed to have some relation to the obelisk of Philæ, covered with hieroglyphics, on which M. Champollion, jun. has already published his observations. M. Cailliaud not having been properly prepared for the difficult task of exploring these monuments, the copies he has made of the inscriptions are, in many respects, deficient. Our limits will not now allow us to

enter into any discussion of the subject: we shall therefore only remark, that they, notwithstanding, transmit many interesting historical data; and that the copy of that on the temple of *El-Khargeh*, contains several new and curious facts relative to the interior administration of Upper Egypt. It is of the time of the Emperor Galba, and dated *from the second year of his reign*; though it is notorious that Galba reigned but seven months, from the 9th of June, 68, to the 16th of January, 69.

It had been observed before this discovery, that it would not be surprising to find inscriptions of Otho and Galba, dated from the second year of their reign, though each of them only reigned a few months. To account for this, we must observe, that since the beginning of the Egyptian year was also reckoned as the beginning of the year, of an emperor's reign, it sufficed for a prince to have reigned the shortest time before and after the beginning of the year, to have acts dated in the second year of his reign. All that has hitherto been advanced on this subject, has been fully confirmed by the discovery of the inscription at *El-Khargeh*. Some of the Coptic inscriptions offered by M. Cailliaud are in a very imperfect state, but M. Jomard has promised to furnish *explanations* of them, which will form a part of the next and last number of the work; and in which he will also insert an *introduction* relative to the principal discoveries made in Egypt since the beginning of the age, and to the present government of Egypt; *remarks* on the emerald mines, and on the old commercial road; *researches* on the Oasis in general; a *sequel* to the *explanation* of the plates: a *catalogue* of the antiquities collected by M. Cailliaud; in fine, an *appendix* containing some account of his new excursion in Nubia and Abyssinia.

Such is the work announced under the title of M. Cailliaud's *Travels in Egypt*. Being executed by the orders, and under the immediate auspices of the French government, and executed not only with the greatest care, but with much attention to elegance, it will furnish one more brilliant chapter for the literary history of France.

HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS,

IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

SERVANTS in the sixteenth century, were held in a greater degree of subjection than they are in the present; as will appear by the following very curious list of penalties kept by the ancestors of an English Baronet, 1565-6, for the purpose of regulating the respective duties of the household servants.

I. That no servant bee absent from praier, at morning or evening, without a lawful excuse, to be alledged within one day after vpon paine to forfeit for euery tyme 2d.

II. That none swear anie othe vpon paine for euery one 1d.

III. That no man leaue anie doore open that he findeth shut, without there bee cause, vpon paine for euery tyme 1d.

IV. That none of the men be in bed from Our Lady-day to Michaelmas, after 6 of the clock in the morning; nor out of his bed, after 10 of the clock at night; nor from Michaelmas till Our Lady-day, in bed after 7 in the morning, nor out after 9 at night, without reasonable cause, on paine of 2d.

V. That no man's bed be vnmade, nor fire or candle box vncleane, after 8 of the clock in the morning, on paine of 1d.

VI. That no man commit any nuisance within either of the Courts, vpon paine of euery tyme it shall be proued 1d.

VII. That no man teach anie of the children any vn honest speche, on paine of 4d.

VIII. That no man waite at the table without a trencher in his hand, except it be vpon some good cause, on paine of 1d.

IX. That no man appointed to wait at my table bee absent at meale, without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d.

X. If anie man breake a glasse, hee shall aunswer the price thereof out of his wages: and if it bee not known who breake it, the butler shall pay for it, on paine of 12d.

XI. The table must be couered halfe an houer before 11 at dinner, and 6 at supper, or before on paine of 2d.

XII. That meate be readie at 11 or before at dinner, and 6, or before, at supper, on paine of 6d.

XIII. That none bee absent, without leave or good cause, the whole day, or anie part of it, on paine of 4d.

XIV. That no man strike his fellow on paine of losse of seruice; nor reuile or threaten, or provoke one another to strike, on paine of 12d.

XV. That no man come to the kitchen without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d. and the cook likewise to forfeit 1d.

XVI. That none toy with the maids, on paine of 4d.

XVII. That no man weare foule shirt on Sundaie, nor broken hose or shoes, or doublett without buttons, on paine of 1d.

XVIII. That when anie stranger goeth hence, the chamber be dressed vp againe within 4 hours after, on paine of 1d.

XIX. That the hall be made cleane eucry daie, by eight in the winter, and seaun in the summer, on paine of him that should doe it 1d.

XX. That the court-gate bee shut each meale, and not opened during dinner and supper, without just cause, on paine the porter to forfeit for euery tyme 1d.

XXI. That all stayrs in the house, and other rooms that need shall require, bee made cleane on Fridaie after dinner, on paine of forfeiture of euery one whom it shall belong vnto 3d.

All which summes shall be duly paide each quarter-daie out of their wages; and bestowed on the poor or other godley vse.

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

GRESSET.—No one can read Gresset's poems but with pleasure. Though he had never been from the College of Jesuits to which he belonged, at the time he wrote it, his "Vert-Vert," as well as his other works, possess all the pleasing qualities which are looked for only in those of a man of the world. No production ever met with greater success than the one above-mentioned experienced. A French critic has remarked upon it, that "in the hands of any one else, it would probably have died in the same Monastery that gave it birth; but Gresset was highly gifted with the art of making the most of a trivial subject. However, this and some others that came from his pen while he was among them, so offended the Jesuits, that he removed to Paris. Here he attempted dramatic composition. In tragedy he was not very successful: in comedy, however, he was eminently so. The play, entitled "Le Mechant," placed him among the very best writers in this class. Though not highly comic, it presents a most true and forcible picture of life and manners, and is classically correct and elegant. No French poet, but Rousseau, has excelled in the composition of odes; it therefore is not surprising that Gresset's are not much more than *mediocre*, though they are occasionally graced with pleasing and brilliant passages. He has been classed between Chaulieu and Voltaire as a writer of light poetry; but as a versificator for the theatre, he is supreme. His greatest praise, however, is—that not only his style, but his morality also, is cast in the purest mould.

LEWIS ALAMANNI.—Lewis Alamanni, the author of a variety of poems and other compositions, in Italian, was born in Florence. He excelled both in poetry and in prose, and his writings were admired by the lovers of elegant literature; but the life of Alamanni was more distinguished by its activity and vicissitudes, than even by his literary abilities. It was his fate to be tempted to oppose the power of Julius de Medicis at Florence. The conspiracy was discovered; one of his accomplices was taken, and punished with death, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he saved his own life by flight. When the Florentines broke their municipal chains and banished the Medici, Alamanni returned to his native country, where he was joyfully received. But a new change of public affairs caused his re-banishment, and he fortunately found an asylum at the court of Francis the First, by whom he was employed as an ambassador to Charles the Fifth. By that prince he was received with coldness, and in answer to his eloquent address, repeated the ludicrous verses he had written against him. Alamanni, as much distinguished by his ready wit, as by his talents for poetry and for business, vindicated himself

with a dexterity that converted the emperor's displeasure into admiration and esteem. He was afterwards sent ambassador to Genoa, where he acquitted himself with ability and honour. Alamanni, after experiencing a great diversity of circumstances, died in the year 1566, aged 66.

MATURIN REGNIER.—It is unfortunate, not only for the noble art of poetry, but for the interest of religion, when a votary of the muses dedicates his talents to licentious subjects, and that votary is an officiate of the Church. Maturin Regnier, born at Chartres, in 1573, held some benefices, besides the pension granted him by the liberality of Henry IV. Scandalized by the looseness of many of his own productions, and debilitated by the vicious habits of his life, he died at Rouen, in the 40th year of his age. He was indisputably the first satirist of his day, and by some of the best judges of that species of writing in which he chiefly distinguished himself, has been compared to Boileau. His models appear to have been Juvenal and Persius; but his pictures of vice are often given in a style neither fit for, nor pleasing to, the eye of delicacy, or decency. It is a curious fact that, though a French writer, the best edition of his works is that of London, printed in 1729.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. T. ASH, Philadelphia, has in the press a new edition of Goldsmith's *History of Animated Nature*. It will be printed by Mr. James Maxwell, the accuracy and elegance of whose workmanship is attested by numerous publications. The work will be comprised in five volumes, (price \$15,) and embellished with upwards of three hundred engravings, executed by Boyd, Kearny, Ellis, and other engravers of this city. We have compared this with the latest English edition, from which it is copied, and we think that it is by no means inferior. Of a work so well known as Goldsmith's *History*, any commendation from us would be superfluous. Dr. Johnson predicted that it would be as amusing as a fairy tale; but its claims are of a much more exalted order. Goldsmith is a delightful guide in leading us over the verdant lawn or through the shady grove, and instructing us in all their hidden mysteries. He enables us to survey the surface of the earth, and explore the secrets of the boundless ocean. To a taste for the study of nature, the elegant arts are indebted for their most exquisite efforts. The lower order of animals was created for our sustenance and convenience, and these creatures are multiplied and preserved by our ingenuity and industry. What species of knowledge, therefore, can be more interesting and necessary, than that which teaches us to examine the structure, proper-

ties, and uses, of those works of nature which contribute so much to the most refined pleasures of the imagination, and are, moreover, indispensable to our very existence? Let us remember, too, with an elegant writer, that "the taste for natural beauty" not only "refines and humanizes, but dignifies and exalts the affections. It elevates them to the admiration and love of that Being who is the author of all that is fair, sublime, and good in the creation. Scepticism and irreligion are hardly compatible with the sensibility of heart which arises from a just and lively relish of the wisdom, harmony, and order subsisting in the world around us; and emotions of piety must spring up spontaneously in the bosom that is in unison with all animated nature. Actuated by this divine inspiration, man finds a fane in every grove; and, glowing with devout fervour, he joins his song to the universal chorus, or muses the praise of the Almighty, in more expressive silence. Thus they

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

The Author of the new American novel, entitled "The Wilderness," which has been sold with uncommon rapidity, has prepared for the press another work, intended to illustrate the habits and manners of the settlers of New England. We understand that it is called "The Spectre of the Forest; or, Annals of the Hausatonic, a New England Romance." The editor of one of the New York papers asks why it is denominated a romance. We presume that it is because the work is a fabulous relation of adventures, exhibiting heroic, perilous, and extravagant actions. There is no impropriety, as another editor insinuates, in placing the tales of Sir Walter Scott in this department of literature, although historical facts are blended in them, with fictitious incidents. It is well known that the earliest romances were of this description; history furnishing the ground-work, and fancy peopling it with Paynim giants, Red-cross knights, distressed damsels, and fat monks. The inimitable pen of Cervantes has driven all this trash from our libraries; and at the present time the most popular works in the region of fiction, are those which aid the cause of virtue, instruct us in the art of happiness, and enlarge the boundaries of knowledge.

MERRIMENT.

A French Bull.—Dr. — used to relate that on one of his visits to the Hotel Dieu, having asked a patient how he did, the sick man answered—"Ah, Doctor, I am so ill that if any one came to me and told me I was dead, I should not be astonished at it."



The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE DR. HUTTON.

CHARLES HUTTON, LL. D. and F. R. SS. of London and Edinburgh, also an honorary member of several other learned societies, both in Europe and America, was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 14th of August, 1737. He was descended from a family in Westmoreland, which had the honour of becoming connected, by marriage, with that of Sir Isaac Newton. His father, who was a viewer or superintendant, of mines, gave his children such education as his circumstances would permit, which was confined to the ordinary branches; but Charles, the youngest of his sons, (the subject of this Memoir,) early manifested an extraordinary predilection for mathematical studies, in which he made considerable progress, while yet at school, with very little aid from his master; for, like most other eminent mathematicians, he was in a great measure self-taught. After the death of his parents, which took place in his early youth, he determined on undertaking

OCTOBER, 1823.—NO. 258

In 1773, the situation of Mathematical Professor to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich having become vacant, numerous gentlemen of the first eminence in science applied for the appointment; and, among the number, Dr. Hutton presented himself as a candidate. The office was in the gift of the Master-General of the Ordnance, and the strongest interest was made by various noblemen and gentlemen for their respective friends; but, to the honour of the then Master-General, Lord Viscount Townshend, nothing but superior qualifications were allowed to avail. His lordship gave public notice, that merit alone should decide the preference, which must be determined by a strict and impartial examination. With this view, four eminent mathematicians were selected as examiners on the occasion, viz. Dr. Horsley, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Maskelyne, the Astronomer Royal, Colonel Watson, the Chief Engineer to the East India Company, and the celebrated Mr. Landen.

Nothing could be more strictly impartial than the examination. The candidates were eight in number, and each was separately examined, not only in the principles, but in the history of mathematics. Several abstruse problems were afterwards given for solution; and, when the answers were received, the report of the examiners expressed high approbation of all the candidates, but gave a decided preference in favour of Dr. Hutton. This was, indeed, an unequivocal test of superior merit. The judicious determination of the Master-General, by conferring the appointment on Dr. H. was in a short time found to be most advantageous to the Institution. It is, indeed, well known, that Dr. Hutton raised the Royal Military Academy, from a state of comparative inferiority, to the highest degree of celebrity and national importance. To his steady and persevering conduct for thirty-five years, and his improvements in military science, his country is essentially indebted, for the success of the British artillery and engineers in all parts parts of the world, during the last half century.

His removal from Newcastle to so distinguished a situation near the metropolis, and his election, soon after, as a fellow of the Royal Society, gave him new opportunities for the advancement and diffusion of the most useful knowledge; for, it should be observed,

that, at all times, his attention was particularly directed to those branches of the mathematics which are most conducive to the practical purposes of life. In a short time, he became an important contributor to the Philosophical Transactions, which, from the specimens he gave, it is probable he would have enriched more than any other member either ancient or modern, had not a stop been put to his valuable labours by unfortunate dissensions in the Royal Society, which nearly gave a death-blow to that excellent institution.

It were tedious here to detail the subjects of the several papers which Dr. Hutton, in a few years, submitted to the Royal Society, especially as they may be seen in the Philosophical Transactions of that period: but two papers deserve particular notice, as the most useful and important that, perhaps, had been communicated since the chair of that learned institution was filled by Sir Isaac Newton.

The first of these communications was on the "*Force of fired Gunpowder, and the initial Velocities of Cannon-balls.*" These results had been determined by a series of experiments, made with a new instrument of the Doctor's own invention; and, so sensible was the Royal Society of the value of the communication, that the annual gold prize-medal was immediately voted as due to Dr. H. and it was accordingly presented to him by the President, Sir John Pringle, in an address expressed in the most flattering terms.

A proof of the high estimation of this paper, even abroad, has been recently published in the life of the celebrated Lagrange, by the Chevalier Delambre, who states, that, at the most violent period of the French revolution, all foreigners were peremptorily ordered to quit France, and Lagrange was of course included; but his colleagues of the institute presented a memorial to the Convention, soliciting permission for him to remain at Paris, as he was then engaged in experiments of the greatest importance to the country, namely, upon "Dr. Hutton's reports on the force of fired gunpowder." On this plea, an exception was decreed in his favour. He was therefore permitted to continue his researches, though it does not appear that he made any report on the subject;

from which it may be inferred, that he found no ground either for improvement or animadversion.

The other paper just alluded to, among Dr. Hutton's communications, was on the subject of the "*Mean Density of the Earth*," a laborious work, deduced from experiments and surveys of the mountain of Schehallien, in Perthshire. This operation, which had always been considered a *desideratum* in the scientific world, was commenced in 1775, by order of the Royal Society, and chiefly under the direction of Dr. Maskelyne, the Astronomer Royal. After the dimensions of the mountain had been taken, and the deflections of the plumb-line ascertained with great accuracy, and verified by repeated experiments, the most difficult and important part of the undertaking yet remained to be executed, namely, the calculations and the deductions, which required profound science, as well as immense labour. The attention of the Royal Society was at once directed to Dr. H. as the person most competent to this arduous undertaking. He undertook the task; and, in the course of a year, presented his report, which will be found in the "*Philosophical Transactions*," of 1778, and again in 1821. The latter paper was drawn up with a view of exposing certain sinister attempts that had been made, to transfer from Dr. H. the honour of this important operation.

Such were among the invaluable but short-lived labours of Dr. H. in the Royal Society: and here it may be proper to state the circumstances by which they were unfortunately terminated.

When Dr. Hutton first entered the Society, Sir John Pringle was the President. He was a person of great acquirements, and eminently well qualified to fill the chair of Newton. He always manifested a particular regard for the Doctor, which probably excited the jealousy of many persons, who were not attached to mathematical investigations: among the members of this description, was Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks, a gentleman too well known to render it necessary to add any thing further here concerning him, except that he had acquired sufficient influence over the majority of the members of the Society to obtain his election to the Society, upon the resignation of Sir John Pringle. Dr. H. held the office of Foreign Secretary with the

greatest credit; but the new President, who wished the situation to be filled by a friend of his own, procured a vote to be passed by the society, that it was requisite this secretary should reside constantly in London; a condition with which the Doctor could not possibly comply; and he therefore resigned the situation. Many of the most valuable members of the Society, however, warmly espoused Dr. H.'s cause, and discontinued their accustomed attendance at the usual periodical meetings: among the number may be mentioned Dr. Horsley, Dr. Maskelyne, Baron Maseres, and many other distinguished characters; who, finding that the disciples of Newton were always outvoted by those of Linnæus, retired, with Dr. Hutton, from the Society. When the mathematicians were preparing to secede, Dr. Horsley expressed himself in the following energetic words:—"Sir, (addressing himself to the President,) when the hour of secession comes, the President will be left with his train of feeble amateurs and that toy—(pointing to the mace on the table,) the ghost of the Society where philosophy once reigned, and Newton was her minister."

This secession took place in 1784, since which period very few papers on mathematical subjects have appeared in the "*Philosophical Transactions*;" and it is even said, that the late President uniformly opposed the admission of mathematicians into the Royal Society, unless they were persons of rank.

Although Dr. Hutton's retirement deprived him of the great stimulus to exertion which such a Society must have afforded, he still continued to give to the world, from time to time, various valuable works. In 1785 he published his "*Mathematical Tables*," containing common, hyperbolic, and logistic logarithms; also sines, both natural and logarithmic; with several other tables used in mathematical calculations: to which is prefixed, a large and original history of the discoveries and writings relating to those sciences. In 1786 appeared his "*Tracts on Mathematical and Philosophical Subjects*," in three volumes, which contain much new and valuable matter. They were reprinted in 1812. In 1787 "*the Compendious Measurer*" was published; which is chiefly an abridgment of his large work on mensuration. In the following year, he published his "*Elements of Conic Sections*," with select exer-

cises in various branches of mathematics and philosophy, for the use of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. This work was warmly patronised by the Duke of Richmond, then Master-General of the Ordnance, who, on that occasion, presented Dr. Hutton at court to his Majesty.

In 1795 appeared his "*Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary*," in two large volumes, quarto, which was the result of many years' preparation, and has since advanced to a second edition. It has supplied all subsequent works of the kind, and even the most voluminous Cyclopædias, with valuable materials, both in the sciences, and in scientific biography.

His next publication was "*A Course of Mathematics*," in two volumes, octavo, composed for the use of the students of the Royal Military Academy; which has since become a standard work in all eminent schools, both in Great Britain and America. It has passed through numerous editions; and in 1811 a third volume was added, which is said to have been prepared nearly in equal portions by Dr. Hutton, and his esteemed friend Dr. Olinthus Gregory, now professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy.

In the year 1803, he undertook the arduous task of abridging the "*Philosophical Transactions*," in conjunction with Dr. Pearson and Dr. Shaw. Dr. Hutton is said to have executed the chief part of the work, and to have received for his labour no less a sum than six thousand pounds. It was completed in 1809, and the whole comprised in eighteen quarto volumes. About the same period was published his translation of "*Montucla's Recreations in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy*;" and an improved edition of the same work appeared in 1814.

In 1806 the Doctor became afflicted with a pulmonary complaint, which confined him for several weeks; but in the following year he resumed his professional duties. His medical friends, however, advised him to retire from the labours of the Academy, as soon as it might be deemed convenient; and, in consequence of an application to this effect, the Master-General and Board of Ordnance acceded to his wishes, and manifested their approbation of his long and meritorious services, by granting him a pension

for life, of 500*l.* per annum. This annuity, together with a large property which he had realised, chiefly by his publications, enabled him to retire in affluent circumstances. But in his retirement, his constant amusement continued to be, the cultivation and diffusion of useful science. He officiated for some time, every half-year, as the principal examiner to the Royal Military Academy, and also to the East India College at Addiscombe.

During this period, as well as previously, he was indefatigable in kind offices, especially in promoting the interest of scientific men, and recommending them to situations, where their talents might prove most useful both to themselves, and to their country. To his recommendations, as well as to his instructions, the most eminent British scientific institutions have been chiefly indebted for their Professors of Mathematics during the last thirty years.

He was constantly visited at his residence in Bedford-row by an extensive circle of friends; and his cheerfulness and urbanity were uniformly the same. It is remarkable, that, during the last twelve months of his life, he was often heard to declare that it was one of the most happy years he had ever experienced. His death was caused by a cold, which brought on a return of his pulmonary complaint. His illness was neither tedious nor painful; and his valuable life terminated on the 27th of January, 1823, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. His remains were interred in the family vault at Charlton, in Kent; and his funeral was most respectably attended.

It must be gratifying to know, that he retained his faculties unimpaired almost to the last; and that his dissolution was apparently without pain. It is likewise worthy of remark, that, only three days previous to his death, he received certain scientific questions from the corporation of London, which he answered immediately in the most masterly manner. These questions related to the intended arches of the new London-bridge; and his paper on the subject, is considered not only as a valuable document, but also highly interesting, as being the last production of this great man, and at such a period of his advanced age and illness.

During the last year of Dr. Hutton's life, many of his scientific friends, wishing to possess as correct and lasting a resemblance of

his person as his valuable works exhibit of his mind, entered into a subscription for a marble bust, from which casts might be taken in any number that might be required. This bust has been admirably executed by Mr. Sebastian Gahagan. The subscription was supported by many of the Doctor's early pupils, and other eminent men, who seemed emulous in manifesting their gratitude and esteem. The sums subscribed having been found greatly to exceed the disbursements, the committee resolved to employ the surplus in executing a medal; to contain, on one side, the head of Dr. Hutton, and, on the other, emblems of his discoveries on the force of gunpowder, and the density of the earth. These medals have been finely executed by Mr. Wyon, and one has been given to each subscriber to the bust.

About three months before his death, the bust was presented to the Doctor; but the medals were finished only in time to be presented to his friends who attended his funeral.

It should not be forgotten, that amongst the subscribers to the bust, was the Earl of Eldon, Lord Chancellor of England: Upon this occasion the Doctor wrote a letter of thanks; and, a few days after his decease, his son, General Hutton, sent the medal to this highly distinguished nobleman, with an account of the melancholy event. The following letter was written in answer; and we present it here, as not less honourable to his lordship's feelings, than to the memory of Dr. Hutton:—

Feb. 3, 1823.

“SIR,—I request you to accept my very sincere thanks for your communication received on Saturday last.

“Full sixty years have passed since I had the benefit of your venerable father's instructions, and that benefit I regard as one of the many blessings which I have enjoyed in life, and of which blessings I wish I had been more worthy.

“I feel very painfully that I did not wait upon Dr. Hutton personally to thank him for his letter, in which he wrote with such remarkable and affecting kindness respecting Lady Eldon and myself,—both his pupils. I shall preserve that letter as a testimony that a person of his eminence had, through so many years, recollected us with a sort of parental affection.

“ I shall not fail to preserve anxiously the medal which you have been pleased to send to me, and for which I beg you to receive my thanks. To secure to his memory, the respect and veneration of his country, this memorial was not wanting: he will long be remembered by a country so essentially benefitted by his life and works. I am, Sir,

Your obedient and obliged servant,

ELDON.

“ *To Lieut.-General Hutton.* ”

LINES BY THE REV. DR. JOHN EWING.

The following lines were found among the papers of Dr. Ewing, in his own hand-writing; and we have not hesitated to ascribe them to his pen, because, among other reasons, he was, at one period of his life, very intimate with a gentleman, whose name is so affectionately commemorated in these stanzas.

Why did the sun refuse to shine
On that black day that fix'd the line,
And left me here to mourn
The absence of my dear De Witt,
In lonely anguish thus to sit
'Till bless'd with his return!

Say, Cupid, why he drew that face
In artless ease, and softest grace,
With so much skill and art?
Contented with the bare profile,
Why did th' unfeeling painter smile,
And overlook the heart?

Sure, when he saw this bosom rise,
And gaz'd so often on these eyes,
And every feature drew,
He could not fail to read this heart.
Untaught to act a double part,
But opened to his view.

Ah! shall I ne'er forget the hour
My eyes confess'd your sov'reign pow'r,
My blushing cheeks grew warm;
Unusual transports thrilled my frame,
My flitting colour went and came—
I dreaded future harm—

Lines by the Rev. Dr. Ewing.

I saw you guide his trembling hand,
 And give new life, when at a stand,
 To finish the design:
 He look'd, he gaz'd, he paus'd, he drew,
 As he was mov'd and taught by you
 To soften every line.

How could his flatt'ring pencil trace
 Such unknown beauties in my face,
 Without thy heav'nly art?
 Yet what has all thy skill availed?
 These borrowed charms, alas! have failed
 To reach his callous heart!

Say, Cupid, hast thou lost thy art,
 And did thy polished burning dart,
 That seldom fails to hit,
 In spite of all thy well known skill,
 Fly disobedient to thy will,
 When levelled at De Witt?

Or was the cruel sport designed,
 To pang my unsuspecting mind,
 In that ill-fated hour?
 Ah, Cupid, seek some other game—
 Go, learn the savage heart to tame,
 That yet defies thy power.

Cupid replied, my art's entire;
 I set thy bosom all on fire,
 To place thy charms in view,
 De Witt observed, at my command,
 He sketched thee with unerring hand,
 And felt my dart was true.

THE celebrated Mrs. Clive once gave to her maid-servant an admission to the theatre to see her act. When the girl was asked how she liked her mistress on the stage, she answered, "She saw no difference between her there and at home." The character was *Well* in the farce of "The Devil to Pay."

From an Irish Epithalamium.

WHEN she was looked after she did not appear,
 Till she popp'd out her head, and cried, "*Faith I'm not here.*"

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

No. X.

Blannerhassett's Island, and Burr's Conspiracy.

We left Parkersburgh early in the morning, and in the course of the day passed Blannerhasset's Island; a spot which the intrigues of one distinguished individual, the misfortunes of another, and the eloquence of a third, have made classical ground. I would gladly have loitered here for a few hours,—but "time and tide," says the old law, "wait for no man,"—a practice in Messrs. Time and Tide, which is very rude and inconsiderate. How provoking!—but time and tide, and captains of keel-boats, know nothing of the solicitudes of sentimental travellers, and hurry us away from a famous spot, with as little ceremony as from a half-finished breakfast.

We approached the Island in fine style, the boatmen tugging manfully at the oar, and straining their voices in concert. As we reached the upper end of it, they ceased their labours, and allowing the boat to float with the current, amused each other with stories of Burr and his confederates.

An event has seldom occurred so intrinsically insignificant in its result, which has created so great a sensation as the conspiracy of Burr; which indeed derives its consequence, principally, from the celebrity of the names attached to it, and the ignorance of the world as to its final object. Burr was the rival of Hamilton;—Hamilton the friend of Washington;—his military aid, his political adviser, his social companion—equally eminent as a soldier, and an orator, a writer, a financier, and a lawyer. The man who could make Hamilton experience, or even counterfeit,

—"The stern joy that warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel,"

must have stood far above mediocrity. Col. Burr was the son of a gentleman eminent for his learning and piety; and was himself a man of transcendant genius and great attainments. He was remarkable for the elegance of his manners, the seductiveness of his address, the power and sweetness of his eloquence—but more so, perhaps, for the boldness and energy of his mind. Burr had contended unsuccessfully with Jefferson for the Presidential chair, which he lost by a single vote; but while he filled the second place, in point of dignity, few at that time would have assigned him an inferior station in point of talents.

The duel between Hamilton and Burr filled the nation with astonishment and grief—grief for the death of a great and useful man, and astonishment at the delusion which occasioned it. Burr with

the corpse of Hamilton at his feet, might have felt the triumph of conquest; but it was only a momentary flush; the laurels of the hero, watered by the tears of his country, retained their verdure, and even those who might have rejoiced at his political fall, execrated the destroyer of his existence.

Shortly after this bloody catastrophe, the conduct of Burr began again to excite the attention of the public. He had resigned his former employments, forsaken his usual haunts, and was leading an erratic and mysterious life. He frequently travelled *incog.*, performed long and rapid journeys, and remained but a short time at any one place. This restlessness was attributed to uneasiness of mind, and many began to sympathise with the man, whom they supposed to be thus tortured with the stings of conscience. But, whatever might have been the workings of his mind, he soon evinced that his ambition was not sated, nor his fire quenched. He was now seen traversing the western wilds, eagerly seeking out the distinguished men of that country, particularly those who possessed military experience, or had hearts alive to the stirring impulses of ambition.

These indications were quickly succeeded by others of a more decisive nature. Secret as his intentions were, the first movement towards their execution, awakened suspicion. The assembling of men, and collecting munitions of war, roused the government to action. Burr was arrested, his plans defeated, his adherents dispersed, and his reputation blasted. He became an exile and a wanderer, and after years of suffering, returned to his native land, to become an insignificant member of that bar of which he had been the chief ornament, an obscure citizen of the country over whose councils he had presided; and to add another to the list of splendid men who have been great without benefit to themselves or others, and whose names will be preserved only

“To point a moral, or adorn a tale.”

Such was the fate of Burr; but his plans are yet enveloped in mystery. A descent upon some part of Spanish America, and the establishment of an independent government, has been stated to have been the object; but it is alleged that a separation of the Western States from the Union, formed a part of the project. The latter charge rests almost entirely upon the evidence of General Eaton; a gentleman whose chivalrous disposition led him through many singular adventures, and whose history as recorded by himself, presents a more favourable picture of his heart and genius than of his judgment. But he was a man of warm temperament, who adopted hasty and vivid impressions from the impulse of the moment. From his testimony, I should be inclined to believe that Colonel Burr had cherished some vague ideas respecting a disjunction of the Union; but it does not appear that those speculations were ever matured into any settled

plan, or confided to his adherents. I am led to this conclusion by the characters of Col. Burr and the gentlemen who were implicated with him in his disastrous expedition. Burr was a man of extended views, and a close observer of men and manners, and it is not to be presumed that he would have lightly embraced a scheme so fraught with treason, madness, and folly. He knew the American people well. He had studied them with the eye of a statesman, and with the intense interest of an ambitious political aspirant. His rank in society, his political station, and his extensive practice at the bar, threw open a wide and varied scene to his observation, and exhibited his countrymen to him in a variety of lights and shades. Nor was Burr the man upon whom such opportunities would be lost. To him the avenues to the human heart were all familiar, and he could penetrate with ease into its secret recesses. To study man was his delight—to study his countrymen his business. Could he then have been a stranger to their intelligence, their sense of honour, their habits of calculation, and their love for their republican institutions? Could he expect to transform at once the habits, feelings, tastes, and morals of a people conspicuous for their courage and political integrity—for such are the people of the western states. It has been supposed, and with some plausibility, that his hopes were founded on the dissatisfaction evinced by the western people at the time of the discussion of our right to navigate the Mississippi. It is true that the rude and unprovoked violation of our privileges on that river by Spain, excited an universal burst of indignation throughout the Union. It is also true, that this feeling was most warmly displayed in the West. In the Atlantic states the insult was felt as implicating our national honour—in the West it was a matter of vital importance to all, and of personal interest to every individual, and as such it came home to *men's business and bosoms*. The Mississippi was the natural outlet, and New Orleans the mart, for the produce of the West; and when that market to which they believed they had an indefeasible right of access was barred to them, it was but the natural and common impulse of the human mind, which induced a people, at all times proud, impetuous, and tenacious, to call for vengeance and redress with a sternness and impatience commensurate with their injuries. The conciliatory spirit and tardy policy of Mr. Jefferson neither satisfied their feelings, nor suited their exigencies—and they were willing to impute to tameness in the executive that which might have been the result of parental solicitude. Believing themselves to be abandoned by the general government they felt it a duty to protect their own invaded rights; and if the government had not interposed with effect, they would doubtless have drawn the sword—against whom? the government? No—but against the common enemy. In this there was no treason nor disaffection—no estrangement from their sister states, no breach of faith with the government, nor violation of the compact. It was saying only to

their Federal Head—"defend us or we will defend ourselves."* If Col. Burr expected to fan these feelings into rebellion he had either more boldness or less wisdom than has commonly been placed to his credit; and had he openly avowed this project he would have called down upon his head the imprecations of a people, who if they had spared his life, would not have forgiven so foul an insult to their virtue and understanding.

But let me ask who were the adherents of Col. Burr? Who were they who were to share his fortunes, to reap with him the proud laurels of successful valour, or the infamy of foul rebellion? Were they men of obscure name and desperate fortune, or were they men of good blood and fair fame—"the darlings of the nation?" These questions are embarrassed with some uncertainty, because most of the gentlemen who have been accused of adhering to Col. Burr, "giving him aid and comfort" have denied the fact; and as I am writing only for amusement, and speculating on events gone by, for speculation's sake, I wish not to assume any thing as a fact on this delicate subject, which is or has been controverted. But it is not denied that many "prosperous gentlemen" were engaged in this enterprise, and many others suspected with a belief so strong as to amount almost to certainty; and among these were men whom the people have since exalted to the most important trusts, and confided in with the most implicit reliance. Among them were men of high standing, who had reputations to be tarnished, fortunes to be lost, and families to be embarrassed—and many high souled youths whose proud aspirings after fame could never have been gratified amid the horrors of a civil war, and the guilty scenes of rebellion.

It is argued against these gentlemen, that they have uniformly denied their connection with Burr, which it is supposed they would not have done, had they known his designs to be innocent. But this I do not conceive to be a fair argument. The united voice of the whole nation had declared Burr to be a traitor, and his adherents shared the obloquy which was heaped upon their misguided leader; and admitting their innocence, or their own belief of it, still it would have been a hopeless task for this handful of men to oppose their feeble asseverations to the "voice potential" of a whole people. Many of them also, were candidates for office, and they found the avenues to preferment closed by the anathemas pronounced by the people against all who were concerned in what they believed to have been rank conspiracy. They might therefore have bent to the current which they could not stem. The apostle Peter denied his master thrice—but was nevertheless a good honest apostle after all.

But I know that you are by this time ready to ask me whether I am seriously endeavouring to convince you that Burr was a true

* This is not sound Federal doctrine.—*Ed. P. F.*

and loyal subject to the sovereign people of these United States? I have no such design—though I must confess that if I had the power to execute so difficult a project, I would with pleasure employ it. I should be happy to obliterate a stain from the annals of my country, and a blot from the fame of a fellow citizen. I should be glad also, to be always victorious in argument, if I could admit that success was the test of truth. But this I do not believe. I will tell you what I *do* believe. I believe that nine-tenths of Burr's adherents knew no more about his projects than you and I, and all the world—and that those who do know any thing to his or their own disadvantage will be wise enough to keep their own counsel.

But if I cannot tell you what Col. Burr intended to do, I can relate what he did—for here I am in sight of the deserted fields and dilapidated mansion of the unfortunate Blannerhasset! That this fairy spot, created by nature in one of her kindest moods, and embellished by the hand of art, was once the elegant retreat of a philosophic mind, has already been told in language which I need not attempt to emulate. But alas! I cannot now recognise the taste of Blannerhasset or realise the paradise of Wirt. All is ruin, solitude, and silence! They are gone who made the wilderness to smile!

I believe it is not doubted that Burr intended to have attempted the conquest of Mexico. A large portion of the people of that country were supposed to be waiting only for a favourable opportunity, to throw off the Spanish yoke: the Americans as their neighbours, and as republicans would, it was thought, be received without suspicion; nor would Burr have unfolded his ultimate design, until it would be too late to prevent its accomplishment. He would then have established a monarchy, at the head of which would have been King Aaron the First! I am told that the young gentlemen who were proceeding to join him, often amused themselves on this subject; talking half in jest, and half in earnest of the offices and honours which awaited them. Titles and places were already lavishly distributed in anticipation—and Mrs. —, who was an accomplished and sprightly woman, had arranged the dresses and ceremonies of the court. When the alarm was given, and orders were issued for the arrest of Burr and his adherents, they were obliged to resort to a variety of expedients to escape detection. At Fort Massac, and other places, all boats descending the river were compelled to stop and undergo a strict examination, to the great vexation of boatmen and peaceable voyagers who were often obliged to land at unseasonable hours. Very diligent inquiry was made for the lady I have just mentioned, who several times narrowly escaped detection through her own ingenuity and that of her companions.

Adieu.

ODE TO THE PRINTER'S DEVIL,

Who brought me a proof to be corrected, and who fell asleep while it was
undergoing correction:—being an *Ode founded on fact!*

Fallen Cherub!—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

1.

Oh! bright and blessed hour;—
The Devil's asleep!—I see his little lashes
Lying in sable o'er his sable cheek:
Closed are his wicked little window sashes,
And tranced is Evil's power!
The world seems hush'd and dreaming out a-doors;
Spirits but speak;
And the heart echoes,—while the Devil snores:

2.

Sleep, baby of the damned!
Sleep, where no press of trouble standeth by!
Black wanderer amid the wandering,
How quiet is thine eye!
Strange are thy very small pernicious dreams,—
With shades of printers cramm'd,
And pica, double pica, on the wing!
Or in cold sheets thy sprite perchance is flying
The world about,—
Dying,—and yet not like the devil dying—
Dele,—the Evil out!

3.

Before sweet sleep drew down
The blinds upon thy *Day and Martin* eyes,—
Thou didst let slip thy slip of mischief on me,
With weary, weary sighs:
And then, outworn with *demoning* o'er town!
Oblivion won thee!
Best of compositors!—Thou didst compose
Thy decent little wicked self,—and go
A Devil cruiser round the shores of sleep—
I hear thee fathom many a slumber-deep,
In the waves of wo:
Dropping thy lids of lead,
To sound the dead!

4.

Heaven forgive me!—I
Have wicked schemes about thee, wicked one;
And in my scheming, sigh.
And stagger under a gigantic thought:
“What if I run my pen into thine eye,
And put thee out!”

Killing the Devil will be a noble deed;
 A deed to snatch perdition from mankind—
 To make the methodist's a stingless creed—
 To root out terror from the Brewer's mind—
 And break the bondage which the Printer presses—
 To change the fate of Lawyers—
 Confirm the Parson's holy sinecure—
 Make worthless Sins approaches—
 To justify the bringing up addresses
 To me, in hackney coaches,
 From operative Sawyers!"

5.

"To murder thee"—
 Methinks—"will never harm my precious head"—
 For what can chance me, when the Devil is dead!
 —But when I look on thy serene repose,
 Hear the small Satan dying through thy nose,—
 My thoughts become less dangerous and more deep:
 I can but wish thee everlasting sleep!
 Sleep free from dreams,—
 Of type, and ink, and press, and dabbling ball—
 Sleep free from all
 That would make shadowy devilish slumber darker,
 Sleep free from Mr. Baldwin's Mr. Parker!

6.

Oh! Fare thee well!
 Farewell—black bit of breathing sin!—Farewell
 Tiny remembrancer of a Printer's hell!
 Young thing of darkness, seeming
 A small poor *type* of wickedness, *set up!*
 Full is thy little cup
 Of misery in the waking world!—So dreaming
 Perchance may now *undemonize* thy fate,
 And bear thee, Black-boy, to a whiter state!
 Yet mortal evil is than thine more high:—
 Thou art *upright* in sleep;—men sleep,—and *lie!*
 And from thy lids to me a moral peeps,
 For *I correct my errors,—while the Devil sleeps!*
 NED WARD, JUN.

A man who boasted that he knew how to employ his time to the best advantage, told a friend that he never walked out without a book in his hand. "Well," replied the other, "that is the best way to read without advantage, and to walk without pleasure."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EMPTY POCKETS.

By a Village Beau.

I would not have my fair readers to suppose, that I have dreamed away my life in a "Bachelor's Elysium" or a "Paradise of Coquettes," or that all my days have been devoted to "Love in a village." *I have done the state some service*, in the days that tried men's soles, and have had my own blistered with many a weary march. This explanation will no doubt dispel any surprise which may have arisen in the reader's mind when the title of this paper first caught his eye; for if there is any class of citizens in this vast republic, who are peculiarly fitted and prepared by experience to expatiate with accuracy and feeling on the subject of empty pockets, it is composed of those gentlemen who follow to the field a warlike chief. It is not necessary to state to what corps I belonged, nor will I be called upon, I trust, to exhibit my commission, or give a countersign; it will be sufficient for my present purpose to assure my fair readers that although I now languish at the feet of beauty, or listen to the inspirations of the muse, I have in verity earned the right to "shoulder my crutch and show how fields were won."

I shall now proceed to relate an adventure which happened to me when I was a young man and a soldier. It was about nine years ago. I was then about twenty-one years old, but nobody would have taken me for more than eighteen. I was returning home from a severe tour of duty upon the frontiers, and wore in my features and habiliments the aspect of a "poor gentleman." My face was sallow and sun-burnt—my cash low—my coat threadbare and my epaulet tarnished;—as for my laurels, they were not yet in bloom.

It was about sunrise in the morning—a delightful morning in October—when a waiter at the City-Hotel in New York roused me from a sound slumber to announce that the Steamboat was about to depart, and that a porter waited for my trunk. Having discharged my bill and made all the necessary arrangements on the preceding evening, I had only to throw on any clothes and follow the bearer of my baggage, who paced Broadway with rapid strides. The street was filled with truant passengers like myself, some yawning from their broken slumbers, some grumbling from a half-finished breakfast, some fretting about their baggage, and some were in high spirits. All was commotion in the street and on the wharf. The bell was ringing, and the captain of the Steamboat bellowing like a madman—"I'll swear I wont wait for nara man woman or child *breathen*—cast off that cable there *forard*—stand by to clap on the steam! If people wont come in time I wont wait—if I do"—— "Nobody wants you to wait," thought I, for I was

now on board; and the boat was soon paddling her way through the water.

It was indeed a delightful morning, and the passengers crowded to the deck. Bright eyes and dull ones, drowsy heads and all, seemed to feel the vivifying effect of the beauteous scene and the calm hour. The soldiers were on drill at Governor's Island, the fatigue parties were at work, the drums were beating—all was bustle. But the water, and the surrounding shores, how serene, how lovely! As the eye wandered over the blue expanse—but perhaps my fair reader has never been at New York—has never seen the North River, nor the East River, nor the Battery, nor Governor's Island, nor the Narrows—if so, my poor dear unfortunate reader, it is utterly impossible to convey to thee any adequate idea of the picturesque beauties of New York Harbour, and the highest point of my success would be to make thy mouth water like that of Tantalus. I could indeed, if I had not long since disposed of my instruments, and almost forgotten their use, put my little knowledge of military topography in requisition, and sketch the commanding points of the landscape. I could exhibit the labours of "the patriotic diggers," display the last scene of Decatur's glory, and designate the spot where Hamilton fell, and the monument erected to his memory. But I beg to be excused—and to assure the reader that although I cannot enable him to participate in the pleasure, all these scenes, and the incidents attached to them, were glowing richly upon my fancy as the steamboat cleft her rapid way through the silent waters.

But my attention was soon drawn to the busy, the smiling, and the contented faces—the gay, the respectable, and the decent appearance of my fellow passengers. Fresh from scenes of tumult and danger—from the daily contemplation of hardy soldiers, lurking borderers, and sturdy woodsmen—from camps which though containing the bravest of men, were surrounded by the worst of women,—with a heart sickened among the gloomy scenes of the hospital, and yearning after repose, I gazed with delight upon my countrymen. I marked the elegance of one, the neatness of another, and the suavity of a third—and contrasting this placid and cheerful display of national happiness, with the vice, dejection, and disease which I had left behind, my heart was filled with delight. Cheerful greetings, and friendly interchanges of civility were circulating round me; I only, was unknown and solitary—but I reflected that I too should soon be surrounded by warm hearts and long remembered faces, and should feel a parent's embrace and a sister's kiss.

Strolling towards the cabin door, I now observed a large hand-bill, containing the "Rules and Regulations of this Boat" perspicuously set forth in legible characters. It was announced in this document, that shortly after the boat should get under weigh, a bell should be rung to summon the passengers to the Clerk's room,

where they were to pay for their passages, and be entitled to a seat at the breakfast table. A gentleman who stood near me perusing this important information, now turned to the captain, whose impatience had by this time subsided into a tolerable degree of calmness, and observed, "would it not be better, captain, to make your passengers discharge their fare before they get on board? You must sometimes be imposed upon, under your present regulations." "Not at all," said the captain, "very few persons travel in this way, who have not honour enough to pay—and as for the *slippery chaps*, I watch them, and I know one of them as soon I see him."

The bell now sounded, and I hastened towards the clerk's desk, when feeling for my pocket-book what was my consternation to find it gone! I felt all my pockets, but found it not—I hastened to my trunk, but it was not there—the pocket-book was lost. Most people would on such an occasion have made an immediate and loud outcry, but I had learned from the rules and articles of war the danger of giving *false alarms*, and by my General, who though nick-named *old Jake*, was a wise man and a good soldier, I had been taught that we should not discover our weakness to the enemy. I had learned too in travelling, that nothing is considered as a surer sign of a *slippery chap*, than an empty pocket.

I therefore assumed as much composure as possible, and returning to the deck strolled up and down, like a sentry upon post, revolving what was best to be done. Perhaps there might be a bank-note lurking in some of my pockets. I was aware that this was the worst place in the world to look for a bank-note—but still, I was a careless fellow, and sometimes stowed my cash in odd places. Upon this suggestion, my pockets were searched anew, and a thorough inquisition had through every hole and corner of my trunk—a bank-note in my pocket, indeed! I might as well have expected to find the *Sea Serpent* there! However, my commissariat had not been deficient the day before—I will not name the sum in deposit, but it was sufficient. I had given all the loose change in my pocket to the servants at the tavern, and the porter who carried my trunk—the rest was in my pocket-book, and the pocket-book was—where? I had arrived at New York the preceding day, had gone to the theatre at night, and recollected having had it while there. I had returned to the hotel late at night, and had discharged my bill, but whether from the contents of the said pocket-book, or from the loose change in my pocket, I could not tell. My heart and head had been too full of the sorrows of Juliet to dwell on such trash as bank-bills and dollars—but now, I thought,

"How happy could I be with either!"

I was, indeed, weary of conjecture:—one thing was certain, *my money was gone!*—and locking my trunk I walked to the side of the vessel, and leaned over, gazing at the water in deep reverie!

The surface of the water was unruffled, and as I looked upon it in painful thought, my agitated mind began to acquire a congenial serenity. Where now, I thought,—

“Where now, ye lying vanities of life,
Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train,
Where are ye now!”

I stretched my eyes to the shore, and measured the distance—“On such a night as this Leander swam the Hellespont;” and why should not Lieutenant — immortalise himself by swimming the East River? I had but to leap in, a few minutes would bring me to the shore, and I could *march* to Philadelphia—but Leander swam by moonlight, and there was a lady in the case—besides I had had marching enough, I had no provisions, and could not carry off my baggage—I was in the enemy’s country, it was true, without the means of carrying on the war—but to retreat and leave my baggage!—“Old Jake” never taught me that!

The more I thought upon my situation, the more complicated, the more painful, were my reflections. I was among total strangers—there was not a face around me that I had ever seen, not an eye that would recognise me. I could not boast that genteel outside which is the common passport to civility—my tarnished vestments presented no very inviting appearance—my face was red and blistered by the sun—these might be taken as the indications of intemperance. I fancied that I exhibited the counterfeit presentment of one of those *slippery chaps* alluded to by the captain. When my inability to comply with their lawful requisitions should be announced, what ungenerous surmises would be formed by this rough sailor, and his hawk-eyed clerk! If my feelings should not be assailed by rude remarks, they would be equally galled by supercilious looks and silent suspicions.

Something must be done. I might appeal to the generosity of the captain; but I was to be his passenger only to Brunswick—how should I get thence to Philadelphia? Besides, I did not like his looks. I paced the deck with rapid strides, and with a sensation of real pain at my heart. My profession had led me through innumerable dangers; I had faced men in honourable fight, but I could not cope the redoubted commander of a steamboat, and challenge the inquisitive glances of a crowd of strangers.

The passengers were now crowding to the clerk’s room with open pocket-books, or returning from it securing their purses, and buttoning their pocket flaps. Many of those gentlemen were doubtless going to Philadelphia; I might frankly acknowledge to one of them my situation, and solicit a loan, to be repaid on my arrival.—But he might doubt my word. I thought of Jeremy Diddler a thousand times, and wished for his easy knack of making useful acquaintances. I began to scrutinize the faces of my fol-

low-travellers—and endeavoured to find among them a generous, confiding physiognomy. I found some cold polite faces—some foppish faces—some miserly faces—and a great many commonplace faces which said nothing. There was one gentleman whose countenance pleased me. He was a middle-aged, fine looking man—easy and genteel in his deportment—with a noble eye and thoughtful features. I approached him, but at that moment a couple of fine girls who had been lounging over the deck addressed him as their father, and I shrunk back. They were beautiful—the rays of beneficence beamed from their eyes; but a young gentleman does not like to disclose his poverty to the ladies, who of all things have a particular antipathy to Empty Pockets.

There was a young gentleman of an open pleasing countenance, with whom I now entered into conversation. He was quite accessible, communicative, and even voluble, and I was about to open my heart to him—but he ran on—became familiar, vulgar, and disagreeable. I turned from him in disgust.

“Come gentlemen, be expeditious if you please,” bawled the captain, “breakfast is on the table.” I turned immediately towards a gentleman of respectable appearance, whose sun-browned features announced him to have been a traveller. I addressed him, learned that we were destined to the same city, and told him my story. The old gentleman looked at me for a moment with an inquisitive glance, then drawing forth his pocket-book presented it, and desired me to take what I wanted. I did so—presented him with my address, received his, and hastening to the clerk discharged his claim in time to take my seat at the breakfast table.

This was one of the petty incidents of life, but caused me more pain than I have sometimes experienced under real affliction; so true is it that we can bear any evils with greater composure than those which touch our pride, and that of all misfortunes there is none to be dreaded more than an Empty Pocket.



LIFE OF MR. TIRLOGH O'ROURKE; WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

“TO THE READER.

“SIR, (may be it's *Ma'am* though,)

“I was born, every bit of me, one day; *when*, don't matter; and *where's* not mentioned at the present writing, for a future reason to be given. Biography, or, the history of a man's own life, though written by any body else, is a very beneficial study; because it enables a man to see another man's looking-glass in his own face; and what feature he finds amiss in it to rectify from *reflection*.

Nobody certainly, is so fit to write a man's life as his own-self; being sometimes, though not always, his own intimate acquaintance; and being rather more in the *secret* than another; but, as it's always best to wait the wind-up of the play before we give an account of the parts of it, a man had better make his own life a posthumous work; whether he write it in person, or by proxy. As a countryman of mine, which every body knows,—and that's the reason I tell it; for its the fashion never to have enough of a good thing,—as a countryman of mine said, 'A posthumous work is a work which a man writes after he is dead,' I thought proper to follow his opinion in *my* practice; not that I *am* actually dead, but this *posthumous* work of mine is written after the term of *my life*, properly so called; because we are only said to live while we *see LIFE*, and not when we have buried ourselves in the country, or in town, in a glen, or in a garret; in an hermitage, or on Horsley Down, or some such outlandish place; not that I have buried myself in either, having *tiled* myself in beneath the *slates* of a snug cabin, with the customary pig and potatoe garden;—I say *customary*, because the English can form no notion of an Irishman's enjoying the 'otium cum dignitate' without a pig in the parlour, and a potatoe garden, by way of an out-house. Well, having buried myself, after having departed not *this* but *that*, life which I led in the world, I thought it proper to sit down and write my own life; that no more falsehoods might be told of me than were tolerable; for a man has not much convenience for backbiting himself; and that a little more truth might be told of me than it might be agreeable for others to tell.

"Be it known to all whom it may concern, and a pretty concern it may turn out, that *I*, Mr. Tirlough O'Rourke, commonly, or rather *uncommonly*, written down *Esquire*, by all who have favours to ask;—was born on the 29th February; having but one birth-day to my back in the time every body else has four; and by which reason I keep the anniversary of it every four years, because there is but one out of the four to which I can possibly belong; and though I am at this writing sixty years old by common calculation, I don't see how I can arithmetically be out of my *teens*; for dividing 60 by 4 leaves 15, undoubtedly my proper age: though by way of a bull, and what's an Irishman without one? my eldest child is now more than that age, and the one that died is two years older than he. The affair of my birth-day being settled by a beautiful equivocation, (and that's a 'figure of rhetoric' in most conversations,) and as clearly to be understood as any law quibble possibly can be, and that is as we distinguish colours by twilight, I proceed to the place of my birth; and that place was *Cork* itself, the darling! yes; there was I born, of my own proper parents no doubt, and *dacent* people they were, as myself's the proof. Who my father was, or who my mother was not, is a mat-

ter about which much might be said, but for the *ould* proverb, 'Least said, *et cetera.*'

"My father was—tunder and turf, Tirlogh, who was he? He was my father to be sure, by *raison* of the oath my mother took before the magistrate, for the purpose of its being ascertained who was to provide for me; and he turned out to be one *Tirlogh O'Connor*, a tight lad enough, and worthy, in point of many essentials, the choice my mother had made of him for a sweetheart, though not so worthy on other accounts; the principal of which was, his following up the character of a 'gay deceiver' by *desertion*, when he *listed* in the army, and marched off to the East Indies; leaving my mother big with more than apprehension that she'd never see him again. She never did, so she might as well have kept her oath in her pocket for any assistance it was to the parish officers; for the only purpose it answered was to prove I had a father; which they were rather inclined to believe without it; and that he had a name, after which I was christened, *Tirlogh*.

"My mother, Judy Byrne, was chambermaid in the same inn in the city of Cork,—and they sold excellent wine there, and proper measure, so they did; for sure, in Ireland we pack three pints into a quart bottle; and here they pack a quart into a pint and a half, so they do.

"My mother, I say, was chambermaid in the same inn where my father was waiter; and for my mother's sake I needn't say more, but, that having no right to my father's name by law, and it being wished to save my mother's shame a *living* reproach upon her folly, by perpetuating her family name in myself, I was registered *TIRLOUGH O'ROURKE*, son of Tirlogh O'Connor and Judy Byrne. This passed in Ireland by virtue of a *bull*, not papal, but parochial; I was popped into the keeping of a parish nurse, at parish *pay*; and that, though an *old* concern, is mighty *small* of its age, all over Ireland, England, and Scotland, and all other civilized and *liberal nations*.

"My mother soon paid the debt of nature; but I never heard that my father ever paid any debts at all, at all: for the *last debt*, a tiger in the jungle, near Calcutta, saved him the trouble of paying, releasing him from all debts, duns, and other *detainers*, by virtue of an *habeas corpus*; as well as a *caput mortuum*, a new term in law; or, in plain English or plain Irish, or what you will, after having snapped off his head, breakfasted on his body; so there was I, left all alone in the wide world, like a widowed orphan as I was, with neither father nor mother to my back; and small taste of any thing for my belly, saving butter milk and *paraties*: and now and then a sup from my nurse's whiskey *naggin*, for she was inclined to the *cratur*, and thought it no bad *mother's milk*, in *raison*, for either man, woman, or child.

"Thus having come into the world by accident, I had nearly gone out of it by the same sort of casualty way, by *raison* of many

an hair-breadth escape, and quarrel between myself and the pig for the stray *paraties*. I certainly grew up by accident; for neither care nor comfort had any hand in my rearing; and how I got reared at all is at least but *another* equivocal conclusion.

"Perhaps you never heard of Thady O'Shaughnessy?—wait awhile, and I'll introduce him to you. He was descended from a long line of *dacent* ancestors; and who doesn't know that the name of O'Shaughnessy stands high in the annals of fame, fortune, honour and hospitality? Now Thady identified all these in his own identical person, save and except Fortune, the jade! for the family estates had by degrees emigrated out of the connexion; and by the time Thady became heir at law to them, not an heir loom was left, save one possession, which, being mortgaged for more than it was worth, brought *Thady* a title without any deeds to it,—at least any that he could get hold of; which leaving him nothing for himself to live on, and less to leave to his children, he wouldn't marry that they might not be disappointed. In short, the mortgagee foreclosed, the estate went; and Thady would have gone too, but that his Aunt Biddy went, in the right time, to sleep with her mother and sisters and the rest of her fathers, and left Thady what he called a *weekly annuity*; which was a decent property, so tied up, that Thady could only receive it by weekly instalments; and could never alienate it by *reason* it was to go to another branch of the family, whenever he paid a visit to his Aunt Biddy: and it was provided also, that if he mortgaged these weekly payments, he was to lose all interest in them whatever: Aunt Biddy's intention being, as she expressed herself, that there should always be coming to Thady, every Monday morning, as often as it came in the week, *ten Irish pounds*; whereby he might live *dacently*, like a gentleman as he was, and in no disgrace to the name of O'Shaughnessy: and lucky it was, for Thady's heart was as soft as his head; whereby, some sly usurer, but for this precaution, had certainly got possession of it, by administering to Thady's whims and calls, till he would have had no further *call* to the property; and have had nothing left but his whims to comfort him.

"Among the whims, or *capers*, as we call them in Ireland, which Thady exhibited, was one, which, however any body else might appreciate it, for myself I thought a very sensible one; for it was neither more nor less than taking a fancy to myself when I was about nine years old by his calculation, or, two years and a quarter by my own; and, as it did happen, it won't be amiss to tell how.

"I was playing by the door-way of the mud cabin, when Mr. Thady O'Shaughnessy was passing by, with his fine gold-headed cane in his hand to assist his dignity; he dropped it, and the pig, with his usual politeness, was beginning to pick his teeth with it, when, 'behave yourself,' said I, 'and *lave* the gentleman's cane to walk on quietly, without your interference, and bad manners to you:' but the *crater* didn't understand that so well as he did

the *taste* of a thump I gave him with the best end of a broomstick: when he resigned the cane and I handed it to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who seemed mightily *plased* with the bow I made him, and said, 'Who's child are you, you little spalpeen?' 'Nobody's, an *plase* your honour,' said I, 'I havn't had father or mother to my back since they died, saving the parish nurse, and she's rather shy of the provender.' He was delighted with my *swate* simplicity, and *bewitching archness*, and *axed* me 'would I be his boy?' 'You may say that, your honour,' said I—(by *reason* that every body knew the heart of O'Shaughnessy.) No sooner said than done,—he settled the affair with the parish, and I became a *moveable* of his own mansion, which was the family one: and of which one *wing* had taken it's flight: and the other had been plucked of its feathers:—yet the body was left a fixture, and there was a sound *heart* in it—and I became a *liver* in it too,—if I may be so wicked as to pun. He dressed me as *nate* as a shamrock, and sent me to school. I took my *larning* surprisingly; but no wonder; I'd been so used to see my nurse *take* every thing that came in her way, I couldn't help copying her in some respect; but the *every thing* she took was *only* in the *drinkable* and *digestible* way: and Mr. O'Grady, my schoolmaster, said I *digested larning* as an ostrich did lynch pins, and that I'd come to be a domine,—I came to be a *drummer!*—by *reason* that I 'listed; and I'll tell you why,—I lived merrily enough, so long as Thady lived; which was five years, and then the *wake* was made for him: he left me all he had, and he couldn't *lave* more,—or *less*; for when his funeral was paid, and the *sticks* sold by virtue of an execution in the house when he died; and his Aunt Biddy's legacy had gone to somebody else; there was just as much *remain* for me, as enabled me to walk into the wide world, not as naked as I was born, but as pennyless. I offered to teach the younger twigs in O'Grady's school the junior branches of *larning*: he was *agraable*, I was always *agraable*, and so it was a bargain. I fagged hard, fared hard, and slept hard,—and hard enough it was to get through. One day I heard a drum and fife beating a tatoon: I was always fond of music and ran out,—and *in* too; for I ran out to a listing party, and into a trap they set for me,—they wanted drummer boys,—I wanted every thing but hard work: the blood of my father was in me, and my heart panted for glory. I *bate* a march, and went off with them to the East Indies, among the Pundits and palanquins; but as I wasn't the one, and had no call to the other, I *bate* roll-calls, and reveilles, tatoes, marches and—*another drummer boy*; and I got more than a bone to my back for that: but, to make me amends, the drum-major found I could write, and what was better, that he could *rade* my writing; which was more than every body could say of his own, and so he made me his secretary; and I got such reputation for writing, that I wrote letters for all the company who couldn't, to their fathers, and mothers, and wives, and sweet-

hearts in England, and Ireland, and—any where else, till at last I got to be secretary to the captain;—unbraced the drum, and embraced the lucky opportunity. The captain was very kind to me; and I wouldn't be behind hand with any body. I served him faithfully, and nursed him in his last illness, which was a mortal wound he got in an engagement. I made his will for him, crying all the time,—and *most* when I wrote in my *own* name for a legacy; I couldn't afford to lose him,—nor could the army; but—they fired over his grave!—and cried over it too,—for he was a good soldier, a good man, and a good Christian;—and what epitaph can say more? I had saved money enough to buy my discharge: I did buy it: and went back to dear Ireland;—O, the darling! O'Grady was dead, nurse was dead; every body I respected was dead *except*—no matter who—I'll die myself one day, thought I. I was never idle, and so began trading in a small way, in pigs and other cattle; I 'carried my pigs to a good market;' and never made a bull with my cows. I married, by *reason* that Norah O'Grady, the schoolmaster's daughter never would let me alone when I was her father's usher; and took on so when I went away, it had nearly taken her off; I often wrote to her,—how could I help it? I visited her when I came back.—She was *own* maid to a lady, who had no other maid but herself, saving the footboy. 'Norah,' said I, 'did you think you'd lost me?' She *looked* at me,—may be you don't know how; and it's impossible to tell you. I soon made her her *own* mistress. Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke began to be people of consideration. Fortune smiled upon us: and more than fortune,—two beautiful babes, as like me as they could stare: and as like Norah as they could behave,—and she was *behaviour* itself, you may say that. We came over to England, and I turned wine-merchant: by *reason*, I suppose, of the early knowledge I got in *whiskey* laving a smack of the brogue upon me. Whiskey bothered my nurse: wine bothered *me*: and left me upon the *lees*; for I became a bankrupt! and Norah,—Oh! Norah!—*I never pass a certain church-yard* without a sigh! I became a *widow* with two children: and they now sleep with all their fathers, but me,—sweet must their sleep be! for Norah was an angel: and they were her counterparts; they 're all angels now, but myself,—I'm a stock-broker; and how came I to be one? My friend Tunzey held out the hand of friendship to me, when every body else put theirs in their pockets; and—kept them there. I was sure there was Irish blood in his veins; and discovered that his wife's grandmother was an Irishman,—don't start, I meant grandfather: but the *ould* gentleman was quite an old woman when he died. Tunzey put me on my legs, till I went alone; my friend Skein's law, which he somehow contrives to practice by the gospel, set my matters on a proper footing; and between the two, from not having a leg to stand on, little grief would come to him who could get into my shoes,—long be the time first! stocks are at *par* at present: and I

hope I'm in the *long annuities*. From that time to this, Tunzey, Skein, and I, have been both all three intimate friends and sworn brothers.

"I'm now a bachelor at large: and should I ever take my degrees, shall be a bachelor of *law*, for—[*cetera desunt*.]"

THE FRENCH ACTOR.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

WHEN General Jackson visited New Orleans in the year after the memorable discomfiture of the British, the Manager of the Theatre waited upon him to solicit the honour of his presence at one of the performances. This being promised, it was resolved to compliment him with a song "composed for the occasion." The performers were all Frenchmen, and none of them very conversant with the English language; but the best among them was selected and when the curtain rose, the General, who sat in the stage-box, was surprised at hearing his feats recounted in a song to the air of "God save the King." The chorus will give you some idea of this song, which afforded much mirth to the Americans who were present:

God shave General Jackson,
 God shave General Jackson,
 He be very great man,
 He shave New Orleans;
 God shave General Jackson.

Whenever the name of the General occurred, the performer turned to him and made him a profound bow, after the most approved Parisian fashion.

The same actor undertook to give English recitations, of which the following may be taken as a sample:

— Now is de winter of our uneasiness
 Made into summer by York little boy,
 Dat is, vat you call, de son of York!
 And de dark cloud vich stick at top
 Of de house, is in de bottom of de sea
 Dead and buried!—But as for me, aha!
 I have de hump on my back, I have
 De bandy leg, I am unfashionable, and
 For all dis, de dog he bark bow wow at me
 As I walk by him!

MOEUS.

ST. PAUL'S CHARACTER OF THE ANCIENT CRETANS, EXEMPLIFIED BY AN INTERESTING STORY FROM POLYBIUS.

THE Cretans, from very early times, have had the misfortune to be stigmatised as a vicious nation. Their character for falsehood in particular was so firmly established, as to become a proverb; so that, *to play the Cretan* was another phrase to signify lying. With this vice especially, and with some others, they were reproached by Epimenides, one of their own countrymen. And though ancient history has not left us a large account of them, we may yet collect enough to understand that his character of them was at least as good as they got from the rest of the world. The common saying, that was current in the world respecting them, joined the Cretans with the Cilicians and the Cappadocians (the names beginning all with the same letter,) and pronounced them to be the three worst people existing. What it might be that entitled the Cappadocians to such a distinction I know not; but the Cilicians were a villainous tribe, who were situated on the southern shores of Asia Minor, and infested all that part of the Mediterranean with their piracies. Polybius has related something more specific of the Cretan manners. "Their laws (says he) allow them to possess land to an unlimited extent; and they count it to be not only a necessary, but a most honourable acquisition to get as much as they can. In short, sordid avarice is so general and inherent there, that of all mankind, the Cretans are the only people who think no gain whatever to be disgraceful." The same author describes another part of their character in these terms: "The Cretans, for ambushes on land or sea, for attacks by night, and for any thing of stratagem, are superior to all others; but for a set battle, face to face, they have neither courage nor steadiness. In all those qualities the Achæans and the Macedonians are directly opposite to them."

The evidence of Epimenides against the Cretans is cited by St. Paul; and his manner of doing so renders it double: for to the words of Epimenides he adds, *this witness is true*. We may therefore rely upon it that he had acquaintance enough with their character to warrant him in joining his testimony to that of the Cretan sage.

Whether or no the commentators have brought forward any historical facts to corroborate St. Paul's statement, I am not sufficiently conversant with them to say; but this I will venture to assert, that the story to be detailed in these pages from the history of Polybius, confirms the Cretan character for falsehood, treachery, and deliberate wickedness, beyond any other upon record.

INTRODUCTION.

To render the following story intelligible, it is necessary to premise a few circumstances relating to the persons engaged in it, and the state of the country in which it happened.

Selucus the younger succeeded his father, of the same name, in that extensive portion of Alexander's conquests, then denominated the kingdom of Syria, which included some considerable provinces on the western side of Mount Taurus. Soon after his accession, he marched with a large army against Attalus, King of Pergamus, who, a few years before, had invaded and possessed himself of those provinces. But while he was upon his march he was treacherously murdered: the command of the expedition then fell to his near relation, by name Achæus; whose conduct was so able and successful, that the troops proposed to make him king. This for the present he refused, acknowledging as his sovereign, Antiochus, the next brother of Seleucus; but, not long after, having regained all that Attalus had taken, and reduced that monarch to extremity, and having beside subdued all the country around, he assumed the royal title and diadem; and still continuing to govern with great ability and energy, his alliance was courted by divers states, and he was esteemed the most formidable potentate of Asia Minor. Meanwhile, Antiochus had no leisure to disturb him; for he was employed in putting down a rebellion in a different part of his dominions, and otherwise engaged in a war with Ptolomy Philopater, King of Egypt: but having, after some time, extinguished the first, and made peace with the latter, he turned his arms against Achæus, and pressed him so hard, that he was constrained to shut himself up in Sardes, his capital, where Antiochus closely besieged him. The citadel of Sardes, which stood upon a high rock, was impregnable; the city itself was very strong, but this was taken by surprise in the second year of the siege; and it deserves to be told how the wily sagacity of a Cretan (one who served in the army of Antiochus) led to the capture. A part of the city wall stood just above a lofty precipice, at the bottom of which was a great pit or hollow; here the besieged used to cast their offal, and throw down the carcasses of their horses, and other dead beasts, so that the place was continually haunted by vultures and birds of prey. This man then observed, that the birds, after feeding, always mounted to the top of the precipice, or the wall, and sat there undisturbed; from whence he concluded for certain, that no guard could be stationed thereabout. Antiochus, acting upon the information of this Cretan, entered the town from that quarter, and took it by assault. Achæus, however, still held out in the citadel, which was not to be reduced, except by famine: but the blockade had continued more than a twelve-month, and was still obstinately carried on.

Under these circumstances, Ptolomy, King of Egypt, became anxious for the personal safety of Achæus, who had been his ally: and the ensuing fragment of Polybius is a narrative of the attempt which he made to extricate him, and the event.

There was a native of Crete, named Bolis, who had long resided as an officer in the court of Ptolomy. He was intelligent, bold, and for military practice and experience esteemed equal to the best. Sosibius (Ptolomy's chief minister) having held many discourses with this man, and finding him well disposed towards himself, and ready to be employed on any service, informs him that there was nothing by which he could at that time gratify the King so much, as by devising some means to save Achæus. Hereupon Bolis promised to consider what was proposed, and departed. After two or three days' deliberation, he returns to Sosibius, and engages to undertake the business; saying, that he had been a considerable time in Sardes, and was well acquainted with all the place: and also, that Cambylus, the commander of the Cretan troops in the service of Antiochus, was not only his fellow-citizen, but his relation and friend. Now it happened that Cambylus, and the Cretans under his command, were entrusted with the care of a port which lay just beneath the citadel: and the nature of the place being such, that they could not erect any works to secure it, they kept a constant guard upon the spot. Sosibius readily embraced the proposal, believing that, if it were possible to rescue Achæus from his situation, no man could perform it so well as Bolis, who manifested such an alacrity for the undertaking. It was, therefore presently resolved upon; and that nothing might be wanting, Sosibius advanced money, and also made great promises in case of success: moreover, enlarging upon the favour which Bolis would obtain both from the King, and Achæus when delivered; so that he was incited to entertain the highest hopes. And now being ready, he set sail without delay; taking confidential letters to Nicomachus at Rhodes, (who bore towards Achæus the affection of a father,) and likewise to Melancomas at Ephesus. These were the men by whom Achæus used to communicate with Ptolomy, and whom he employed in all his other foreign correspondence. Bolis, having found them willing to assist in the project, sends forward one Arian, a man under his command, to Cambylus, informing him that he was sent out from Alexandria to enlist a number of foreign troops; and that he was desirous of conferring with Cambylus upon some necessary matters: that for this purpose he wished to meet him privately, at some time and place appointed.

Cambylus did not hesitate to comply with his request: he appointed a place well known to them both, and engaged to repair thither by night; and, with this answer, Arian was sent back. In

the meanwhile, Bolis, being, like a Cretan, of an unsteady and crafty nature, turned the whole affair over again in his mind, considering it in every circumstance and shape: the result was, that, having met Cambylus, according to the appointment, he produced his commission and instructions; which being laid between them, they held a consultation, after the Cretan fashion: that is, they did not deliberate upon saving the person who was in danger, nor upon performing the promise made to their employers; but how they might, with security, best turn the thing to their own profit: and being both Cretans, they soon came to an agreement; which was, first to divide the money (ten talents) advanced by Sosibius, between themselves: next, to disclose the matter to Antiochus; and, if they could obtain his concurrence, to promise to deliver Achæus into his hands; on condition, however, of a present reward, and future expectations, such as so extraordinary a service merited. This being settled, Cambylus undertook to treat with Antiochus, and Bolis engaged to send Arian to Achæus, with a token, and letters from Nicomachus and Melancomas. Cambylus again was to take care that Arian should pass safely to and from the citadel; and, if Achæus approved of the scheme offered him, and gave answers to Nicomachus and Melancomas, then Bolis was to step in and conduct the business. Their parts being thus arranged, they separated, and began to act. And, first, Cambylus laid the affair before the King. Antiochus was overjoyed at a proposal so agreeable and so unexpected, and readily promised all that they asked of him; yet he was not without some doubt, till having inquired circumstantially into their plan and measures, he, at last, gave them full credit—thought that Providence itself concurred in the design, and repeatedly intreated Cambylus to accomplish it. Bolis, likewise, performed his part with Nicomachus and Melancomas, who, believing that he was sincere, immediately gave to Arian letters for Achæus, advising him to trust Bolis and Cambylus. These letters were in their usual cipher, and so written, that if they fell into the hands of a stranger, he would not understand them. Arian, by means of Cambylus, got into the citadel, and delivered the letters: and, as he had witnessed the business from the beginning, he gave a particular and accurate account of the whole. He was often and strictly examined respecting Sosibius and Bolis, and again respecting Nicomachus, and Melancomas, but especially respecting Cambylus; and he answered sincerely and openly; which he might well do, as he knew nothing of the agreement that Bolis and Cambylus had made in secret. Achæus trusting to the replies of Arian, but much more to the communications from Nicomachus and Melancomas, immediately sent back Arian with an answer; and this correspondence was repeated more than once. In conclusion, Achæus, having no other hope of safety, resolved to follow the advice of Nicomachus; and desired him to send Bolis and Arian in some night, when there was

no moon, and he would put himself into their hands. This letter was received by Melancomas, who thereupon directed Bolis to proceed, making him great promises in case of success. He accordingly had another private consultation with Cambylus; and that was, how to take Achæus alive, if possible; for upon that circumstance depended a great part of their expectation from Antiochus. This then was the arrangement they made. When Achæus came out, Arian was to go foremost, because he knew the path, having gone by it several times in passing to and from the citadel; and Bolis was to keep behind the rest, that when they came to the spot where Cambylus placed his ambush, he might lay hold on Achæus, lest in the tumult and darkness he should escape into the woods; or throw himself down some precipice, and so not be taken alive as they intended. This being settled, Cambylus that same night introduced Bolis to Antiochus, who received him graciously, and gave him full assurance of what he had promised; and earnestly intreated them both not to delay their undertaking. They then returned to their quarter; and, towards the morning, Bolis, taking Arian with him, went up to the citadel, and entered while it was yet dark. There he was received with the greatest kindness by Achæus; who questioned him at much length upon every circumstance of his engagement; and, perceiving him, both by his appearance and discourse, to be a person fully capable, he was one while overjoyed at the hopes of saving himself, but again terrified to a degree of agony at the view of what might befall him. Being then a man of excellent understanding, and much experience in the world, his determination was not to rely on Bolis entirely. He therefore told him, that for the present, it was impossible for himself to leave the citadel; but that he would send out with him three or four friends, and when they were come to Melancomas, that he himself would be ready. In this Achæus did as much as possible: but he did not recollect, that, according to the proverb, he was acting the Cretan against a Cretan: for the sagacity of Bolis perceived what must be meant under this pretence. When the night arrived, in which he said he should send out his friends, he dismissed Bolis and Arian first, to the entrance of the citadel, with orders to wait there for those who were to accompany them out. While they did so in obedience to his commands, he communicated his plan to his wife: and, having staid some little time to comfort and soothe her—for she was distracted by the suddenness of the information—he took four companions, whom he clothed as persons of a middle rank, but dressed himself as a common man, in a coarse and ordinary garment. To one of those companions, he gave directions that he alone should answer, if Arian or Bolis asked any questions; and also be the person to make inquiries, if necessary; and should say that the rest were barbarians. When they had joined Arian, he led the way, as being acquainted with it; and Bolis, according to his plan, sta-

tioned himself in the rear; but not without feeling some doubt and perplexity. For though he was a Cretan, and ready to suspect any thing against his neighbour, yet now, because of the darkness, he was at a loss respecting Achæus, being unable not only to discover which he was, but even to perceive whether or no he was in the company.

The path by which they were descending was for the most part steep and difficult to walk upon, with some slippery and dangerous passes. As often then as they came to such a place, some would help Achæus down, others received him from their hands, (for they could not entirely forbear showing him their accustomed respect, even at that season:) by this Bolis quickly perceived which of them was Achæus. When they came near the place which Cambylus had appointed, Bolis gave the signal by a whistle; the men in wait rose up and laid hold of the rest, Bolis himself seizing Achæus, while he had his hands within his clothes; for he was afraid lest he should despatch himself with a sword he had about him. Being then surrounded on all sides, he fell into the hands of his enemies, and was, together with his friends, directly brought to Antiochus. That monarch had begun to entertain doubts of the enterprise, and anxiously expected the result. He had dismissed his company, and was sitting awake in his tent, attended only by two or three of his body guard. When Cambylus and his party entered and laid down Achæus in bonds on the ground before him, he was struck dumb at the sudden sight, and after keeping silence for some time burst into tears. He was moved to this, in my opinion, at beholding the inevitable and strange reverses of fortune. For Achæus was the son of Andromachus, the brother of Laodice, Seleucus's Queen; he had himself married Laodice, the daughter of King Mithridates, and he was lord of all the country west of mount Taurus. In that same hour, when both his own troops, and the adversary, thought him posted in the securest fortress in the world, he was sitting bound on the earth, in the hands of his enemies; while no one yet knew what had happened, but those who were engaged in his capture.

At break of day the King's friends assembled as usual in his tent; and were not less affected than the King had been, by the spectacle which was there exposed to their view; wondering at what had occurred, and hardly believing their sight. A council being called, there was much debate on the punishment that Achæus ought to suffer; and in conclusion they passed on their wretched prisoner this sentence, to have his hands and feet cut off, then to be beheaded, his head to be sewed up in the bladder of an ass, and his body crucified. This having been put in execution, and the army informed of what was done, it caused such a sensation throughout the whole camp, that Laodice in the citadel, who knew only of her husband's departure from thence, understood his fate by the extraordinary commotion that prevailed there. A herald

soon after arrived to announce the capture and death of Achæus, and to summon her to lay down her authority, and retire from the fortress. His message received no other answer from those within it than frantic cries and lamentations, which proceeded not more from good will to Achæus than from the calamity which so strangely and unexpectedly now threatened every one of themselves. From this time they fell into great difficulty and distress. In the mean time, Antiochus, having despatched Achæus, continued his blockade, with confidence that he should get possession of the citadel, by means of those within it, especially the soldiers, as it came to pass; for they disputed among themselves, and fell into parties; some siding with Ariobazus, (he had been governor of the city till it was taken,) and some with Laodice: upon which account each distrusting the other, they soon both yielded up themselves and the place.

Thus Achæus having done every thing for his safety that reason could suggest, fell by the treachery of those whom he relied on; leaving to posterity this twofold lesson: 1st, to trust no man readily: 2d, not to be lifted up by prosperity; but to be prepared for the greatest reverse of fortune; from which no man is secure.

For the chronology of these transactions the following outline may be sufficient:

	A. C.
Antiochus succeeded his brother Seleucus, in the year before Christ, - - - - -	223
At this period Achæus took the command of Seleucus's army, which is his first appearance in history.	
The great battle of Raphia was fought between Antiochus and Ptolomy, - - - - -	217
Three months afterwards a peace was concluded between those monarchs; and then Antiochus turned his arms against Achæus.	
It does not appear that Achæus made a long resistance in the field; but Sardes, whither he retired, endured more than a year's siege. Chronologers place his capture and death in the year - - - - -	215

He was probably not far advanced in years at that time; for his father, Andromachus, was living but a few years before; according to Usher, four; and Nicomachus, by whose counsel he trusted to Bolis, loved him as a son. See Usher's Annal. p. 279. and Polyb. b. 4, and 8.

This is the Antiochus who was afterwards engaged in an unsuccessful war against the Romans, and obliged to give up all the territories which he now recovered from Achæus as the price of peace.

ON WRITING, ARITHMETIC, AND THE MATHEMATICS.

THERE are some branches of education, of which the necessity is so obvious, or the utility so generally acknowledged, that all recommendation of them appears superfluous; and all reasoning in their favour, like arguments, to prove the truth of those axioms, which never were disputed.

Of this description, surely, are the accomplishments of writing and arithmetic. In most of the grammar schools in the provincial parts of the kingdom, they are become objects of serious attention; and, in addition to the original design of those institutions, a writing master is now periodically or constantly employed. In our public schools, however, properly so called, they yet form no part of the system of instruction. They are not enjoined by the statutes of those establishments; and the masters do not consider them as objects to which they are called upon to attend. It is probably supposed too, and, indeed, not wholly without grounds, that he, who is destined for a liberal profession, may obtain sufficient skill in the mechanical operations of writing and arithmetic, either before the age, at which our youth are usually admitted into those schools, or by employing the holidays and vacations in these secondary and auxiliary studies. This is, indeed, one important reason, amongst many others that might be adduced, why the parents should insist on the holidays being thus employed; and why the masters should exert their influence in the same cause; by recommending such employment at the commencement of their different recesses; and at the expiration of them, by inquiry and examination into what progress had been made. They might, by this means, at the expense of little trouble to themselves, do an essential service to those entrusted to their care. Their recommendation would have great weight in directing the judgment and conduct of the parent; and their censure or applause no less influence on the diligence of the student. It is never without regret that we can observe, what is not unfrequently seen, a man critically skilled in the learned languages, and imperfectly acquainted with the fundamental rules of arithmetic; a man qualified to instruct or delight us by his wisdom or his wit, yet hardly able to convey his sentiments in a legible hand. For those, however, to whom it is necessary to excel in the accomplishment under consideration, our academies, and not our public schools, are the proper places of education.

Quinctilian has told us, that the nobility in his time despised, or affected to despise, the mechanical dexterity of writing a fine hand: and not many years ago the same affectation had an extensive influence on people of fashion in England. A letter was often considered as the more genteel, the less conveniently it could

be read. Elegant penmanship, however, seems at present to possess its due estimation amongst us. It has risen in value with every other object of taste and decoration. It has obtained a place in the number of fashionable accomplishments; and it possesses the more substantial recommendation of being generally considered as an indispensable requisite for admission into the counting-houses of our merchants, and the public offices of the state. It may perhaps gratify curiosity to observe, that the celebrated Roger Ascham, about the middle of the sixteenth century, was one of the first, who cultivated amongst us those arts of ornamental writing, in which we now so greatly excel all the nations around us; and that he was indebted for his appointment of corresponding secretary to the University of Cambridge, hardly less to the elegance of his penmanship, than to the excellence of his latinity.

How this useful art may be most effectually obtained, a few general rules, however obnoxious, cannot be too frequently repeated. The youth should begin to write at a very early age; for the well known reason, that the more early any mechanical operation is begun, the greater dexterity is generally acquired. The learning to read will be assisted by learning to write; for what he has once written, he will always be able to read. Till a very considerable improvement has been made, he should be taught to imitate, not the engraved models too often employed, but manuscript copies at the head of his page. To the former he will seldom advert; to the latter he may reasonably be compelled to attend. To correct any awkward habit in the form or inclination of his letters, one of the most useful expedients is to make him write a much larger hand than he has ever before attempted. He should be required at all times to keep his book clean and neat; not only for his own credit, and the credit of his master; but because a neat copy book has often laid the foundation, or shown the first symptoms, of taste in all the elegant arts of life. In the detail of managing the pen and the limbs, for the purpose of acquiring this valuable accomplishment, the usual expedients of our teachers seem not to require or to admit of much improvement; for in no other country is the art of writing cultivated with such laudable diligence, or such distinguished success.

Nothing else, perhaps, that bears the name of science, is so easy of acquisition as arithmetic. It is usually taught during the years of childhood; because the capacity of a child is equal to the comprehension of its general laws, and the performance of its ordinary operations. This facility, however, it may be observed, is of no very ancient date amongst us. We are indebted for it to the introduction of the Arabic numerals, scarcely three centuries ago; and perhaps skill in arithmetic might not yet have been so generally diffused, or calculation have grown so easy and familiar to us, had not utility concurred with delight in the recommendation of

it; had we not become sensible of the advantages of commerce, as well as of the pleasures of science.

In the art of teaching arithmetic there is little other difficulty than what may be occasioned by the ignorance or negligence of the children to be taught. The four fundamental rules may be first learnt in what are called *whole numbers*, and immediately repeated in *compound*, or numbers of different denominations; through all our variety of coins, weights and measures. Of these it will of course be necessary to commit the tables to memory: and to retain them, like the grammar of a language, not only by continual application in practice, but by repeating them at stated intervals, as a lesson; that what is always wanted, may be always at hand. I recommend the use of a printed book; both because it leaves the instructor that time for teaching his pupil to work his example, which must otherwise have been employed partly in devising it, and partly in performing the operation; and because in such books those examples are generally more varied, and better adapted to their respective purposes, than could have been produced by the master at the moment. Any omissions or defects that are observed in the printed work may still be supplied by the invention of the teacher. The pupil should commence the study of arithmetic at as early an age as possible: both because by early application something is always gained, and nothing can be lost; and because arithmetic is seldom fully understood, till the student has been carried twice over the same ground. For the second course I would by all means recommend a different publication from that which was employed in the first. The examples will be different in themselves, and the rules differently expressed. The pupil cannot copy his former operations; and he will probably comprehend the objects more clearly, or retain them more permanently in his memory, from having contemplated them in various positions, and under various forms.

In his first progress through arithmetic it is sufficient that the boy can mechanically perform an operation by a given rule; in the second, he must be carefully instructed in the use and application of the general principle. But this will never be fully understood till his faculties have obtained a considerable degree of maturity; and till he has been exercised in miscellaneous questions; where he must himself discover the process by which the result required is to be found. On this subject frequently occurs an instance of impatience in parents, not more troublesome to schoolmasters, than unreasonable in itself. In order to determine the youth's progress in arithmetic, a question is proposed to him at home, which, under the various alarms occasioned by the want of his rule, the absence of his teacher, and the apprehension of his father's displeasure and his own disgrace, he is unable to perform; and the master is censured for not having taught the youth, what he was not yet able to learn; the application of general principles, while

his intellect did not allow him to comprehend more than the use of special rules.

One point I would the more strongly recommend, because it is too often neglected; that every youth should be thoroughly instructed in vulgar and decimal fractions. They are the most pleasing and the most valuable branch of arithmetic; and without them no man certainly can be considered either as an exact or a complete accountant. The system to be pursued for the purpose is equally obvious and indispensable. As soon as their appropriate rules are understood, let them be constantly applied to the ordinary lessons of arithmetic. Whatever proportions of weights or measures may occur in the question to be solved, let the operation be first performed by the ordinary rules. Let these proportions be then reduced to their proper terms in a vulgar and in a decimal fraction; and let the youth repeat his performance under each of those denominations. The result of each different process being always the same, will not more prove the correctness of his work, than it will delight his imagination and improve his understanding.

The utility and importance of arithmetic, in its proper province of calculation, are universally known and confessed; but this is by no means its only recommendation. It is the first and easiest abstract reasoning, to which the mind is accustomed: it is the first study that renders the laws and the practice of demonstration familiar to us; and it is of essential value as the foundation or the instrument of mathematical science: it is indispensably necessary to all those branches of it, which do not depend upon geometry alone. The line, indeed, where arithmetic ends, and mixed mathematics begin, is not easily ascertained; nor will it soon be determined on which side of the boundary *Fractions* and the *Roots* are to be arranged. The subserviency of arithmetic to mathematics is one of the reasons, for which I have ventured to recommend it to the attention of our public schools. It is equally known and lamented, how frequently their pupils are sent to the universities, not only without such a knowledge of arithmetic, as might be useful or ornamental in the ordinary transactions of their future life; but without such skill in numbers, as should enable them afterwards to prosecute mathematical studies with facility and success. This error, and its inconveniences, however, appear at present to be generally understood; and it is to be presumed, therefore, will soon be generally corrected. But to enable our sons to appear in college with the greatest possible credit and advantage, to a competent knowledge of arithmetic the elements of mathematical science itself should be added, during their continuance at school. Nor will this form any very burthensome addition to the present claims on their time and attention: for it has been very justly observed, that while nothing is so difficult of acquisition as languages, nothing is so easy as mathematics.

Skill in the mathematical sciences seems essential to the character of a scholar; and when attained, is equally pleasing, honourable, and beneficial. In practice it is sometimes necessary to the discharge of professional duties; and in speculation it is always useful; as it contributes, more perhaps than any other intellectual acquisition, to preserve the imagination in due subjection to the judgment. It is allowed to form or to teach the most valuable logic. Its definitions are the natural sources of precision in our ideas. It renders the mind equally vigilant against concessions too liberal in the commencement of an argument, or conclusions more extensive than the premises will support; and while it guards us against false reasoning, it must secure us against the delusions of false philosophy. Habitual attention to the process of demonstration will protect us equally against the reproach of puerile credulity, and the rashness of presumptuous decision. He who can justly appreciate the force of argument, and evidence, finds no difficulty in believing the attributes of the Deity, and the obligations of virtue. The scepticism of Bayle has been imputed to his ignorance of mathematical science; and Newton, on the contrary, was the sincere believer and the zealous advocate of the Christian revelation.

The higher departments of the mathematics, however, are seldom taught in our academies, and can seldom be required, as they cannot, by any acts of the preceptor, be adapted to the capacities of children, they are the proper object, not of instruction at school, but of subsequent and private study. The *practical branches*, as they are commonly called, are what our academies usually undertake to teach; sometimes, as the foundation of general science; but more frequently, as the requisite qualification for some peculiar profession. The intended architect must be made acquainted with the principles of mensuration; the theory of navigation must be learnt by the future seaman; and fortification and gunnery by the soldier; and these, I may venture to assert, are taught in many of our private seminaries with such ability and success, as are at once highly creditable to the teachers, and beneficial to the students and the public.

Of mathematical books, adapted to the use of schools, there is little variety, and therefore little difficulty in the choice.

From the nature and extent of our commerce, arithmetic has acquired, in this country, a peculiar value, and a proportionate share of public esteem. A knowledge of accounts is undoubtedly useful to every man; but to a merchant it is indispensibly necessary. Hence arises another object of instruction in our schools, very frequent, very difficult, and very important, the article of *book-keeping*, or *merchants' accounts*: and for this every academy must either be furnished with a competent teacher, or relinquish its claim to the proper conduct of English education. I am aware of the complaint so frequently and so loudly urged, that merchants'

accounts are but imperfectly taught even in our best schools; that a youth from them never enters a counting-house fit to be trusted with the books. That a youth, from having learnt only the theory of an art, should not immediately be perfect in the practice; or that a boy should not possess the discretion and steadiness of manhood; these, surely, are not very novel or very extraordinary discoveries. But, when due allowance has been made for the circumstances of each particular case, I will venture to assert, that the complaint is as groundless in point of fact, as it appears to be severe upon our teachers. That boys at school are frequently carried through a course of merchants' accounts without understanding them, however it may be lamented, cannot be denied. For they are frequently required by the parents to learn them, before they have either attained to the proper age, or have acquired sufficient skill in arithmetic, for the purpose. The preceptor therefore may be pitied for being compelled to undertake what is impracticable; but he should not be censured for failing in the performance. If there be a merchant weak enough to expect a child of such a description to understand his business, he certainly deserves any disappointment which he may suffer; or if he will trust a youth at first with the management of his counting-house, he ought not to complain of any consequences that may result from his own folly.

When a youth is become expert in all the ordinary rules of arithmetic, and has attained that degree of understanding, which is usually attained at the age of fifteen or sixteen years; let him then, with an able master, go through a system of book-keeping in what is called the Italian method, or *Double Entry*; and I will engage for his being qualified to perform all such duties in a counting-house, as can with propriety be entrusted to his care. Almost every mercantile house has something in the mode of keeping the books peculiar to itself. But when the youth is fully master of the general principle, by having been exercised in the theory at full length, he will readily comprehend any abridgement of the labour, any peculiarity in the method, which he may be called upon to adopt. Under the direction of his principal, or of a more experienced book-keeper, he will become equal to his task as early as he ought to be required to undertake it.

The mode of teaching this part of arithmetic admits little variety, and can require little direction. A printed work should be adopted as the basis; and till lately it might reasonably have been made a question, which of our numerous publications on the subject, was best adapted to the purpose. But Kelly's *Elements of Book-keeping* has now removed all hesitation in the choice. In all the great requisites of such a treatise, simplicity of principle, and perspicuity of arrangement; appositeness of examples, and resemblance to the ordinary transactions of a counting-house, it appears entitled to a decided preference over all the works, that

have gone before it: and the book itself sufficiently explains the manner, in which it may be most advantageously employed.

In the education of the future merchant, however, attention will be demanded for objects of still greater moment than dexterity in the management of his books. In this country his profession is honourable, and his character respectable. He is become in various points of view not only valuable, but necessary, to the welfare of the community. His judgment must often be consulted on, what his pursuits particularly influence, the police and the finances of the kingdom. The commerce, which was once cultivated solely as the means of acquiring wealth to the individual, is now become necessary to the national defence; and therefore to the national independence. But by trade only, upon a liberal and extensive scale, conducted not more necessarily by a large capital, than by a capacious mind, can our foreign commerce be supported and secured. It is, however, a task as difficult in itself, as its accomplishment is desirable, to unite liberal and mercantile education; to keep a youth long enough at school for his enjoyment of the pleasures of literature, and not too long for his submission to the patient industry of trade; to qualify him for business, and for society; to retain his taste for books during the acquisition of money; to give him such powers, as shall delight for a time in the bustle of commercial transactions; and afterwards relish the tranquillity of retirement. It has been justly observed, that nature sets her gifts on the right hand and on the left; and that as you approach one advantage, you necessarily recede from another. Of the blessings within his reach, therefore, a wise man will make his choice, and be content. Nor will the observation lose any of its force, when applied to the subject under consideration. If, however, the two extremes can be in any degree reconciled; if a medium can any where be found between the dissipation of our public schools, and the absurd restraints of private tuition; if a taste for polite literature can any where be cultivated, in conjunction with the requisite qualifications for trade, it must be in some of those academies, with which almost every part of the kingdom abounds. It is equally to the honour of our schools and of our merchants, that numerous instances may be specified, where these difficulties have been in a great measure surmounted; where these seeming contrarieties have been united.



ON THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

THE study of the remains of Greek and Roman literature has always been considered as one of the most essential parts of a liberal education. To this the ambition of our ingenuous youth is commonly directed; to this the largest portion of their time and

labour is devoted. Nor has it been estimated above its real value. The industry employed upon it has been abundantly rewarded. Its utility, however, like that of all other intellectual acquisitions, is fully known to those only by whom it has been felt. In others, indeed, it has sometimes excited the veneration naturally due to superior abilities; and sometimes only the wonder of ignorance, gazing at a distance on what it could not understand; or the cavils of envy, affecting to despise what it was unable to attain.

It seems incumbent upon the author of an essay like the present, to state the true use and value of classical literature; that scholars may not be suspected of magnifying its merits, only because it is confined wholly to themselves; and that it may appear to the public, in contradistinction to the blind partialities of other lovers, that we can assign rational grounds for our attachment and admiration.

The study of the classics, from the first application to the tenses and declensions of their language, to the last perusal of their sublimest poetry, is admirably calculated to employ, to enlarge, and to improve all the faculties of the human mind. To analyze the grammatical construction, and to investigate the meaning, of a difficult passage; to trace its various figures and allusions, and to detect its deficiencies, or display its beauties; this is the employment, which every teacher enjoins, and of which every student finds the benefit. When I see a youth exploring his grammar, his dictionary, his notes, every resource within his reach, in order to ascertain the sense of his author, and to appear with credit at the lesson; when I see his sagacity quickened by practice, and his confidence in his own powers increased by successful exertion; I look forward with pleasure to the period, when his talents and his industry, in some liberal profession, shall be honourable to himself, and beneficial to the society in which providence has placed him. The habits of application, indeed, which these studies require, are valuable in every point of view. They equally prepare the youth for the immediate acquisition of science, and the future transactions of life; for the pursuit of wisdom, and the practice of virtue.

That the memory is continually strengthened by exercise is universally admitted; and that it is in a great degree formed and created by it, has sometimes been plausibly maintained. The *repetitions* of the school boy, therefore, are intended, not merely to assist him in the acquisition of a language, by fixing a given number of its words in his mind; but to augment and improve the faculty, on which his future knowledge must depend.

The imagination is perhaps originally formed, and it is certainly enriched, by the accumulation of ideas in the mind; and classical literature not only furnishes many, which cannot elsewhere be found; but while it enlarges the number, corrects and regulates the stores, which it supplies. Of all our faculties, indeed, our taste

appears to derive from this source the greatest improvement. By employing so much time and attention upon the polished models of composition, left us by the scholars of antiquity, the most elaborate and the most elegant works, which human ingenuity is known to have produced, the mind acquires a standard of judgment, an intuitive perception of beauties and defects, which can by no other means be obtained; and which, when once possessed, cannot afterwards be lost. Upon this, indeed, depends in a great degree our sensibility to literary excellence; much of the pleasure, with which we are afterwards to read; and not a little of the ability, with which we are to write.

The study of the classics must naturally be the best foundation for the study of languages in general. The knowledge of one grammar will always facilitate the acquisition of another; and the languages in question not only possess the greatest regularity and precision in their grammatical structure, but have the additional advantage of being no longer subject to fluctuation or corruption. Securely deposited in the monuments, which the sages of antiquity have erected, the reward of the benefits to be derived from them to all future ages will be the immortality they have deserved. What theory would teach us to expect, is found by experience to be true, that he who is already acquainted with the Greek and Roman tongues attains those of the modern nations of Europe, with an ease and rapidity, which other students have in vain attempted to rival.

In the study of the sciences, the advantages of classical literature, though less direct and less considerable, are by no means without weight and importance. The perusal of Sophocles and Cicero will not immediately teach us to read Euclid and Buffon; but by having enlarged and strengthened our faculties, they will enable us to understand them. I may appeal to the general experience of our teachers for the truth of the observation, that the most expert student in mathematical science is the classical scholar.

In whatever department of science we are desirous to excel, we shall find many of its peculiar terms derived from the languages of antiquity. By the mere English scholar, therefore, these terms must be less clearly understood, less easily remembered, and less readily applied. Nor is this consideration without its weight. The professors of each science respectively have usually endeavoured to compress its general principles into the technical terms which they have adopted or devised: and they have so far succeeded, that in proportion as those terms are more clearly comprehended, the student will acquire the science itself with the greater facility, and retain it in his memory with the more fidelity and precision.

The discovery and the study of the Greek and Roman writers is always acknowledged to have been one of the principal causes

of the revival of learning in Europe; and it is observable, that learning has flourished or decayed in almost every country in proportion as these writers have been known or unknown, cultivated or neglected. It has been maintained too, that at the same important period of the revival of letters amongst us, a deep and critical acquaintance with the writers of antiquity was necessary, to enable the mind to rise above the imposing pedantry, the sophistical subtleties, and the unintelligible jargon, which had found their way from the monasteries into the schools, and from the schools into the world. And if this opinion be just, it will not be denied, that the judgment, the penetration, and the sound logic, which classical literature seldom fails to supply, are equally necessary in our own times, to prepare us to resist the malignant influence of false science, false reasoning, and false philosophy.

In those publications of politer literature, which are designed for our instruction and improvement, and in those lighter works of wit or humour, which aim at little more than our amusement, in both these our ablest authors usually abound in allusions to the sentiments and maxims, the narratives, or the fables of classical antiquity. These are the sources, from which the writer derives many of his richest treasures; many of his most valuable materials, whether for necessary illustration or fanciful embellishment: and if by the reader the same ground has not been trodden, and such allusions are not understood, he loses half the pleasure, and often half the advantage, which he would otherwise have obtained.

Few men in modern times, in our own country at least, have been distinguished for superior talents, without having enjoyed some reputation for classical literature. Sometimes, indeed, their rapid progress in it at school, their superiority over their fellows, only is recorded; but they have more frequently been known to continue to cultivate it amidst the bustle of public business, and the infirmities of declining life. If it be urged, on one hand, that this study was forced upon them by our general system of education; it must be observed, on the other, that such men have seldom failed to applaud the system, by which they have profited, and to acknowledge their obligations to the writers of Greece and Rome. It was not that their distinguished talents were accidentally directed to the study of the classics; but the study of the classics was one of the principal means by which their talents acquired their distinction.

Almost every man, who has not been fortunate enough to obtain the advantage of a classical education, incessantly laments the want of it. Instead of enjoying without alloy those rational pleasures, which literary society is so well calculated to communicate, he is continually mortified by the sense of his own ignorance and inferiority. While he, on the contrary, who possesses a competent knowledge of the learned languages, is furnished with an unfailling source of amusement or instruction for himself and

his friends; and enjoys that consciousness of superiority, which, though it may sometimes prove the nurse of vanity and the parent of insolence, is highly pleasing to that ambition, which is natural to the mind of man.

In pleading, says Cicero, though we do not always employ the liberal arts, yet the hearer immediately discovers whether we understand them; and the benefits of classical literature, though not always brought forward by the possessor, are never long concealed. Though no quotation should be made; though no disquisition on the subject should arise; yet will our acquaintance with the authors of antiquity continually appear; and appear to our advantage. In our literary compositions, in our public speaking, and in our familiar conversation, it will always contribute to the clearness and precision of our ideas, and to the correctness and elegance of our language; it will give additional taste, animation, and intelligence to our discourse, on small as well as great occasions, from the first sentence to the last. So sensible was Gassendi of the value of Greek and Roman literature, that during his whole life, independently of all other attention to the subject, he imposed it upon himself as a task, to repeat from the ancient poets at least six hundred verses every day.

Nor do our obligations to classical literature terminate in knowledge or in pleasure alone; it is not without a beneficial influence on our morals. It is not merely that it supplies rational amusement for hours of leisure; and therefore furnishes a bulwark against the inroads of vice: it is not merely that it enlarges the understanding: and therefore tends to rectify the heart; or that it refines taste and sensibility; and therefore improves the feelings of humanity; but the sages of antiquity have left behind them the precept and the example of almost every practical duty. Elevation of mind, and independence of spirit, consummate prudence, and inflexible justice, intrepidity in danger, and fortitude in calamity, fidelity in friendship, the obligations of filial piety, and the offices of patriotism; all these duties, and such as these, are not only recommended by every grace of eloquence or of poetry; but illustrated by examples that have exalted human nature. The youthful mind will not dwell upon these without catching some portion of the spirit, which it contemplates; it will imbibe at once a taste for literature and the love of virtue. The defects in the system of ethics, which occasionally deform the classic pages of ancient times, the judgment of the preceptor will not fail to point out, and to stigmatise with the censure they may deserve. In the softer duties of our nature, indeed, in the offices of benevolence and mercy, the heathen philosophers cannot be our instructors; for what they had not learnt, they cannot teach. These it is our happier lot to have derived from a purer source; and to practise, not only upon higher authority, but in the hope of such a reward, as unassisted reason did not discover, and could not promise to bestow.

If thus valuable and extensive be our obligations to classical literature, they will surely justify, what, indeed, has not escaped censure or complaint, the large portion of time usually and necessarily bestowed upon it. The justification too will be more complete and satisfactory, when it is considered, that much of this time is the season of childhood, when little else would be attempted or obtained; that daily observation warrants us in concluding, the hours would otherwise be less usefully employed; and that no other system has yet been devised, from which the intellectual powers can derive equal advantage and improvement.

The superficial and common-place objections, not unfrequently urged against this general attention to the classics, seem hardly to deserve a minute and separate examination. One parent may still inquire, what advantage can accrue to his son from the attainment of languages which he will never be called upon to speak! A second may ask, what information is to be obtained from Greek and Roman authors, which our own writers cannot equally afford! and a third may demand, why his child should be tormented during the most pleasing season of life with the pursuit of such knowledge, as can be of little use in the acquisition of money! But to these inquiries, and such as these, I have no other answer to give, and, it is presumed, no other will be thought necessary, than what the present disquisition has already supplied.

That I would recommend classical literature to every student, who has the means and the opportunity to obtain it, the encomium already passed upon it will sufficiently demonstrate. In some professions it is indispensibly necessary; in others it is highly useful; and in every respectable situation of life it is an ornament and an advantage. It is therefore to be pursued, wherever it does not require such an expense, as prudence must condemn; wherever it does not demand the time, which ought to be devoted to the acquisition of information more immediately necessary; and wherever it does not interfere with the discharge of duties, that cannot innocently be neglected. Where this literature may be most successfully studied is a question, which the reader will find already decided; if not to his own satisfaction, according to the best judgment of the author.

ON THE ART OF TEACHING.

THAT every man should be alike able to communicate to others the knowledge which he possesses himself, is a position that appears very plausible in theory; but which will be found in practice to be at a great distance from the truth. Men of equal attainments convey information to others with by no means equal success. Every schoolmaster knows by experience that different as-

sistants, where each is in point of literature fully adequate to the task he undertakes, produce very different degrees of improvement in the pupils entrusted to their care; that there is an *art of teaching*, of little less value than skill in the science to be taught. Of this art it is not intended to deliver a regular and complete system; but to state a few of the observations which my own practice has suggested. To the experienced teacher I have no discoveries to communicate, no secrets to reveal. But to him who is yet new in the profession, I shall endeavour to show, that the mode of communicating instruction to his pupils is of serious importance to their progress; and to suggest such expedients, as may, in some degree, either facilitate his labour, or contribute to its success.

This art of teaching is the most useful and necessary in the study of the classics; to this study, therefore, my directions shall be confined. Of the other objects of instruction at school something has been already said; and the same principles, indeed, will apply, not only to every other language; but, as far as they are general, to the pursuit of every science.

In the study of the Latin tongue, as soon as the pupil can repeat with tolerable accuracy the declensions and tenses, and decline and conjugate other words upon the models given in his accidence, let him immediately proceed to learn the syntax; and at the same time begin to apply it, not only in the passages produced as examples in his grammar, but in the perusal of some other easy portion of the language; *Cato's Disticks*, *Selectæ e Veteri Testamento Historiæ*, or the *Colloquies of Cordery*. By thus applying the rules of syntax, as fast as they are learnt, the labour is rendered less irksome and more beneficial to the student: the design and use of it are in some degree seen and understood. The utility of this mode of proceeding, it may be imagined, is too obvious to stand in need of recommendation: but I have known many country schools, where the children are confined not only months, but years, to the dry repetition of the Latin grammar alone; till, indeed, the daily drudgery of committing to memory, what they could not comprehend, more frequently excited a prejudice against literature, than encouraged their diligence in the pursuit. Those portions of the grammar denominated from their initial words *Propria quæ maribus*, and, *As in præsentî*, are worth the trouble of being committed to memory; because they teach, if not a complete system, the general principles of inflexion; and, at least, they enable the pupil to decline, to conjugate, and to translate so many substantives and verbs.

In *parsing* the lesson, or a portion of it, after it has been translated, or, to speak more technically, *construed*, the pupil should for every thing produce his rule: if he cannot repeat it, he should be required to tell in what page of his grammar it may be found; to turn to it, and to read it for the information of himself and his

class; and when the lesson is concluded, to learn by heart the rule in question; and a few of those, that precede or follow it, as a punishment for his former neglect. I would limit the pupil to repeating merely what is necessary to the present purpose; the rule, if that immediately apply; and the exception only, if the point under consideration form an exception. This is sufficient to show that the student understands what is required of him; and saves the time both of himself and his teacher. A rule of grammar, he should be told too, does not give the philosophical reason, or explain the abstract principle, of what it declares; but merely states the practice of the best writers in the language; and has been fixed and established upon their authority. It will, indeed, often appear to have its foundation in the nature of things; but its actual basis is always compact. To impress these rules thoroughly upon the understanding and memory of the pupil is one of the principal purposes of instruction. This alone can enable him to ascertain the true sense of a passage by its grammatical construction; to prepare every subsequent lesson for his master; and to read the authors in the language, when the master is no longer at hand.

From the easiest Latin that can be found to exemplify the rules of grammar, the pupil may proceed to the perusal of *Selectæ e profanis Scriptoribus Historiæ, Phædrus, Nepos, Justin, or Eutropius*, at the choice and discretion of the master: for amongst these there is no decisive reason for a preference. But as soon as the age and progress of the scholar will by any means admit, he should learn the rules of prosody, and read poetry in order to apply them. For this purpose selections from the works of Ovid cannot be too strongly recommended. The verses will quickly attune the ear of the reader; as they are distinguished for softness and harmony; and they may be understood with facility; as they possess much of the ease and perspicuity of prose. To these, then, let the rules of prosody be incessantly applied. *Scanning* must be the business of every lesson, and *nonsense lines* form a part of the exercise of almost every day. In order to enforce attention to right pronounciation, I would recommend, that for every false quantity pronounced, in one lesson, the offender should be required to provide, against the next, a given number of nonsense lines; and to introduce in each the word in which the error was committed. The captain of the class may keep a register of the defaulters and their transgressions. This is one of the most efficacious expedients, I ever found, to prevent offences against prosody, or to correct them. I take it for granted that, in the mean time, all the usual exercises of a school, whether of grammar, translation, or composition, are required and enforced with such strictness and regularity, as their utility and importance demand.

When the syntax and prosody are fully understood, the student may proceed to the Commentaries of Cæsar and the Æneid of Virgil: and together with these should commence the honourable but

arduous task of his Greek Grammar. For the acquisition of the Greek language nearly the same process, as was employed for the Latin, must be again recommended. The rules of inflexion and syntax must be first committed to memory; and may be exercised in *Græcæ Sententiæ*, and portions of the New Testament. Selections from Xenophon or Lucian should next be put into the hands of the pupils: not only because the stile of the Attic writers is the most pure and the most elegant; but because their declensions and tenses deviate the least from the *Paradigmata* of the common grammars. As soon as possible, however, a few of the books of the Iliad must be read; and that not merely for the beauties of the poetry of Homer, but for the dialects and prosody of the language. The two last, indeed, are almost as much neglected in our common schools, as if they were either not understood by the master, or did not form any essential part of Grecian literature. That composition in the Greek language is not more familiarly practised in our schools is, indeed, greatly to be lamented; but it is more easy to account for the existence of the evil, than to apply an efficacious remedy. As this language, however, is confessedly the most difficult of those usually taught among us, every expedient, that facilitates the acquisition of it, should be employed with a frequency proportioned to the difficulty to be surmounted: and till the same exercises are required with the same regularity for both, we shall still have reason to complain, that, while the Latin tongue is every where taught and extensively understood, a critical knowledge of the Greek is confined to a few of our most distinguished scholars. The former language, is indeed, more immediately useful in some of our liberal professions; but the latter is the more copious, the more harmonious, and the more beautiful in itself; and a knowledge of it the more desirable, from the greater number and excellence of its authors.

That the pupil should be required to commit to memory the most celebrated passages, whether narratives, speeches, or descriptions, as they occur in the authors which he reads; that *repetitions* in Greek and Latin should constitute a very frequent lesson, I urge with the greater earnestness, not merely on account of the great utility of the exercise, but because in many of our private seminaries this exercise is very culpably neglected. Locke, indeed, forming his opinion from theory alone, condemns these repetitions; because they are laborious to the student; but Quintilian, judging from experience, for the same reason earnestly recommends them. They are certainly calculated, not only to improve the memory by practice, and to fix the sense and the prosody of so many words in the mind of the student, but to teach him the true use and meaning of terms in their different combinations, the elegance of arrangement, the figures of poetry, and whatever advantages are derived from the varieties of phraseology and the beauties of style. It is obvious, however, that to labour through fifty lines of Homer or

Virgil in a half whisper at the desk of the master, with many hesitations and recollections, and occasional assistance from a prompter, this is by no means the rational and beneficial repetition, which every judicious teacher will require. The portion appointed should be delivered, not only with correctness and fluency, but occasionally in the hearing of the whole school; and with such deliberation, accent, and emphasis, as the sense of the passage and the rules of public speaking require; that to all the other advantages of repetition may be added the improvement of articulation and the graces of elocution.

In this account of the mechanical process, by which the rudiments of the learned languages may be obtained, I have confined myself to the outline of what I believe to be daily practised in our public schools, and in many of our most reputable academies. To have been more minute must have been tedious without use; but it was necessary to advert to the subject; that our schools of inferior reputation may have an opportunity of learning what steps they ought to pursue, and be stimulated to the imitation of what they know has been successful.

From the moment that what has been already stated, is accomplished, the authors to be read in each of the learned languages may be selected at the discretion of the master. The comparative ease or difficulty of different writers is not any longer a decisive motive for preference. In each of our public schools the succession of books is, I believe, invariably fixed; and the evil of departing from the established rule would probably be as great as the advantage to be obtained by any change. But the circumstances of an academy leave the master more at liberty; and of this he may often avail himself much to the benefit of his pupils. Besides the authors, which I have already had occasion to mention, and a few others universally read in schools, because their merit and utility are universally known, I wish to recommend a portion of a still greater variety. I confine the student to a portion; because of a number of authors the time spent at school, it is obvious, will not allow the perusal of the whole; and I recommend the variety; because the pupil becomes acquainted with their style, their subject, their merits, and their history; and I have frequently observed that the student in his maturer age will undertake to read the whole of an author, of which he had read a part at school; while many others will be neglected by him, only because he supposes them to be more difficult, or knows not that they are equally valuable. For this reason it is that I think a youth, designed to appear in the world as a man of learning, should not quit his school without reading some portion of what are usually considered as the higher classics, the more difficult writers in the learned languages. And as one of the best arts of teaching is to secure the attention of the pupil, care should be taken that the portion selected be calculated for entertainment, as well as instruction.

Of the tragedies of Sophocles which time has spared, the *Edypus Tyrannus* is the most interesting to the reader. When any portion of the works of Aristotle or Plato is to be employed as a school book, the *Treatise on Poetry* from the former, and the *Dialogues* selected by Forster from the latter, seem best adapted to the purpose. Of Thucydides the *Speeches of Nicias and Alcibiades*, the *Plague of Athens*, and the *Destruction of the Grecian Army in Sicily*, seldom fail to please the reader; and are a sufficient specimen of the style and manner of the author. From the Epistles of Cicero, Pliny, and Seneca I have often wished to see, what might easily be made, a small and judicious selection for the use of schools. Tacitus has for no sufficient reason, that I am able to discover, been generally proscribed as a school book. His excellencies as an historian are not questioned: and the *Life of Agricola* cannot fail to be interesting to an English scholar. The treatise on the *Manners of the Germans* has been justly celebrated; but except the few passages that are supposed to contain the rudiments of our civil constitution, it is surely not superior to the rest of his works either in entertainment or information. The attention of the juvenile reader will be more forcibly engaged by the former books of the *Annals*. Where time and circumstances admit, I would not suffer a youth to quit his school without having read a tragedy of Euripides, and a few of the Odes of Pindar.

On the same ground of securing the attention of the pupil, as well as for the more important purpose of fixing just principles in his mind, the choice of books may sometimes be directed by the circumstances of the times; by the military or political transactions, in which our own or foreign nations happen to be engaged. The nature, the situation, and the incidents of any war, in which the interests of our country or our colonies are involved, will often give new attractions to the Commentaries of Cæsar and the *Anabasis* of Xenophon.

The progress of the student, however, does not depend more upon the choice of the authors to be read, than upon the conduct of the master, when the class appears before him for instruction. In order to engage the best attention of his pupils, it is of the highest moment to secure their respect. This is in the first instance effected by convincing them that he is both enabled by his talents, and disposed by a sense of his duty, to contribute to their advantage and improvement. And it is still further insured by gravity of deportment, distance of behaviour, and steadiness of temper and discipline. The fashionable notion of considering his pupils as his *young friends*, and the fashionable system of receiving them as *parlour boarders*, are unfavourable alike to the domestic comfort of the master, and the literary improvement of the scholar. He should rarely admit his pupils into his presence, but in their proper character; when he is officially engaged with them. For in hardly any other instance does familiarity, by creating con-

tempt, do such extensive mischief. Let him be cautious too how he attempts that wit and pleasantry, to which a schoolmaster is perpetually tempted, as well by the ludicrous nature of the objects that frequently come before him, as by the certainty that his jests will always be received with the laugh of applause. In ridiculing idleness and folly true wit of the graver cast may sometimes be attended with beneficial effects; but in the mirth excited by burlesque or buffoonery, there is too large a portion of contempt to be consistent with respect. The voice of the master should be oracular in the school; and his dictates the unalterable law of the community, over which he presides. From the fear of a frown of censure, or in the hope of a smile of approbation, from a teacher of this description, students in general will exert more care and diligence, than can be ensured by the rod of any other man. I am well aware how hostile are modern manners to the system which I would recommend; and I can only lament that this is one instance, amongst many, in which it is the misfortune, as well as the duty, of a schoolmaster to oppose the system of modern manners.

However absurd or incredible it may seem, I have known schools, where to construe a page of a Greek or Latin author constituted the whole of a lecture in the Classics. The syntax and the prosody were either reserved for a separate weekly lesson, or wholly neglected. Of prosody something has been said already: and parsing should certainly form a part, for it is, indeed, an essential part of every lesson of every day. With younger boys I would go regularly through either the whole, or a given number of the first sentences, of what has been construed; and to those more advanced every peculiarity of grammar, construction, or phrasology, should be carefully pointed out and fully explained. Every lesson should be construed at least twice throughout. The first time, the train of reasoning, the succession of events, or the beauties of the poetry may be interrupted, to illustrate such points of grammar or mythology, geography or history, as the narrative or the allusions happen to suggest. But the second time, no such interruption should take place; that the students may read with the full relish what is then presumed to be fully understood.

When in the progress of their classical studies it is become necessary that a new book be put into the hands of any class of his pupils, it will be proper for the teacher to inform them of the personal character of the author, and of the age and country in which he lived; so far, at least, as these circumstances may be supposed to have affected the work, which they are now to read. And in the course of the perusal, it will be still further incumbent upon him to explain to them in what respects the peculiar opinions or expressions of the writer have proceeded from any other source than nature and truth; from his prejudices, or his patriotism, from his interest, ignorance or superstition, from his taste or his habits,

his friendship or enmities, his hopes or fears. Such a mode of proceeding will probably excite in their minds the desire of still further information on the subjects before them; and it will certainly give clearness and precision to that which they immediately obtain.

That no individual may be permitted to withdraw his attention, or to return to his place without his proportion of information, the construing of every different lesson should begin at a different part of the class. A second boy may be called upon to tell what has been said by the first, or to repeat the comments made upon it by the master. The same subject may be revived at various periods of the same lesson, or inquiries may be made respecting it, and answers required, at the lesson of the following day. Care must be taken that explanation be level to the capacities of those, for whose use it is intended; that every object be placed in points of view so varied or so familiar that the pupils cannot fail to understand it. No art of instruction perhaps is superior to that which has derived its name from the practice of Socrates; and which, by apposite questions, leads the student to the discovery of what he wants to know. It is peculiarly calculated for the study of grammar and of languages; and whether it be required to correct the errors of the pupil, or to impress truth upon his mind and memory, no other expedient is more pleasing in the process, or more certain in its effects.

The student must be allowed, on all proper occasions, to request instruction from his preceptor. He must be permitted, not only when preparing his lesson, to apply to the master for assistance under any difficulty that impedes his progress; and when the lesson is heard, to solicit a further illustration of any point, which has not been explained to his satisfaction; but to propose his doubts, and to make known his curiosity, on every subject connected with literature and science: and wherever the desire of knowledge appears, it should be immediately encouraged; as well by bestowing upon it the commendation which it deserves, as by cheerfully communicating the information required. It is told to the praise of Georgias, the Rhetorician of Leontium, that he invited his pupils to consult him, whenever they found it necessary; and that he engaged to solve every question, which might be proposed, respecting their studies and their improvement. Let the master of an academy be equally prepared at all points for the discharge of the duties of his station; and he may rest assured that information, given in answer to voluntary inquiries, will not only be the most permanently remembered by the pupil, but excite the warmest gratitude towards the master, and the highest esteem for his person and character.

Before the teacher dismisses any class of his scholars to their places, it will become him to consider, whether they return from him wiser than they came; whether the sense of any word or sen-

tence, whether any rule of grammar or construction, whether any truth of science, of history, or of morals, has been rendered more clear to their understandings, or more deeply fixed in their recollection. And if nothing of this kind has been effected, he may be assured, he has not performed what his station and his duty require. The time that can be allotted to the business of education does not allow it to continue for a moment at a stand. No lesson should pass without its proportion of benefit to the student.

In teaching the classics the preceptor should not fail perpetually to illustrate ancient laws and customs, characters and transactions, by their corresponding objects in modern times; and to compare and contrast the brilliant passages in the writers of antiquity with the beauties of our national authors. This will often recommend the latter to notice, and make both more fully understood. It will attract and fix the attention of the student, by exhibiting his labour in the colours of pleasure. Just observations, elucidated and enforced by apposite anecdotes, will always engage the most thoughtless and volatile; and while the latter are remembered the former will not be wholly forgotten. It is by these occasional and incidental remarks, that the taste for literature is often implanted and matured; and that the principles of judgment and criticism are successfully taught, without the repelling formality of a lecture. It is thus that the important subjects of politics, of ethics, and of religion itself, may be introduced with the greatest advantage; and the soundest principles immoveably established in the mind. However extensive, then, may be the information, and however profound the learning of the preceptor, the whole may be brought forward and exerted for the benefit of those entrusted to his care: and let not the half-learned witling flatter himself that he has attained science enough, or the ablest scholar that he already possesses too much, for the due discharge of the various and important duties of a schoolmaster.



STANZAS.

1.

SAY what is worse than blank Despair?
 'Tis that sick hope—too weak for flying,
 That plays at fast and loose with Care,
 And wastes a weary life in dying!

2.

Though Promise be a welcome guest,
 Yet may it be too late a comer;
 'Tis but a cuckoo voice at best,
 The joy of spring, scarce heard in summer.

To a Cold Beauty.

3.

Then now consent, this very hour
 Let the kind word of peace be spoken;
 Like dew upon a wither'd flower
 Is comfort to the heart that's broken.

4.

The heart, whose will is from above,
 Shall yet its mortal taint discover;
 For Time, which cannot alter love,
 Hath power to kill the hapless lover.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

TO A COLD BEAUTY.

1.

LADY, wouldst thou heiress be
 To Winter's cold and cruel part?
 When he sets the rivers free,
 Thou dost still lock up thy heart;—
 Thou that shouldst outlast the snow,
 But in the whiteness of thy brow?

2.

Scorn and cold neglect are made
 For winter gloom and winter wind,
 But thou wilt wrong the summer air,
 Breathing it to words unkind,—
 Breath which only should belong
 To love, to sunlight, and to song!

3.

When the little buds unclose,
 Red, and white, and pied, and blue,
 And that virgin flower, the rose,
 Opes her heart to hold the dew,
 Wilt thou lock thy bosom up
 With no jewel in its cup?

4.

Let not cold December sit
 Thus in Love's peculiar throne;—
 Brooklets are not prisoned now,
 But crystal frosts are all gone,
 And that which hangs upon the spray,
 It is no snow, but flower of May!

T.

HUTTON'S COURSE OF MATHEMATICS.*

[For the Port Folio.]

DR. CHARLES HUTTON was born at Newcastle, in Northumberland, 14th August, 1737, and died at London, 27th January, 1823, in the 86th year of his age. He received only a common and defective education, and was a self-taught mathematician, as is obvious from the incorrect style of all his works. He was the author of several books of considerable merit, which were among the best of the kind at the time of their publication. He was at the head of the Royal Military College at Woolwich for the long space of thirty-five years, and raised the course of instruction, and the reputation, of that institution. He was the author of many inventions and improvements in different parts of theoretical and practical mathematics. His example, industry, and influence, have, perhaps, contributed more to the cultivation and advancement of mathematical and physical science in England than his writings. His memory will be perpetuated as a benefactor to his country, and an ornament to the age in which he lived. But his superior attainments, public services, and personal qualities were more respected by his numerous friends and acquaintances than his writings will be by posterity. Of all his works his *Mathematical Tables* are the most valuable, and the most likely to be permanent.

Hutton's *Course of Mathematics* has been recently republished, in this country, under the superintendence and sanction of an eminent mathematician, who is also a professor of mathematics in one of our oldest colleges; otherwise we should not have taken notice of it so long after its first publication in England.

Books of inferior merit sometimes continue long in use in places of education, to the great detriment of literature and science, because they are recommended by men of confined reading, whose opinions happen to be respected by the ignorant multitude. Many instances of this unlucky accident might be adduced in this country. Books have been obtruded upon the public, which ought to have been consigned to oblivion, and superseded by much better works of the same kind. However, there is some prospect that the performance now under review cannot continue long in print, in this country, to the exclusion of other books which are better

* A course of Mathematics for the use of academies as well as private tuition, by Charles Hutton, LL. D. F. R. S. and Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. revised, corrected, and improved, by Robert Adrain, LL. D. &c. Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Columbia College, New York.—2 vols. 8vo. 8 dollars.

adapted to the purposes of academical education. If Dr. Adrain had made a judicious selection of the more popular and useful parts, in one volume 8vo, and had also published all the problems in another volume, with solutions to the whole, or at least to the most difficult, he would have rendered an acceptable service to students. Such a copious collection of miscellaneous exercises is a desideratum in this country, and would be extremely useful to numerous individuals who have made some proficiency in the elements of mathematics. Many of the problems in the higher parts of the course are applicable to practical purposes, and therefore would be still more useful and interesting to the reader. The problems constitute an essential part of the course, and deserve more praise than the rest of it. We think this work inferior, both in plan and execution, to one of the same nature and design, compiled by four professors, and published for the use of the seminary of Saint Cyr in Paris. A good translation of that judicious treatise would be a better and a cheaper text-book in our colleges than any which we now possess. There is no expectation that Day's course of pure mathematics will be completed; and the course which is publishing at Cambridge, (in the state of Massachusetts,) is too voluminous and expensive for the present state of mathematical science in this country.

We shall now assume our critical functions, and take a cursory survey of the work before us, beginning with Dr. Hutton's account of its nature and design.

"A short and easy course of the mathematical sciences has long been considered as a desideratum for the use of students in the different schools of education: one that should hold a middle rank between the more voluminous and bulky collections of this kind, and the mere abstract and brief common-place forms, of principles and memorandums. For long experience, in all seminaries of learning, has shown, that such a work was very much wanted, and would prove a great and general benefit; as, for want of it, recourse has always been obliged to be had to a number of other books, of different authors, selecting a part from one, and a part from another, as seemed most suitable to the purpose in hand.—To remove these inconveniences, the author of the present work has been induced, from time to time, to compose various parts of this *Course of Mathematics*. As this work has been composed expressly with the intention of adapting it to the purposes of academical education, it is not designed to hold out the expectation of many new inventions and discoveries; but rather to collect and arrange the most useful principles in a convenient practical form, to demonstrate them in a plain and concise way, and to illustrate them with suitable examples; rejecting whatever seem to be matters of mere curiosity, and retaining only such parts and branches as have a direct tendency and application to some useful purpose in life or profession. It is, however, expected that something

new may be found in many parts of these volumes, as well in the matter, as in the arrangement and manner of demonstration."

How far the work corresponds with the author's design, as is stated in the preface, mathematicians may judge from an inspection of the contents, and the manner of execution. The incorrect style of the preceding extract is a fair specimen of that of the whole work. The author's design was good and useful, but his execution of it has disappointed our expectations. From the professions in the preface we were led to expect an original production of great extent, utility, and excellence. We knew that the author was a man of experience and ability, and held a high station in one of the most celebrated scientific institutions in Europe. The English edition consists of three volumes in 8vo. The first two volumes were written by Dr. Hutton, more than twenty years ago; the last is the joint production of Hutton and Dr. Olinthus Gregory, the present Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy. The third volume contains continuations of certain parts of the other two volumes, and also a number of new tracts on various subjects. The American editor has incorporated the parts of the last volume with their corresponding parts in the first and second, and has reduced the whole to two large volumes in 8vo. This is the most extensive, and the only complete course of pure mathematics that has been published in America. He says in his preface, that the authors of the treatise have selected the most useful and practical parts of mathematics. We cannot assent to his opinion; and we think that the third volume of the English edition somewhat resembles the refuse of an author's study, which might be picked up and laid on his shelves, without any loss to the public. Of what use to military students, or to students in general, are Polygonometry, Isoperimetry, &c? Why are more useful subjects omitted, as Continued Fractions, the Differential Method, Indeterminate Analysis, Reversion, and Summation of series, &c?

Hutton's Arithmetic is good, but not better than the treatises of Arithmetic of Keith, Joice, Bonnycastle, and others. Its merit and character are established, and cannot be affected by our praise.

"Algebra" contains rules and examples, but is deficient in theory. Thus, the rules of Arithmetical and Geometrical Proportion are not demonstrated, but only illustrated by numerical examples. This is an essential defect in an elementary book designed for the use of youth. The rudiments of the science are not developed, and exhibited in such a simple and perspicuous manner as to give learners clear notions of them. In this respect Hutton is inferior to Bridge, Bonnycastle, (2 vols 8vo.) and to several foreign writers, as Euler, Bezout, Bossut, Lacroix. The first three are models of simple and perspicuous composition.

Hutton's second method of proving the rule for the sign of the product of two negative factors is absurd. He supposes a quan-

tity to be equal to nothing, and then performs certain operations with it, as if it were a real quantity. He forgets the maxim of the logicians, namely, "ex nihilo nihil fit." Other writers have committed the same blunder, and involved students in a labyrinth of mystery and nonsense. Even the celebrated Euler is bewildered upon this subject; and, if we mistake not, (for we write from memory,) his reasoning upon the sign of the product of two negative factors would prove that the sign of two affirmative factors is negative. Multiplication is a compendious method of addition, and requires no other rules for the signs of any simple products than those for the signs of sums and differences in addition and subtraction of algebraical quantities. If the learner attend to these he will not be apt to err in the signs of any products.

Hutton's definition of a surd is erroneous. "Surds," says he, "are such quantities as have no exact root." According to this definition the rational numbers 2, 3, 5, 6, &c. are surds, for they are not susceptible of evolution. This, no doubt, was an oversight; and perhaps the author never saw the definition after it was printed. It is corrected in the American edition, but remains in the fifth English edition.

The definition of an equation does not appear to be accurate, and is not well expressed. "An equation is when two equal quantities, differently expressed, are compared together by means of the sign $=$ placed between them." Now two equal quantities differently expressed must be the same quantity expressed in two different ways. Thus, a and b are two different quantities; but if they be equal to each other, then they are the same quantity expressed differently. Hence we deduce this definition, which is more precise than Hutton's. An equation is the equality of two different expressions of the same quantity. The definition of an equation is incorrect in many books of Algebra.

Our author gives the common rules for the reduction of equations, illustrated by appropriate examples, but without any explanations or demonstrations. They are not evident without proof, and depend upon the common axioms of mathematics. Defects and inadvertences generally occur in the works of men who are self-taught, or have not received the benefit of a good education. Numerous instances of the truth of this objection might be adduced from the writings of many ingenious, self-taught men. One of the greatest objections to their writings is the inaccuracy and obscurity of their style, which is an unfit model for the imitation of youth. To this objection the present work is particularly liable.

Hutton's method of resolving questions in simple and quadratic equations is exceptionable. The reason which he assigns for his operations is insufficient. "In all these solutions," he says, "as many unknown letters are always used as there are unknown numbers to be found, purposely the better to exercise the modes of reduc-

ing the equations: avoiding the short ways of notation, which, though giving a shorter solution, are for that reason less useful to the pupil, as affording less exercise in practising the several rules in reducing equations." Why did he not give a sufficient number of examples in the solution of equations which contain two or three unknown quantities? It is always supposed that questions are to be resolved by the most natural, simple, and concise processes; not by those which are circuitous and prolix. Most of the questions can be resolved by shorter and easier methods of operation, which he has previously delivered. The first question is, "to find two numbers such, that their sum shall be ten, and their difference six." Now would any teacher direct his pupil to resolve this problem by means of two unknown quantities? We may remark the awkward phraseology in the preceding quotation; a species of phraseology which deforms the whole work. Algebra comprehends Simple, Quadratic, Cubic, and Biquadratic Equations, resolved by the usual rules; Equations of all degrees resolved by a method of approximation which was invented by Mr. John Bernoulli, "Interest and Annuities." This part of the course cannot be recommended as the best production of the kind. It is not destitute of merit, and holds the same rank as the Abridgment of Bonnycastle's Algebra, to which it bears a considerable resemblance.

We shall next offer some strictures on the article "Geometry." The author says that this part "is made much more easy and simple." In point of style it is incorrect and awkward. The principles and demonstrations are not always accurate and unexceptionable. The definition of a straight line comprehends both a definition and a proposition. The assumption of the equality of right angles, as an axiom, is gratuitous, and is not evident. The definition involves a proposition which requires proof; the axiom is a proposition which may be clearly inferred from the definitions of a perpendicular and a right angle. "A right line, or straight line, lies all in the same direction, between its extremities; and is the shortest distance between two points." The first member of this sentence, though badly expressed, conveys a full idea of a straight line. The second member is a proposition which can be demonstrated after theorem X; and the author has annexed it as a corollary to that theorem. Without a simpler notion of a straight line no learner could conceive that it was the shortest distance between two points. If it could be admitted as a definition, he might, like M. Legendre, have demonstrated the tenth theorem by means of it. Professor Leslie has demonstrated, in the notes to his Geometry, that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

Many geometers, both ancient and modern, have proposed various definitions of a straight line, some of which are remote from common apprehension. It appears to us that the common English

terms, straight line, (that is, stretched line,) convey a clear and distinct meaning of the nature of the line. The following definitions of a straight line have been given by different authors, and are clear and intelligible to students: A straight line is that which lies evenly between its extreme points, or has all its parts lying in the same direction, or every where tends the same way, or holds the same undeviating course throughout its whole extent. All these definitions have the same meaning; but the phraseology of the first, (which is from Simson's Euclid,) is rarely understood beyond the northern parts of Britain. Mr. Bonnycastle, in his excellent treatise of geometry, criticises Simson's definition, and gives the same differently expressed. Other definitions have been proposed by Boscovich, Playfair, Cresswell, and others; but they are not intelligible to students.

Hutton's tenth axiom, namely, "all right angles are equal to one another," is not obvious as an independent principle, but its truth is manifest as a corollary from the eleventh and fifteenth definitions. From those definitions it appears that all right angles are formed by straight lines standing upon other straight lines, and making the adjacent angles equal to one another, (which angles are called right angles;) consequently all right angles are equal to one another. From the time of Proclus to the present this property of right angles has been considered as a distinct proposition, and has been demonstrated indirectly (or *ex reductione ad absurdum*.) It is the first theorem in Legendre's Geometry, a work which has received as much praise as its intrinsic merit deserves.

The theorems and problems are separated, as if they were unconnected, and had no mutual dependence. Are the problems in geometry subordinate to the theorems? If the theorems could not be applied to the solution of problems they would be of no use. There is no advantage in this novel arrangement, and there is some disadvantage in it, for some theorems might be demonstrated in a more simple manner by means of the problems, if they were disposed among the theorems in their natural order, as in Euclid's Elements. In the demonstrations of some theorems our author is obliged to assume the practicability of certain problems. But in a legitimate demonstration nothing ought to be assumed, except postulates which are self-evident. M. Legendre has followed this absurd arrangement; and it is curious to observe his perplexity in the demonstration of the first problem in book third. He is, like Hutton, obliged to assume problems, which he afterward demonstrates in a subsequent part of his treatise of Geometry.

The doctrine of proportion is restricted to commensurable quantities; and we think the author has rightly excluded the incomprehensible jargon about incommensurables, such as the fifth book of Euclid, which has puzzled commentators and students for two thousand years. The properties of solids are demonstrated by the method of indivisibles, first introduced into Geometry by Cava-

lertus. This method of demonstration is not strictly geometrical; but it is intelligible and satisfactory to learners, and may therefore be admitted in the more popular kind of books for youth. At the end are annexed thirty-nine useful problems.

This article seems to contain all the useful and necessary propositions of geometry, without any which are merely subsidiary, and otherwise useless. It is written with sufficient perspicuity, but in a slovenly style. We think that the editor might have taken the liberty to correct and improve the most exceptionable inaccuracies of composition. It is not expedient to retain the faults of books intended for the use of youth in a foreign country. We want what is valuable, not what is worthless and injurious. In "Plane Geometry" the author has generally adopted Euclid's demonstrations: he has, in some cases, introduced improvements, and has added some propositions which are not in Simson's Euclid.

"Plane Trigonometry" contains all the theorems which are requisite in the solution of the cases of rectilinear triangles, with the mensuration of heights and distances, and a variety of numerical examples. This part has no particular merit, nor preference to some other short treatises. "Analytical Plane Trigonometry," and "Spherical Trigonometry," by Dr. Gregory, are not as clear and neat as might be wished. The most useful formulæ are investigated, and the solutions of spherical triangles are annexed. Gregory furnished several other articles in the third volume of the English edition, which are designated in his treatise of Trigonometry in 12mo. Though he is an able mathematician, yet he cannot claim the merit of perspicuity and elegance in his writings. He does not communicate instruction to his readers in the clearest and most agreeable manner.

"Mensuration of planes and solids, in theory and practice," and "Land Surveying," may be recommended to all persons who desire to learn those branches. They appear to be a judicious abridgment of the large treatise of Mensuration, which established Hutton's character as a mathematician before he obtained the professorship at Woolwich. They are not, however, preferable to some more recent works of the same kind by Bonnycastle, Robertson, Nesbit, and Ingram. We think Nesbit's Mensuration, containing land surveying, gauging, &c. and Landman's Practical Geometry, containing a great variety of useful geometrical problems, mensuration, and plane trigonometry, the best books of the kind. They are entirely practical; and the latter is for the use of the Military Academy at Woolwich, where the author is Professor of Fortification.

Next in order follow "Conic Sections," which the author seems to consider as his master-piece. "They are treated," says he, "in a manner at once new, easy, and natural; so much so indeed, that all the propositions and their demonstrations, in the ellipsis, are

After the elements of the science have been explained, and illustrated by examples, there follows a variety of applications to important subjects. Then follow certain tracts, which are more or less connected with the doctrine of fluxions, as the Motion of Machines, and their Maximum Effects, the Pressure of Earth and Fluids against Walls and Fortifications, the Theory and Practice of Gunnery. All these subjects are treated with ability, and deserve the attention of engineers who have received the benefit of a regular scientific education. Upon the whole we think that the article Fluxions, from its brevity, the number of illustrative examples, and its application to many useful practical subjects, possesses considerable merit, and is adapted to the use of youth in the higher places of education. Larger treatises of Fluxions have been written by Dealtry, Lacroix, and Simpson (new edition enlarged.)

Next follows a large and important article by Dr. Gregory, under the title of "Promiscuous Problems," as Exercises in Mechanics, Statics, Dynamics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Projectiles, &c. &c. The number of problems is fifty-three, with solutions, corollaries, and applications. "Descriptive Geometry" is added by Dr. Adrain. Of this subject we confess our ignorance; but from the talents and experience of the author we entertain no doubt of its utility. The course terminates with Tables of Logarithms, Sines, and Tangents. Besides the branches which have been enumerated, this course contains a number of shorter tracts, as the Elements of Isoperimetry, the Division of Surfaces, the Principles of Polygonometry, &c. We find a few remarks, notes, and additions by the editor, and wish that they had been more numerous. But we do not suppose that he has ever perused the whole work, for no adequate compensation for his time and labour would be allowed by the proprietors.

We shall now conclude our brief account of the various contents of this large and miscellaneous production. Its principal value consists in the great number of subjects which it contains. We find no subject which is treated better than it has been by other writers. From it a person may acquire a general knowledge of pure-mathematics. If he desire to obtain an intimate knowledge of particular branches, he must have recourse to the separate and complete works of different authors. Many particular subjects are omitted, which are more useful and necessary in a regular course of mathematics than some which this work contains. For instance, Continued Fractions, the Differential Method, Summation of Series, Reversion of Series, the Construction of Logarithms by Algebra, the Trigonometrical Canon, Figurate and Polygonal Numbers, Indeterminate Analysis, Exponential Equations, Variable Quantities, the Doctrine of Chances, &c. It seems somewhat strange that the construction of logarithmic tables is omitted, since those tables and their use are contained in the work. Those

omissions excite a suspicion in our minds that the last volume of the English edition contains such subjects as the stock of materials of its authors readily supplied.

In our opinion it is to be regretted that Dr. Hutton undertook the arduous compilation of his ponderous Dictionary of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. That work occupied some years of time and labour, which would probably have been devoted to inventions and improvements in pure and mixed mathematics. Though it is an useful work to mathematicians, yet it will require, from time to time, the correction and improvement of an able editor. Besides, it is now partly superseded by a much smaller book of the same kind, compiled by Mr. Barlow, of the Military Academy at Woolwich. Hutton was undoubtedly a great man, and has made improvements in different parts of the mathematical sciences. But his Course of Mathematics exhibits no display of superior taste and talents, nor of skill in the art of correct and elegant composition. A neat, concise system of pure and mixed mathematics is still a great desideratum in our colleges and higher schools. Mr. P. Nicholson has recently published an extensive course of pure and mixed mathematics in one bulky volume in 8vo, under the title of a Popular Course of Mathematics. For the epithet popular we should read unpopular; for we will venture to foretel, that the first impression of the book will survive the author. But Nicholson is an eminent mathematician.

**DIALOGUE BETWEEN HAYLEY AND MISS SEWARD.**

By an Oxford Wit.

MISS SEWARD, *loquitur.*

Tuneful poet! Britain's glory!
Mr. Hayley, that is you.

HAYLEY *respondet.*

Ma'am, you carry all before you;
Trust me, Litchfield swan, you do.

MISS SEWARD.

Ode didactic, epic, sonnet,
Mr. Hayley, you 're divine.

MR. HAYLEY.

Ma'am, I'll take my oath upon it,
You yourself are all the Nine!

THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

The Quarterly Review.

IN 1809 the first Number of this critical *Leviathan* came forth, when it was said that the proprietors had engaged a brilliant assemblage of talents in its support; and that the editorship was jointly invested in the hands of Gifford and Southey. This was a powerful check upon the virulence of the *Edinburgh*, for it defended so sturdily, and at the same time so ably, the measures of the government, and the cause of religion, that many people began to wonder why all this had not been done before.

As *all the talents* of the Whigs had been exerted in support of the northern journal, so all the ability of the Tories was put into requisition to stem the torrent of disaffection and dogmatism, which a too implicit reliance upon the *dicta* of the former was spreading far and wide through the land; and a great number of individuals, of the very highest intellectual acquirements, were speedily enrolled among the powerful contributors to the *Quarterly Review*. The editors were ably supported in the political department by Canning, Croker, and Barrow, and in the literary and scientific by not unworthy coadjutors. Under the auspices of so splendid a confederacy, it is not surprising that the *Quarterly* should rise pre-eminently above its unprincipled rival. But there is no pleasure, it is said, without a corresponding pain. Thus, this admirable journal soon began to exhibit the withering effect of party prejudice. The two reviews became open opponents; and, instead of exercising a fair and candid discrimination in matters of criticism, they estimated an author's talents by the uncertain standard of his political tenets; and he became accordingly, sufficiently lauded on the one hand, and more than sufficiently reviled on the other; his work was dissected with party malevolence and reviewed in the most intemperate spirit of party prejudice.

Another unworthy characteristic of the *Quarterly* is, the unnecessary severity with which it harrows the feelings of young and diffident writers. It may be urged,—nay, it often has been urged, that critical severity is absolutely necessary to repress the dull effusions of intruding blockheads. Indeed! will nonsense be tolerated and encouraged by the public? or is it necessary that a Reviewer should smite and slay, and heroically come forward to annihilate a poor harmless fool,—more especially when he runs the risk of destroying a true genius in the magnanimous undertaking? Fallacious subterfuge. It is merely a cover for the display of cruel wit and repulsive satire. And a most amiable and benignant disposition must that man possess, who can sit down in cold blood to gratify a vicious propensity,—for it is nothing less,—at the expense of another man's peace.

THE BEAR AND THE BISHOP.

[The following imitation of Peter Pindar, by an Oxford scholar, is said to be founded on fact:]

When Byron was at Trinity,
 Studying classics and divinity,
 'He kept a rugged Russian Bear;
 Which Bear
 Would often scratch and tear,
 And dance and roar;—
 So much so, that even men in the adjacent college
 Said, "within the sphere of their own knowledge,
 They never knew so great a bore!"
 Indeed the master, then a bishop, was so baited,
 He ordered the beast should quick be sold,
 Or if not sold at least *translated*.
 "What," said lord Byron, "what does the master say?
 Send my friend away!
 No!—give my compliments to Doctor Mansel,
 And say my Bear I certainly can sell;
 But 'twill be very hard, for tell him, 'Gyp,
 The poor thing's sitting for a *fellowship*!"

FRIENDSHIP.

[For the Port Folio.]

If in this life there is a charm,
 To chase its cares away,
 A power those sorrows to disarm,
 That on the heart would prey,
 'Tis when we meet a mind and heart
 Congenial with our own,
 Those harmless pleasures to impart
 To worldlings all unknown.
 Oh, cold as Lapland's coast that breast
 That feels not friendship's glow,
 That heart in icy fetters prest,
 Congealed within its snow.
 Dearer to me e'en friendship's frown
 Than flattery's honied guile;
 But blest as heaven approval's shown
 In fond affection's smile.
 For me, when no congenial mind
 Shall share my joys and woes,
 Grant heaven, my widowed heart may find
 The silent grave's repose.

SIDNEY.

NUTTALL'S TRAVELS INTO THE ARKANSAS TERRITORY.*

[From the *New Edinburgh Review*.]

AMONG the magnificent features of the geography of North America, one of the finest is the plain of the Mississippi. This noble river runs a course of about three thousand miles, in a line nearly south from its rise; and, after the accession of many tributary streams, each as large as the Danube, rolls its accumulated waters into the Gulf of Mexico, at New Orleans.

The country which is thus irrigated by streams, to which "our floods are rills," extends from the Alleghany or Apalachian mountains, on the east, which skirt the original territories of the United States, to the Rocky Mountains on the west, which separate it from New Mexico, and other districts lying along the western shore of the continent. A great proportion of this extensive country consists of alluvial soil, of immense flats, or prairies, exhibiting a most luxuriant vegetation; but, from liability to inundations, is of precarious culture, and extremely prejudicial to the health of the settlers. This is the region, also, which, at the time of the discovery of America, was inhabited by the numerous tribes of natives who subsisted almost entirely by hunting, and of whom, notwithstanding the exterminating violence that has been systematically practised towards them, it appears, by very recent statements, that two hundred and sixty tribes, of greater or less number, still exist. When driven from the eastern coast by the settlement of the Europeans, these tribes retired westward; and they have continued to recede, as the population of the United States, increased by emigrants from Europe, has been pressing in that direction, until they have been nearly displaced from the eastern bank of the Mississippi, and have been compelled to seek new ground in a still more western territory. But, even there, the government of the United States, with a restless grasping spirit, is pursuing them, and after having expelled some of the principal tribes of these natives from the eastern side of the great plain, across the river, by allotting them lands on the opposite side, as they assumed a power of doing, although this pretended allotment was a direct encroachment on the grounds of other tribes, they have still pushed their settlements in the same direction, and erected forts and stations to a considerable distance in the inte-

* A journal of Travels into the Arkansas Territory, during the year 1819, with Occasional Observations on the Manners of the Aborigines. Illustrated by a Map, and other Engravings. By Thomas Nuttall, F. L. S. Honorary Member of the American Philosophical Society, and of the Academy of Natural Sciences, &c. Philadelphia: Thomas H. Palmer. 1821. 8vo. pp. 296.

rior. Indeed, in their transactions with the native tribes, they have been at no pains to disguise their policy, which has been to incite them to mutual hostility, with a view to their being weakened, if not exterminated. Of one of these recent arrangements, respecting the Choctaws, General Jackson, well known for his cruelty in Louisiana, has been the negotiator.

The object of the author, in the travels before us, is to give a sketch of the natural history of a district of country, along the banks of the Arkansa river, which falls into the Mississippi on the west, after a long course, and on which there are several settlements belonging to the United States. He is resident in Philadelphia, and has devoted a considerable portion of his time to similar tours. The work is a simple narrative of each day's progress, with such remarks as suggested themselves, from the appearances of nature, the state of the inhabitants, or other circumstances, but without classification; and may more properly be considered as materials for a natural history, capable of being afterwards combined, and generalized.

The author set out from Philadelphia in the end of 1818, in a western direction, crossed the Alleghany ridge, and arrived at Pittsburgh, which may be considered as an entrepot between the countries on each side of the mountains, communicating by excellent roads with the eastern districts, and, situated on the Ohio, where the Monongahela and Alleghany meet, carrying on commercial intercourse by it, and the Mississippi into which it falls, with all the extensive country to the west and south. He describes it as the

“Thermopylæ of the west, into which so many thousands are flocking from every christian country in the world.—The shores of the Monongahela were lined with nearly 100 boats of all descriptions, steam-boats, barges, keels, and arks or flats, all impatiently and anxiously waiting the rise of the Ohio.”

The abundance of coal in this neighbourhood is much in favour of the prosperity of Pittsburgh. It rests upon sandstone, and is easily wrought. The author embarked in a skiff, and proceeded down the Ohio, with a single assistant; in five days arrived at Wheeling, the depot of this part of Virginia. He continued his progress, coming on shore at night, and taking up his quarters in cabins, taverns, or log-houses, as they presented. He passed the Swiss settlements of Vevay and Ghent, in the neighbourhood of which vineyards have been established, but with little success, the wines not keeping well when made. Louisville, in Kentucky, the next place of importance, is a large and flourishing city, but much infested with the spirit of gambling speculation, which erected banks without number, but without confidence and credit.

“A stranger,” he remarks, “who descends the Ohio at this season of emigration, cannot but be struck with the jarring vortex of heterogeneous population amidst which he is embarked, all

searching for some better country, which ever lies to the west, as Eden did to the east. Amongst the crowd are also those who, destitute of the means or inclination of obtaining an honest livelihood, are forced into desperate means for subsistence."

He passed the falls of the Ohio, which are not very formidable. The steam boats from New Orleans, which ascend the Ohio to Shippingport, below the Falls, are from 300 to 500 tons burthen, and handsomely fitted up. Sometimes they descend to New Orleans, in eighteen days. He next arrived at the junction of the Wabash, where the Illinois territory commences, and where Mr. Birkbeck has his settlement. He soon reached the mouth of the Ohio, and entered the Mississippi. The whole country in this neighbourhood, on both sides of these rivers, remains uninhabited, in consequence of inundation, but abounds with wild game, particularly all sorts of aquatic fowls.

The navigation of both rivers is much impeded, and rendered dangerous, by the frequent occurrence of trees which have been carried down by the torrent, and are stuck in the bottom, some with their tops, and some with their roots uppermost. When stationary, they are called snags, when moving with the current, sawyers. The following is a picture of this kind of navigation.

"A few miles below, we observed the river contracted within a narrow space by a spreading sand-bar or island, and planted almost across with large and dangerous trunks, some with the tops, and others with the roots uppermost, in a perpendicular posture. The water broke upon them with a noise which I had heard distinctly for two miles, like the cascade of a mill-race, in consequence of the velocity of the current; with all our caution to avoid them, the boat grazed on one, which was almost entirely submerged, and we received a terrific jar. All day we had experienced uninterrupted rain, but it was now pouring down in torrents. About two o'clock in the afternoon, as soon as the fog had cleared away, we perceived ourselves again moving towards the field of danger. I counted in the space of a minute about 100 huge trees fixed in all postures, nearly across the whole river, so as scarcely to leave room for a passage."

The voyage along the Mississippi resembles very much that of the Ohio—flats, woods, hamlets of log houses, and occasionally rising towns, and encampments of Indians, succeed each other along the bank. An earthquake occurred in this neighbourhood some years before, and did much mischief to some settlements. The banks abound with coal and bituminous matter.

The author reached the mouth of the White River, on the west, in twenty-four days from entering the Mississippi; and as it communicates, about seven miles up, by a boyau, or cross branch, with the Arkansa, he sailed up, and entered the Arkansa by this cut, which is about eight or nine miles in length. The whole country in the vicinity is an immense plain, unfit for settlement, on ac-

count of the inundations, which extend about thirty miles in breadth. The first houses he came to were those of a small French settlement, where the land is cultivated, and bears crops of cotton and corn. Of the immediate neighbourhood he remarks,

“No change, that I can remark, yet exists in the vegetation, and the scenery is almost destitute of every thing which is agreeable to human nature; nothing yet appears but one vast trackless wilderness of trees, a dead solemnity, where the human voice is never heard to echo, where not even ruins of the humblest kind recal its history to mind, or prove the past dominion of man. All is rude nature as it sprang into existence, still preserving its primeval type, its unreclaimed exuberance.”

The weather now, (21st Jan.) grew warm in the middle of the day, the thermometer being 67 at twelve o'clock. The town or settlement of the port of Arkansa contains about thirty or forty houses, where some merchants have considerable stores, supplied from New Orleans. The great Prairie commences here, extending upwards, nearly parallel with the river, like a shorn desert, but covered with grass, and herbaceous plants, about thirty leagues in length, and ten or fifteen in breadth; and subject to be flooded after rains. The author remarks, that notwithstanding this place is in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, Candia and Cyprus, and nearly of Madeira, even the fig does not stand the winter, the frosts of which are severe; nor is there any prospect of naturalizing the date or olive. “No evergreens, he adds, of any description, except the holly, appear throughout the dreary forests. The north-western winds, sweeping over the arctic deserts of eternal winter, have extended the temperature of northern Europe over all the regions of the United States, nearly to the very limits of the tropic.” There is a great want of industry in this place; and the love of amusements, as in most French colonies, is carried to extravagance, particularly gambling and dancing parties, or balls. The settlers are descendants of the Canadian French, who migrated to this country. The Aborigines of the territory, now commonly called Arkansas, or Quapaws, do not, at this time, number more than 200 warriors. These retain their peculiar usages and superstitions unimpaired, and uninfluenced by intercourse with the more civilized inhabitants.

The nearest settlement to Arkansa, deserving the name, is that of Cadron, at 300 miles distance. The north side of the river betwixt it and Arkansa is, however, marked by individual settlements occurring at intervals of about thirty miles; while, on the other side, are many villages of the Quapaw Indians. At a Mr. Kirkendale's, he had an interview with one of the Quapaw chiefs, who landed there on his way down the river.

“He was not the hereditary chief, but received his appointment as such, in consequence of the infancy of the children of the Grand Barbe. His appearance and deportment were agreeable and pre-

possessing, his features aquiline and symmetrical. Being told that I had journeyed a great distance, almost from the borders of the great lake of salt water, to see the country of the Arkansa, and observing the attention paid to me by my hospitable friend, he, in his turn, showed me every possible civility, returned to his canoe, put on his uniform coat, and brought with him a roll of writing, which he unfolded with great care, and gave it me to read. This instrument was a treaty of the late cession and purchase of lands from the Quapaws, made the last autumn, and accompanied by a survey of the specified country. The lines of this claim, now conceded for the trifling sum of 4000 dollars in hand, and an annuity of a thousand dollars worth of goods, pass up White River, until a south line intersects the Canadian river* of Arkansa, then continuing along the course of this river to its sources, afterwards down Red River to the Great Raft, and thence in a north east direction to point Chicot, on the Mississippi, and so in a north west line to the place of commencement, near White River. The reservation (situated exclusively on the south bank of the Arkansa) commences at the post or town of Arkansas, and continues up that river to the Little Rock, thence in a southern direction to the Washita, which continues to be the boundary, to a line intersecting the place of commencement. To this deed were added the names of no less than thirteen chiefs. This tract contains probably more than 60,000 square miles. Such are the negotiating conquests of the American republic, made almost without the expense of either blood or treasure!"

About forty miles before reaching Cadron, the river is confined by hills about 600 feet high, resembling in composition the Alleghany mountains. The following remarks on entering this valley, through which the river runs nearly straight, appear to us creditable to the author's taste:

"After emerging as it were from so vast a tract of alluvial lands, as that through which I had now been travelling for more than three months, it is almost impossible to describe the pleasure which these romantic prospects again afforded me. Who can be insensible to the beauty of the verdant hill and valley, to the sublimity of the clouded mountain, the fearful precipice, or the torrent of the cataract. Even bald and moss-grown rocks, without the aid of sculpture, forcibly inspire us with that veneration which we justly owe to the high antiquity of nature, and which appears to arise no less from a solemn and intuitive reflection on their vast capacity for duration, contrasted with that transient scene in which we ourselves only appear to act a momentary part."

The Cadron is but a small place with scattered houses, upon ground considerably elevated above the plain. The road from Arkansa to it runs through the great prairie already mentioned.

* The Canadian river here mentioned falls into the Arkansa on the south, a considerable way up.

and is above 150 miles in length. The river from this point upwards has a more western track, and passes through some Cherokee settlements, a little above Cadron, on grounds allotted them by congress, in exchange for some on the Mississippi. Their industry appears visible in their farms, houses, and dress; and many are possessed of wealth. The number who have settled here are about 1500; but there seems to be some unfair ambiguity about these allotments, as land speculators are still in terms for them. A portion at least of this tribe appears to have been first settled on the sea-coast of South Carolina, where, according to a tradition still extant among them, they saw the white people approach near the site of Charlestown. "They requested, they say, a small portion of land, but at length encroached upon us till we had to cross the mountains, and now even the banks of the Mississippi." From hence the author proceeds up the river, which flows over rocks, through prairies, and uninhabited districts, receiving many tributary streams on each side. He next arrives at Fort Smith, a garrison belonging to the United States. It consists of two block-houses, and barracks for seventy men, at the junction of the Pottoe with the Arkansa, on ground about fifty feet of elevation, and surrounded by alluvial soil and uplands of great fertility.

From this place the author set out on an expedition with the major of the garrison and a party of soldiers in a south west direction,—the object of the expedition being to remove the few resident whites from a certain line which had been fixed for the tribe of the Osages. The route lay through some as wild scenes as can be conceived. Along the Pottoe the whole country was a prairie, with luxuriant grass knee-deep, and herds of deer feeding. In other prairies the bison abounded, and afforded good sport. The party proceeded to the confluence of the Kiamesha and Red River, the latter of which falls into the Mississippi far south, and returned nearly in the same direction to the garrison. From thence the author continued his voyage up the Arkansa almost in a western direction, to a trading establishment about 130 miles higher up, at the confluence of the Verdigris with the Arkansa, and near that of the Grand River. On the left, in sailing up, a large river, called the Canadian, of considerable magnitude, joins the Arkansa. The banks present nothing remarkable in this uninhabited region,—alternately flats, and rocks, with wild deer, elks, and bisons approaching the water. Several salt streams fall in on the north side. The site of the trading depot is on the bank of the Verdigris, between which and the Six Bulls, or Grand River, is a neck of land two miles wide, free from inundation, and covered with large trees. Should this country ever be settled, no situation can be better adapted for a town—communicating with three rivers. The country of the Osage Indians commences near this—they are about 8000. There are considerable salt-works from

springs on the Grand River. The Osages were at this time in the neighbourhood, engaged in a great bison hunt, collecting tallow and meat.

The author accompanies a trapper and hunter on an excursion by land, up the Arkansa; but suffered severely from fatigue and sickness, besides annoyance from the Indians. He was upwards of a month in returning to Verdigris. He descends the Arkansa to the garrison, where he remained till 16th October to recruit his health. The following are the remarks he makes as to the prevalence of fever:

“From July to October, the ague and bilious fever spread throughout the territory in a very unusual manner. Connected apparently with these diseases, was one of an extraordinary character. It commenced by slight chills, and was succeeded by a fever, attended with unremitting vomitings, accompanied with blood, and bloody fæces. Ejecting all medicine, it became next to impossible to administer internal relief. The paroxysms, attended with excruciating pain, took place every other day, similar to the common intermittent. One of the soldiers who descended with us, was afflicted in this way for the space of six days, after which he recovered. On the intermitting days he appeared perfectly easy, and possessed a strong and craving appetite. I was credibly informed that not less than 100 of the Cherokees, settled contiguous to the banks of the Arkansa, died this season of the bilious fever.”

He then proceeded back to Cadron. The description he gives of the persons he met with there, accords very ill with our ideas of simple manners in such remote scenes.

“On the evening of the 18th December, I again arrived at the Cadron, where four families now resided. A considerable concourse of travellers and some emigrants begin to make their appearance at this imaginary town. The only tavern, very ill provided, was consequently crowded with all sorts of company. It contained only two tenantable rooms, built of logs, with hundreds of crevices still left open, notwithstanding the severity of the season. Every reasonable and rational amusement appeared here to be swallowed up in dram drinking, jockeying, and gambling.”

On the 21st January he reaches again the mouth of the Arkansa, after having traced that river about 800 miles, and embarks on the Mississippi in a flat boat on the 21st January for New Orleans, which he does not reach till the 18th February. Of the general character of the navigation of this river he remarks,

“As above the Arkansa, the river still continues meandering. The curves, at all seasons washed by a rapid current, present crumbling banks of friable soil more or less mixed with vegetable matter. By the continued undermining and removal of the earth, the bends are at length worn through, the former tongue of land then becomes transformed into an island, and the stagnation and partial filling of the old channel, now deserted, in time produces

a lake. Some idea of the singular caprice of the Mississippi current may be formed, by taking for a moment into view the extraordinary extent of its alluvial valley, which below the Ohio is from *thirty to forty miles* in width, through all which space it has from time to time meandered, and over which it will never cease to hold occasional possession. On the opposite side of all the bends there are what are called bars, being platforms of sand formed by the deposition of the siliceous matter washed out of the opposite banks by the force of the current. These sand flats, sometimes near a mile in width, are uniformly flanked by thick groves of willows and poplars, the only kind of trees which survive the effects of the inundation to which these bars are perpetually subject."

On the 30th he arrives at Natchez, a considerable and opulent town. Horticulture and agriculture are here objects of attention. The vine and the olive do not succeed, although other plants, equally natives of a warm climate, thrive. An endowment of land has been made here for the building and support of a college. The aboriginal Natchez have been almost exterminated. The Choctaw tribe are also found here, but were at that time about to be removed to the east of the Mississippi. On the 10th he arrives at the regular settlements, which continue to New Orleans without interruption about 100 miles.

"These planters," he observes, "are nearly all of French or Spanish extraction, and, as yet, there are among them but few Americans. Their houses are generally built of wood, with piazzas for shade in the summer. Notwithstanding their comparative opulence, they differ little either in habits, manners, or dress from the Canadians. Dancing and gambling appear to be their favourite amusements. The men, as usual, are commonly dressed in blanket coats, and the women wear handkerchiefs around their heads in place of bonnets. The inhabitants do not appear to be well supplied with merchandize, and the river is crowded with the boats of French and Spanish pedlars."

The author gives a fearful picture of the state of Negro slavery in this quarter, the cruelty exercised towards these unhappy sufferers being extreme. He particularizes an American by name, as one of the most atrocious of those tyrants; and adds,

"How little wealth has contributed towards human improvement, appears sufficiently obvious throughout this adventitiously opulent section of the Union. Time appears here only made to be lavished in amusement."—"The only serious pursuit appears to be the amassing and spending of that wealth, which is wrung from the luckless toil of so many unfortunate Africans."

The river is carefully embanked both above and below New Orleans, and the alluvial ground bears very rich crops. Sugar and cotton are the great objects of culture. The town contains about 45,000 inhabitants, a great proportion of whom are of French extraction, and retain their mother tongue. The situation of the

town, which was begun in 1718, is rendered unhealthy by the swamp which circumscribes its western suburb, and which continues at all seasons totally impassable. A short canal crosses it, forming a communication with the bayou St. John and Lake Ponchartrain, by which means a commercial communication is opened to Mobile, Pensacola, and the Alabama territory. The yellow fever in the year 1818 carried off about 6000 individuals, many of them emigrants from the northern states and from Europe.

Gambling appears to be a prevailing vice, and is converted into a source of profit to the state. Every pharo bank and roulette table pays 500 dollars, and every billiard table 50 dollars a-year, of tax. Science and literature are very little cultivated. Something like a museum was begun a few years ago, but it was transformed into a coffee-house for gambling. The same fate has attended an assemblage of specimens of the fine arts, where dice and the bottle have displaced every thing else. The principal market is on Sunday forenoon, and is chiefly managed by negroes.

As a proof of the extensive internal commerce of New Orleans by the Mississippi and its many tributary streams, the number of steam boats alone, when the author visited it, was 75, besides innumerable small craft and shipping. From this place he returned home by sea.

In an appendix, the author gives a sketch of the ancient aboriginal population of the banks of the Mississippi and the adjoining country, taken from an old narrative of the expedition of Ferdinand de Soto, who sailed from Cuba with 1000 men, in 1539, in search of the precious metals, and who, landing in Florida, advanced to the Mississippi, and explored a great part of that immense country, from whence there returned, in 1543, only 311 persons of the original number. Of the native tribes then mentioned, it appears that only the Chickasas and Cherokees retain the same names.

From the account we have given of this work, our readers will see that it is of a very modest and unpretending nature. The narrative and style seem fitted to the subject, and are sufficiently distinct and perspicuous to convey a correct idea of the places and features of the country described. Such a simple account of its present state will most probably be matter of much curiosity, when this extensive territory shall be filled with busy settlers, and embellished with rising towns; when the silence of the desert shall be exchanged for the cheerful tones of active industry, and the primeval gloomy forest, and pestilential swamp, converted into scenes of life, and health, and joy. From the increasing current of emigration rolling on from the eastward, supplied by the United States and the overflow of Europe, the period of this transformation may be anticipated as at no very great distance; and nothing surely can be more pleasant, than the contemplation, even in idea, of this world of solitude becoming the peopled seat of industry, and science, and art.

The future *political* situation of a region with such vast capabilities, is a problem of more difficult solution; but whether it shall form an accession to the already extended power of the United States, or constitute a separate empire, its destination cannot fail, in either alternative, to become a subject of much interest, if not of anxious solicitude, to Great Britain.

WHAT IS LIFE?

For the Port Folio.

What is life? a transient bubble,
Like the ignis fatuus' gleam—
Full of crosses, full of trouble,
Passing like a fever'd dream.

What is every earthly pleasure?
Lures their victim hearts to gain:
What the miser's countless treasure?
Can it banish grief or pain?

What's ambition—genius—power?
But the rapid lightning's play:
What is beauty but a flower?
Soon it blights and fades away:

What are virtue, truth, and candour?
Hearts to gentlest feelings strung;
Objects of dark Envy's slander,
Poison'd by her venom'd tongue.

Love and friendship—richest blessing!
Are they always what they seem?
Oft, when sure these boons possessing,
Dwell they not in fancy's dream?

Hope's bright visions, youth adorning,
Gilding every object round,
Like the dewy gems of morning,
Are at noon-tide never found.

All of life is evanescent,
Fickle as the veering wind;
Earthly joys and treasures transient—
All save treasures of the mind.

Mind!—the clue to mortals given,
If he right the boon employs,
To point and guide the soul to heaven,
There to dwell in lasting joys.

SYDNEY.

THE PHRENOLOGISTS.

A pleasant hoax which has lately been played upon this new sect, is thus related in Blackwood's Magazine.

TICKLER.

—Those infernal ideots, the Phrenologists, have been kicking up a dust about her skull, too, it appears. Will those fellows take no hint?

ODOHERTY.

They take a hint! why you might as well preach to the Jumpers, or the Harmonists, or any other set of stupid fanatics; don't let me hear them mentioned again.

DR. MULLION.

They have survived the turnip. What more can be said?

HOGG.

The turnip, Doctor?

DR. MULLION.

You haven't heard of it then? I thought all the world had. You must know, however, that a certain ingenious person of this town lately met with a turnip of more than common foiness in his field—he made a cast of it, clapped it to the cast of somebody's face, and sent the composition to the Phrenological, with his compliments, as a fac-simile of the head of a celebrated Swede, by name Professor Tornhippsson. They bit—a committee was appointed—a report was drawn up—and the whole character of the professor was soon made out as completely secundum artem, as Haggart's had been under the same happy auspices a little before. In a word, they found out that the illustrious Dr. Tornhippsson had been distinguished for his habitiveness, constructiveness, philoprogenitiveness, &c.—nay, even for “tune,” “ideality,” and “veneration.”

ODOHERTY.

I fear they have heard of the hoax, and cancelled that sheet of their Transactions. What a pity!

HOGG.

Hoh! hoh! hoh! The organization of a fozeey turnip! Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh! the like o' that! The Swedish turnip—the celebrated Swede!

ODOHERTY.

Le Glorieux himself never carried through a better quiz. The whole thing is a perfect Fuit Ilium!—The worst of the whole was, that a couple of the leading members had been disputing rather keenly, which of their own two organizations bore the greater resemblance to that of the enlightened defunct!!!

TOBACCO; BY LORD BYRON.

In that poetical *felo de se* entitled *The Island*, Lord Byron has introduced a tribute to a fragrant weed, which we think would relax the features of old Hobbes himself,—who was an inveterate smoker.

A short frail pipe, which yet had blown
 Its gentle odours over either zone,
 And puffed where'er winds rise or waters roll,
 Had wafted smoke from Portsmouth to the Pole,
 Opposed its vapour as the lightning flashed,
 And reeked, midst mountain-billows unabash'd,
 To Æolus a constant sacrifice,
 Through every change of all the varying skies.
 And what was he who bore it?—I may err,
 But deem him sailor or philosopher.
 Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
 Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
 Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
 His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
 Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
 Though not less loved in Wapping or the Strand;
 Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
 When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
 Like other charmers, wooing the caress
 More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
 Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
 Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

ITALY.

The following apostrophe, from the last poem by Mr. Rogers, (Italy,) is eminently beautiful:

O Italy, how beautiful thou art;
 Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas,
 Low in the dust; and they who come admire thee
 As we admire the beautiful in death.

Thine was a dangerous gift,—the gift of Beauty.
 Would thou hadst less, or wert as once thou wast,
 Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!
 —But why despair? Twice hast thou lived already;
 Twice shone among the nations of the world,
 As the sun shines among the lesser lights
 Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour shall come
 When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,
 Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,
 Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
 If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
 Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
 Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
 And dying left a splendour like the day,
 That like the day diffused itself, and still
 Blesses the earth—the light of genius, virtue,
 Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
 God-like example, echoes that have slept
 Since Athens, Lacedæmon, were themselves,
 Since men invoked “By those in Marathon!”
 Awake along the Ægean; and the dead,
 They of that sacred shore, have heard the call,
 And thro' the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen
 Moving as once they were—instead of rage,
 Breathing deliberate valour!

WOMAN.

For the Port Folio.

The sex we honour, but their faults we blame.—*Young.*

The worst of curses yet bestow'd on man,
 Since first in Paradise his woes began,
 Is to be doom'd to drag the load of life
 Forever goaded by a scolding wife,
 Whose ceaseless brawling, like the ocean's roar,
 Is heard at distance e'en beyond the shore
 Whereon it breaks with such revengeful force,
 That Jove himself could not impede its course.
 In vain our efforts to exert the lungs,
 (Eternal silence to all scolding tongues,
 Faintly to hear our voices rise above
 The deaf'ning clamour of the fair we love,
 Who knows no pause—no interval of ease.
 A scolding wife what mortal man can please?

She's like the stream that's ever turbulent,
 Seeking some obstacle on which to vent
 Its boiling waters in a frothy spray,
 With one unceasing roar from day to day:
 And when opposed, it grows more fierce and bold;
 'Tis opposition most delights the scold.
 Wedlock! the troubles that thou hast in store
 Are left too often to be counted o'er
 When mutual pledges bind the hapless pair,
 Who at the altar too presumptuous swear,
 That kind and loving they will still remain
 Till death shall break the adamant chain.
 How have I seen an angel smile disguise
 Malignant passions which alternate rise:
 That angel smile has won the thoughtless swain,
 Who liv'd to curse it, when his curse was vain.
 Too late he found, that like the blushing rose,
 Beauty conceals the thorn that 'neath it grows.
 Oppress'd with grief and dark foreboding care,
 Hope flies his breast, supplanted by despair.
 The God of Love departs on hurried wing,
 He finds the scorpion nestling with its sting,
 Where he alone is destin'd to preside,
 Love ne'er endures a rival by his side.
 O woman! woman! 'tis to thee we owe
 Our sweetest comfort and our bitterest wo!
 If kind, how canst thou soothe the aching heart;
 If cruel, pierce it with the deadly dart.
 Give me to live in solitude unknown,
 Water my drink, and bread my food alone,
 Rather than wedlock's golden chain to wear,
 If smiling peace hold no dominion there.
 Man's breast is like the hard but yielding clay,
 It may be softened—Woman, wouldst thou sway
 The heart of him who asks thy heart in love?
 Smiles, kind entreaties, will successful prove.

PACIFICUS.

 STANZAS.

For the Port Folio.

1.

When youth's delirious dream is past,
 And fancied joys can charm no more;
 When melancholy's cloud is cast,
 O'er visions calm and clear before;

2.

When hope, dear "anchor of the soul,"
Leaves a sad wreck the broken heart;
When whelming sorrows o'er us roll!
Or when we feel affliction's dart;—

3.

Oh then for some supporting pow'r,
To cheer our woes, dispel the gloom;
To chase away those clouds which lower,
Veiling our view beyond the tomb.

Athens, Ga., 1822.

W.

AUTUMN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I love thee, Autumn! oft I muse
Upon the varied year—
Spring's robe of green may charm the eye,
And pure serene of summer's sky,
While some for genial joys will fly
To winter drear.

I love thee, autumn! in thy robe
Of unassuming brown.
The thinking soul who pensive roves
Among thy dark decaying groves
In sweet despondence, dearly loves
To mourn thee flown.

I love thee, Autumn! other hearts
Choose summer's sickly gleam;
They look upon day's golden star,
They think of night as yet afar,
But ah! full soon thou com'st to mar
Their tinsel dream!

W.

A tradesman has the following printed on shop-bills:—

My books are so crammed, and bad debts I've so many,
I'm resolved that in future I wont trust a penny;
Giving credit to *friends* often friendship endangers,
And I hope ne'er again to be cheated by strangers.

OBITUARY.

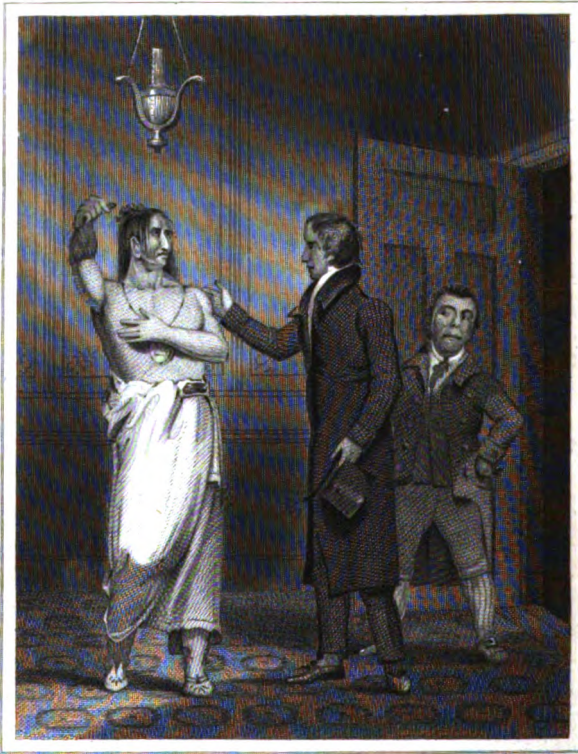
DIED, in this city, on the 23rd day of August last, in the 53rd year of his age, James S. Ewing, M. D. The personal character of this most lamented gentleman strongly endeared him, not only to his immediate connexions, but to every portion of the community in which it was known. Dr. Ewing never aspired to any public office; although his ability, his zeal, and his integrity, eminently qualified him for a distinguished station. It was at his own fire side, in the tranquil enjoyment of its most exquisite pleasures, that his cheerful dispositions and his steady affections were enjoyed. There he was a model of kindness, of urbanity, of good sense and good temper. There he was the husband and the father; —the protector, the teacher, and the companion. The simplicity and mildness of his manners were so fascinating, his information on most subjects so accurate, and his willingness to communicate so prompt, that he could, with equal ease, delight the young or instruct the learned. “Though the most social of human beings, and the most disposed to encourage and to sympathize with the gayety and the joviality of others, his own spirits were, in general, rather cheerful than gay; or, at least, never rose to any turbulence or tumult of merriment; and while he would listen with the kindest indulgence to the more extravagant sallies of his younger friends, and prompt them by his heartiest approbation, his own satisfaction might generally be traced in a slow and temperate smile, gradually mantling over his benevolent and intelligent features, and lighting up the countenance of the sage with the expression of the mildest and most genuine philanthropy.” Although his mind was amply stored with materials to amuse or edify, there was nothing like pretension about him; he was never impatient to speak, but always willing to listen; and such was his mildness that the most inveterate pertinacity of dulness never provoked from him an impatient word or look. He did not endeavour to excite attention by laborious efforts to shine, but delivered his opinions in the plainest language. Dr. Ewing was admirably fitted for the office of a teacher, in the higher branches of science, by the patience and simplicity with which he discussed the most difficult topics. Indulgent to the faults and errors of others, his own conduct was regulated by the strictest rules of propriety. Although often afflicted by severe and protracted illness, and frequently subjected by his unsuspecting nature, to the practices of fraud, neither pain nor loss could disturb the even current of his benevolence. There was nothing selfish in the character of the deceased. He was indefatigable in his labours to succour the feeble and relieve the distressed. Wealth had no merit in his

eyes beyond its capacity to be truly useful. In measures of a public nature, where his scientific acquirements could be useful, Dr. Ewing never failed to contribute such suggestions as occurred to him, either by disquisitions in the daily or monthly journals or by personal communications. In every thing of this kind which he undertook, he laboured with as much zeal as if it was of the most momentous consequence to his own interests. Indeed, his mind was of that enlarged and inquisitive description that it was too much occupied in such speculations for his own welfare. To his solicitude for the general good, the members of the First Presbyterian Church, in this city, are indebted for the discovery of certain defects in the roof of their former house of worship in High Street, which threatened the destruction of the whole edifice; and the beautiful building which now ornaments Washington Square will long remain an honourable monument of his unwearied and disinterested perseverance. The frequent explosion of steam-boat boilers excited his attention to that subject, and he invented a *stenometer*, by which the pressure on a mineral water machine is indicated with perfect accuracy; and these machines, it is well known, require more pressure than is necessary for the propulsion of a steam-boat. He invented other valuable improvements upon the machines for making artificial mineral waters, which were secured by patent in February, 1817. For his *Screw Hydrant*, the American Philosophical Society awarded to him their Extra-Magellanic Premium—a gold medal,—and in like manner, his *Piston-Lever Hydrant* was honoured by the Scot Premium from the Agricultural Society of Pennsylvania.

Of these highly important inventions, we shall endeavour, at some future period, to furnish a more particular account.

We fear that this is but a feeble delineation of one of the most amiable and estimable of men; but we could not suffer such an individual to go down to the grave in silence. While eloquence is daily invoked to scatter her choicest flowers on the tombs of the opulent and the warlike, who have passed a life of questionable usefulness, may we not celebrate the quiet virtues which adorn the Christian and give to social life its purest and brightest charms?

J. E. H.



Drawn by Inman

Eng. by W.F. Tucker

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MR GRANT & MUHEGAN.

The Pioneer, Vol. 11, p. 9

**Dorn at Basingstoke, in 1728; and very early in life afforded
promise of his future excellence. A letter, addressed to his sister
from school when he was about nine years of age, containing an
NOVEMBER, 1823.—NO. 259 45**

The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS WARTON.

THE life of Thomas Warton, by Dr. Mant, now Bishop of Killaloe, prefixed to the edition of his poems published at Oxford, is drawn from sources so authentic, and detailed with so much exactness, that little remains to be added to the circumstances which it relates.

THOMAS WARTON was descended from a very respectable family in Yorkshire. His grandfather, Anthony Warton, was rector of a village in Hampshire; and his father was a fellow of Magdalen College, and Poetry Professor in the University of Oxford. His mother, daughter of Joseph Richardson, who was also a clergyman, gave birth to three children:—Joseph, of whom some account will hereafter be given, Thomas, and Jane. Thomas was born at Basingstoke, in 1728; and very early in life afforded promise of his future excellence. A letter, addressed to his sister from school when he was about nine years of age, containing an

epigram on Leander, was preserved with affectionate regard by their brother, Dr. Warton. What school it was, that may claim the honour of contributing to the instruction of one who was afterwards so distinguished as a scholar, has not been recorded.

On the 16th of March, 1743, he was admitted a commoner of Trinity College, Oxford; and about two years after lost his father, —a volume of whose poems was, soon after his death, printed by subscription, by his eldest son Joseph, with two elegiac poems to his memory, one by the editor, the other by his daughter above-mentioned. The latter of these tributes is termed by Mr. Crowe, in a note to one of his eloquent Crewian Orations.—“*Ode tenera, simplex, venusta,*”—“tender, simple, and beautiful.”

In the course of this year he published, without his name, the Pleasures of Melancholy; having, perhaps, been influenced in the choice of a subject thus sombre, by the loss of his parent. In this poem, his imitations of Milton are so frequent and palpable, as to discover the timid flight of a young writer not daring to quit the track of his guide. Yet by some (as appears from the letters between Mrs. Carter and Miss Talbot) it was ascribed to Akenside. In 1746 was produced his Progress of Discontent,—a paraphrase on one of his own exercises, made at the desire of Dr. Huddesford, the head of his college.

His next effort attracted more general notice. In consequence of some disgrace which the University had incurred with Government, by its supposed attachment to the Stuart family, Mason had written his *Isis*, an elegy; and in 1749, Warton was encouraged by Dr. Huddesford to publish an answer to it, with the title of the *Triumph of Isis*. It may naturally be supposed, that so spirited a defence of Oxford against the aspersions of her antagonist would be welcomed with ardour; and among other testimonies of approbation which it received, Dr. King, whose character is eulogized in the poem, coming into the bookseller's shop, and inquiring whether five guineas would be acceptable to the author, left for him an order for that sum. After an interval of twenty-eight years, his rival, Mason, was probably sincere in the opinion he gave,—that Warton had much excelled him both “in poetical imagery, and in the correct flow of his versification.”

He now became a contributor to a monthly miscellany called *The Student*; in which, besides his *Progress of Discontent*, were inserted *A Panegyric on Oxford Ale*, a professed imitation of the *Splendid Shilling*; *The Author confined to College*; and *A Version of the twenty-ninth Chapter of Job*.

His two degrees having been taken at about the usual intervals, in 1751 he succeeded to a fellowship of his college, where he found a peaceful and unenvied retreat for the remainder of his days, without betraying any ambition of those dignities,—which, to the indignation of Bishop Warburton, were not conferred upon him.

At this time appeared his *Newmarket*, a Satire; *An Ode written for Music*, performed in the University Theatre; and two copies of verses, one in Latin, the other in English, on the Death of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

In 1753, his *Ode on the Approach of Summer*,—*The Pastoral*, in the Manner of Spenser—(which has not much resemblance to that writer,) and *Verses inscribed on a beautiful Grotto*,—were printed in the *Union*, a poetical miscellany, selected by him, and edited at Edinburgh.

The next year we find him employed in drawing up a body of statutes for the Radcliffe Library, by the desire of Dr. Huddesford, then Vice-Chancellor; in assisting Colman and Thornton in the *Connoisseur*; and in publishing his *Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser*, which he afterwards enlarged from one to two volumes. Johnson complimented him “for having shown to all, who should hereafter attempt the study of our ancient authors, the way to success, by directing them to the perusal of the books which their author had read;” a method of illustration which since, certainly, has not wanted imitators. Much of his time must have been now diverted from his favourite pursuits, by his engagement in the instruction of college pupils. During his excursions in the summer vacations, to different parts of England, he appears to have occupied himself in making remarks on such specimens of Gothic and Saxon architecture as came in his way. His manuscript on this subject was in the possession of his brother, since whose decease, unfortunately, it has not been discovered. Some incidental observations on our ancient buildings, introduced into his book

on the *Faerie Queene*, are enough to make us regret the loss. The poetical reader would have been better pleased if he had fulfilled an intention he had of translating the *Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius*.

Though it was not the lot of Warton to attain distinction in his clerical profession, yet literary honours, more congenial to his taste and habits, awaited him. In 1756, he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and faithfully performed the duties of his office, by recommending the purest models of antiquity in lectures which are said to have been "remarkable for elegance of diction, and justness of observation," and interspersed with translations from the Greek epigrammatists.

To Johnson he had already rendered a material service, by his exertions to procure him the degree of Master of Arts, by diploma; and he increased the obligation, by contributing some notes to his edition of Shakspeare, and three papers to *The Idler*. The imputation cast on one, from whom such kindness had been received, of his "being the only man of genius without a heart," must have been rather the effect of spleen in Johnson, than the result of just observation; and if either these words, or the verses in ridicule of his poems—

Endless labour all along,
Endless labour to be wrong;
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and sonnet;

had been officiously repeated to Warton, we cannot much wonder at what is told, of his passing Johnson in a bookseller's shop without speaking, or at the tears which Johnson is related to have shed at that mark of alienation in his former friend.

A Description of Winchester, and a Burlesque on the Oxford Guides, or books professing to give an account of the University, both anonymous, are among the next publications attributed to his pen.

In 1758, he made a selection of Latin inscriptions in verse; and printed it, together with notes, under the title of *Inscriptionum Romanarum Metricarum Delectus*; and then first undertook, at the suggestion it is said of Judge Blackstone, the splendid edition

of Theocritus, which made its appearance twelve years after. The papers left by Mr. St. Amand, formed the basis of this work: to them were added some valuable criticisms by Toup; and though the arrangement of the whole may be justly charged with a want of clearness and order, and Mr Gaisford has since employed much greater exactness and diligence in his edition of the same author, yet the praise of a most entertaining and delightful variety cannot be denied to the notes of Warton. In a dissertation on the Bucolic poetry of the Greeks, he shows that species of composition to have been derived from the ancient comedy; and exposes the dream of a golden age.

La bella età dell' or unqua non venne,
Nacque da nostre menti
Entro il vago pensiero,
E nel nostro desio chiaro divenne.—*Guidi.*

The characters in Theocritus are shown to be distinguished into three classes, herdsmen, shepherds, and goatherds; the first of which was superior to the next, as that in its turn was to the third; and this distinction is proved to have been accurately observed, as to allusions and images. The discrimination seems to have been overlooked by Virgil; in which instance, no less than in all the genuine graces of pastoral poetry, he is inferior to the Sicilian.* The contempt with which Warton speaks of those eminent and unfortunate Greek scholars, who diffused the learning of their country over Europe, after the capture of Constantinople, and whom he has here termed “*Græculi famelici*,” is surely reprehensible. But for their labours, Britain might never have required an editor of Theocritus.

In 1760, he contributed to the *Biographia Britannica* a *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, twice subsequently published, in a separate form, with considerable enlargements: in the two following years

* Warton's distinction between them is well imagined. “*Similis est Theocritus amplo cuidam pascuo per se satis fecundo, herbis pluribus frugiferis floribusque pulchris abundanti, dulcibus etiam fluviis uvido: similis Virgilius horto distincto nitentibus areolis; ubi larga florum copia, sed qui studiose dispositi, curaque meliore nutriti, atque exculi diligenter, olim huc a pascuo illo majore transferebantur.*”

he wrote a *Life of Dr. Bathurst*, and in his capacity of *Poetry Professor*, composed *Verses on the Death of George II*, the *Marriage of his Successor*, and the *Birth of the Heir Apparent*, which, together with his *Complaint of Cherwell*, made a part of the *Oxford Collections*. Several of his humorous pieces were soon after (in 1764) published in the *Oxford Sausage*, the preface to which he also wrote; and in 1766, he edited the *Greek Anthology of Cephalas*. In 1767, he took the degree of *Bachelor in Divinity*; and in 1771, was chosen a *Fellow of the Antiquarian Society*; and on the nomination of the *Earl of Lichfield*, *Chancellor of the University*, was collated to the *Rectory of Kiddington, Oxfordshire*, a benefice of small value. Ten years after, he drew up a *History of his Parish*, and published it as a specimen of a *Parochial History of Oxfordshire*. Meanwhile, he was engaged in an undertaking, of higher interest to the national antiquities and literature. In illustrating the origin, and tracing the progress of our vernacular poetry, we had not kept pace with the industry of our continental neighbours. To supply this deficiency, a work had been projected by *Pope*, and was now contemplated, and indeed entered on, by *Gray* and *Mason*, in conjunction. We cannot but regret, that *Gray* relinquished the undertaking, as he did, on hearing into whose hands it had fallen, since he would (as the late publication of his papers by *Mr. Mathias* has shown) have brought to the task a more accurate and extensive acquaintance with those foreign sources from whence our early writers derived much of their learning, and would, probably, have adopted a better method, and more precision in the general disposition of his materials. Yet there is no reason to complain of the way in which *Warton* has acquitted himself, as far as he has gone. His *History of English Poetry* is a rich mine, in which, if we have some trouble in separating the ore from the dross, there is much precious metal to reward our pains. The first volume of this laborious work was published in 1774; two others followed, in 1778, and in 1781; and some progress had been made at his decease in printing the fourth. In 1777, he increased the poetical treasure of his country by a volume of his own poems, of which there was a demand for three other editions before his death. In 1782, we find him presented

by his college to the donative of Hill Farrance, in Somersetshire, and employed in publishing *An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley, and Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's painted window at New College*: about the same time, probably, he was chosen a member of the Literary Club.

In 1785, he edited Milton's minor poems, with very copious illustrations; and in the year following, was elected to the Camden Professorship of History, and was appointed to succeed Whitehead, as Poet Laureate. In his inaugural speech as Camden Professor, subjoined to the edition of his poetical works by Dr. Mant, he has shown that the public duties required at the first foundation of the Professorship, owing to the improvement in the course of academical studies, are rendered no longer necessary. From one who had already voluntarily done so much, it would have been ungracious to exact the performance of public labours not indispensably requisite. In the discharge of his function as Laureate, he still continued, as he had long ago professed himself to be,—

Too free in servile courtly phrase to fawn;

and had the wish been gratified,—expressed by himself before his appointment, or by Gibbon after it,—that the annual tribute might be dispensed with, we should have lost some of his best lyric effusions.

Till his sixty-second year he had experienced no interruption to a vigorous state of health. Then a seizure of the gout compelled him to seek relief from the use of the Bath waters; and he returned from that place to college with the hope of a recovery from his complaint. But on the 20th of May, 1790, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, as he was sitting in the common room with two of the college fellows, and in higher spirits than usual, a paralytic affection deprived him of his speech. Some indistinct sounds, only, in which it was thought the name of his friend, Mr. Price, the Librarian of the Bodleian, was heard, escaped him, and he expired on the day but one after. His funeral was honoured by the attendance of the Vice Chancellor, and a numerous train of followers, to the ante-chapel of his college, where he is interred, with a very plain inscription to his memory.

His person was short and thick, though in the earlier part of his life he had been thought handsome. His face, latterly, became somewhat rubicund, and his utterance so confused, that Johnson compared it to the gobbling of a turkey. The portrait of him by Reynolds, besides the resemblance of the features, is particularly characterised by the manner in which the hand is drawn, so as to give it a great air of truth. He was negligent in his dress; and so little studious of appearances, that having despatched his labours, while others were yet in bed, he might have been found, at the usual hours of study, loitering on the banks of his beloved Cherwell, or in the streets, following the drum and fife, a sound which was known to have irresistible attraction for his ears,—a spectator at a military parade, or even one amongst a crowd at a public execution. He retained to old age the amiable simplicity and unsuspecting frankness of boyhood; his affection for his brother, to whose society at Winchester he latterly retired from college, during the vacations in summer, does not seem ever to have suffered any abatement; and his manners were tranquil and unassuming. The same amenity and candour of disposition, which marked him in private life, pervade his writings, except on some few occasions, when his mind is too much under the influence of party feelings. This bias inclined him, not only to treat the character of Milton with a most undue asperity, but even to extenuate the atrocities committed under the government of Mary, and somewhat to depreciate the worth of those divines, whose attachment to the reformed religion led them to suffer death in her reign.

The writer of this paper has been told by an Italian, who was acquainted with Warton, that his favourite book in the Italian language (of which his knowledge was far from exact) was the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. Both the stately phrase, and the theme of that poem, were well suited to him.

Among the poets of the second class, he deserves a distinguished place. He is almost equally pleasing in his gayer, and in his more exalted moods. His mirth is without malice or indecency, and his seriousness without gloom.

In his lyrical pieces, if we seek in vain for the variety and music of Dryden, the tender and moral sublime of Gray, or the enthusi-

asm of Collins, yet we recognize an attention ever awake to the appearances of nature, and a mind stored with the images of classical and Gothic antiquity. Though his diction is rugged, it is like the cup in Pindar, which Telamon stretches out to Alcides, χρυσῆ περιχυθῆναι, rough with gold, and embost with curious imagery. A lover of the ancients would, perhaps, be offended, if the birth-day ode, beginning

Within what fountain's craggy cell
Delights the goddess Health to dwell?

were compared, as to its subject, with that of the Theban bard, on the illness of Hiero, which opens with a wish that Chiron were yet living, in order that the poet might consult him on the case of the Syracusan monarch; and in its form, with that in which he asks of his native city, in whom of all her heroes she most delighted.

Among the odes, some of which might more properly be termed idylliums, The Hamlet is of uncommon beauty; the landscape is truly English, and has the truth and tenderness of Gainsborough's pencil. Those To a Friend on his leaving a Village in Hampshire, and the First of April, are entitled to similar praise. The Crusade, The Grave of King Arthur, and most of the odes composed for the court, are in a higher strain. In the Ode written at Vale Royal Abbey is a striking image, borrowed from some lent verses, written by Archbishop Markham, and printed in the second volume of that collection.

High o'er the trackless heath, at midnight seen,
No more the windows ranged in long array
(Where the tall shaft and fretted arch between
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.

Prodidit arcanas arcta fenestra faces.

His sonnets have been highly and deservedly commended by no less competent a judge than Mr. Coleridge. They are alone sufficient to prove (if any proof were wanting) that this form of composition is not unsuited to our language. One of our longest, as it is one of our most beautiful poems, the Faerie Queene, is written in a stanza which demands the continual recurrence of an equal num-

ber of rhymes; and the chief objection to our adopting the sonnet is the paucity of our rhymes.

The Lines to Sir Joshua Reynolds are marked by the happy turn of the compliment, and by the strength and harmony of the versification, at least as far as the formal couplet measure will admit of those qualities. They need not fear a comparison with the verses addressed by Dryden to Kneller, or by Pope to Jervas.

His Latin compositions are nearly as excellent as his English. The few hendecasyllables he has left, have more of the vigour of Catullus than those by Flaminio; but Flaminio excels him in delicacy. The *Mons Catharinæ* contains nearly the same images as Gray's ode on a Prospect of Eton College. In the word "*cedrinæ*," which occurs in the verses on Trinity College Chapel, he has, we believe, erroneously made the penultimate long. Dr. Mant has observed another mistake in his use of the word "*Tempe*" as a feminine noun, in the lines translated from Akenside. When in his sports with his brother's scholars at Winchester he made their exercises for them, he used to ask the boy how many faults he would have:—one such would have been sufficient for a lad near the head of the school.

His style in prose, though marked by a character of magnificence, is at times stiff and encumbered. He is too fond of alliteration in prose as well as in verse; and the cadence of his sentences is too evidently laboured.



For the Port Folio.

THE BACHELOR'S ELYSIUM.

[The commencement of the ensuing vision was published in our number for December, 1822, but the conclusion never reached us until a few days ago. After so long an interval, we fear the sequel would be unintelligible to many of our readers, and we therefore concluded to reprint the former part, and thus present the whole. Our merry correspondent writes from a distant section of the country, and he has succeeded in giving a very lively picture of some of the peculiarities of our Western brethren.]

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I PASSED an evening lately in company with a number of young persons, who had met together for the laudable purpose of spending a merry Christmas; and as mirth exercises a prescriptive right of sovereignty at this good old festival, every one came prepared

to pay due homage to that pleasant deity. The party was opened with all the usual ceremonies; the tea was sipped, the cakes praised, and Sir Walter Scot's last novel criticised; and such was the good humour which prevailed, that although our fair hostess threw an extra portion of bohea into her tea-pot, not a breath of scandal floated among the vapours of that delightful beverage. An aged gentleman who happened to drop in, at first claimed the privilege, as "an old *Revolutioner*," of monopolizing the conversation, and entertained us with facetious tales, told the fiftieth time, of Tattleton's trumpeter, general Washington's white horse, and governor Mifflin's cocked hat, with occasional pathetic digressions relating to bear-fights and Indian massacres. The honest veteran, however, who was accustomed to retire after smoking one pipe, soon grew drowsy, and a similar affection, by sympathy I suppose, began to circulate among his audience, when our spirits received a new impulse from an accidental turn of the conversation from three-cornered hats and horses, to courtship and marriage. The relative advantages of married life and celibacy were discussed with great vivacity, and as there were a number of old bachelors and antiquated maidens present, who had thought deeply and feelingly on the subject, and were, therefore, able to discuss it with singular felicity, the ladies' side of the question had greatly the advantage. A gentleman, who had reluctantly left the card-table to join the ladies, gave his opinion that life was like a game of cards—a good player was often *eucred* by a *bad partner*—he thought it wise, therefore, to *play alone*. "Perhaps," said a fair miss, "a good partner might assist you." "Thank you, madam," said he, "courting a wife is nothing more than *cutting for partners*—no one knows what card he may turn." My friend Absalom Squaretoes gravely assured us that he had pondered on this subject long and deeply, and it had caused him more perplexity than the banking system, or the Missouri question; that there were several ladies whom he might have had, and whom, at one time or another, he had determined to marry, "but," continued he, arching his eyebrows with a dignity which the great Fadladeen might have envied, "the more I hesitated, the less inclination I felt to try the experiment, and I am now convinced that marriage is not the thing it is cracked up to be!" Miss Tabitha Scruple, a blooming maid of three score, confessed that for her part, she was very much of Mr. Squaretoes' opinion—it was well enough for honest pains taking people to get married, but she could not see how persons of sentiment could submit to it—"unless, indeed," she admitted, "congenial souls could meet, and, without mercenary views, join in the tender bond—but men are so deceitful, one runs a great risk you know!"

Mr. Smoothtongue, the lawyer, who had waited to hear every other opinion before he gave his own, now rose, and informed the company that he would *conclude the case*, by stating a few points,

which had occurred to him in the course of the argument. He began by informing us the question was one of great importance, and that much might be said on both sides.—("Twig the lawyer!" said Squaretoes.) He said that so great a man as lord Burleigh, treasurer to queen Elizabeth, had written ten rules of conduct, which he charged his son to observe and keep next to the ten laws of Moses, and that the very first of them related to the choice of a wife. He pointed out all the unfortunate husbands mentioned in history, from Adam down to George the fourth, and after detailing the relative duties and rights of *baron* and *femme*, as laid down in Blackstone, concluded with sundry extracts from Pope, whose works he declared he set more store to than those of any writer in the English language, except Mr. Chitty.—He was interrupted by a young lady, who declared that Pope was a nasty censorious old bachelor—so he was. The lawyer replied, that as Mr. Pope's general character was not implicated in the present question, it could not be properly attacked, nor was he called on to defend it—and that, as long as his veracity was unimpeached, his testimony must be believed, which he offered to prove from 'Peake's Evidence,' if the lady desired him to produce authority. The lady assured him that she was greatly edified by his exposition of the law, and had no desire to see the books—but confessed that though she admired his speech very much, she was still at a loss to know which side he was on. "Madam," said he, with great gravity "I admire marriage as a most excellent civil institution, but have no inclination to engage in it, as I can never consent to tie a knot with my tongue which I cannot untie with my teeth."

These opinions coming from such high authority, seemed to settle the controversy, and the question was about to be carried *nem. con.* in favour of celibacy, when an unlucky Miss, whose cheeks, and lips, and teeth, reminded one of pearls, and cherries, and peaches, while all the loves and graces laughed in her eyes, uttered something in a loud whisper about "sour grapes," which created a sensation among a certain part of the company, of which you can form no adequate idea, unless you have witnessed the commotions of a bee hive. I now began to be seriously afraid that our Christmas gambols would eventuate in a tragical catastrophe—and anticipating nothing less than a general pulling of caps, was meditating on the propriety of saving my own curly locks, by a precipitate retreat. Fortunately, however, another speaker had taken the floor, and before any open hostilities were committed, drew the attention of the belligerents, by a vivid description of Fiddlers' Green. This, he assured us, was a residence prepared in the other world for maids and bachelors, where they were condemned as a punishment for their lack of good fellowship in this world, to dance together to all eternity. Here was a new field for speculation. A variety of opinions were hazarded; but as the ladies all talked together, I was unable to collect the half of them. *come*

appeared to regard such a place as a paradise, while others seemed to consider it as a pandemonium. The ladies desired to know whether they would be provided with good music and good partners; and I could overhear some of the gentlemen calculating the chances of a snug loo-party, in a back room. On these points our informant was unable to throw any light. The general impression seemed to be that the managers of this everlasting ball would couple off the company by lot, and that no appeal could be had from their decision. Miss Scruple declared that she had a mortal aversion to dancing, though she would not object to leading off a set occasionally with particular persons; and that she would rather be married a half a dozen times, than be forced to jig it with any body and every body. Mr. Skinflint thought so long a *seige* of capering would be rather expensive *on pumps*, and wished to know who was to *suffer*. Mr. Squaretoes had no notion of using pumps he thought moccasins would do; he was for *cheap fixings* and *strong*. Miss Fanny Flirt was delighted with the whole plan, provided they could *change partners*; for she could imagine no punishment more cruel than to be confined for ever to a single beau. Mr. Goosy thought it would be expedient *for to* secure partners in time, and begged Miss Demure to *favour* him with her hand for an *eternal* reel. Little Sophy Sparkle, the cherry-lipped belle, who had nearly been the instrument of kindling a war as implacable as that of the Greeks and Trojans, seemed to be afraid of again giving offence; but, on being asked her opinion, declared that it was the most charming scheme she ever heard, and that she would dance as long as she could stand, with any body or nobody, rather than not dance at all.

During all this time I was lolling over the back of a chair,—a lazy habit which with many others I have caught since my third sweetheart turned me off—and was rolling and twisting the pretty Sophy's handkerchief—for I can't be idle—into every possible form and shape. I was startled into consciousness by the dulcet voice of my fair companion, as she exclaimed, "la! Mr. Drywit how melancholy you are! how can you look so cross when every body else is laughing? pray what do *you* think of the grand ball at Fiddlers' Green?" "I never trouble myself, madam, to think about things which do not concern me." "Oh dear! then you have no idea of going there?" "Not I indeed,—I go to no such places."—"And not expecting to inhabit the paradise of bachelors, it is a matter of indifference to you how your friends enjoy themselves?" "No indeed: I sincerely hope that you may caper into each others good graces, and romp yourselves into the best humour imaginable with the pains and pleasures of "single blessedness:" as for my single self I intend, unless some lady shall think proper to stand in her own light, to alter my condition." Having uttered this heroic resolution, I made my bow and retired. But the conversation of the evening still haunted my imagination, and as I sunk to sleep,

general Washington's white horse, Sophy Sparkle, and Fiddlers' Green alternately occupied my brain, until the confused images settling into a regular train of thought, produced the following vision.

I thought that the hour of my dissolution had arrived, and I was about to take my departure to the world of spirits. The solemnity of the event which was taking place did not affect me however, as it would have done, had the same circumstance occurred in reality; for my mind was entirely filled with the conversation of the previous evening, and I thought, felt, and died like a true bachelor. As I left the clay tenement which I had inhabited so long, I could not avoid hovering over it for a moment, to take a parting view of the temple which had confined my restless spirit, and for which, I must confess, I had a high respect. I could now perceive that time had made ravages in the features which had lately been mine, that I had not been aware of while living, and that the frame which had carried me through a stormy world, was somewhat the worse for the wear, and I really felt a joy in escaping from it, similar to the emotions with which the mariner quits the shattered bark that has braved the billows through a long voyage. Still, however, I felt something like regret in quitting my ancient habitation, and was beginning to recal to memory the conquests I had made in it, and the sieges it had withstood, when I was obliged to take my departure. I had always thought that spirits flew out of a window, or up the chimney, but I now found that whatever might have been the practice of others, mine was a ghost of too much politeness to withdraw in this manner from a house in which I had been only a boarder; and accordingly I walked deliberately down stairs, and passed through the parlour where several of my female acquaintance were talking of me. The curiosity which we have all inherited from our first mother, would have induced me to stop, had I not recollected that it would be very ill bred in me to listen to the discourse of those who were not aware of my presence, and that, according to the old saw, "listeners never hear any good of themselves." I therefore passed on, but could not avoid observing that the current of opinion was rather in my favour, and that those who allowed me no good quality while living, now confessed that at least I had no harm in me. As soon as I reached the open air, my spirit began to ascend for some distance, and then floated rapidly towards the north. It was a brilliant evening, and as the stars shone with uncommon lustre, I could not help fancying them the eyes of millions of beauties, who, having made it their business to teaze the beaux in this world, were doomed to light them to the next.

I do not know how long I had been journeying, when I discovered the sea beneath me, filled with mountains of ice, and I perceived that I was rapidly approaching the North Pole. I now congratulated myself upon being able to determine, by actual obser-

vation, whether the Poles are flattened as some philosophers imagine, together with other questions of like importance to the happiness of mankind. But how great was my surprise when, on arriving at the place, I found that all the philosophers in the world were mistaken, except captain Symmes, and discovered only a yawning cavern, into which I was suddenly precipitated!

I now travelled for some distance in utter darkness, and began to be very fearful of losing my way, when I suddenly emerged into a new world, full of beauty, melody, and brightness. I stood on the brink of a small rivulet, and beheld before me an extensive lawn of the richest green, spangled with millions of beautiful flowers. Clusters of trees and vines were scattered in every direction, loaded with delicious fruit. Birds of the loveliest plumage floated in the air, and filled the groves with melody. The garden of Eden, or the paradise of Mahomet, could not be arrayed by a poetic fancy with half the charms of this Elysium.

While I stood enchanted with delight, a strain of music stole along the air, resembling that which proceeds from a number of violins, tambourines, and triangles, and I was not a little surprised to recognise the well-known air of "O dear what can the matter be!" At the same moment I perceived a female figure advancing with a rapid motion resembling a *hop, step, and jump*. I now cast a glance over my own person, as a genteel spirit would naturally do at the approach of a female, and discovered for the first time, that although I had left my substance in the other world, I was possessed of an airy form precisely similar to the one I had left behind me, and was clad in the ghost of a suit of clothes made after the newest fashion, which I had purchased a few days before my death. I mechanically raised my hand to adjust my cravat, but felt nothing, and sighed to think that I was but the shadow of a gentleman. As the figure came near, she slackened her pace, and struck into a graceful *chasee forward*, at the same time motioning to me to cross the rivulet, which I no sooner did than I involuntarily fell to dancing with incredible agility. The fair stranger was by this time close to me, and we were setting to each other, as partners would do in a cotillion, when she presented her right hand, and *turned* me as she welcomed me to Fiddlers' Green. I was now more astonished than ever, for although when I took the lady's hand, I grasped nothing but air—"thin air"—yet she spoke and acted with precisely the grace, manner, and tone of a modern fair belle. She was exceedingly happy to see me at the Green—hoped I had left my friends well—and desired to know how I had been for the last twenty years—since she had seen me. I assured the lady that she had the advantage of me—that I was really so unfortunate as not to recollect my having had the honour of her acquaintance, and that I was totally ignorant of any thing that had occurred *twenty years ago*, as that was before my time. She told me that it was useless to attempt to con-

ceal my age, which was well known at the Green, and equally unpolite to deny my old acquaintance. Upon her mentioning her name, I recognized her as a famous belle, who had died of a consumption at the introduction of the fashion of short sleeves and bare elbows. Having thus passed the compliments of the morning, my fair companion desired to conduct me to the principal manager of the Green, by whom my right of admittance must be decided, and offering both of her hands, whirled away in a *waltz*.

We soon came to a part of the lawn which was crowded with company, all of whom were dancing, and I was about to advise my conductress to take a circuitous course, to avoid the throng, when she directed me to *cast off*, and *right and left* through it, a manœuvre which we performed with admirable success. On our arrival at the bower of the principal manager, the centinels danced three times *forward and back*, then *crossed over*, and admitted us into the enclosure. My conductress now presented me to an officer of the court, who, after cutting *pigeon wing* higher than my head, led me to his superior. The manager was a tall, graceful person, dressed in a full suit of black, with silk stockings, shoes, and buckles; an elegant dress sword glittered by his side, but he wore his own hair, and carried a *chapeau de bras* gracefully under his arm. He is the only person in these regions who is permitted to exercise his own taste in the ornaments of his person. He was beating time with one foot, not being obliged, like the others, to dance; I was informed, however, that he sometimes amused himself with a *minuet*, that step being appropriated solely to the managers as the *pigeon wing* is to the officers of inferior dignity. On such occasions, an appropriate air is played, and the whole company are obliged to dance *minuets*, to the great perplexity of those ladies and gentlemen who have not studied the graces in the upper world. He received me with a polite bow, and desired me to amuse myself on the Green for a few moments, as he was not then at leisure to attend to me; by which I perceived that dancing gentlemen are every where equally fond of putting off business.

On my return to the plain, I was attracted by the delicious appearance of the fine clusters of fruit that hung from the trees, and reached my hand to pluck a peach—but I grasped nothing! My fair companion was again at my side, and condescended to explain the mystery. "Every thing you see here," said she, "surprises you. You have yet to learn that marriage is man's chief good, and they who neglect it are sent here to be punished. In the other world we had the substantial and virtuous enjoyments of life before us, but we disregarded them, and pursued phantoms of our own creation. One sought wealth, and another honour; but the greater number luxuriated in idle visions of fancy. We were never happy but in imagining scenes of delight too perfect for mortals to enjoy. The heart and mind were left unoccupied, while we were taken up with frivolities which pleased the eye and ear.

In the affairs of love, we were particularly remiss. Its fruits and flowers hung within our reach, but we refused to pluck them. Ladies have danced off their most tender lovers, and many a gentleman has gambled away his mistress. The flurry of dissipation, and the soft emotions of affection will not inhabit the same breast. We were to choose between them, and we chose amiss—and now behold the consequence! We are here surrounded by fruits and flowers that we cannot touch—we have listened to the same melody until it has become tedious—we are confined to partners not of our own choice—and the amusement which was once our greatest delight is now a toil. When alive, our fancies were busy in creating Elysian fields—here we have an Elysium,—and we lead that life which maids and bachelors delight in—a life of fiddling, dancing, coquetry, and squabbling. We now learn that they only are happy who are usefully and virtuously employed.” This account of the place which I was probably destined to inhabit, was rather discouraging; but my attention was soon drawn, by fresh novelties. I was particularly amused with the grotesque appearance of the various groups around me. As the persons who composed them were from every age and nation, their costumes exhibited every variety of fashion. The Grecian robe, and the Roman toga, the Monkish cowl, the monastic veil, and the blanket and feathers of the Indian, were mingled in ludicrous contrast. Nor was the allotment of partners less diverting. A gentleman in an embroidered suit led off a beggar girl, while a broad-shouldered mynheer flirted with an Italian countess. But I was most amused at seeing queen Elizabeth dancing a jig with a jolly cobbler, a person of great *bonhomie*, but who failed not to apply the *strap* when his stately partner moved with less agility than comported with his notions. When she complained of his cruelty, he reminded the hard-hearted queen of her cousin Mary and lord Essex. Several of her maids of honour were dancing near her with catholic priests, and I could perceive that the latter took great delight in jostling the royal lady, whenever an opportunity offered. My attention was withdrawn from the dancers by the approach of a newly deceased bachelor, whose appearance excited universal attention. He was a tall, gaunt, hard-featured personage, whose beard had evidently not known the discipline of a razor for a month before his decease. His feet were cased in mocasins, and his limbs in rude vestments of buckskin; a powder-horn and pouch were suspended from his shoulders, and a huge knife rested in his girdle. I knew him at once to be a *hunter* who had been chasing deer in the woods, when he ought to have been pursuing *dears* of another description. I determined to have a little chat with him, and approaching, asked him how he liked Fiddlers' Green. “I don't know, stranger,” said he, scratching his head. “I'm rather *jubus* that I've got into a sort of a *priminary* here.” I expressed my surprise at his not admiring a place where there were so many

fine ladies. "Why as to the matter of that," said he, "there's a wonderful smart chance of women here—that are a fact—and female society are elegant—for them that likes it—but, for my part, I'd a'heap rather camp out by the side of a cane-brake, where there was a good chance of bears and turkeys." "But you forget," said I, "that you have left your flesh and blood behind you." "That are a fact," said he, "I feel powerful weak—but I don't like the fixens here, no how—I'm in a 'bominable bad hand among women—so I'd thank 'em not to be cutting their shines about me." "But, my friend, you will have to turn in directly, and dance with some of them." "I reckon not," said he,—"if I do, I'll agree to give up my judgment,—but if any of 'em have a mind to run or jump for a half pint, I'd as leave go it as not." This gentleman was followed by another, who came in a still more "questionable shape." The polite ghosts could not suppress a smile, at the sight of this moiety of a man, while the ill-bred burst into peals of obstreperous laughter. I easily recognised him to be a *Dandy*; and as he, with several other newly arrived spirits, were hastening to the Manager's court, I repaired thither also, in hopes of obtaining an audience.

As we passed along, my conductress pointed out to me a most commodious arm-chair, in the shade of a delightful bower, near which was suspended a richly ornamented tobacco-pipe—while a huge tabby-cat sat purring on the cushion. It had an inviting air of comfortable indolence. On my inquiring whose limbs were destined to repose in this convenient receptacle, my companion replied:—"it is called the Chair of Celibacy,—the happy maid or bachelor, whose singleness shall not be imputed to any blameable cause; who spends a goodhumoured life, and dies at a respectable age, in charity with all the world, shall be seated in that commodious chair, enjoy the company of this social quadruped, and while pleasantly puffing away the placid hours, may indulge in any remarks whatever upon the surrounding company, and thus enjoy all the luxuries of unmarried life. Its cushion, however, has not as yet found an occupant." "But this," said I, "can be the reward of only one meritorious individual—what is to become of the remainder of those who shall not be sentenced to dance?" "I cannot answer your question," said she, "for as yet no one has appeared who could claim an exemption from the common fate. I suppose, however, that if this chair should ever be filled, others will be provided, should any future members of the fraternity establish their claims to the same felicity."

We soon arrived at the dread tribunal, which was to decide our future destiny; but before the anticipated investigation commenced, the court was thrown into confusion by an altercation between the *Dandy* and my friend from the back woods. The former, it seems, had indulged himself in some imprudent jests upon the dress of the latter, which so irritated the gentleman in buckskin.

that he threatened "to *flirt him sky high*." The Dandy upon this swelled very large, and assuming an air of vast importance, declared, that "if a *gentleman* had used such language to him, he would know what to do." "I tell you what, stranger," said the woodsman, "you mus'nt *imitate* any thing of that sort to me,—I don't want to strike such a *mean white man* as you, but if you *come over* them words *agin*, *drot my skin if I don't try you a cool dig or two*, any how." An officer here interposed, and with some difficulty restored peace, as the bachelor in buckskin continued to assert, that the other had *hopped on him* without provocation, and that he would'nt *knock under to no man*. He was at length in some degree pacified, and strolled off muttering that *he was'nt going for to trouble nobody*—but that they *mus'nt go fooling about him*. I joined the rough son of the forest as he retired, and endeavoured to appease him by expressing a hope that upon a more intimate acquaintance with this place and its inhabitants, he would find them more agreeable, than he seemed to anticipate from his late experience. "Well stranger," said he, "*I want to be agreeable* with every one—but to speak my mind *sentimentally*, on the occasion of this *ruckery* that's been kicked up, I do *verbatimly* think that there little man is not in his right head, and for that reason, I dont *vally* what he says, *no how*—and most of the folks here seems to be *sort o' crazy*—but I don't like to be *bantered*, no how—and if there's any man here, that's *rightly at himself*, that has any thing *agin* me, let him step out, and I'll give him a fair fight—I'm always ready to *offshuate in that point of view!*" I replied, that I hoped there would be no occasion for a further display of his prowess, and repeated my conviction, that all would go well with him. "Well, well," said he, "we'll see—but somehow I dont *like the signs*—I dont feel like I was at home here—I feel *sort o' queer*, like I was out of my range,—but when I get right well *haunted to the place* may be I'll like it better."

The manager had now ascended the justice-seat, and was prepared to examine the newly arrived spirits. The first who presented herself, was an unseemly maiden of forty, who stated her case with great fluency. She assured the court, that it was not her own fault that she was here, as she had always conducted herself with great decorum, and had never evinced any dislike to matrimony. Indeed, she had once been duly engaged to marry—but her lover coming in unexpectedly upon her one day, when she was only just spanking her youngest sister a little, for breaking a bottle of perfume—"and do you think," continued she, "the ungrateful wretch did'nt march off, swearing he had caught a tartar—and from that blessed day to this, I never set eyes on him, so"—"You may stand aside," said the Manager, "until we can find a suitable partner for you."

The next lady was rather younger, and more comely. She declared, modestly enough, that she had never been particularly

anxious to marry, although she had never evinced any *particular* reluctance. She had remained unnoticed and unwooed until the age of twenty-four, "wasting her fragrance on the desert air," when she captivated the affections of a very amiable young man. His affairs calling him abroad, they separated under a solemn pledge that their union should be solemnized on his return. His absence was protracted to above a year, and in the mean while another lover appeared. She remained constant until the approach of her twenty-fifth birth-day, on the night of which it was customary, as she understood, for the *old boy*, to make his appearance to unmarried ladies. The dreaded night arrived, and the maid was unwed—"and I was lying in bed wide awake," continued she, "and the room was as dark as pitch, when the old boy appear'd, sure enough, and walking on tip-toe to my bed-side (I could hear him, but could not see him) he whispered in my ear

"Take the man,
While you can,
Silly old maid!"

After this awful warning my mind was so troubled, that I determined to find relief by obeying the nocturnal mandate, and accordingly I agreed to marry my new lover. But on the very day fixed for the ceremony, my first beau returned, and heard the news; the gentlemen quarrelled, and then—made up,—and I lost them both, which I am sure was not my fault, for with the greatest sincerity I could have sung—"How happy could I be with either:"—but you know, sir, I could not oblige them both."

The Dandy now made his appearance, and was about to commence his story with a bow as low as his corsets would permit, when the Manager suppressing a smile, said, "Be pleased, sir, to pair off with the obliging lady who stands at the bar,—your appearance precludes the necessity of a hearing."

A languishing beauty now approached, and gently raising her downcast eyes, ogled the judge with a most bewitchingly pensive smile, which seemed to say, "Oh! take me to your arms, my love." "My history," said she, "is short and melancholy. My heart was formed for the soft impulses of affection, and was rendered still more sensitive by a diligent perusal, of the most exquisite fictions in our language. I devoured those productions, which describe the amiable and unfortunate susceptibilities of my sex, and endeavoured to regulate my conduct by the most approved rules of romance. I doted on manly beauty; and knowing that gentlemen admire the softer virtues, I endeavoured, while in their presence, to be all that was soft and sweet. I selected several handsome men, on whom I conferred my particular regard and friendship, in the hope that out of many I could fix one. To each of these I gave my entire confidence, consulted as to my studies, and entrusted him with the feelings and the sorrows of a too susceptible heart -

leaving each to believe that he was the only individual who enjoyed this distinguished honour. To all other gentlemen, and to my own sex I evinced a polite indifference. My friends treated me with great kindness, but alas! what is mere kindness! Some of them pressed my hand, and said a great many soft things without coming to the point, and some would even snatch a kiss, for which, not being followed by a declaration of love, I thought I ought to have dismissed them, but I had not sufficient resolution. And thus, with a heart feelingly alive to the delights of connubial affection, and after a miserable life, devoted to its pursuits, I died without enjoying its blisses."

"A little less solicitude to attain the object, might perhaps have been attended with more success," said the Manager. "We will endeavour to provide you with a friend of whose constancy you shall have no reason to complain. For the present be pleased to stand aside."

This lady was succeeded by my sturdy acquaintance in buckskin, who declared that he never had any use for a wife, *no how*—but that once in his life he felt *sort o' lonesome*, and it *seemed like* he ought to get married. "I did'nt think," said he, "that it would make me any happier, but thought somehow, I'd feel better contented; so I went to see a young woman in the neighbourhood—she was a right likely *gal* too, and her father was well off—but somehow I did'nt like the *signs*, and so I *quit the track*—and that's all the *courten* that ever I did, to my knowledge."

"There is a lady in waiting," said the Manager, "who has been as unsuccessful as yourself—perhaps you may *like the signs* better in that quarter." "I reckon its as good luck as any," rejoined the gentleman, "I would'nt give a *'coon skin** to boot between her and any of the rest;" and seizing the hands of the pensive beauty, he whirled her off with a swing, which kept her dancing in the air, until they were out of sight.

Many other persons of both sexes were examined; but their loves were common place, and their pleas frivolous or unfounded. Pride and avarice, appeared to be the greatest foes to matrimony. It would be tedious to detail the numberless instances, in which young persons, otherwise estimable, had, in obedience to these unruly passions, done violence to the best affections of their hearts. The fear of marrying *beneath themselves*, on the one hand, and the ambition to acquire wealth upon the other, constituted prolific sources of celibacy.

Parental authority was frequently alleged by the ladies to have been exerted in opposition to their matrimonial views—but it appeared to have been used successfully only where the lover was poor, and where the lady's passion was not sufficiently strong to contend against the parent's prudence.

* Raccoon.

Many suitable matches had been broken off by *manœuvring*. This seemed to be equally effectual, whether used in friendship or in hostility. We heard of many old ladies, who having sons or daughters, or nephews, or nieces, to provide for, resolutely set their faces against all matrimonial alliances whatever, by which a fortune or a beauty, could be taken out of the market, and many others who, without such interest, opposed all matches which were not made by themselves.

I observed, moreover, that every gentleman averred that he could have married, if he had been so disposed; and that not a single lady alleged that she had been prevented by the want of offers.

The last lady who was put to the ordeal, was the daughter of a rich confectioner, who fancied herself a fine lady, because she had fed upon jellies and conserves. It seemed as if all the sweetmeats and sugar plums, which she had swallowed, in the course of her life, had turned to vinegar, and converted her into a mass of acidity. She forgot that sweet things—such as girls and plum cakes—grow stale by keeping; and turned up her nose at lovers of all sorts and sizes, until she became unsaleable. On hearing her doom, she cast a glance of indignation at the judge, and throwing her eyes superciliously over the assembly, fixed them on me, and darting towards me, with the rapidity of a tigress, seemed determined to make me her partner or her prey. Alarmed at the prospect of a fate, which appeared more terrible than any thing I had ever fancied, I sprang aside, and rushing towards the judge, was about to claim his protection, when I awoke.



HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

SPAIN.—Proceedings of Gen. Elio at Valentia.—State of the Finances, and of the Army and Navy.—Edict against foreigners in the service of the South American Insurgents.—Difficulties in ratifying the treaty with the United States for the cession of the Floridas.—Discovery of a conspiracy in the expedition at Cadiz.—The introduction of the Plague.—Its ravages.—Change of Ministry.—Report of the Council of Castile.—Manœuvre of the Court.

EARLY in the year 1819 an event occurred trifling in itself, but important from the arbitrary proceedings to which it led, and the results with which it was afterwards attended. In the middle of the night of the 2nd of January, information was brought to Gen. Elio, Captain-General of the province of Valentia, that a plot had been formed against his life, and that the conspirators were then assembled in a coffee-house deliberating on the means of carrying

their designs into effect. Thither he instantly repaired, accompanied by his informer and a few soldiers. On entering the retreat of the conspirators, he perceived a retired officer, Colonel Vidal, who had been pointed out as the author of the plot, and whom, having refused to surrender his sword, the General, after severely wounding him, disarmed with his own hand. After some resistance, his companions, twelve in number, were also secured; and the whole conducted to prison, tried by a court-martial, and executed on the 22nd, before the courier sent to the king by the Governor with the report of the trial had returned to Valentia, with an approval of the sentence. Vidal who, by his merits and courage, had raised himself from the ranks, was hung like a common felon, and the rest shot in the back like traitors. No discoveries were elicited; but this did not prevent Elio from issuing a proclamation, announcing the detection of a plot, which he said was not confined within the walls of Valentia, but had its ramifications in every part of the kingdom. Several of the inhabitants, the most distinguished for their talents and services, were arrested, and upwards of four thousand in one way or other brought to trouble. The terror which these summary measures excited soon spread from Valentia into the neighbouring provinces. Twenty-two officers implicated in the conspiracy of General Lascy were tried at Barcelona, and seventeen of them put to death; and although the public tranquillity remained undisturbed throughout the whole of Navarre, the Governor of that province received orders to disarm the inhabitants. 'The Court, it was hoped, would disapprove of the arbitrary and precipitate proceedings of the Captain-General; instead of this, however, fresh honours were heaped upon him by the Sovereign, "whose crown," it was ridiculously enough said, "he had oftener than once saved." This direct approval of a proceeding which could be viewed in no other light than as a gross mockery of justice, and a contempt for the laws which guard the lives and property of the subject, exasperated the public hatred of a man already excessively unpopular; and, together with other proceedings, if possible of a still darker character, afterwards cost him his life.

The state of public affairs in Spain was, at this moment, peculiarly distressing. The ministry only held interim appointments. The finances were in disorder. The claims due by France had indeed been paid up, and a papal bull had authorized the appropriation of a tenth part of the income of all ecclesiastics; but from the low ebb to which commerce had fallen, the ordinary revenues had fallen off to an unprecedented degree. Swarms of insurgent privateers had interrupted the communication with Mexico; and by their activity and enterprise rendered it almost impossible for a galliot to escape them. To complete these embarrassments, money was wanted to fit out the expedition lying at Cadiz under orders for South America. A loan seemed the only measure to

which the ministry could have recourse; and, accordingly, proposals were issued in January for raising in this way 60,000,000 reals (\$2,775,000.) But although eight per cent. interest, and the guarantee of the war taxes for future payment were offered, few of the capitalists came forward; and the government was at length compelled to have recourse to a forced law, to which foreign merchants resident at Cadiz and other seaport towns were obliged to subscribe.

In the month of February, an order was issued for raising men to complete the military strength of the kingdom, which, exclusive of the royal guard, the militia, and the colonial regiments, had been fixed at 80,000. This order established a sort of general conscription, from which no class was exempted, a circumstance which sufficiently proves the aversion then felt to military service.

Compared with its former condition, the Navy of Spain had, at this time, fallen into a state of incredible inferiority. It had sustained immense losses during the war, and there was neither money nor materials to repair them. This was the principal cause of the delay of the expedition destined to act against the Independents of South America.

A weak government necessarily has recourse to measures of excessive severity. Numerous adventurers from the different countries of Europe had joined the standards of independence in the revolted provinces. A royal decree was, therefore, issued, denouncing the punishment of death and confiscation of goods against all those who should be taken with arms in their hands, or should furnish the insurgents with munitions of war. This decree, it is evident, could have no other effect than to aggravate the miseries and cruelties of war; as the independents, who were not to be frightened by big words, were in a condition to retaliate tenfold upon the subjects of the mother country.

Another proof, if another were wanting, either of the inefficiency of the government, or the poverty of the country, or perhaps both, is, that in order to convey to its destination this expedition, which, when reviewed by O'Donnel, Conde d'Abisbal, on the 28th of January, amounted to 15,000 men, the minister of the marine, Cisneros, was obliged to negotiate with the English, Italian, Dutch, and French merchants resident in Spain to furnish the necessary number of transports.

In the midst of these embarrassments and preparations, a courier arrived from the Spanish Minister to the United States, Don Onis, bringing the treaty concluded at Washington, on the 22nd of February 1819, for the cession of the Floridas to America, and the liquidation of the respective claims of these two states and the individuals composing them. Soon after, the envoy of the United States, Mr. Forsyth, charged to press the ratification of the treaty, arrived. An unexpected obstacle, however, presented itself. The king having recently presented to several of the *grandees* of his

court, gifts of lands to a considerable extent in the ceded provinces, the American Government had procured the insertion in the treaty of a clause declaring null and void all gifts or transfers posterior to the 24th January, 1818; a time at which the Cabinet of Madrid had shown no disposition to consent to the cession of the Floridas. The influence of the nobles, whose interests this clause compromised, threw unlooked-for obstructions in the way of the ratification, and probably led to the change of Ministry, which took place soon after. But the envoy of the United States was not to be diverted from his purpose either by court intrigues or by obstacles so futile and nugatory as this, which opposed the prospective interests created by these ill-timed gifts to the ratification of a solemn treaty. Accordingly, a few days after the new Ministry came into office, although the Prime Minister, Cardinal de Bourbon, had been one of the principal *donataires*, conferences were opened with Mr. Forsyth, and notes exchanged on the difficulties which impeded the ratification.

At first, the Spanish Ministry demanded that the United States should engage not to recognise the independence of Buenos Ayres, and complained that they had favoured an attempt lately made to establish a republic in the province of Texas. In answer to this demand, Mr. Forsyth replied, that his Government was disposed to recognise the independence of Buenos Ayres, as well as that of any other state which should be in a condition to maintain it. With regard to the complaint, he met it by a formal denial of the fact alleged. And having signified that after the expiration of the time fixed for the ratification, nothing but the desire to avoid a rupture, could detain him at Madrid, he retired to the country to wait the ultimatum of his Government. But the Spanish Government was in no condition to embroil itself with America, and soon after an intimation was given to Mr. Forsyth, that a special commissioner should be forthwith despatched to Washington to give and receive the explanations necessary to the ratification of the treaty.

It was not until February 1821, nor until after the Government of the United States had unequivocally manifested a determination to take possession of these provinces without the formality of a ratification, that this measure was finally accomplished.

While these negotiations were in progress, and while Spain was resorting to every subterfuge to put off the period which should deprive her forever of two of her colonies, an event took place which threw the Government into the greatest consternation, and showed in a strong light, not merely the reluctance of the Spanish soldiers to shed the blood of their countrymen struggling for liberty in another hemisphere, but how obnoxious the Government of Ferdinand had become to the army as well as to the people. At the very moment when the great expedition at Cadiz, for the equipment of which such exertions had been used, was

ready to weigh anchor, a conspiracy was discovered, which destroyed the sanguine hopes to which it had given birth.

Before the invasion of Spain by Buonaparte, and the war to which it gave rise, *public opinion* was a phrase wholly without meaning. Ignorance, superstition, and the prejudices created by long habits of submission, had combined to extinguish the national spirit, to repress the energies of the people, and to superinduce a passive indifference to the most tyrannical acts of the Government. The consequence was, that, while other countries were advancing rapidly in the career of wealth, power, and improvement, Spain was either stationary or retrograding. But the war of invasion, and the popular government of the Cortes, had created interests, and diffused opinions, too powerful to be managed by the clumsy despotism of an effeminate bigot; while the re-establishment of the ancient institutions, particularly that of the Jesuits and the Inquisition, the violent dismissal of the Cortes, to whose exertions Ferdinand had been indebted for his throne, the perpetual fluctuations of the Ministry, the banishment or execution of the patriots who had fought for the deliverance of their country, and the general disorder that reigned in all departments of the state, produced discontents which broke forth in plots, often repressed, but always springing up afresh. In the army these discontents were most loudly expressed. Accordingly, among the troops collected round Cadiz, and whose repugnance to embark in an expedition against liberty was notorious, a plot was formed, not merely to escape from a disagreeable service, but to overthrow the constitution of the Cortes. In this plot a great number of officers of the corps there assembled, and several of the most distinguished citizens of Cadiz, were engaged; and measures were taken to obtain possession of Isla de Leon, the arsenal, and the fleet, and thereafter to effect a general rising of the kingdom. The existence of this conspiracy having been bruited abroad, had reached the ears of the Conde d'Abisbal, Commander-in-chief of the expedition. Instead of taking immediate measures for its suppression, O'Donnel feigned to enter into the conspiracy, of which he desired to assume the chief management, and pretended that he waited only till the army had declared itself, to march to Madrid at its head, and to demand of the King the re-establishment of the Constitution of the Cortes. In this manner he became acquainted with the views of his companions in arms, whom he basely resolved to sacrifice to his ambition or his safety. In the night of the 7th or 8th of July, he assembled the garrison of Cadiz, amounting to between 5 and 6,000 men; took, in his way, the troops stationed at the Isla, with a detachment of field artillery; and marched towards Santa Maria, (the station of the troops among whom the plot had originated,) without a single person being privy to his design. About five in the morning, he halted his men close to the camp, and announced to them that he was about to confide to them

a short, easy, and important service, the success of which would infallibly secure the favour of the King; and, upon condition of their engaging to second his views, he pledged his word of honour that they should not be embarked. Influenced by these hopes and promises, all swore to obey whatever orders he should give; and he accordingly entered at their head the camp of Vittoria, where were stationed the 7,000 men destined to be the first embarked, and who found themselves suddenly surrounded by a superior body of troops, with a formidable artillery. O'Donnell commanded their officers to be instantly summoned, and ordered the soldiers to ground their arms, and to shout *Viva el Rey*. The men obeyed without knowing the reason; and during the general astonishment created by his unexpected appearance, he declared, that the officers had forfeited their commissions, and caused one hundred and twenty-three of all ranks to be arrested. Several regiments were dispersed throughout the interior of Andalusia; and the remainder, amounting to about 3,000 men, were officered anew, and embarked in ten days without a murmur; so great was the terror inspired by this bold and decisive measure. The reader will not be sorry to learn, that O'Donnell, instead of being rewarded for his exploit, the success of which had been owing entirely to his consummate treachery to his comrades, was some time after recalled to Madrid, and the command of the expedition given to the Conde de Calderon, Viceroy of Mexico in 1813, where he had acquired the reputation of excessive severity in his civil administration as well as in his military discipline.

To aggravate the evils with which Spain had, at present, to struggle, the plague made its appearance. At first, it was believed to have been imported by the ship of the line *Asia*, which entered the harbour of Cadiz on the 31st of July, from Vera Cruz and the Havannah, at both of which places the yellow fever had been prevalent for five months previous to this date. But subsequent inquiry seemed to prove that this belief was groundless, and that the dreadful malady in question had been introduced by the *San Julian*, which arrived at San Fernando, from the coast of Coromandel, on the 26th June; medical men being of opinion that, in the symptoms of the disease, they could recognise the *cholera morbus*, which, for two years before, had made such frightful ravages in India. The contagion having first made its appearance in the town of San Fernando, and the island of Leon, seemed to confirm this opinion. Though the necessary precautions were immediately taken, all communication with San Fernando cut off, and military posts established, to prevent, if possible, any of the infected from entering Cadiz, the malady spread with great rapidity; the troops on board the transports at Cadiz were soon infected, and the hospitals filled with the sick; the disease assuming the appearance of *typhus icterodes*, or typhus with symptoms of jaundice. In a little time no less than 10,000 persons were infected, and the deaths

daily amounted from 80 to 100. Notwithstanding the peremptory orders which had been issued, and the zealous exertions of the public authorities, the neighbouring towns and villages would hold no communication of any kind with the focus of the infection, and refused the wretched victims of the malady either provisions or medical aid. The army which had for a considerable time been kept within its cantonments, at last broke through the line of demarcation which had been traced around it to the south-west of Andalusia, and from 8, to 9,000 soldiers dispersed in various directions. The alarm reached Madrid, where a permanent body of eighty-four persons was formed to watch over the public health; and at the distance of two leagues from the capital, a lazaret of observation was established in the hermitage on the summit of Monte de los Angeles, while a considerable detachment of troops was posted at Ocana to intercept the deserters. On the 19th of October, an edict was also promulgated, denouncing immediate death against any person, coming from districts either infected or suspected of being so, who should enter Madrid, whether with or without passports; subjecting to fines, exile, &c. those who should arrive from any other province without passports, as well as inhabitants who should lodge or should fail to give information of all travellers introduced without authority; and promising a reward of 6,000 reals to every person giving information against those who should violate the provisions of the edict; precautions which sufficiently mark the extent of the danger, and the alarm which had been excited. Fortunately, winter was setting in, which, together with the strong measures resorted to, in order to prevent the spread of the infection, appears to have been successful in arresting the progress of one of the most frightful calamities with which a nation can be visited; and, by the 2nd of December, *Te Deum* was chaunted in thanksgiving for the cessation of the pestilence, which, in Cadiz, its environs, and the Island of Leon, had carried off 4,539 persons.

While the plague was at its height, the princess of Saxony, the destined bride of Ferdinand, arrived on the frontiers; and after remaining at Vittoria and Burges till it had somewhat abated, made her public entry into Madrid on the 20th October, and the nuptial ceremony took place on the evening of the same day. As it is usual, on similar occasions, a royal decree was issued on the 25th, granting a general pardon to all prisoners, except those who had been confined for political offences; and a few days after, Lozano de Torres, was dismissed from his office, and a new ministry installed. It is extremely probably that the dismissal of this minister, was occasioned by his opposition to the exception of political offences in the general amnesty. This we infer from the liberal and enlightened course of policy, which, as far as was possible, he endeavoured to pursue, during the course of his short administration; particularly from his desire to promote the educa-

tion of the lower orders, and to afford encouragement to agriculture.

The exception in the amnesty gave great and general dissatisfaction; and the new ministry felt that something was necessary to be done, in order to appease the just indignation, excited by the extension of that clemency to felons and murderers, which was denied to men, who had freely shed their blood in the cause of their country, and for the restoration of the "beloved" Ferdinand, and whose only crime was their desire to see their country great, happy, and free. Accordingly, at the beginning of November, a royal order was addressed to the council of Castile, empowering it to draw up a report of the number of persons suffering exile or imprisonment for political offences, and to indicate what measures it would, in their judgment, be expedient to pursue, in order to conciliate public opinion. The council were not long in coming to a determination, and preparing their report. A general amnesty, they considered, as a measure, not only of great utility, but of absolute necessity; and, accordingly, recommended that the exiles should enjoy the benefit of it without exception, and be restored to the exercise of their civil rights which they had lost. In enumerating the different classes of persons exiled for political offences, the council came to that, known under the title of *Los Liberales*, of which they express themselves in these words: "Hitherto the council has only spoken of Spaniards, who served the usurper of the throne of his Majesty. The order of the king comprehends other individuals, (the Liberals), who, far from ranking themselves in this number, struggled against the usurpation, and were reckoned among the true patriots, and defenders of the just cause which the nation had adopted; and whatever may have been the errors of which they have since been accused, there can be no doubt, that they ought to enjoy the benefit of the amnesty, and to experience the clemency of the sovereign, even if other considerations did not plead in their behalf. With the amnesty, will revive the remembrance of their past services, and of the zeal and constancy, with which they resisted the invasion of the tyrant of Europe, when fighting in the name of our *august* sovereign, and under the orders of the government, the legitimate representative of the royal person. For this reason, the law officers of the crown cannot compare them with those persons, who, at the same moment, not only ranged themselves with the enemies of our government, but who, many of them, bore arms against their country. To these marked distinctions in their favour, the wisdom of the council should certainly allow the weight which so deservedly belongs to them."

Had the wise and just policy here recommended, been carried into effect, there can be no doubt, that it would have essentially contributed to allay the discontents, which the wavering and arbitrary conduct of the court had excited, and to reconcile to the

government the minds of that great and powerful party, which, by its patriotic zeal and constancy, had been mainly instrumental in the restoration of the king. This, however, was for the present prevented, by a circumstance but too plainly characteristic of the perfidious delirium of Ferdinand and his secret advisers.

A circular, countersigned by the Inspector-General of Militia, the Conde de Villariego, was, about the 23d of November, addressed to thirty-four regiments of militia, in the different provinces, commanding them to assemble, without delay, in the principal places of their respective districts, and accompanied with commissions, promotions, and expressions of satisfaction, for certain officers who were named; with orders of banishment, and expressions of dissatisfaction, for certain others who were also named; and with *lettres de cachet*, addressed to three grave reverend fathers, formed into a general chapter, to watch over the interests of religion. This document had every internal mark of official authenticity, and contained details of service, which could only emanate from persons intimately connected with administration, or from the administration itself. But its diabolical object was in a great measure frustrated, by an unlooked for circumstance. The colonel of the regiment of Toledo, who happened to be near the capital had neither shoes for his followers, nor money to pay them. He therefore lost no time in communicating to the Inspector-General, the reasons which rendered it impossible for him to comply with orders which he had just received. The Conde de Villariego instantly saw that his signature had been forged, immediately intimated the subject to the king, and despatched a courier to the colonel of the regiment of Toledo, to demand the copy of the circular which he had received. The forgery was thus detected, and couriers forthwith despatched to the colonels of the different regiments which it was supposed this infamous document had put into movement.

There is but one construction, we apprehend, that can be put upon this dark proceeding, which was manifestly the work of the court, and intended to get up a pretext for announcing a conspiracy, that the recommendation of the council of Castile might be evaded, and recourse be had to further measures of severity and persecution, against the party which still maintained their allegiance to the constitution of the Cortes. Though the plot did not succeed, to the extent which had been anticipated, it so far accomplished the object of its authors, as to enable them to sink all consideration of the report of the council, in busying themselves offering disproportionate rewards, (300,000 reals or about 13,900 dollars, besides a place at Court worth about 1,900 dollars per annum) for the discovery and apprehension of the person or persons who had been guilty of the forgery. The reader will not be surprised to learn, however, that no discovery was ever made, and that the government did not fail to represent this as a branch or

ramification of the conspiracies of Catalonia, Valentia, and Port St. Mary.

But neither this fictitious conspiracy, nor the disturbances in the interior, nor the disorders in the finances, nor the horrible calamity of the plague, had interrupted the exertions of the government in equipping the expedition at Cadiz, destined to act against the cause of liberty and independence in the New World. Every thing indeed, had been completed, and the fleet was just about to weigh anchor, when, on the morning of the 1st of January, a revolution suddenly burst forth, and gave a new aspect to the affairs of this unhappy country. But we must not anticipate the events which belong to another year.

Whatever opinions he might entertain on the ordinary subjects of political discussion, no well-wisher of his species, could possibly desire to see a brave and ancient nation, enthralled by such a miserable and perfidious despotism as that of Ferdinand, of the nature of which we cannot convey a better idea than by simply stating the two following facts. A short time after the dismissal of the minister, Lozano de Torres, Ferdinand, who, it seems, had run short of Jesuits, sent a formal mission to Russia, to borrow forty of that hopeful fraternity, for the use of the Spanish colonies, where, from all we have been able to learn, they were in no very particular demand; and to complete the picture of folly, superstition, and cruelty, an edict was issued interdicting all Jews from entering the territory of Spain, unless by a special permission granted by the king himself, and approved by the Inquisition, charged with the exercise of a particular superintendance over the unfortunate posterity of Abraham. If the brutal and ferocious despot, who wished the Romans had but one neck, that he might enjoy the satisfaction of smiting it asunder, were to rise from the dead, with all the passions and crimes which have immortalized his name in the annals of infamy, what heavier curse could he imprecate on a suffering people, than by saying of such a government as this, *Esto perpetua!*

(To be continued.)

Charles Lloyd, a modern poet of high powers and susceptible heart, writes on the subject of *Love*, with more truth of feeling than we could expect from a *Laker*.

Perhaps, at no time Love does more impart
 Delicious feeling to the human breast,
 Than when it is contrived with furtive art,
 That among multitudes shall be expressed
 By under-tones, by side-long looks, that heart
 Is linked. Love then is doubly blessed.
 It feels superior to the uninspired
 Mortals around, and is with deep trust fired.

Duke of Ormond.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO THE SHORES OF THE POLAR SEA.*

WE have seldom opened a volume with higher expectations than the present; and those expectations have not been disappointed. The transactions it relates, whether viewed with reference to the science of geography in general, or to the great question now at issue, respecting the practicability of a north-west passage, are of decided importance. In other lights, it is extremely interesting, as a record of spirit and perseverance, of exertion and suffering, which have seldom been surpassed, and will not speedily be paralleled.

This expedition was undertaken by the orders of the British government, in conjunction with the last attempt of captain Parry, to penetrate through the Arctic Ocean; and the points towards which it was directed, as well as the objects it was intended to embrace, were judiciously chosen, both to further and facilitate his proceedings, and to collect new data for the guidance of future exploratory enterprise in this remote and dreary portion of the globe. The details and result will show, that all has been done which human power, under such trying circumstances, could accomplish.

Few of our readers can be unacquainted with the expedition of Hearne to the northern coast of America, or with the more recent journey of Sir Alexander Mackenzie to the mouth of the Copper Mine River. The discoveries of these travellers, though necessarily imperfect, were duly appreciated, and, doubtless, contributed to revive and strengthen that laudable curiosity, which prompted the early attempts to explore the Frozen Ocean. Since the time of Hearne many advantages have been gained for a further examination of the country, into which he and Mackenzie adventurously led the way. The different lakes which vary its surface, and the numerous streams by which it is intersected, afford abundant, though arduous means of communication; while the spirit of commercial enterprise has contributed to the formation of numerous trading establishments by the North-west and Hudson's Bay companies, in situations at a vast distance from the coast, and from each other. Among these we may specify Norway House, on Lake Winnipeg; Cumberland House, on Pine Island Lake; Fort la Crosse, on the lake of the same appellation; Forts Chipewyan and Wedderburne, on Lake Athabasca; and Forts Resolution and Providence, so far northwards at Great Slave Lake. The effect of these establishments is strikingly evinced on the character and conduct of the natives; for though little attention appears to have been paid to their moral or religious habits, the

* Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the years 1819, 1820, 1821, and 1822. By John Franklin, Captain, RN. FRS. and Commander of the Expedition. 4to. Murray, 1823.

state of dependence to which they are reduced on the two companies, has not only disarmed them of their hostility towards the whites, but has even rendered them more peaceably disposed towards each other, by repressing those habits of rapine and revenge which at all preceding periods had marked their character.

Captain (then lieutenant) Franklin with his associates, Dr. Richardson, surgeon R. N. and Mr. Back and Mr. Hood, midshipmen, embarked on the 23d of May, 1819, on board the *Prince of Wales*, Hudson's Bay ship, and proceeded to Stromness, where they hoped to engage some Orkney boatmen. On the 16th of June they quitted Stromness, and directed their course for Hudson's Bay. On the 7th of August they descried the island of Resolution, at the entrance of Hudson's Strait; and being soon afterwards enveloped in a fog, the ship struck on the rocks, and received such damage as to render their subsequent passage extremely dangerous. They, however, cleared the straits on the 19th, and shaping their course across the bay, had, on the 28th, the satisfaction of anchoring at York Flats. The same evening they were received at York Factory, on Hayes river, by Mr. Williams, governor of the Hudson's Bay company posts in this quarter. By the recommendation of different officers of the company, Captain Franklin decided on taking the route by Cumberland House, into the interior, and along the chain of posts to Great Slave Lake; and a boat was accordingly fitted up without delay, for the use of the expedition.

They commenced their journey on the 9th of September; but the boat being too small to contain their stores, a considerable portion was left behind, on the assurance of the Hudson's Bay officers, that tobacco, ammunition, and spirits, could be procured in the interior. The effects of this omission were, however, felt during the whole course of their proceedings. They continued their progress up the Hayes River, and the streams with which it is connected; and their journey, though affording little variety in description, was yet calculated to call forth continual exertion both of body and mind, from the difficulties and labour created by a succession of rapids, and other obstructions which attend this inland navigation. On the 25th of September they reached Oxford House, an establishment of the Hudson's Bay company, situated on Holey Lake. Proceeding then by the course of the Weepinapannis, they traversed much romantic scenery, in their progress toward the higher land, from whence the waters flow in a different direction, and after a portage, embarked on the Echemamis. This led them, on the 16th of October, to Norway Point, situated at the extremity of a peninsula, separating Play Green and Winnipeg Lakes, in latitude $43^{\circ} 41' 38''$, long. west $98^{\circ} 1' 24''$, and from thence they continued their progress, by the Saskatchewan to Cumberland House, where they halted on the 21st of October.

Convinced, by the effects of the frost, that further progress by

water was impracticable, at this season, they accepted the invitation of Governor Williams, to make a short stay. Here Captain Franklin took the resolution of proceeding, during the winter, into the Athabasca department, from the residents of which he expected to obtain the most accurate information respecting the country north of Great Slave Lake. He, however, made arrangements for leaving Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hood, to expedite the conveyance of the stores on the return of spring.

On the 18th of January he and Mr. Back left Cumberland House, provided with sledges and snow shoes, and the usual equipments for a winter journey, and attended by John Hepburn, an English seaman. They had, however, a speedy foretaste of the severities of a North American winter, and found considerable difficulty in forcing their way through a country clothed with snow, though compelled to use the utmost expedition, by the scantiness of their supply of provisions. On the 30th, they arrived at Carlton House, latitude $52^{\circ} 30' 47''$, long. $106^{\circ} 12' 42''$, where they enjoyed not only the shelter of an hospitable roof, but the comfort of exchanging their travelling habiliments, which nothing but long habit could render supportable.

At Carlton House they were first taught to appreciate one of the most formidable difficulties with which they had afterwards to contend, namely, the want of provisions. On this point, it appears, that continual precaution is requisite, not merely to supply the servants and dependents of the companies, but the Indians themselves, who in distress resort to the establishments for succour; though no care will at all times suffice to obviate the most deplorable inconveniencies. The provisions are procured from the Indians in the form best calculated for conveyance on a winter journey. This preparation is called pemmican, and consists of meat, dried by the sun or the fire, and pounded with stones, when spread on a skin. Brought in this state to the forts, it is cleansed, and incorporated with a third part of melted fat, and firmly pressed into leather bags, each containing about eighty pounds. It will thus keep for a year, and with care may be preserved for two. However uninviting to dainty palates, a sufficient quantity, even of this coarse food, is not always obtainable.

Being recovered from the pains and swellings, occasioned by their late toilsome peregrination, they resumed their progress on the 9th of February, and after suffering greatly from cold, reached the Hudson's Bay House, on Isle a la Crosse Lake, the 23rd. They experienced a hospitable reception, and obtained much useful information from the resident, Mr. Clark, who had penetrated as far as Mackenzie's River. Their march was next directed to the Company's house on Buffalo Lake, in lat. $55^{\circ} 53'$, and long. $108^{\circ} 51' 10''$; and on the 13th of March they approached what is called the Methye Portage. This is an elevated ridge of land, forming a new division of the water courses, and exhibiting pros-

pects of striking beauty, even under a snowy clothing. It is about twelve miles in length, and constitutes a laborious portion of the journey to and from the Athabasca department. It lies in lat. $56^{\circ} 41' 40''$ long. $109^{\circ} 52' 15''$: descending with great caution and difficulty, they embarked on the Elk River, which is here nearly two miles wide; and on the 19th of March, made a short halt at the Pierre au Calumet, a post of the North West Company. In their subsequent progress they encountered much boisterous and unpleasant weather, and were greatly obstructed by drift snow; but at length they had the satisfaction of terminating a toilsome pilgrimage of 857 miles, at Fort Chipewyan, on the 26th of March.

The interval of their stay at this place was employed in arrangements for their future operations, in procuring guides and attendants, and in obtaining information. They had the satisfaction of finding, that one of the principal chiefs of the Copper Indians was willing to engage in their service, and to accompany them with a part of his tribe; but at the same time they were not without the apprehension of considerable embarrassment, from the scarcity of provisions which prevailed also in this quarter. On the 13th of July, Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hood arrived in two canoes from Fort Cumberland, bringing all the stores and provisions they could collect, but the supply was still inadequate to their wants. With these gentlemen were ten Canadian voyagers, or boatmen, whom they had engaged at the posts below; and two Esquimaux interpreters were to join them at Great Slave Lake.

As they had now no prospect of increasing their scanty stock of provisions, they had no alternative but to hasten their departure northwards with a limited supply. They accordingly embarked, 18th July, 1820, in three canoes, and descended Stony River, which discharges itself into Slave River. On the 24th of July they entered Great Slave Lake, and visited the establishments of the two companies, where they had the mortification to hear, that the same scarcity of subsistence prevailed, as at Fort Cumberland. They, therefore, hastened forward to Fort Providence, a station of the North West Company, at the northern point of the lake, where they arrived on the 29th. Here they found Mr. Wentzel, a clerk belonging to the company, who spoke the Chipewyan language, and gave them much useful intelligence; and the following day they were visited by Akaitcho, the Copper Indian chief, who had been previously engaged in their interests.

Having held a consultation to digest their plans, the Indians departed in advance, and the provisions and stores were packed, in the manner best adapted for prompt conveyance. The different members of the expedition were now mustered, and consisted of the officers already mentioned; Hepburn, their faithful attendant; Mr. Wentzel, who had agreed to accompany them; nineteen

Canadian voyagers; Michel, an Iroquois Indian; and three interpreters; and several women, wives of the Canadians.

On the 2d August they commenced their voyage northward, with three large canoes, and a smaller one for the women. At their entrance into Yellow Knife River, they were joined by Akaitcho and his party, forming an Indian fleet of 17 canoes, and continued their progress up the stream, which was here about 150 yards wide. As they advanced, it dwindled into a mere rivulet, and they then proceeded by a chain of small lakes, with intervening portages, still suffering from the want of provisions, which the skill and activity of their hunters could not obviate. At length they completed another stage of their expedition, at Winter Lake, where their Indian friend proposed to fix their station, till the ensuing spring, on the 22d of August. The length of their voyage from fort Chipewyan amounted to 553 miles, about 21 of which consisted of portages.

Preparations were immediately commenced for building a habitation, and collecting supplies of provisions, the Indians having failed in their engagements for this object, in consequence of the death of one of their chiefs, which occasioned the suspension of their usual business of hunting. Captain Franklin proposed to proceed immediately to the Copper Mine River; but this design, which was dictated rather by zeal than prudence, was at length relinquished, in consequence of the remonstrances of Akaitcho. It was, however, decided to despatch a party for the purpose of exploring the country, and the task was assigned to Mr. Back, on the 29th of August. A few days after, Captain Franklin himself undertook a similar journey, leaving Mr. Wentzel to superintend the building. He found the lakes frozen, and every appearance of an early and severe winter, and returned after reaching a branch of Point Lake. The first party having penetrated to another part of the same sheet of water, were driven back on the 16th of September, by cold and storms.

In the interim, considerable progress had been made in the erection of a log house for the officers, and on the 6th of October it was so far completed, that they struck their tent and took up their residence within. It was about 50 feet long and 24 wide, and divided into a hall, three bed-rooms, and a kitchen. A similar habitation, of smaller dimensions, was afterwards constructed for the men; and a store-house was finally erected, the whole establishment occupying three sides of a square. No exertion was spared to collect supplies of provisions; and in the course of a short period they had secured a sufficient stock of venison and other meat, to obviate all immediate fear of scarcity. Mr. Back and Mr. Wentzel were also despatched to Fort Providence, to expedite the conveyance of the remaining stores from Cumberland House.

Few incidents were likely to vary the monotonous course of a winter residence in these northern solitudes; but causes of care and anxiety were not wanting. By some misconduct or inattention on

the part of the officers belonging to the trading companies, their stores were left behind, and reports to their discredit were spread from some of the trading establishments, which made a deep impression on the minds of the Indians. Explanations indeed took place, but the effect was perhaps never entirely obviated. On the 27th of January, 1821, Mr. Wentzel returned with a portion of their stores; others successively arrived, though still inadequate to their wants, and the demands of their Indian dependants; and in March Mr. Back arrived from Fort Chipewyan, after performing a journey of nearly 1000 miles on foot, amidst hardships and difficulties of a peculiar kind. They were now in latitude $65^{\circ} 12' 40''$, and longitude $113^{\circ} 8' 25''$; and a few hints will suffice to show the nature of the climate. The month of October was sufficiently wintry, but in November the cold became much more severe, the mean temperature being -0.7° . In December its intensity increased; for at one period the thermometer sunk as low as 57° below zero; the trees were frozen to their very centres; and a thermometer in the bed-room, only 16 feet from the fire, sunk as low as 15° . January was more mild than December, and in March the mean temperature rose to $11' 57''$. The employments of the officers, during this dreary interval, were chiefly sedentary, and consisted in the completion of their journals, drawings and calculations; but they judiciously encouraged the amusements and occupations of the men, and promoted such sports as were calculated to engage their attention and beguile the tedious hours.

As the summer approached, every effort was used for the accomplishment of the final, and most important purpose of the expedition. Arrangements were made with the Hook, another Indian chief, residing near West Martin Lake, who agreed to collect provisions for the party on their return; and Akaitcho, from a spirit of rivalry or other motives, began to manifest renewed zeal in the cause. As the ice appeared to be dissolving on the rivers and lakes, in the commencement of June, one division moved on the 4th, under the command of Dr. Richardson, to Point Lake. On the 14th the party charged with the conveyance of the canoes followed, and finally Captain Franklin himself, with three Canadians, the two Esquimeaux, and Hepburn, carrying the instruments and a remnant of the stores. Though at first suffering from renewed exertion, and the heat of the weather, all proceeded with alacrity, traversed Point Lake, Red Rock Lake, and Rock Nest Lake on the remaining ice, and at length entered the Copper Mine River, which at this point was 200 yards wide, and ten feet deep, and flowed rapidly over a stony bed. In this early period of their journey, they found it necessary to abandon one of their canoes, in order to spare the strength both of their men and dogs.

They commenced their descent of the Copper Mine River, on the 2d of July, and proceeded north-west-ward along its course, which is much broken by a succession of rapids, varying in breadth.

and generally deep. On the 7th they encamped at the foot of a series of heights, the first they had yet seen in America which deserved the name of a mountainous range. The next day they arrived at the station of the Hook, and obtained from him the renewal of his promise, to remain and collect supplies of food against their return. The succeeding days they found the channel of the river skirted by steep ranges of hills, which circumscribed its waters till they were pent up between walls of perpendicular rocks, and formed almost a continued rapid. It here forced its way through the barrier of mountains, and flowed N.N.E. On the 11th they diverged to examine the Copper Mountains, described by Hearne, and collected a few trifling specimens of metal.

At this point the Indians left their canoes, to avoid the labour of navigating them down the rapids; but the ulterior purposes of the expedition could not be fulfilled without those belonging to the party. Their descent was marked by no other incident, than a meeting with some Esquimeaux, who frequent the lower course of the river, but no intercourse took place, except with an old man, who was not sufficiently active to make his escape. At length on the 18th of July they had the satisfaction of reaching the mouth of the river, which at its influx to the sea is about a mile wide, shallow, and nearly barred across by sand banks. To sea-ward appeared many lofty islands. The latitude was found to be $67^{\circ} 47' 50''$, and the longitude $115^{\circ} 25' 52''$; the distance travelled from Fort Enterprise 334 miles, for 117 of which the canoes had been dragged over snow and ice. Here Mr. Wentzel and the Indians left them, with renewed promises to provide supplies of food against their return in the autumn.

On the 21st of July they commenced their voyage on the Hyperborean sea, and paddled eastward, along the coast. No ice appeared, though an ice blink was visible in the horizon, and the islands were found to be rocky, barren, and of columnar structure. In this direction they proceeded for five days, passing the nights on shore. On the 26th they weathered a cape, to which they have given the name of Barrow, in honour of the Secretary of the Admiralty, and turned into an extensive inlet, called George the Fourth's, or Coronation Gulf, which enters the land from lat. 68° to $67^{\circ} 30'$. They spent a considerable period, and encountered no small danger, in exploring its various recesses, from the slightness and dilapidated state of their canoes, which were formed of no stronger material than birch bark. The furthest point to which they penetrated eastward, was Cape Turnagain, in lat $68^{\circ} 30'$, and long. $109^{\circ} 15'$, from whence the coast appeared still to trend in the same direction.

One of the canoes being rendered unserviceable, and the other much injured, and their allowance of provisions extending only to a handful of pemmican, and a small portion of portable soup daily, they were necessitated to desist from further attempts, and has-

ten their return. They drew towards the head of Coronation Gulf, and attempted to ascend the course of a river, which flows into it, on the south-west. They, however, found the stream so confined by precipitous rocks, and so obstructed by rapids, that they relinquished their purpose of proceeding by water; and from the materials of their damaged canoes formed two smaller ones, to cross any stream or lake which might intersect their line of march. Having arranged their baggage for as speedy a movement as possible, they proceeded in the direction of Point Lake, through a flat and uninteresting country, interspersed with small sheets of water. In this portion of their journey they experienced considerable obstruction from the snow, which already began to fall, and on the 5th of September they distributed their last morsel of pemmican. The sense of their privations was aggravated by the increasing severity of the weather, and they continued to toil onwards, amidst snow and ice, frequently unable to obtain even the comfort of a fire, and reduced to depend for subsistence on the skill and success of their hunters, in a season and situation alike unpromising. One of their canoes was first broken by a fall, and the other afterwards was rendered unserviceable, at the very time when it was most needed. Every step of their toilsome pilgrimage was marked by new difficulties—every hour by increasing sufferings and privations. Compelled to allay the cravings of hunger with an unpalatable weed, called *Tripe de Roche*, even this miserable resource frequently failed, and they were driven to devour the leather of their shoes, the putrid skins of animals, and even bones rendered friable by fire. Stopped at the most critical periods of their march, when existence itself seemed to depend on the loss of a single day, by lakes or streams, which they had not the means of passing, subordination ceased—despair succeeded—some sunk under their multiplied calamities; and even those, whose strength and spirits were yet equal to exertion, dragged their weary limbs along rather in fear than in hope. In this extremity, Mr. Hood, whose zeal and intelligence had been honourably conspicuous, appears to have been shot by Michel, the Iroquois Indian, who is supposed to have been impelled by hunger to murder two of his companions for the sake of feeding on their flesh. At length, on the evening of the 29th of October, Captain Franklin, with some of the party, drew near their once cheerful abode of Fort Enterprise; but, instead of the supplies, on which they had calculated, from the Indians, it was found empty and desolate, and they had yet to struggle with famine and misery, till Mr. Back, who had proceeded in advance, could obtain aid from the Indians or the nearest trading settlement. In the mean time, the rest of the party, who were not entirely exhausted, reached the same place of refuge, only to undergo an aggravation of suffering; and the energies of nature were nearly subdued when, on the 7th of November, they were rescued from a lingering, and seeming in-

evitable fate, by the arrival of Indians with a small supply of provisions. In justice to the chief Akaitcho, it is proper to add, that although with that indolence and thoughtlessness which are prominent features in the character of the savage, he had neglected to fulfil his promises, he no sooner heard of their distress, than he hastened to relieve it; and both he and his tribe manifested towards the unfortunate travellers, a degree of kindness and sympathy which would have done honour to the most civilized country. In a comparatively short period of time, they were enabled to travel; and retracing their former course, finally terminated their journey, on the 14th of July, at York Factory, after traversing the distance of not less than 5550 miles.

We have now only to add, that the appearance of the coast traced by Captain Franklin, justifies the opinion of those who maintain the practicability of a North-west passage. A rise of the tide, perceptible in Coronation Gulf, proves its communication with the ocean, and the outline of the shore runs nearly east and west, in the latitude assigned to Mackenzie's River, to the Sound entered by Kotzebue on the side of Behring's Straits, and to Repulse Bay, at the northern extremity of Hudson's Bay. The portion of sea explored by our voyagers was also navigable for vessels of any size, and the obstruction from ice too trifling to detain even a small boat.

Our limits will not permit us to advert to many important and curious details, in various branches of science and natural history. We shall therefore conclude with observing, that this volume is illustrated with charts, and accompanied with a series of engravings, equally creditable to the unfortunate artist, Mr. Hood, and to the engraver, Mr. Finden.

CARRIAGES.

As late as the year 1550, there were but three carriages in Paris, though they have now increased to about six thousand. In the time of Charles I., according to a celebrated writer, there were but twenty carriages in London: the number at present is calculated to be between fourteen and fifteen thousand. The first coach that appeared in Sweden was at the close of the 16th century. In the beginning of the 17th, they began to be used in Russia: There were few in England at that time; but at the end of the 18th century there were upwards of 60,000 in that kingdom.

INVENTION OF CANNON.

M. FLORIAN asserts that the first inventors of cannon were the Moors, who first used these terrible instruments of death against the Castilians at the siege of Algeziras, in Grenada.

THE FOREIGN EXECUTIONER:

A LEGEND OF WHITEHALL.

Extracted from the Manuscripts of the Rev. Cephias Godwin.

See'st this axe of mine?—The best blood of the Country has been upon its edge. JOANNA BAILLIE.

ANNO 1716.—In the January of this year it was my singular fortune to meet with a certain event, which was remarkable not only as a most astonishing memorial of retributive providence, but also as an illustration of that, concerning which many have received erroneous impressions, or have deemed it to be forever lost in oblivion. The unsettled state of Scotland had led me to enforce upon the minds of my hearers, the beauty of loyalty and good order in the sight of God; and the detestation with which the Almighty looks upon anarchy, rebellion, and warfare against the sovereign. The ground of my discourse was the history of Saul's death; *vide* II Samuel, chapter 1, verses 1 to 16; and in concluding the subject, my words, as well as I can remember,—for my sermons have since been destroyed,—were as follow:—"So fell, my brethren, the first of the Jewish monarchs, after a reign of about thirty-nine years, in a valley by Mount Gilboa; first mortally wounded by his own hand, and then despatched by the weapon of an Amalekite. But it is time now to turn from the mighty who fell, to him by whose hand his death was hastened. If, then, there be a crime which is abhorred by all nations universally; the law of whose condemnation is written by the finger of the living God upon the heart of every man; whether civilized or savage; at the commission, and the sight, and even the very thought of which, the foulest hearts and the most hardened consciences have shrank dismayed; whose power and effect are such, that one glance of but one moment's continuance, will flash such terror into the breast of the perpetrator, that it will not leave him through eternity;—that crime is murder! Oh! may none of you ever feel the dreadful horrors of great darkness, and the keen gnawings of that worm which even Death cannot kill, awakened in your breast by the commission of that most accursed of sins. It is sufficient to dye with the deepest sorrow, and the most alarming terrors, a life which is surrounded by all that humanity esteems valuable, or delightful, or rich, or honourable, or glorious. It is like that distemper which gives to every thing around us, whether the splendid productions of art, or the yet more beautifully variegated face of nature, a nauseous stain: for believe me, ever after the blood of a fellow creature hath imbued your hands, all things will speak of it, and display it. The ruddy tints of the rose will show to the sight of a murderer deeper with his sin; the fair and beautiful snow will seem marked and spotted with sanguine pollution; the sun cannot set gloriously in

the west, nor rise again in the east, without the lovely colours which it spreads around reflecting back the hue of guilt unto his eyes and conscience;—for him the moon shall nightly be turned into blood, and the fires of the stars shall shine with a crimson light, as if his crime had reversed the beauties of nature, and had imparted the stain of his infamy to the whole world. Oh! say, can such a one be at rest? can his soul ever possess that ‘peace which passeth all understanding?’ No!—even though he might put away the sword of the avenger, yet would he not be delivered from the continual fear and power of death. His mind would still be filled with all the terrors of dissolution; there would be the cold damps upon his brow, the icy chilliness in his veins, the fairest scents would be to him turned into the loathsome ‘smell of mortality,’—the green sod on which he walked would constantly bring the grave to his remembrance, and for him even this living world would be full of death. This, indeed, is horrible; but yet even this crime may be wrought into one that can neither be increased nor diminished, when the hand of the rebel, or of the assassin—I place them together, for they are even as one—is raised against his sovereign, as was the Amalekite’s in my text. ‘How!’ says David, evidently amazed at the enormity of the crime, at which he shrank back, as it were in terrified astonishment, ‘How! wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand to destroy the Lord’s anointed?’ His death swiftly followed, for the crime had been confessed by his own mouth, the declaration was witnessed by all, and the sin so avenged, was in a twofold degree condemned.”

It was my intention according to my usual custom, to have then proceeded to a deduction of consolation and utility from this subject;—for my own sentiments are, that a minister cannot lawfully leave his people either in anger or alarm; for, whatever he may have said to awaken or reprove, should be impressed with kindness and charity before they separate:—I was then about to proceed to this part of my discourse, when the attention of the whole congregation was turned to a stranger who had fainted. I had before this, remarked his peculiarly solemn but distressed demeanour; the tears stood in his eyes as I spake, but they seemed unable to flow downwards. His gaze was fixed intently upon me, while his mouth somewhat opened, appeared to drink in every word which I had uttered: yet with all this, he was evidently labouring under some dreadful remembrance; his breast heaved with violent gaspings, and the perspiration hung upon his dark and aged face, as if he stood condemned before all mankind. Indeed he very much reminded me of the Hebrew Ahasuerus, whom Westphalus supposed to be the Wandering Jew, and who once appeared in an Holsatian church during sermon, in a wretched dress, beating upon his breast, and sighing heavily.

The confusion which such a circumstance would excite in a country parish church, may be well conceived: almost every eye

was turned towards the stranger, but a few anxiously sought mine, to learn what should be done at such a crisis. Having directed that he should be carried to my own home, and carefully attended to, I put an early conclusion to the service, for the moment that men's curiosity is awakened, their religious thoughts are scattered; and, in common with all my hearers, I felt a considerable desire to know something more of the sorrows of this unhappy stranger. Upon my return to the Parsonage, I found my guest,—who had refused all refreshment,—seated in the posture of calm despondency, with his hands clasped and resting on his knees, and his face, marked with all the characters of grief and agony, looking downwards. By his side was a large antiquesly-carved oaken chest, secured with grotesque iron bands, hasps, and an immense lock, upon which he frequently cast a watchful and an anxious glance; and then, as if the very sight of it renewed all the horrors of his mind, he turned shudderingly away, covered his eyes with his hands, and after a while sank again into his former sullenness and melancholy. When I entered the room he did not at first perceive me; but as I drew near to him, and was about to address him, he started up,—then threw himself in agony across the chest, turned upon me a frantic and furious glance, which gave an almost demoniacal expression to his features, and in a foreign-toned, harsh and agitated voice, he cried, while he convulsively grasped the box,—“No, no, no! you shall not search it, nor tear it from me but with my life—and you cannot force me to accuse myself:—Saint Ignacio, no!—the Inquisition themselves would not condemn me for the deed!”

“My unhappy brother,” said I, “console yourself, and believe that both you and your possessions whatever they be, are in perfect safety in the dwelling of Cephias Godwin, a minister of the Protestant church, as you have already seen. It is true I am called upon by my sacred office, to denounce the vengeance of heaven against sinners, but then it is against such only as treat its gospels and its commands alike with scorn:—such as have neither fear, nor belief, nor repentance, nor even the human feeling of remorse. Now I can well trust that some of these are in your bosom, and it shall be my care to fill it with all the purer and better sensations, which even angels delight to witness.”—“Aye,” replied the stranger hastily, with a sarcastic and hollow laugh, “but then you will say that I must first confess, that my inward sins must first be probed,—that I must be put to open penance in this world, in order to avoid the more dreadful condemnation of the next!—Oh! no, no!—death rather than that:—Santo Jeronimo! how could I tell of ——?”

“Not so,” returned I, “our church does not enjoin auricular confession; it recommends only that if one have committed a deadly crime, which lays so heavily upon his soul that it would relieve him to relate it,—or if he have greatly injured any fellow-crea-

ture! to whom he may yet make atonement by speaking of his sins, —then does it command its Ministers to receive such declarations with sympathy, pity, secrecy, and absolution; to endeavour earnestly to right the wrong, and to set the unburthened Christian traveller, leaping with joy, on his road homeward.”

“I do not,” said the stranger, gazing intently upon me, “I do not behold your visage glowing like the sun, nor are you habited in a celestial vestment, nor do you bear the golden triumphant palm of heaven,—I do not see in your face and form ought that is beyond the kind features of humanity and religion,—but your words are the words of an angel. You are indeed fitted to speak the gospel to man, for with you it is in truth the sound of good tidings.—But for me, I am stained with all that virtuous men must in common execrate!—I have a deadly sin upon my soul which presses upon it more heavily than that massive oaken chest, which I have borne by night and by day, by sea and by land, for more than sixty years, ever did upon my body. I have deeply injured a fellow-creature, one of the most exalted rank and the most estimable piety, whom it was the duty of all faithfully to serve:—but it is past, and the dead have no feeling.” As he concluded, the gentler sensations which my last words had excited, seemed to be again swallowed up in his former sullenness; and I was therefore about to leave the room to order for him another chamber, when I said,—“Quiet yourself, my unhappy brother, at least for the present; whoever you may be, and whatever have been your crimes I know not, but in this dwelling you are safe. Your sleep shall not be watched, that the involuntary words then often uttered by the tongue, may be brought against you;—your property shall remain near your couch inviolate,—for, trust me, if I knew you to be a murderer, and that chest to contain the evidences of your guilt, I would not open it for worlds!”

“*Madre del nuestro Senor!*” said the stranger, starting to his feet, “and how came you to know that?—you are not a Roman priest, you do not pretend to miraculous visions and revelations, but by a few forcible words you lay open my soul as truly, as if I had shown you all her feelings in the most faithful confession. Well might you say, that your church enjoins it not, where her pastors are so gifted in the knowledge of humanity she requires it not. I have been excommunicated and anathematized by the ecclesiastics of my own nation, but their heaviest curses never awakened my conscience like the brief exhortation I have heard from you.” “Alas, my unfortunate friend,” said I, “so similar is the hand-writing of guilt in the souls of all men, that when its characters have been once read they are ever afterwards known to us. The human heart, with all its disguises, possesses too much sameness ever to deceive those who have long studied it.”—“And are these terrific feelings to last for ever?” continued the stranger, as if musing aloud, “and cannot any repentance wash them away?—

or, are they but the forerunners of others still more awful: the pangs of condemned spirits adapted to the finite powers and capacities of men?"

"No, no," returned I, "you are in error, it cannot be; for he that truly repenteth is no longer covered with sin, the very act performed in full faith is sufficient to put it away. And why deem that your conscience has been wounded by *my* words? Why bow down thine head before me like a bullrush? 'Stand up, for I also am a man!' The truth and power of my ministry were imparted, not inherent, and if perchance the descriptions were vivid, and the denunciations awful, remember, that to such as have not sinned the path of crime cannot be made too terrible, it cannot be guarded with too great security. To such as unhappily have trod it, they have proved it for themselves, and it remains only to lead them gently back again."—"The same,—the same throughout," cried the stranger: "and now canst thou tell me, Oh! friendly shepherd of men! what day of the year we have arrived at?"

"To-morrow," said I, "will be the anniversary of the martyrdom of a royal and a blessed victim,—it will be the thirtieth of January."—"Most true, most true, I should have known it. To-morrow then my nativity shall be fulfilled, and I must prepare to speak of that which hath been; for unto thee, thou beneficent pastor, my crimes and my life shall be made known. Do not deny me thy prayers."—"They have been thine already; and now prepare to take some food and rest in thy chamber.—Peace be with thee, my erring brother, and doubt not for a moment of thy perfect safety." The stranger answered not, but with great difficulty raised the chest, which appeared to be of considerable weight to his shoulders, refusing my offered assistance; and then making a sign for me to lead the way, he followed slowly, bending under his age and his burthen, into another apartment. It was with no little degree of expectation, that I looked for the morning of the 30th of January, when the secret sins and sorrows of my unhappy guest were to be disclosed to me. I determined, however, not to seek his chamber until he should solicit my presence; and I therefore waited until about eleven o'clock, when he entered my apartment still bearing his ancient oaken chest, but habited in a manner entirely different from his worn-out soldier's raiment of the preceding day. He now appeared in a close dress of coarse white cloth, fastened with a large buff girdle and a broad iron buckle; and covered with a round cap that fitted tightly to his head. Before him hung a short and rough brown apron much spotted with blood, which was greatly changed in colour from the length of time it had remained there, and the additional sleeves which were put on over his vest, were stained in a similar manner. Upon one shoulder rested the box, his constant companion, and in the other hand he carried an ancient dark-coloured high-crowned hat, while on his legs were loose calf-skin breeches, and light brown stock-

ings, with the large square boots of the 17th century. I had now a fair opportunity of studying the countenance of this man, comparatively in a state of rest. It was much furrowed, and was of a very dark olive-colour, with the red blood of his cheeks and an angry flush upon his broad bald forehead glowing through it; with his black grizzled hair, some portions of which appeared from beneath his cap, hanging down in flakes upon his shoulders. Above his deeply-sunken eyes, very thick bushy brows of the same hue, gave to them a yet darker shade; and at the lower part of his face, large curling moustaches, and a full, pointed beard, almost obscured his lips, which seemed ever to wear a scornful smile. There was in the whole of his features, something that one would shudder at without precisely knowing why; for his eyes occasionally looked lighted up with malice, and a stern foreign aspect gave all the characters of revenge to his swarthy visage. As he entered the apartment I saluted him with—"A good morning to thee mine ancient friend, let me hope that the night-season has fully answered that end for which our Maker first created it:—the resuscitation of our flagging souls, the strengthening of our wearied bodies, the filling of our hearts with fresh life, and the disposing of our tongues to gratitude from the union of all these blessings. Hath it been so with thee?"

"Yes," replied my guest, setting down his chest and seating himself opposite to me,—“yes, I feel braced for the trials and duties of the day, with a strength which I know well is not mine own; a calmness which for these last sixty years has been unknown to me.—But now, thou benevolent priest, call up all thine attention to the history which I am about to relate:—awaken all thy Christian charity to pity and pray for one whom all others of thy profession have held accursed to perdition.”

“We should beware,” said I, “as erring men ourselves, how we pursue any crime with execrations; since in so doing we too frequently involve the man with his sins, and forget liberality of sentiment whilst we are condemning aberrations from virtue. This too is productive of another evil; for they who delight in the denunciation of sin are frequently permitted to fall into it themselves, to teach them that they likewise are mortal. For thy history then, relate it, and be sure of my sympathy and of my prayers.”

“As it is certain,” began the stranger, “that my birth would be a foul stain even to the best or most glorious of cities, I will say only that I am of Spain, that my name is Ignacio Riaza, and that my unhappy parents were called Luis and Raquel Riaza from the place of their birth, a town about 20 Spanish miles northward of the capital. I call them unfortunate, in having a son who from his earliest years was pledged to vice; so deeply pledged, that Eliseo Estrellado, or Elisha the star-lightened, an eminent astrologer of Madrid, when he erected my nativity, refused to explain it because its configurations showed such a malignant soul. As I grew up-

ward these planetary predictions were abundantly fulfilled, for a fierce and cruel disposition which procured for me the surname of Sanguijuela, or the Bloodsucker, showed that Mars had a powerful ascendancy in my mind. The most ferocious have, however, felt the influence of affection, and it is possible if I had allowed myself to be guided by the gentle Encracia Rosadella, my first and only sincere love, I might have been — but no matter, I must on. My fierce impetuous disposition carried me into the army while yet quite a youth, where all the vices which are common to the most abandoned soldiery were mine.—I gamed to such excess, that it was in vain to apply for more aid to those friends who had even then assisted me almost beyond their means; but yet I deemed avarice held back their hands, and permitted myself to be persuaded by a wretched creature, one Carlota Rezelso, for whom I had left my former amiable Encracia, to try upon my heart-broken parents the effects of—how shall I say it?—of the secret poison!—They who propose a crime usually find the means to execute it:—and the detestable Carlota brought me acquainted with an old hag, usually called Madre Juana la Envenenador, or Mother Jane the Poisoner, who furnished me with a bottle of her fiendish preparation. Even though I had gone thus far in guilt, blood was not yet hanging upon my soul,—and I would fain have shrank back from the horrid precipice before me:—my debts, however, were large,—my creditors clamorous,—the pay of my fellow-soldiers which I had drawn, as a petty officer, was embezzled.—Rezelso, whom I have sometimes deemed to be a fiend in human form, knew all this, and constantly urged me forward by alternately depicting to me discovery and ruin; and the success which might arise from a quick performance of the deed. I cannot relate to you a thousandth part of what I felt even previous to my preparing the draught; time seemed to fly with me unobserved, and I know only that it was given!—As it was made to a very powerful degree of strength, its action was too visible and too rapid for our crime to remain a secret. The blue livid bodies were soon discovered; and to this hour I deem that it was by Rezelso's evidence, that these murders were attributed to me!—Yet was I well avenged; for, to avoid the consequence of her own share in this horrible transaction, which I made fully known, the hag who furnished it, herself swallowed a portion of the same poison! All my other offences became now detected:—I was tried and condemned, publicly excommunicated in the churches, and cast into a most loathsome dungeon to await my release by execution.

“It happened at this time, that Lorenzo Verdugo, the chief public executioner, fell sick and died of the prison-plague, at a period when the state most required his services, in consequence of a conspiracy which had lately been discovered. No one, not already stained with blood, could be prevailed upon to accept the office—till, at length, the principal Judges of the Criminal Court,

gave orders that it should be offered to me, together with my forfeited life; and this was done on the night before that day when I myself was to have been executed. The miseries which I had met with, even in my short career, notwithstanding they were the natural consequences of my own crimes, had inspired me with a boundless hatred to mankind;—and I accepted, with a fiendish joy, the restoration of my liberty on condition of becoming head executioner of the city. Yet there were those who could not rejoice even at the saving of my life upon such terms:—my ever kind and gentle Encracia, who had wept over all my sorrows, and who yet had borne up her tender frame to visit me in my condemned prison, upon seeing me pass her dwelling to the first performance of my sanguinary duty, gave a wild shriek—and expired! I have sometimes wondered how my form hath held together, stained as it is with crime, and weakened by such awful visitations; but all at that time seemed to me only additional excitements to wade deeper in human blood in the new office to which I was appointed. I will not harrow up your soul by telling the histories—nor indeed can I well call them to mind—of those many victims which have died by my hand; I feel guiltless of all of them, for they fell for crimes exciting no compassion;—but there is one execution which neither time nor tears can wash away, where he whose blood was shed, was condemned because he was too angel-like to live in such depraved times, and where the trial and the sentence were begun without authority, carried on without justice, and executed without mercy. It will hardly be credited, that at the time of which I speak, I was scarcely twenty years of age, and I had hardly reigned two years over death, when a British trooper, who spoke the Spanish tongue, sought my dwelling, and proposed to me a voyage to England, where he stated that a person of high rank was to be beheaded, and the government wished for an executioner who was at once eminent and unknown. No country on earth could be more detestable to me than my own, and I therefore readily consented, provided my liberty were procured. This was done at no inconsiderable price in gold; I departed with the trooper, and we arrived in England towards the latter end of January, 1649. All knowledge of the person whom I was to execute was carefully kept from me; but I was introduced to one who was called Lieutenant-General, a tall and somewhat stout man, of a long, full, and rather reddish countenance, with dark flowing hair, especially on the back of his head, and small and retired eyes, the brows of which were contracted together. There was a great degree of stern serenity in his features, and his voice was harsh, though his language was full of fervour. He was habited in a light cloth dress with a short linen collar, and a steel cuirass before it, while thick quilted cuishes armed in front with iron plates, and large brown boots with massive spurs, were upon his legs, and a powerful sword hung from a cross belt by his side. It was midnight when I was

conducted into this person's presence, and before the doors of the chamber in which he was, a trooper passed backwards and forwards with his carbine bent. To him a watchword was given before he admitted us, and when we entered, we discovered a large and antique oak-lined chamber, which was lighted up by a bright fire burning on the hearth, and the flame of a silver lamp which stood upon a carved wooden table, together with papers, proclamations, a small clasped bible, and two horse pistols.—You will perhaps wonder how all these particulars live in my mind amidst the so many terrible features which compose my life;—and how, being a Spaniard, I have been enabled thus to relate them to you in your own language: but from that night I was received into an English troop of horse, where I continued for many years, and in which your tongue was made as familiar to me as my own. For the rest,—all my life, since I first visited this country, has been employed in reflecting upon the scenes which I have acted in it, till I have brought to memory even the most trivial particular of them. But time wears, and I must forward:—The trooper, who brought me over from Spain, took the General apart and spake to him privately, and then returning acted as interpreter between us. ‘Art thou,’ said the General, ‘he who shall execute this deed of justice for us?’ I replied in the affirmative. ‘Is thy hand sure with a sharp weapon?’ returned he, ‘for we must have no marring of the work,’ he added, looking with somewhat of a smile on the trooper, whom I had frequently suspected to be a leader in disguise:—I bowed an assent. ‘Then so far,’ he continued, ‘the Lord is with us. But thou must disguise thee,—for when this act shall be past, I will not trust thee from me;—thou shalt not go again out from us to be a spy unto other nations, but I will have thee for one of mine own guard, if thou knowest aught of war.’ To this I replied that I had formerly served in the Spanish army, and expressing his satisfaction, he consigned me to the trooper, giving him directions relative to my quarters. When five days had passed from my arrival in England,—during which time I was kept in perfect solitude, attended only by the trooper who brought me food, and who daily led me out to walk into a high walled, solitary court-yard, for air and exercise.—On the evening of the sixth I was ordered to be in readiness to quit my present lodgings at midnight, and to prepare for the performance of my duty on the following morning. It was now long since I had sympathized in any human passions, or felt an attachment to any human spot; but from that solitary apartment, I had been witness to a scene which had again awakened some of the better feelings of my nature. About the middle of the preceding day, it seemed to me as though I heard some one sighing, weeping, and praying in the next apartment, and upon searching the wainscot I discovered a small space through which I could survey him unobserved. In this chamber, which was fitted up in a somewhat more costly manner than my own, I discovered a tall

handsome man of about fifty years of age; with beautiful long black hair, and a face in which majesty, sorrow, and interesting piety were exquisitely blended. He was dressed in a close but rich habit, with a jewel suspended to a light blue ribband about his neck, and a sort of coronet cap was placed upon the table near him. He was slowly pacing about the room, and as if engaged in active devotion, his ejaculations were frequent and fervid, while his fine dark brown eyes and mild countenance were often turned to heaven with an air of grief mingled with resignation. While I was feeling, almost for the first time in my life, pity and interest for a fellow-creature, the door of his apartment opened, and I saw the trooper, whom I have already mentioned, lead in a young female and a lovely child, who, both in face and appearance, greatly resembled the person I had before been looking at. Their brief interview was tender in the extreme; tears, embraces, kisses, and all the forcible and affectionate language of parting evidently passed between them, though at that time your tongue was almost wholly unknown to me. They were allowed but a very short time to remain together, for the trooper soon led them out, and the stranger whom I closely watched for the remainder of the day, returned to his devotions, in which he was sometimes assisted by an ecclesiastic, who shortly afterwards came to him. The manner in which I had been brought to England, and the secrecy in which I had been kept there, caused it to burst upon my mind that I had beheld my victim, King Charles of England, in the stranger I have spoken of;—for the civil war then raging in Britain was well known in Spain. This thought shook me with horror, but I then had gone too far to recede; and like other weak and sinful men, I sought to stifle my conscience by plunging yet deeper into crime. About midnight I was once more visited by the trooper, who brought that chest into my apartment, and produced from it a soldier's dress and accoutrements, which having ordered me to put on, he placed these clothes, which formed my official dress in Spain, in their room, and locking the box, he drew one of his pistols and bade me follow him. We went down into a large court, where a company of soldiers, in dresses similar to my own, was drawn out in files, and when he had placed me in the centre of the whole body, he gave the word to march. The night was dark and cold, but I could observe from the freshness of the air and the rustling of the wind through leafless trees, that we paced through an extensive park containing water. All was silent, and we proceeded for some time, till at length we passed under a kind of gateway, guarded by mounted troopers, which brought us out to a wide street with a grand ornamented entrance stretching nearly all across it on the right hand, and rows of houses, fading into darkness on the left. In front was a magnificent stone building, evidently a portion of a palace, having seven large windows and pillars between them, in front of which numerous workmen, lighted by torches, were

erecting a scaffold and covering it with black cloth. I had not long either to observe these preparations for the next day's tragedy, or to feel the sickening sensations which arose within me, for we continued across the street, behind the opposite building, and the trooper having posted all my companions at different parts, again drew his pistol, and caused me to walk before him into the palace. Here I was once more placed in a solitary room, my arms were taken from me, and the chest containing my executioner's dress, was brought by my constant attendant into the apartment.

When the morning rose he brought me food and wine at a much earlier hour than usual, and intimated that about noon I should be conducted to the scaffold by a fellow-executioner, who, he added, could not speak Spanish, and consequently could not answer any questions, which he also hinted, it would be dangerous to put to him. He concluded, by commanding me to assume my former dress with the mask placed with it, recommending me to strengthen myself for my task with the provisions which he had brought, and then retired. When I was habited in my own vestments, I attempted to taste some refreshment, but a fever of agitation rushed through me: I a thousand times cursed the office I had undertaken, and as often wished that I had been cut off earlier in my sins. In this manner the hours glided away until about twelve o'clock, when a party of soldiers commanded by one whom I had not yet seen, but whom I heard called Colonel Thomlinson, came into my chamber, soon after I had finished my meal and put on my mask. With them was the other executioner, dressed in all points so like myself, that it might for ever create a doubt which of us did the accursed deed. Notwithstanding all his disguises, I could not divest myself of the idea that I beheld my former companion the trooper, and even when he spake, which was but little and in a harsh grating foreign-sounding voice, it still seemed to me like the tones with which I had been familiar. We were then placed side by side in the centre of the soldiers, and moved forward through several passages, till we arrived at a splendid apartment lighted by those seven windows which I had remarked the night before; one of which was taken out to form an entrance to the scaffold that stood in the front of the building. In the centre of that scaffold stood a block covered with sable cloth, with an axe laid upon it; sawdust beyond it, and a black velvet cushion in the front; on one side was placed a coffin, also covered with black velvet. When we had reached the scaffold the rear of our party halted, while the van marched to the other end with one whom I heard called Colonel Hacker. The other executioner and myself next went to our stations by the block, where I, as headsman, took the right hand, and waited in silence for the coming forth of our fated victim. In a little time he was announced, by a slow march played upon muffled drums with sable banners hung to them, which

came upon the scaffold, but stopped close to the palace windows. Then marched on a party of soldiers with bent carabines, who divided to the right and left, and in the midst of them that angelic man with whom I had so deeply sympathized, walking betwixt Colonel Thomlinson and the pious ecclesiastic I had already seen; while guards and officers closed the melancholy procession, and filled up all the end of the scaffold next the palace. Oh! what a scene was here: a country assembled to put a sovereign to death! *Madre del Senor!* what a deed! a deed that will stamp an eternal infamy on all concerned in it, and not least so upon myself. Immediately round the scaffold were several troops of foot-soldiers, above their heads appeared the close and glittering lines of mounted troopers, and beyond them were the populace standing on every thing which might enable them to see the scaffold, stretching in distance far up beyond the Cross-gate on one side, and to where the street led towards the country and the park upon the other. Yet in all this sea of heads and faces, the moment the guards appeared with their prisoner, there was the most profound silence: Santa Margarita! Never shall man behold such a spectacle again.—Your annals have preserved to you all the interesting scene which passed upon the scaffold, of that blessed Martyr's speech,—of his giving the jewel which hung upon his neck to his holy and faithful attendant,—of his short colloquy with my fellow executioner, who bade me to cut off those beautiful flaky locks that adorned his head,—of his kneeling down in prayer,—and then—"The stranger stooped to his chest, and taking from thence the sable block, a black mask which he put on, and a large antique axe with rusted blood upon it, which he brandished as he had formerly been wont to do,—"Then" said he "twas thus I stood, and thus I smote him!—'Twas then that—Santo Ignacio! I am myself death struck!—Oh for a little life to finish my dark story!—I undertook to convey away all these marks of the execution, and I placed the horrid symbols, together with my own dress, in this chest, which I have in vain concealed in the earth and beneath the water, it was still ever before mine eyes,—I saw through the clods and the waves which covered it, and I vainly endeavoured to find a place dark enough to hide it from my conscience.—In my sleep—such sleep as visits murderers!—it has been still before me.—In my dreams, I have again acted the horrid deed,—again have I stood over my royal victim,—again has this blood-stained axe—"As the Executioner spake these last words he suddenly became transfixed, even in the same attitude in which he struck the fatal blow; it was but for a moment, for without a groan, or any other utterance, he fell dead upon the floor!—I called in medical aid, but it was in vain; his open eyes still glared upon me, his livid countenance was unchanged in its swarthy hue, he was gone to his own trial; and without acquainting any one except the surgeon with his eventful story, I locked up the apartment in which the body lay, and retir-

ing, wrote the narrative, while all things were yet fresh in my memory. It was upon that night that the greater part of my dwelling was consumed by a fierce fire, which swept away not only the corpse of Ignacio Riaza, but also all the proofs of his guilt, excepting the axe head, which was dug out of the ruins, and the substance of these recording pages, which will transmit to future times the terrific confessions and awful fate of

THE FOREIGN EXECUTIONER.

THE FONTANA DE ORO, AT MADRID.

[Extracted from a letter dated Madrid, 22d August, 1821.]

I passed the whole of yesterday at the *Fontana de Oro*. Do not be alarmed at the sound, nor believe that the above place of resort is a Pandemonium such as that described by Milton; neither the blood of kings nor of ministers is drunk at this assemblage. I will endeavour to make you better acquainted with the same *Fontana de Oro*, which so many represent as a monster more horrible than that of the Apocalypse.

This place is nothing more than a large room on the ground floor, capable of containing nearly a thousand persons. In the midst of this saloon are placed two pulpits, whence the tribunes address the sovereign people. The sovereign wears neither diadem nor mantle; he generally appears in a plain coat; instead of a sceptre, he carries a stick not less respectable, upon which he leans for support.

The orators give their names to the political chief, in the morning of the day on which they are to speak, thus securing their responsibility. The debates begin at 9 o'clock, and in two hours after, a bell which is heard through the hall, puts an end to the speaking and dismisses the auditory.

Last night's meeting was likely to be very stormy, as Morillo, who was falsely informed that the people intended to assail a military guard, mounted his horse, and followed by an orderly, rushed into the crowd, which he treated with great violence, trampling those who came in his way under foot and threatening others with his sabre. The sovereign people, who have also the same rights to inviolability as other sovereigns, demanded the punishment of this act of lesé majesty.

The first orator who mounted the tribune, after having pathetically recapitulated what every one present already knew, decided that Morillo should be punished at once, by the hands of the people whom he had offended. This imprudent Demosthenes, was a very young man, who did not foresee what would be the probable

effects of the instrument which he wished to use, yet several voices were instantly heard calling for the head of Morillo. But another speaker, Nunez, took possession of the rostrum, and exclaimed that crimes ought not to be expiated by crimes, that in such an affair as this, they could not be at the same time, prosecutor, judge and jury. The sovereign people, who also occasionally fall into the error of not liking the truth, bellowed and roared with considerable violence, until at length they forced the moderator to quit the tribune before his speech had been half completed.

A third orator next came forward, and after ingeniously humouring the anger of the people in exaggerating Morillo's crime, and representing it in the blackest colours, he suddenly recalled the general's bravery to the mind of his hearers. "Let an over-impetuous general be by all means stripped of the delicate situation of captain-general," said he, "but why not retain him as a warrior worthy of again leading our battalions to victory? Morillo is a soldier of fortune, he has ennobled the rank from which he sprung by his military exploits. Let us be generous towards a man whose elevation is due to his sword, and not to court-favours." At these words the cries of rage were converted into the murmurs of approbation; but while the auditors were balancing between the sentiment of vengeance and that of justice, a sonorous voice was suddenly heard to exclaim *Dios!* at the sound of which the orator and audience immediately fell upon their knees. It was the Viatica, which passed the door in the midst of torches, and was borne by a priest dressed in superb canonicals, and seated in an elegant landau.

Here it may be proper to inform you, that whenever *Dios* leaves a church, he has a right to enter the first carriage he meets, if it even happen to be that of the king: all occupation, even to an air of Catalina, must cease in the vicinity of his passage.

After this interruption which does not prove that the liberals are atheists, murmurs recommenced; nevertheless the orator continued his speech; but a beggar who had contrived to slip into the crowd, occasioned considerable annoyance by his efforts to express some words which no person could understand: being repeatedly called to order, an officer, who, from the broadness of his shoulders, and his attention to the proceedings, might be regarded as a lictor of the tribunes, seized the obstreperous mendicant by the collar, and raising him above the heads of the assembly, thrust him out of the nearest window, with a degree of agility and ease which gave ample scope to the risible faculties of all present.

When order was restored, the auditory betrayed signs of regret at having interrupted an orator who had always shown himself so faithful to the interests of the people: Nunez was therefore unanimously called back to the tribune, which he ascended amidst the plaudits of the whole assembly. He began by reproaching the assembly, as gently as if he had been speaking to his mistress,

with the suspicion of infidelity which it had entertained of him, and then continuing his task, he proved that Morillo could only be punished by the laws. He ended by triumphing over every prejudice, and thus prevented the laws from being violated. The meeting was then adjourned amidst the cries of "long live the constitution!"

I have thus sketched one of those tempests that sometimes break out at the Fontana de Oro; but be assured they never occur except when provoked by an irresistible cause: at all other times nothing can exceed the decorum and silence that pervades the whole auditory. Eight or nine hundred persons of both sexes and all ages attend every night to hear the constitutional catechism read. This ceremony generally continues two hours, during which the hearers remain standing and pay the most marked attention to what is passing. The orators are never betrayed into frivolity nor the audience into levity. If, as will sometimes occur, the speaker is somewhat embarrassed for a word, it is suggested by several voices in the most good humoured manner, after which the silence is uninterrupted. An orator having lately exclaimed that he was ready to accuse any functionary whatever, even though "as high as" ——— "as high as" ——— but would most probably never have reached the point of comparison, if one of the spectators, who appeared to be placed near him, had not drily observed "Chimborazo." "Aye!" repeated the orator, "as high as Chimborazo!" and tranquilly continued his harangue.

I know that this assemblage is a sentinel in advance which incommodes the ministry: I also know these ministers, accustomed to a long lethargy, are made uneasy by a spirit of inquiry and alertness, which obliges them to be more attentive to their duties; but those who are sincerely attached to liberty, ought they not to repeat with the president of a Polish Diet—*Malo periculosum libertatem quam quietum servitium?*

TO M — .

Can you one chilly eve remember,
 When arm in arm we strayed alone?
 'Twas in your cold and drear September,
 And loud winds made the forest moan.
 Long in the sweet-briar copse we tarried,
 Unconscious of the howling blast;
 For mem'ry fleet, our thoughts had carried
 Back to the eve we met there last.
 Your glance met mine, and strong emotion,
 Betray'd itself in that dear eye;
 My heart received it with devotion,
 There it has lived—there it shall die! W.

For the Port Folio.

THE WILDERNESS.*

Had the writer of the volumes before us been pleased to call his book a historical romance, the contents would have vindicated the propriety of the title. That portion of the early history of America, which he has chosen for his theme, is related with fidelity; whilst the difficulties and the dangers by which the actors were surrounded, and the heroism and virtue by which they were met and overcome, together with many fictitious embellishments, may be truly characterized as abundantly interesting.

The period alluded to, is the struggle between the French and English for the possession of our western frontier, which resulted in the well known defeat of the unfortunate Braddock. In the representation of a contest where the illustrious Washington began his military career, and where he first indicated that wisdom and fortitude, which eventually elevated him to a moral rank beyond the common lot of mortals, he must necessarily have appeared on the canvass; but here the narrator trod on tender ground. To have given him a distinguished part in the war, was undoubtedly right; but to have brought Washington into the scenes of vulgar life, and above all to have made him a lover, an ardent and persevering lover! is revolting to that veneration approaching to idolatry with which we are accustomed to consider that extraordinary personage. Here, then, and chiefly here, is the judgment of the author arraigned. In his defence it must be said, that the greatest of men are still men, and this singular being may very reasonably be supposed to have been susceptible of impressions from the tender passion in common with his kind; and in fact, it is said, that a tradition still exists in the western country, that, in the time of Braddock's war, Washington was captivated by some wonder of the Wilderness, and was disappointed in consequence of a prior engagement of the lady. But on the other hand, we object decidedly to the manner in which the love story is conducted. We cannot bear to see him trailed through the love scenes of two ample sized volumes, nor was it necessary to the interest of the story.

Our readers cannot understand the force of our remarks without an abstract of the plot, which however shall be very short, as we mean to recommend the "Wilderness" to their perusal, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it well written, and entertaining. The invention, in many parts, is ingenious, and the moral sentiments throughout, are entirely pure. In this general approbation of a popular book, we should not be just to ourselves, or to the public, if we did not also state our objections; and we do this with the best feelings towards the author, who is understood to be prosecuting this engaging branch of literature; because it is our opi-

* The Wilderness, or Braddock's Times, a Tale of the West, in two vols. New York, Bliss & White, 1823.

nion, that were his taste more correct, he has qualifications to entitle him to that patronage which we heartily wish him to obtain.

In the year 1723, Gilbert Frazier and Nelly, his wife, an honest couple in the labouring class, came from Ireland to America, as many an honest couple besides them have done, to get rich. Riches did not fall from the clouds into the streets of Philadelphia, on the head of Gilbert, but his good conduct obtained friends, by whose kindness he was enabled to remove to a piece of land on the Juniata, then a hunting ground of the Indians. Here he had thriven about ten years in the midst of a settlement of about twenty families, when by an irruption of the savages their plantations were laid waste, and the people carried through much suffering, even to the death of some of the captives, to an Indian village, where Kittaning now stands. Hence, they are removed to the Monongahela, about forty miles distant, by a French officer, who desired to have Nelly as a nurse to his wife. The French lady dies, and the husband in the distraction of his grief, dashes off; nobody knows where, leaving a female infant to the care of the new comers. As every body is acquainted with the form and features of the heroine of a novel, it is only necessary to say that Maria, the adopted child of Frazier, is invested with all beauty, grace, and elegance; thus resembling rather the finished production of a court than the rude flower of a labourer's cottage. In process of time a mysterious personage, called the Indian Prophet, who had been educated in the civilized world, becomes the instructor of Frazier's children. Maria especially, makes such progress in learning, that she becomes as intellectual as she is beautiful. This prodigy of course is the charmer of Washington; but before his arrival in the wilderness, she had given her heart to a youth named Adderly, from Philadelphia, who had come to superintend the affairs of the "British Ohio Company." By this young adventurer and his party, a slight fortification was built for their defence at Chartier's creek, on the Ohio, but it was soon destroyed by Indians in the French interest, and all its inhabitants either killed or taken prisoners. Charles Adderly is condemned to the flames, and rescued at the last moment, by Tonnalenka, the Indian Prophet, who had a great ascendancy in the councils of the savages of both parties.

After his liberation he finds his way to the house of Frazier, who discovers him to be the son of a family he had known in Ireland, and receives him with infinite delight. A few minutes confirms him the slave of Maria's charms. While Charles is preparing to return to the city with an account of his disasters, his life is again in imminent danger from the determined vengeance of a chief whose son he had killed in the attack upon his fort. As the arm of the savage is raised to strike the deadly blow, a shot from a rifle brings him to the earth, and delivers Charles. When he recovers from his wounds, he returns to Philadelphia, encountering

much hardship in travelling through a pathless desert, and danger from the hostility of the French and the Indians in their interest.

About this time the middle colonies were awakened to a sense of the danger of their possessions in the West, from the apparent intention of the French to establish themselves by a line of posts, from Canada to New Orleans; and the youthful Washington is sent by the governor of Virginia on a mission to the French governor at Le Bœuf. The sagacity and prudence manifested in this arduous enterprise, was such as to merit and obtain for him the universal applause of his countrymen. Nothing, however, was accomplished to protect our western settlers or secure the British rights in that country. Aggressions and barbarities continued, and finally the expedition of Braddock takes place.

In the mean time, Adderly had been sent with a second party by the "Ohio Company;" had attempted another fortification, was again attacked and defeated by the French, and a second time returned to Philadelphia, disappointed in his plans, but unbroken in his spirit. Braddock's expedition now furnishes him with a favourable opportunity of revisiting Maria. He obtains a commission in the army, and the rival lovers are again in the presence of the mistress of their destiny.

Business and horrors now crowd upon us, and we read on with breathless anxiety. Braddock attacks his enemies in defiance of the judicious remonstrance of colonel Washington, and pays the penalty of his rashness. The latter and Charles, escape almost by a miracle and poor Maria passes through a variety of troubles. Finally, the Indian Prophet, who is actively engaged in the most interesting scenes of the whole, turns out to be Maria's father; she marries Adderly, and the extinction of Washington's hopes of "happiness with her whom he had loved with a fervour almost, perhaps altogether, beyond example," (as our author is pleased to assume) "produced indeed upon his mind, an effect which continued during his long and illustrious life."

Much might be added to the above extract of the same character, to all which we take a very serious exception. Had Washington, as represented in "the Wilderness," been a fictitious character, we should have said, that the love-story interwoven with the history, was a fascinating part of the book. But being a real personage, we think there is too much liberty exercised in building so much upon an incident, even if it were a fact, but which is, perhaps, altogether fanciful.

We think, too, that the picture of Maria is coloured beyond all probable bounds. It is not possible that a creature so extraordinary, with all the advantages that we can allow, even to native grace and intelligence, and all the benefit of Tonnaleuka's instructions, could have been formed in a wilderness, and in the sole society of Gilbert Frazier's uneducated and unpolished family. The single defect in her character, is the refusal of Washington, without as-

signing the sole reason,—a prior engagement. She beholds his courage and patriotism with the greatest admiration, and expresses the highest regard for his virtues; but had she treated him with that candour to which every worthy man is entitled, who offers his hand to a woman, her own character would have been completed, years of anxious suffering, (according to our author) still kept alive by a distant hope, would have been spared the devoted lover: he might have shone more illustrious by continuing the same devotion to her safety and happiness, which then would have been wholly disinterested, and the feelings which *we* are accustomed to cherish for this ornament of human nature, would not have been wounded.

As we do not criticise to find fault, we shall dismiss our author with a friendly admonition for his future government. Let your love-scenes be short, and few; every body can imagine these tender dialogues; besides, they are entirely out of fashion. Never write a single sentence which a gentleman may not read to a lady. The broad exhibition of coarse passion, is disgusting to every delicate mind, and can do no possible good to society. When we see that even the splendid genius of Lord Byron cannot atone for this defect, we must be convinced that there is a moral sense in the community which will not endure such perversion of talents.

INVENTION OF FORKS.

Forks were unknown in Europe till the 16th century, when their superior convenience to the use of the mere fingers, was discovered by Henry IV. of France. The first fork used in Christendom is said to have been a great thing, large enough to make 30 of the size of those in present use.

For the Port Folio.

RETROSPECTION.

When mem'ry fondly ponders o'er
 Those hours which beam thro' years of gloom,
 Visions of friends who are no more,
 Appears in all their youthful bloom;
 The dusky band
 Around me stand,
 And fancy of her prey deprives the tomb.

With these my happier days were spent,
 Days which for me shall ne'er return;—
 With these I trod that steep descent,
 Which leads to life's last silent bourne.
 But they are gone,
 Whilst I alone,
 Live here to weep and sigh—live here to mourn. ARZAVAN.

POPULATION OF ENGLAND.

The following short table is founded on the returns made under the property-tax, and represents, with tolerable accuracy, the relative situation of the inhabitants of England, leaving Scotland and Ireland out of the question.

Total Population, 10,000,000.

DIVISION OF LAND.

<i>Possessed of Land or its Produce.</i>	<i>Not possessed of Land or its Produce.</i>
Landholders and Farmers, - - - 500,000	Merchants, Manufacturers, Stockholders, and others whose property is in money, merchandize, &c. 500,000
	Government Officers, clerks, servants, and others, dependents on men of property, 1,000,000
	Mechanics, labourers, and the lower orders in general, - 8000,000,
	9,500,000

DIVISION OF POWER.

<i>Possessed of Power, directly or indirectly.</i>	<i>Devoid of Power or Political Influence.</i>
The crown, and the hereditary nobility, with their families, - 3,000	Manufacturers, mechanics, labourers; in short, the whole mass of the people exclusive of the opposite classes, - - 8,000,000
Merchants, Stockholders, and other men of property, exclusive of the nobility, - 1,000,000	
Dependent on those classes, and on government, - 1,000,000	
2,003,000	

DIVISION OF INTEREST.

<i>Interested in Preserving</i>	<i>Interested in Acquiring.</i>
The crown and the hereditary nobility, - 3,000	Manufacturers, mechanics, labourers; in short, the whole mass of the people exclusive of the opposite classes, - - 8,000,000
Landholders, farmers, merchants, master-manufacturers, and other men of property, 1,000,000	
Dependent on government, and on these classes, - - 1,000,000	
2,003,000	

ORIGIN OF THE WORD DUN.

This epithet first became in use, it is said, during the reign of Henry VII. of England. It owes its birth to an English bailiff by the name of *Joe Dun*, who was so indefatigable and skilful at this business, that it became a proverb when a person did not pay his debts. "Why don't you *Dun him*?" that is, "why don't you send *Dun* after him?" Hence originated the epithet of *Dun*, which has so long been in universal use.

For the Port Folio.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Oft at the stilly hour
 Of Midnight's sombre reign,
 I've heard, and felt the power,
 Of Music's melting strain:
 And oh! if ever soothing peace
 Has calmed my troubled, weary soul;
 'Tis when, borne on the sighing breeze,
 These plaintive murm'ings softly roll.

 Oh! list, that pealing note!
 Which bursts upon the ear,
 Now near—now more remote,
 Now soft—now loud and clear.
 Hush! mournful on the trembling air
 That thrilling strain now dies away,
 As if from Angel choirs that bear
 Some fleeting soul to Heavenly day. W.

For the Port Folio.

SOLITUDE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A HERMIT.

[The following lines are said to be the composition of a young lady, who is only fourteen years of age.]

Secluded from the world's gay round,
 And giddy pleasures, light and vain;
 Far from the melancholy sound
 Of man's delusions, woes and pain;—
 Here then in contemplative mood,
 I sing the praise of Solitude.

This little rock and sloping hill,
 That thick'ning wood and rising mount;—
 The stone-enclosed, murmur'ing rill,
 Receiving water from its fount;—
 These, though but common scenes and rude,
 Are more endeared by Solitude.

I drink the water of the stream,
 And pluck the cowslip's dewy flow'r—
 I look upon the sunny beam,
 And lay me in the woodbine bow'r;—
 My walks, my books, my rural food,
 Are all enjoyed in Solitude.

And when the bell calls me to pray'r,
 The glorious song of joy to raise,
 My inmost thoughts are opened there,
 And all is honour, love and praise.—
 Whilst I express my gratitude,
 My heart expands in Solitude.

When chilly Death shall lay his hand,
 With icy coldness on my breast;
 And at his stern and dread command,
 My limbs shall sleep in peaceful rest—
 These flow'rs, then o'er my body strew'd,
 Shall fade like me in Solitude.

Compar'd, all other pow'rs are dim,
 Or clogg'd with some malignant care,
 As sorrow's form with aspect grim,
 And the stern features of Despair.
 Since, then, all others they are view'd,
 I yield the palm to Solitude.

WILHELMINA.

SONG.—Air, "Scots wha hae."

Spain, awaked from Slavery's trance,
 Spain, who spurned the yoke of France,
 Saw Napoleon's hordes advance,
Flushed with Victory.

Spain, in native valour strong,
 Backward drove th' invading throng;
 Bold her sons, and this their song,
"Death or Liberty."

Proud Iberia, gallant land!
 Reared the pile by freedom planned,
 Fired the torch by freedom fanned,
Scorned to bend her knee.

Urged by foreign despots, Gaul
 Flies to arms, and venturing all,
 Forced to fight, but fights to fall,
Leagued 'gainst Liberty.

Shall (forbid it Heaven!) the men
 Who, from mountain, rock, and glen,
 Baffled France, as France was then,
Now defeated be?

Shall they break their patriot vow,
 Who mastered strength to weakness bow,
 Yield to France, as France is now?
No! they shall be free!

Britons! you whose patriot train
 Oft has spurn'd oppression's reign,
 You whose hearts beat high for Spain,
Pledge one cup with me.

Soon may Spain, in justice strong,
 Backward drive th' invader's throng,
 Bold her sons, and this their song,
"Death or Liberty."

THE FIRST BORN.

Never did music sink into my soul
 So "silver sweet," as when thy first weak wail
 On my 'rapt ear in doleful murmurs stole,
 Thou child of love and promise!—What a tale
 Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
 Hung on that slender filament of sound!
 Life's guileless pleasures, and its griefs profound
 Seemed mingling in thy horoscope of doom.

Thy bark is lanced, and lifted is thy sail
 Upon the weltering billows of the world;
 But oh! may winds far gentler than have hurl'd
 My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail:
 Or, if thy voyage must be rough, may'st thou
 Soon 'scape the storm and be,—as blest as I am now!

THE LAWYER AND SAWYER.

By J. Smith, Esq. a member of the London bar.

To set up a village
 With tackle for tillage,
 Jack Carter he took to the saw.
 To pluck and to pillage,
 This same little village,
 Tim Gordon he took to the law;
 They angled so pliant,
 For gudgeon and client,
 As sharp as a weazle for rats,
 Till what with their law-dust,
 And what with their saw-dust,
 They blinded the eyes of the flats.

Jack brought to the people,
 A bill for a steeple,
 They swore that they would'nt be bit;
 But out of a saw-pit,
 Was into a law-pit,
 Tim tickled them up with a writ;
 Says Jack the saw-rasper,
 I say neighbour Grasper,
 We both of us buy in the stocks,
 While I for my savings,
 Turn blocks into shavings,
 You're shaving the heads of the blocks.

Jack caper'd in clover,
 But when work was over,
 Got drunk at the "George" for a freak,
 But Timothy Gordon,
 He stood for church-warden,
 And eat himself dead in a week,
 Jack made him a coffin,
 But Timothy off in
 A loud clap of thunder had flown.
 When lawyers lie level,
 Be sure that the devil,
 Looks sharp enough after his own.

THE LIEUTENANT'S COMPLAINT.

[Tune—*The Last Shilling.*]

As pensive this night on my sea-chest I lay,
Which serves me for bed, chair and table,
I mourn'd the sad hour I was placed on half-pay,
Without tow-line, or anchor, or cable.

My money is gone, and my credit not good,
My heart swells with anguish and sorrow;
No mess-mate is near to supply me with food,
And honour forbids me to borrow.

Now I think on the time when all snugly abroad,
In the ward-room assembled together,
With plenty of wine and a table well stored,
We laughed at dull care and foul weather.

Round, round, went the song, and the jest, and the glance,
While we drank good success to the *Ocean*,
And secretly toasted a favourite lass,
Or talk'd about future promotion.

Then happiness simil'd,—I'd a plentiful purse,
And slept sweetly when laid on my pillow;
My cradle the ship, and the sea-boy my nurse,
While rock'd on old Neptune's proud billow.

And when safe in port, with my much ador'd maid,
Who look'd like a goddess or fairy,
How bless'd was my heart as we joyously stray'd,
And I breath'd forth my love to my Mary.

How chang'd is my fate! All my messmates are gone,
And perhaps are like me doom'd to perish;
By my Mary—oh horror! now treated with scorn,
Though she vow'd long to love and to cherish.

Now I grasp my last cup,—hard, hard is my lot,
And my mind like the billows of Biscay—
You may think it is poison—indeed it is not,
But a special good jorum of whiskey!

AN OLD SAILOR.

THE WORD NEWS.

The four cardinal points of the compass marked with the letters N. E. W. S. forming the word *news*, and coming from every quarter, gave derivation to that word.

NOVEMBER, 1823.—NO. 259

53

HAYLEY'S MEMOIRS.*

[Some ten or twelve years before the death of Hayley, Mr. Colburn, a bookseller of London, perceiving strong symptoms of decay in the poet, contracted with him for his life, for which he paid him an annuity of about two thousand dollars a year. Mr. Hayley having attained a good age—buried two wives—and poured forth oceans of tears and ink on dead friends, dead lap dogs and every thing else that died within his knowledge, excepting his own tragedies,—it was calculated by the man of business that the force of dulness could not go much further, and that the poet must soon follow his works. But the solid comforts which the stipend procured, revived the drooping spirits and invigorated the frame of the annuitant; he lived year after year, until Colburn became apprehensive that he should have nine lives instead of one to pay for. Death, however, at length released him from his obligation, and he prepared, without delay, to avail himself of the advantages which he had promised himself. That any one should wish to take the life of so harmless a person as Mr. Hayley is not a little surprising. But they are strange folks in England. At one time, the whole nation is straining its eyes out, in peeping at bits of glass, of various colours, enclosed in a small tube; at another, they quit their noble steeds, to ride on a vehicle which is propelled by their own labours: they will bet thousands on a pair of biped bruizers and hazard whole fortunes on a race of donkies. Perhaps Mr. Colburn coveted the life of poor Hayley under the same idea which is cherished by some of our tawny tribes, who believe that the person who destroys a famous warrior will inherit his great qualities. This notion may serve very well to stimulate the savage who lives by violence, and with whom courage is the chief virtue; but it will not suit a bibliopole who must live upon his Wits. Mr. Colburn may stagger into the market with the spoils of the dead poet; but we fear that his Temper will be put to many Trials, before he makes any thing out of the inheritance which cost him so much.

To drop all figure—the bulky tomes purporting to be a *Life of Hayley*, contain one of the dullest performances, in which ink ever was wasted. In the ensuing article, from Blackwood, the biographer is treated with that severity which vapidty and egotism always deserve, when they intrude upon the fields of literature.

Hayley,

“whose unwearied pains,
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains,”

was one of those tame and insipid writers who have

“The balm of dulness trickling in the ear,”

and whose unvarying pages exhibit

“Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose.”

Thus much of the poet. As to the individual, we shall content ourselves with a single remark. Since the days of our boyhood we have been accustomed to hear the name of Hayley always in connection with some epithet indicative of the kindness of heart. It now appears, from his own showing, that the amiable Mr. Hayley, whose bosom was the very seat of philanthropy, if we may judge from his elegies and sonnets, was, in fact, the greatest of all brutes—a *brutish husband!*]

HAYLEY drivelled away on to a good, dull, old age, like most annuitants; and his death, which could not be looked on by any

* Colburn. 2 vols. 4to.

body as a national calamity, must have been most agreeable to Mr. Colburn. That distinguished bibliopole, we believe, paid the ancient gentleman some hundreds per annum, on condition of receiving his precious Memoirs, to be published on his decease. Year after year did the memorialist tenaciously cling to life, as if through mere spite; but we have now to congratulate Mr. Colburn on his release from the defunct, and to wish him a good bargain of those posthumous square yards of autobiography. He is a spirited publisher, and annually gives us many excellent and amusing things; and it pleases us beyond measure to see the two huge mill-stones taken from off his neck at last. They were more than enough to have drowned many "a strong swimmer in his agony;" but they met with an unimmovable buoyancy in this case, and the worthy publisher reached the bank in safety.

William Hayley was, beyond all rivalry, the most distinguished driveller of his age. Devoted to literature upwards of threescore years—constantly reading or writing, or talking with reading and writing people, ambitious of literary fame, not without a sort of dozing industry, and at all times inspired with an unsuspecting confidence in his own powers, flattered by a pretty extensive circle of personal friends, petted by the Blues, and generally in high odour with the gentlemen of the periodical press—it is certainly rather a little singular, that never once, on any occasion whatever, great or small, did one original idea, or the semblance of one, accidentally find its way for a single moment into his head. He had an eye for common-places; and in his hands Cicero himself prosed away like a moral essayist in the *Lady's Magazine*. Delighted, as he appears to have been, in perusing book after book in his well-selected library at Eastham, yet, in good truth, the finest spirits of ancient and modern times were little better than mere dolts—logs—like himself; for he was utterly incapable of seeing any thing worth seeing in them; and he never quotes a good author, but either to show that he misunderstood him, or that he had selected the passage on account of its inanity, or some felt resemblance to the character of his own thought. He is the most nerveless of all our English writers. Although a man of an extremely bad temper, he had not the slightest power of satire. No sooner died one of his friends, than he gave orders for a comfortable dinner—saw the fire well fed, and then, over his pint of port and filberts, he passed the evening in writing an elegy or epitaph on the deceased. Nothing could occur of the least notoriety that he did not forthwith turn into verse; and had London been destroyed utterly by fire or earthquake, he would have been at his octo-syllabics, and out with an Epistle to Lady A. before putting on his night-cap! His elegies, epitaphs, amatory verses, letters, comedies, tragedies, and epic poems, may be all read "promisky;" and by the alteration of a very few words here and there, be converted into each other sometimes with manifest advantage. There

is a charade somewhere in these volumes, which we are positive we once read on a tombstone in a country church-yard.

It seems as if Mr. Hayley had been careful to preserve one temperature in his library, and that he always composed in a state of much bodily comfort. His mind has little or no part in the philosophical or poetical transactions of the day; and at the close of the poem, or letter, or essay, we exclaim, "There writes the well-dressed gentleman!"—It could not well have been otherwise. Had there been any wear and tear of mind, we should have been deprived of Hayley many years ago; but that system of continued and gentle bodily exercise which he took in his library, without any mental labour at all, no doubt conduced to the longevity of Mr. Colburn's annuitant. However, the most judicious rules for attaining extreme old age, can only carry a man a certain length. Even Hayley is dead at last: and a prodigious power of scribble is no more.

Mr. Hayley favours us with a short account of "his birth and infancy." He no doubt was present at the first, but could not have been in a situation to make any observations that might be depended upon. Of his infancy, he speaks thus:—"He happened to arrive in the world WHEN THE CITY THAT GAVE HIM BIRTH WAS full of terror and perturbation. It was in the famous year 45—and his father raised a company of volunteers, called the Chichester Blues."—Mrs. Hayley, no way alarmed by the threats of a French invasion on the Sussex coast, refused to be taken to Portsmouth, and magnanimously produced our bantling bard in his "native city." Captain H., however, unwilling to destroy the beauty of his lady's bosom, which we are assured he greatly admired, engaged a wet nurse; but, *miserabile dictu!* "by a fraud not uncommon among venal nurses, the person procured on this occasion was so deficient in the vital treasure in which she had pretended to abound, that her charge was nearly starved to death before the source of his decline was discovered." The anecdote is mentioned, as it may serve to enforce the eloquent admonitions which Rousseau, and Mr. Roscoe, in translating the Italian poem of Tansillo, have given to young mothers; and because it is also remarkable, "as the first of many hair-breadth escapes of life to which the infant William was destined in his mortal career."

Captain Hayley caught a cold on a field-day, which settled on his lungs, and carried him off prematurely; and so much for one whom our bard calls "the first of the Hayleys." His earliest school was a school of young ladies in Chichester; and "he often related with pleasure, that he received from the youngest of the three, a bright silver penny, as a reward of reading well; and it is a singular fact, that, in his sixty-third year, he had the pleasure of presenting to this lady, still conducting the school with cheerful health and perfect faculties, a recent edition of his *Triumphs of Temper*, printed at Chichester, as a memorial of his gratitude and regard

towards the venerable teacher of his infancy." Soon afterwards he was removed to an academy at Kingston, where he had nearly kicked the bucket, and escaped with a shattered constitution, and, as it would seem, a debilitated intellect. He recovered, he says, from both; and before going to Eton, had a private tutor at Teddington. Here "a philosophic divine once amused him with a sight of Epsom Races through his telescope, and once displayed to him the circulation of blood in a frog." At twelve years of age he is sent to Eton, and gets such an infernal flogging, that he plans "an extensive moral and satirical poem, in several cantos, which he meant to entitle the Expulsion of the Rod."—He remained at Eton five years, and acquired the knack of writing Latin verses indifferently; and produced an Ode on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, which was inserted in the Cambridge Collection, and also in the Gentleman's Magazine. So much for the birth, infancy, and boyhood, of William Hayley, Esq.

He now entered himself of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge, where he resided pretty constantly for three years. "In the only two lecturers in Trinity-Hall, there was nothing to inspire awe or apprehension. The one lectured in civil law, and the other in Longinus." "As the Students of Trinity-Hall, under the plea of devoting themselves to the civil law, are exempted from the public exercises of the university, and as Hayley left college without taking any degree, he never appeared as a disputant in the schools, but he often frequented them as a favourite amusement; for he had great pleasure in hearing the Latin language eloquently spoken by two moderators of his time, John Jebb and Richard Watson."—And so finished his university education.

On leaving Cambridge, he goes to live with his mother in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The house, "had the advantage of a few trees in the little area behind it, which gave to the windows of the young poet's library, on the first floor, a pleasing appearance of verdure and retirement, as the house was lofty and commodious." He then makes a trip to Edinburgh, and studies fencing, horsemanship, and mathematics, in Auld Reekie; for the Modern Athens was at that time but a small concern. He sees Dr. Robertson, Dr. Cullen, Angelo, the Falls of the Clyde, and enjoys the humours of a Berwick smack—And of Scotland that is all he remembers, or had noticed, during a visit of several months.

We had forgot to mention, that, before going to Cambridge, the "Poet of Sussex" had fallen in love with a pretty girl named Fanny Page. They were in fact betrothed, and we were every moment expecting a wedding—when, all of a sudden, the bardling takes flight, and is off at a tangent. A most provoking mystification hangs over this affair. To be sure it is no business of ours to pry into the loves of Mr. Hayley's youth; but since he chooses to be communicative, and to make the public his confidante, he

has no right to stop short, sport mum, and baulk a curiosity which he had himself excited and indulged. There is some talk about anonymous letters, and it is hard to know which party was jilted; but there is gross indelicacy in saying any thing about the matter at all; and if there was to be an account of it, it should have been full and particular. If Hayley, at the age of twenty-one, was frightened out of his attachment by anonymous letters, nothing could be more despicable—But we presume his passion had evaporated in verse.

Meanwhile, the Poet of Sussex very dexterously transfers his affections from sweet Fanny Page to sweeter Eliza Ball, who had been the confidante in the former affair. “When Hayley first mentioned this new idea to his mother, the tenderness of maternal affection caught a severe alarm, concerning the deranged parent of the hapless but lovely Eliza. ‘You know,’ said Mrs. H. to her son, ‘that this sweet girl is almost as dear to me as she can be to you, for I have loved her and her parents for many years; but, my dear William, before you resolve to marry, let me ask you one question. You know the mental calamity of her poor mother—what should you think of your own conduct, if, after you had made this delicate and charming creature your wife, you should ever see her sink into her mother’s most afflicting disorder?’—‘My dear madam,’ the fervent lover replied, ‘I have asked my own heart the very question you have proposed to me so kindly; and I will tell you its immediate answer. In that case, I shall bless my God for having given me courage sufficient to make myself the legal guardian of the most amiable and most pitiable woman on earth.’” It will be seen afterwards how the selfish and heartless versifier adhered to his virtuous resolutions. “He speedily escorted her to the Deanery at Chichester, where they were both received as most welcome guests; and on the 23d October, 1769, the lovers were married in the Cathedral by the Bishop. That prelate, Sir William Ashburnham, had a voice and elocution peculiarly suited to sacred language. The poet civilly said to him, with great truth, on the close of the ceremony, ‘It is really a high pleasure, my lord, to hear any part of the Prayer Book read by your lordship.’ To which compliment he oddly answered, ‘This is the worst service in the church.’ He meant the worst for recital; but his conjugal vexations gave to his speech all the poignancy of an ambiguous expression.”

“The Poet” goes to London with his young wife, and “determines to apply himself chiefly to dramatic composition.” He waits upon Garrick with a tragedy, entitled the “Afflicted Father;” and an amusing enough account is given of the manager’s efforts to get rid of the trash. “The manager assumed a face in which politeness vainly endeavoured to disguise his perplexity; and, with much embarrassment, he said, ‘Why, faith, I have not been able to fix a day. I have been reconsidering the tragedy—

it is most elegantly written—it is a charming composition to recite to a small circle—but I am afraid it is not calculated for stage effect. However, it shall certainly be played, if you desire it.’—‘O no! by no means,’ mildly said the poet, with suppressed indignation, at the duplicity of the manager; ‘I shall instantly put it into my pocket; and I am very sorry, sir, that it has given you so much trouble.’ Garrick burst again into a profusion of new civilities, and offers of the kindest good offices upon any future occasion. Mrs. Garrick seemed desirous of soothing the spirit of the poet by personal flattery; and the first hopes of this tragedy thus ended in a farce of adulation. It was a bitter disappointment to lose the fair prospect of seeing a favourite drama well played; but the mortification was felt much more severely by the wife and mother of the poet than by himself. During the hubble-bubble rejection of the tragedy by Garrick, the poet had felt a little like Ariosto, when scolded by his father, and instead of lamenting his own defects, he was struck with the idea, what a fine comic scene he could make of the important personage who was giving him a lecture. Indeed, a disappointed poet, with his deluded and angry friend, and a shuffling manager, and the manager’s meddling wife, afforded ample materials for a comedy. But although the laughable group struck the fancy of Hayley in that point of view, he wrote nothing on the occasion, but employed his vivacity in soothing and cheering the vexed and irritated spirit of his Eliza, whose indignation had been peculiarly excited against Mrs. Garrick, as the manager had incautiously betrayed what ought to have been a secret of his wife, and was weak enough to say, that *she* thought the tragedy *not pathetic*. This appeared such an insult against the talents of her husband, as the feeling Eliza found it hardly possible to forgive; but a vexation of a more serious and important nature soon occupied the thoughts, and most grievously agitated the tender nerves, of that most pitiable sufferer. She was overwhelmed by a sudden discovery, that her father, though in good health, had ceased to be Dean of Chichester! The Dean had been prevailed upon to resign (rather in a dishonest way, we think) by his son-in-law; and the surprise wounded the too vulnerable Eliza so deeply, that she passed the three first nights, after the intelligence had reached her, in tears, incessant tears! Her husband, though he felt also much indignation against the secrecy of the transaction, endeavoured to tranquillize her spirits; and their excellent friend Mr. Steele contributed much to this desirable effect, by some kind, judicious, and admirable letters.”—Soon after the worthy ex-Dean died, and Hayley returned to his tragedies.

The “Syrian Queen,” however, met with no better reception from Colman than the “Afflicted Father” from Garrick, and the Poet of Sussex was once more on a bed of nettles. “Feeling some degree of indignation that the doors of both theatres seemed to be shut against him, and persuaded by his own sensations that he

had a considerable portion of poetic fire in his mind, he resolved to display it in a composition not subject to the caprice of managers, yet more arduous in its execution—in short, he intended to begin an Epic Poem." He intended that his Epic should be "a national work;" and his passion for freedom led him to chose for his heroes the Barons, and their venerable director the Archbishop Langton, "who, by a happy union of valour and wisdom, established the great charter." But he fell through his Epic, and England lost a "national work," by the Poet of Sussex. He, however, presented his country with a poetical Epistle, "to the mild and elegant Stanislaus, King of Poland," and an "Ode to befriend the society of decayed musicians." The Ode, we are told, was "written in the little farm of Dandelion, near Margate, which has since been converted into a scene of public entertainment."

About this time, he made one of a party of pleasure, to visit the ship that had carried Cooke; and "he had found a bitter easterly wind blowing full on his face; but as his eyes had ever been remarkably strong, and had never suffered in any manner from long exertion in miniature painting, or in nightly reading, he was not aware how doubly they might suffer from that insidious enemy to organs so delicate, the east wind!" We accordingly have several pages about his "ocular sufferings." In the vicinity of Lyne, he meets with a boy of some distinction. "The youngest, afterwards the great William Pitt, was now a wonderful boy of 14, who eclipsed his brother in conversation, and endeared himself not a little to the Poet, by admiring a favourite horse which he then rode, of singular excellence," &c. "Hayley often reflected on the singular pleasure he had derived from his young acquaintance, regretting, however, that his own poetical reserve had prevented him imparting to the wonderful youth the epic poem he had begun on the liberty of the country."

Hayley now quitted London for good and all, and settled himself at his villa at Eastham. His mother died about this time, and he seized the opportunity of constructing two epitaphs, one in English verse, and the other in Latin prose. For a year or two (or to 1777-8) he visits and versifies away as usual, and doctors his eyes, still weak and inflamed. He next attempted Harris the manager, but he too rejected the offered play of the "Viceroy." He did from page 170 to page 209, in a disturbed and feverish sleep; but we think he informs us that he wrote an Epistle to Howard, another to Gibbon, Epistles on History, and the Triumphs of Temper, by the end of the year 1780.

But now comes matter of a somewhat graver cast; and we shall let Mr. Hayley speak for himself.—"Perhaps no man, on the point of removing from him a wife, with whom he felt it impossible to live, ever showed more tender or more sincere anxiety to promote her ease, comfort, and welfare, to the utmost of his power, than Hayley manifested in conducting all this painful business.

“What he felt, and what his countenance proved him to have felt on the occasion, may be conjectured from some striking expressions of his intellectual and affectionate valet, Harry, which shall be reserved for the closing words of this chapter.

“The Poet, after receiving his Eliza in London, and remaining there with her a week, escorted her, on the 27th of April, to the house of their benevolent friend, Mrs. Beridge, in Derby. He remained in that town a few days, to provide its new inhabitant with a residence to her liking.—After bidding her adieu with much tenderness and anguish of heart, he threw himself into a post-chaise with his attendant Harry, who exclaimed to his master, as soon as they were off the stones: ‘I thank God, sir, you are now got safe out of that town, for I have for many hours been afraid, that I should see you drop down dead in the midst of it.’”

Now, what have we to do with Hayley's domestic concerns, it may perhaps be asked by some consistent hater of personality, and lover of the *Edinburgh Review*—Nothing. But then he has thought proper to intersperse, throughout two enormous quarto volumes, ex-parte statements of what ought to have been held in sacred and inviolable silence for evermore. He has meanly, basely, and falsely striven to build up for himself a reputation for the finest feeling and most thoughtful humanity, at the expense of the most shameful violation of natural duties to the injured dead. The poor devil keeps incessantly drivelling and blubbing about his “pitiable Eliza,” with whom he had not the love and the virtue to live, that he might sooth her sorrows; and does all he can to show, that her caprices were such as not only to justify his living apart from her, but to demand it; and that for her sake he submitted to the painful sacrifice. But the heartless hypocrite stands confessed in every page; and every man, with a common human soul, will despise the impotent struggles which he makes to libel the character of his dead wife. Several of her letters are published, that he might have an opportunity of giving, we think, his own cold, conceited, epistolary effusions to the mother of his beloved child, at the time when he had shut his doors against her, and left her a prey to the disturbing thoughts that too often agitated her keenly affectionate, and most disinterested and forgiving heart. We had marked for quotation a number of passages fitted to expose the wretched creature, but they are too loathsome for the present Number. And pray, what right had Hayley to abandon his amiable and elegant wife to her misfortunes, whatever was their deplorable kind or degree, and to trundle maudlin along to Cowper, who was afflicted with a similar visitation? He had no right to whine and wail about the “Bard of Olney,” for he had other sacred duties to perform, which he wickedly left unperformed; and there is no want of charity in affirming that mere vanity and egotism drew him to the couch of Cowper. He did not sit there as a Christian, but as a *literary man*; and all the while continued slaving forth his mawk-

ish verses, till he seems occasionally to have made even himself sick. The truth is, that we have been seized with such a loathing disgust with this heartless, brainless versifier, that we must stop short with this very imperfect notice of his memorable *Memoirs*; but in a month or two, when the two mill-stones are sunk into the dam of oblivion, we shall probably give such extracts (accompanied with a few comments) as will justify us in the little we have said, and give us still a better opportunity for exposing the real worthlessness of this pretender, who certainly will henceforth rank at the very bottom of the scale of English drivellers.

LEMONTEY'S ESSAY ON PAUL AND VIRGINIA.*

It often happens that an insignificant circumstance, an obscure fact, an unexpected occurrence, has given birth to the most happy conceptions. There is always, says the author of the present essay, something of reality enveloped beneath fables. Imaginations the most wild in appearance are obliged, like birds, to touch the earth before they can commence their flight. It is a natural and a useful curiosity which prompts men to investigate the point from which genius sets out, for the purpose of measuring its flight, and of judging the height to which it has soared. Sometimes it condescends to admit us to its confidence, convinced that it can lose nothing by the disclosure;—oftener does it designedly efface its steps and hide from us the path which it has taken from the real to the ideal world. Rousseau has left us still in ignorance whether his *Heloise* was a pure fiction, and *St. Pierre*, his friend and disciple, has designedly cast a mysterious veil over the historical parts of his beautiful pastoral. Time, which discovers all things, has at length raised that veil. It is now about a century ago that one of the French East India Company's ships was lost off the Isle of France: of the numerous crew on board, nine men only were saved, and gave, before the tribunal of the island, an account of their shipwreck. The Commandant of the Isle of Bourbon has recently discovered these papers. It will be surprising, of course, adds M. Lemontey, that, after the lapse of so many years, the public attention should be called to an accident unfortunately too common. But his wrecked vessel was called *St. Geran*, and it was on board the *St. Geran* that *St. Pierre* has placed the sublime and touching circumstance of the death of *Virginia*. It will be interesting to observe how the tradition which was preserved in the Isle of France has become, in the hands of a great writer, the foundation of so admirable a work. A young lady was, in fact,

* A Literary Essay on the historical part of the Romance of *Paul and Virginia*; accompanied by official papers relating to the shipwreck of the *Saint Geran*. By E. P. Lemontey, of the French Academy.

on board the *St Geran*, and perished there, together with a young naval officer who resolved to share her fate. The ridiculous scruple of the captain of the vessel, who refused to strip off his clothes, saying that it was not consistent with his rank to reach the shore naked, and that he had papers in his pocket, the possession of which he could not part with—has been transferred by the author to the heroine of the shipwreck, and has furnished one of the most forcible and original situations of his poem, if we may call it by that name. By substituting the enthusiasm of a young virgin for the susceptibility of a seaman, he has rendered his fiction more morally true than the truth itself. This is a remarkable instance of the faculty which superior minds possess of transferring the events of the world to the dominion of imagination, and of becoming as much a creator as is compatible with human powers.

For the *Port Folio*.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

In a former Number of this work, we gave some account of two preposterous performances entitled "*Logan*" and "*Seventy-Six*." A friend to the author, whose zeal is more to be admired than his taste, has extolled these works in the loftiest terms and predicted that Great Britain would "turn pale" at the sight of these proofs of American genius!! They have reached London and our readers shall now be informed of the manner of their reception. The following passages are from a new Magazine, published in that city and expressly devoted to foreign literature. Of "*Logan*" it is said,—"it would be difficult to guess what end the author proposed to accomplish by his singular work. It could not be to amuse his readers, because it is unintelligible; if he wished to frighten them he has failed of his end, for he only makes them laugh. Humorous he never pretends to be for a moment; that would be altogether beneath the dignity of his temperament, and the reader's merriment is unintentionally furnished by him—we laugh not with him, but at him. His style is the most singular that can be imagined—it is like the raving of a bedlaine. There are words in it, but no sense; it is like Ossian translated into French, or Irish oratory ten times more bombastical than it is—if, indeed, it be capable of such an exaltation; it goes on roaring and foaming like a mountain cataract, all noise and froth, in its course, and yet settling quietly in a still puddle.

The incidents are such as fill a sick man's dream—as strange, as absurd, and as incoherent. There is a plentiful profusion of wind and water, and moonlight, and forests, and pistols, and bloodshed. The inexplicable confusion in which these things are huddled together makes the novel look like the property-room of a

minor theatre, where the most deadly weapons and hideous shapes lie in peaceful communion with the thunder, the wind, and the rain. We have taken some pains to inquire who the author may be, but without success; it is, perhaps, as well that we are in ignorance of his name; the knowledge must be painful, as we have no doubt that the poor gentleman is at this time suffering the wholesome restraint of a straw cell and a strait waistcoat.—If he is not, there is no justice in America, for never was a man more essentially mad.*—

So much for "Logan." We now come to the next work of the same writer—"Seventy-Six,"—which has been compared, in an unnameable gazette of this city, distinguished for its virulence and malevolence,—to the *Waverley Novels*!!

"When, in a former number," says the *English Journal*, in reviewing "Seventy-Six,"—"we introduced the American author of Logan to our readers, we thought, and we gave utterance to that thought,—that the unfortunate person, whoever he might happen to be, was as promising a candidate for bedlam as ever sought the protection of the Lord Chancellor. Of course, as he is only an American, he is not so fortunate as to have the superintending care of that high legal officer: it is only in England that a man's whole substance can be consumed in settling the difficult question whether he has wit enough to spend it himself *or not*.* But to leave our digression: we must confess our prediction has not been fulfilled in its extent; the poor author is no less mad than he was when he wrote, but he is not yet in a strait waistcoat. He has written and published another novel; and a London bookseller, with that desperate sort of courage which is nearly allied to madness, has republished it here. As it is in every respect a curiosity, and by no means destitute of interest, it may answer the purpose of the latter very well; we are sure it ought, because it is of that strange, unintelligible, exciting kind, that is admirably adapted for visiters of watering-places. London is too hot, and London occupations are too grave, for such reading; it unsettles one's mind; our own head, steady as it is, feels somewhat in a whirl from the perusal, (we pray heaven our readers don't discover any symptoms of it in our writing:) and we cannot hope to be restored to the usual solidity of our temperament until we have taken (nauseous dose!) a whole volume of modern Scotch metaphysics. But, if we were as idle as we love to be at some not too gay summer retreat, enjoying the dolce far niente, the greatest blessing in

* These words are superfluous. If the phrase had been found in one of our books, it would, in all probability, have been cited as an instance of what this critic sneeringly terms "elegant American." It must be confessed that the style of writers in this country is very deficient in taste. General Washington, the only person of all our presidents who had not a classical education, was the only writer among them whose compositions are distinguished for correctness, vigour, and perspicuity.—O. O.

life, we should like to revel in the works of the author of Logan: they are fine dreamy things, which a man may read in his sleep; they carry one on through dazzling and strange scenes, and yet never make any impression upon one's mind; always wonderful, but always wrapped up in gloom, and cloud, and smoke. And then the style—a delightful jumble of bad English, worse German, superfine Irish, and elegant American—a great cloud of words, all gigantic and sonorous, with no more meaning in them than there is spirit in small beer; like that humble beverage, muddy and flat, and yet a thing to be drunk."

The critic cites the description of a drowning horse as "really among the very best things of the sort we ever* remember to have seen: it is as far, he says, above the Maturins and the Phillippes as it is below the great Scot."

The passage in which the sufferings of the American soldiers are described,—with a power which makes us wonder that a person who can write so well should on most other occasions write so ill,—is introduced in the review with the following tribute to the immortal associates of Washington:—"it" (i. e. the relation,) "serves to increase, if any thing can, the astonishment we feel that against such odds such a people were able to baffle the wisest councils and the best troops of Great Britain, with nothing to support them but their ardent love of liberty—'nought but their own good spirits to feed and clothe them;' and yet these were enough."

But we must pass on to the conclusion. "There are a great many things to make us laugh in these volumes: the author's coarseness is often ridiculous and always disagreeable. The conversation which he puts into the mouths of ladies and gentlemen is of that description which in England," (and America,) "is only used by coster-mongers and hackney-coachmen, and their fair partners. The incidents are impossible, the style inflated, and the grammar deplorably vicious: and yet, with all this, there is so much talent, so much of surprisingly amusing madness, that we cannot blame it as we ought. Some of our readers may have met with small sea-officers, elder midshipmen, or young lieutenants—gentlemen who had studied sentimentality in a gun-room, and who express those transcendent notions which they pick up from the circulating libraries in the jargon of the cock-pit: just such a person is our author, and just so does he write. 'I'll tell you what it is'—is the style in which he makes young ladies begin their sentences most commonly; and with hundreds of similarly elegant phrases does he crowd their *façon de parler*."—"Upon the whole our mad friend has improved; and, if his next novel surpasses the present as much as this goes beyond Logan, we shall have some hopes that in a century or two he may be a very important personage."

* Another instance of elegant "American," we presume.—O. O.

From a recent English Magazine, we extract the following remarks in which the reader will find some truth mingled with not a little absurdity.—“If, indeed, any thing really national could, at this early day, be expected from the United States of America, their example might be strongly cited, as showing the comparative affluence of our own country” (in national songs.) “The United States are so poor in national songs, as well as destitute of national music, that they even borrow the English air of “God save the King” calling it “God save great Washington;” though, as far as we are informed, without accompanying it with any words to that effect. The United States has a patriotic or national song, beginning, “Hail! Columbia, happy land;” but *this has little popularity*, and the only real national song of the country is “Yankee doodle-dandy,” apparently of negro origin! and which, though lively, is, if not vulgar, at least without dignity; without any thing that either springs from or inspires an elevation of soul.* We recollect expressing our opinion, in conversation, to a member of the Congress of the United States, that it was unfortunate for a country to have either no national songs of its own, or none of a solemn or dignified character. The member of congress did not see the matter in the same point of view, but we retain our opinion.”

A new Alphabet.—The Bombay Gazette states that a learned oriental has recently discovered an alphabet which furnishes the

* Though we have suggested that Yankee Doodle may be of negro origin, yet we are not sure of the fact, and we should be pleased by acquiring positive information. It makes against this derivation, that the air certainly belongs to the northern parts of the United States, while the negroes are more numerous to the south. On the other hand, it has the lively and careless character of the negro; a circumstance which so far recommends it as a war-song, as (to our ear at least,) it breathes a *saucy* disregard of the foe. Of its *triviality*, a judgment may be formed from the subjoined words which are sung to it:

“Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Sukey Sweetlips found it;
De’il a thing was there in,
But the border round it.”

The *popularity* of “Yankee Doodle” may be guessed from an anecdote jocularly related in the United States. Words without end have been put together to sing to the tune: and a young lady having been asked for the song, declined to give it, “because,” as she said “she and her brother, (who was in company,) together, knew but a hundred and twenty-six verses.”

[There is a vast deal of sing-song brought together in this note to very little purpose. The air of Yankee Doodle was invented during our Revolution, and the words adapted to it produced the most admirable effects upon our soldiers, as our invaders had many opportunities of feeling. The complaint that the air does not inspire any elevation of soul, might be urged with as much propriety against “Who killed Cock Robin;” or one of the jests of Joe Miller.]—O. O.

Key to the ancient inscriptions so often found in those caverns of India, which have been devoted to the various forms of Hindoo worship; such as that of Elephanta, of Keneri, &c. It is hoped that by these means their dates, signification, use, and origin, will be discovered.

American Literary Journals.—The proprietor of "The Museum," which was commenced in this city in the beginning of the present year, has given notice that Mr. Walsh "is no longer connected with that work."—We understand that Mr. Everett has relinquished the editorship of the North American Review and that he is to be succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Sparks. We hope the late editor, whose various talents have elevated that work to a height, altogether unrivalled in this country, will not abandon the confederacy. With whatever ability his place may be supplied, we cannot spare so ripe a scholar from a cause which is of the first importance to the best interests of the country.—New projects for periodical miscellanies solicit our attention from various quarters. One Mr. *Gossamer Thistle* proposes to hold up a "Mirror" in Baltimore, every Saturday, whereupon all may look who will requite him with three dollars a year. This is an unfortunate title for "a literary and satirical paper" in that place, as we apprehend that a great majority of its inhabitants are rather inclined to hang their heads at present.—The "Boston Bard," whose rhymes have often enlivened the poets' corner in our daily gazettes, proposes to open a "Mental Museum," every Saturday, in the city of New York;—price of admission, two dollars and fifty cents yearly.

In Philadelphia, subscriptions have been solicited for "The Arcadian," another hebdomidial journal of eight quarto pages, at four dollars yearly. The editor has presented to the public his first number as "a specimen of what the work will be." It commences with an introduction to a tale, entitled "The Child of Sensibility," from which we venture to transcribe the first two sentences:

"Guided by the pensive spirit of meditating melancholy, when the vivid realities of a cold, unfeeling world, have hung upon my mind, like the drooping wing of a dying dove over a breast feebly palpitating with the last fluctuating energies of life, I have almost mechanically retired from the peopled desert, to hold communion with the unseen tenants of the noiseless wood. The glittering pageants of a transient hour, move not there with melting smiles upon their glossy brows, while disappointed vanity, baffled anticipations, and frustrated schemes of ambitious superiority, implant a thousand scorpion fangs within the heaving bosom."

To the several new Magazines which we have already enumerated, as soliciting patronage, in our principal towns, we may add the "American Monthly,"—for which principal proposals have just been issued in Philadelphia. We do not expect that one of these literary miscellanies will be in existence, next midsummer; but it may not be amiss to record their titles.

We congratulate the students of law upon the prospect of receiving from the pen of WILLIAM RAWLE, *Esq.*—a work to be entitled—“*Institutes of the Laws of Pennsylvania,*”—which will comprise a view of the Laws of the United States and the Constitution. The long and various experience of this gentleman, his exact learning in all the branches of his profession, and his fine taste in polite literature, all combine to authorise the expectation of a work of solid and permanent utility; a work which will diffuse “the gladsome lights of jurisprudence” among those “sons of the law” who are drawing out of the well, each according to the strength of his understanding.—Here we are reminded of the excellent treatise of THOMAS SERGEANT, *Esq.* on the “*Constitutional Law*” of our country; a review of which was promised for our pages, shortly after the volume appeared. The merit of this production is well attested by a rapid and extensive sale, and its character must now be too well known to the profession to require any testimony from us.

Caleb Cushing *Esq.* of Newburyport, is preparing to write the life of the late judge Lowell, a zealous patriot of the Revolution.

The Morning Chronicle announces *The Pilot*:—a Tale of the Sea. By the author of the “*Spy, &c.*” in three vols. 12mo.

Just published by H. C. Carey & I. Lea.—*Vindiciæ Hibernicæ, or Ireland Vindicated.*—Price three dollars.

An attempt to develop and expose a few of the multifarious errors and falsehoods respecting Ireland, in the histories of May, Temple, Whitelock, Borlase, Rushworth, Clarendon, Cox, Carte, Leland, Warner, Macauley, Hume, and others; particularly in the legendary tales of the Conspiracy and pretended Massacre of 1641.—By M. Carey.

Also by the same author.—I. View of the Great Natural Advantages of Ireland, and of the cruel policy pursued for ages towards that Island.

II.—Sketch of the Irish code entitled “*Laws to Prevent the Growth of Popery,*” but intended to degrade, debase, and enslave the Roman Catholics of that Island.

III.—Review of the Pretended General Conspiracy of the Roman Catholics to massacre all the Protestants that would not join with them.

M. Carey respectfully informs the citizens of the United States, that he hopes to be able to publish in the course of the ensuing year, a work for which he made considerable preparations a few years since, viz: “*Sketches of a History of Religious Persecution, in two volumes, 8vo.*”

Any information, or communications calculated to facilitate the execution of this work, will be thankfully received. Books lent for the purpose will be carefully preserved, and returned uninjured.

Mr. John Miller, of London, has reprinted the "New England Tale" by a young lady of New York, which had already gone through two editions at home. Of this pleasing tale, *The Gentleman's Magazine* holds the following language:—"If we had not taken up this little volume with the recollection of the valedictory paper of the elegant author of the "Sketch Book" strong in our minds, we are sure that we should not have laid it down without a very favourable impression of the talents that have produced this New England Tale. We are desirous, however, of this opportunity, most cordially to offer those kindlier feelings towards America and her writers which Mr. Irving bespeaks for them, and so reciprocate those *amicabilities* which he has shown for our country and for us. We feel that both sides have much to forgive and forget, and greatly do we lament that the hour of reconciliation should be retarded, and that unfriendly prejudices should be still encouraged by the contemptuous sneers and the bitter sarcasms of the first Literary Journal in the world."*

The graphic talents of the author of the volume before us are of no common order. Her "New England" story has been extremely popular in her own country, and we shall be greatly mistaken in our anticipations if it be not well received here. It has a healthy spirit pervading it, which is highly favourable to its longevity, and we can safely recommend it to our female readers as a work of good taste and sound morals; inculcating forcibly, and illustrating admirably those difficult lessons of genuine practical religion, submission to the Divine appointments, and the necessity of sacrificing every selfish feeling and indulgence on the altar of Christian duty.

What must be the reflections of the writer of this note when he learns that the journal which is thus signalized, is regularly republished in this country, and enjoys a more extensive patronage than any magazine of indigenous growth. The Quarterly inculcates upon its English readers the necessity of cherishing a *generous hatred* of the American nation. Here we behold the champion of a christian church striving to infuse the very spirit, which that religion seeks most earnestly to allay! But what shall we say of those among us who encourage these slanderers, by paying for their impudent calumnies? Are they aware of the injury which must be the consequence of disseminating such sentiments among the young and inconsiderate portion of the community? When shall we have a national character and a national literature, with this servile deference for those who despise and ridicule our pretensions? We regard every republication of such works as the Quarterly and Edinburg Reviews with shame and mortification. We think it concerns the patriotism of every American to dis-

* We allude to the Quarterly Review, every Number of which teems with sarcastic bitterness towards America and her literature.

countenance such performances. We do not mean to deny the general merit of the works in question. They abound with admirable disquisitions, which are well fitted to instruct and amuse. But while our minds may be enlarged by the various learning, and invigorated by the profound reasoning which they bring to the discussion of all general subjects, there is much cause to fear that the plausibility of their attacks upon us, may have a tendency to check that genial current which should flow so freely when we exclaim

This is my own, my native land!

Machiavel.—This eminent writer is said to have combined a talent of dramatic humour which has been thought to approach that of Moliere, with the depth of political thinking that distinguished Tacitus, and a purity of taste which has made him, as an historian, the rival of the Grecian models. The whole sole object of his strange work,—*The Prince*,—has been much controverted: Mr. Stewart, in one of his Preliminary Dissertations, has referred to the conflicting opinions of Bodin, Albertus-Gentilis, and M. de Sismondi, to which he might have added that of Rousseau, who strenuously maintains the virtue of Machiavel's aim in this marvellous digest of political iniquity. His purpose, it has been said, was to paint tyranny for the instruction of the victims, not to inculcate its doctrines for the benefit of their oppressors. He durst not openly invite the people to the assault, but they must have merited eternal discomfiture if they failed to interpret his message aright. Bodin, one of the earliest of his critics, and a firm believer in his satanical aspirations, has remarked the great inconsistency of his opinions, now extolling democracy as the best of all forms of government,—now declaring that a prince alone could restore liberty to Italy—and, again, pronouncing the purely aristocratical government of Venice to be the *beau ideal* of a state.

A middle theory as to the origin of the prince, is held by M. de Sismondi, and appears to be adopted by Mr. Stewart, viz. that it proceeded from a universal bitterness against mankind: a contempt of the whole human race, which makes him address them in the language to which they had debased themselves.

A German commentator on the Laws of Moses—Michaelis, lately translated into English by Dr. Smith, of Aberdeenshire—makes the following observation on laws against profane swearing:—Moses made no such enactments as they have in England against cursing, and swearing, by which, for every single *damn*, the penalty, I think, of a shilling, (eight good *groschen*.) is incurred; nor, in fact, do they serve any good purpose, but to betray holy zeal, without any knowledge of the world; for they can never be enforced.” He adds that such unmeaning curses as the G—d—n of an Englishman, or *der Teufel hole*, (the devil take,) of a German, do so little harm, that he can conceive no reason *why they should*

be noticed. Michaelis' idea of an honourable man is rather odd. He says "hunger or appetite often hurries a man of the most honourable principles, to devour grapes and other eatables that are not watched."

Drunkenness is one of the besotting sins of the Americans, according to those legitimate descendants of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, the English travellers. Let us hear what professor Michaelis says of the temperance of the Londoners: "In no place whatever have I had it in my power to make remarks on people overcome with liquor, in such numbers as in London, and I shall now mention how they appeared to me, *not by tens but by thousands.* In the vicinity of that metropolis, though I have on a Sunday walked some miles, *through long strings of them,* coming from the city, yet not one of them ever said a word to me; so that I had much amusement in making such experiments on the harmlessness of their intemperance, the reality of which I had no difficulty in ascertaining, as they staggered lustily along. Once only was I addressed by a person, who pointed to the sun, sinking in the west, and very politely begged to know what it was. A friend, who accompanied me, was rather more unlucky; for happening, out of the abundance of his benevolence, to call to a very drunken rider that his horse was in some danger or other, the man appeared to take it much amiss; though nothing more serious followed than his exclaiming after him *d—n your blood,* perhaps a hundred times as he rode along."

Michaelis mentions the case of a German who having "merely from too nice a sense of honour committed a murder for which he was sentenced to the gallows, despatched himself in prison with poison. This occurred in England, and the newspapers by their remarks on this suicide, excited the surprise of the German professor. "They even," says he, "moralised on the heinous sin he had committed; just as if it were not *one and the same thing,* whether the man who must die, lets himself be hanged, or, like Socrates, drinks a cup of poison!"

The latest German traveller in this country is M. Frederick Schmidt, who has published two volumes, which are to be succeeded by one or two more, in which he gives a very minute account of every thing that fell within his notice. His opinion is that the United States are not so flourishing as they have been. He gives no very flattering picture of the manners, or the government; above all, he paints in frightful colours the dreadful swindling system which is carried on by the immense number of banks without capital, which are so thickly spread over this country. To state their exact number he says is impossible, some failing, and new ones rising *daily;* but it may be estimated that there is one bank for every 10,000 inhabitants. "The whole paper system,"

he says, "as it has been hitherto carried on in the United States, is only a school of the most refined arts, to plunder the rich of their property, to encourage a gambling spirit, and to clothe the cunning beggar in silk and purple. It is a paper aristocracy, which is in the highest degree oppressive and disgraceful, and undermines the morality as well as the liberty of the people. The facility with which rags might be converted into gold, has *banished the laudable habits of regular industry*, and encouraged idleness and dissipation. Hence the innumerable bankruptcies which have latterly occurred in this country; hence the decline of prosperity, and *the ruin of the happiness* of the citizens." This picture is very deplorable, it must be confessed; but with the exception of the passages marked in italics, it cannot be denied that Mr. Schmidt has formed a just estimate of the disastrous consequences produced by our numerous banks. The swindling which has been practised by directors and officers of these institutions, particularly in Baltimore, has been, in the highest degree, infamous. It is greatly to be lamented, that, owing to defects in the law or the ingenuity of the bar, scarcely an instance has occurred of punishment being inflicted on these culprits.

James's account of Long's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.—

A foreign Journal concludes a review of this interesting narrative in the following terms: "In closing these volumes, we cannot but applaud the zeal, perseverance and intelligence of the gentlemen composing the Expedition; and though the narrative is presented in the unstudied form of a diary, we have no hesitation in saying that it will be perused with pleasure and satisfaction, and will supply an ample fund of information on many points, to which the limits of this analysis will scarcely permit us even to advert." The Reviewer dwells upon the valuable and important additions that have been made to the geography of the New World within the last half century, by the skill and enterprise of different navigators and travellers. "In these attempts," he adds, "the American government has been honourably conspicuous; and its exertions have been at once stimulated and aided by the progress of population in the Western States, and the acquisition of Louisiana from France, which placed at its command a rich and varied territory, inexhaustible in natural resources, and almost infinite in extent." Major Pike first approached the chain of the Rocky Mountains, in the attempts which he made to ascertain the courses of the Arkansas and Red River; but his progress was stopped by the Spaniards. We have understood that they were not inattentive to the Expedition which was so judiciously confided to major Long, by the present Secretary of the War Department. But they were not able to offer any obstructions to his researches; and we again express the pleasure with which we have contemplated their results.

OBITUARY.

In North Carolina. Jesse Franklin, 65, late Governor of that state and for many years a member of congress.

Washington city. Captain Peter Faulkner, an officer in the army of the U. S. during the revolution.

At Thomson's Island. The gallant capt. W. H. Watson, of the U. S. N. aged about 30. He was a native of Virginia, and was a lieutenant on board the *Argus*, in her celebrated cruise in the English channel. In July 1823, he sailed in the squadron, commanded by capt. Porter, which had been despatched to the gulf of Mexico, for the protection of our commerce against the pirates. On the 11th of that month, having the barges *Gallinipper* and *Musquito* under his command, he discovered in *Siguapa bay*, a large topsail schooner, with a launch in company, working up to an anchorage, at which several merchant vessels were lying. Being to windward, he bore up with the *Gallinipper*, and when within gun-shot, perceiving the larger vessel to be well armed, and her deck filled with men, he hoisted his colours; on seeing which the others displayed the Spanish flag and commenced firing at the *Gallinipper*. Capt. Watson immediately ran down upon her weather quarter, making signal, at the same time for the *Musquito* to close. After a short action, capt. W. succeeded in taking both vessels, and effecting the almost total destruction of their crews. The larger vessel was called the *Catalina*, commanded by the celebrated pirate *Diaboleta*.

Burlington N. J. Joseph Bloomfield, an officer in the revolutionary war and formerly Governor of that state.

Louisiana. Gustavus Anton, Baron of Sukindorf, in Saxony. He ranked as a distinguished literary character in his own country, which he left in April 1821

At Lochwinnoch, (Scotland) Mr. Thomas Reid. The importance attached to this circumstance arises from his having been the celebrated equestrian hero of Burn's poem, *Tam O'Shanter*. He was born on the 21 Oct. 1745 in the clachan of Kyle Ayrshire, and he has now at length surmounted the "mosses, rivers, slaps and styles of life." He retained to the last the desire of being "fu' for weeks together."

Botetourt, Va. Colonel Matthew Harvey. He was attached to Lee's legion and served with reputation in that distinguished corps during the whole of the southern war.

New York. Mrs. Charlotte Melmoth, 72. She was a veteran in the corps dramatique and was attached to the earliest American theatre. She was by birth an English woman, and her talent, particularly in the higher walks of tragedy, was very generally acknowledged.—She was much esteemed for her excellent private character, and since her retirement from the stage, she taught school, and was very successful in advancing her female pupils in reading and elocution.

Irthington, G. B. Robert Bowman, in the 118th year of his age. Dr. Barnes, who published some account of him in the *Edinburg Phil. Jour.* for 1820, ascertained his age, by an examination of the parish register. From early youth he was a laborious man; he was always healthy and strong, had never taken any medicine, nor had been visited by any kind of illness, except the measles, when a child, and the hooping cough when he was above 100 years old. He was only once intoxicated, and that was at a wedding. In his 108th year he walked to and from Chester, (16 miles) without the aid of a staff to see the workmen lay the foundation of Eden bridge; in the same year he reaped corn, made hay, worked at hedging

and assisted in all the labours of the field. His memory was very tenacious. He did not marry till he was 50, and his wife lived with him 52 years. He left six sons, the youngest of whom is 50 years of age and the eldest 62. About the year 1779 he lost all his teeth, but no mark of debility appeared about his person before 1813, when he took to his bed and never was able to use his limbs afterwards.

Scituate. Mrs. Elizabeth Winsor, 105 years and 9 months. She was a woman of uncommon powers of body and mind, which she retained in a remarkable degree, to her last days, and enjoyed the conversation of her friends, except from deafness, and could read without glasses, two or three hours a day, in her favourite book, the Bible, without fatigue.

Boston. John M'Lean. In early life he engaged in navigation and commerce, in which he displayed much judgment; but the change of property, produced by foreign edicts and military events, suddenly swept away the little capital which he possessed and placed him among the first objects of the late bankrupt law. Not long after this, he was confined to his house by an habitual infirmity of body, yet his activity of mind did not forsake him. He continued his attention to business, became wealthy, *paid all his old creditors*, and died worth upwards of \$200,000. He bequeathed a liberal legacy to a friend whose credit had formerly been useful to him; 25,000, after the decease of his widow to Cambridge University for the establishment of a professorship of natural history, and the like sum to the Massachusetts general hospital. That corporation is also made his residuary legatee, and it is supposed will realize more than \$100,000 from the bequest. He left no issue.

New York. John Wells, Esq. Counsellor at Law. He was born on a farm about half of a mile south

of Cherry Valley, N. Y. in the year 1769 or 1770. His grand-parents were both natives of Ireland, and were part of the little band of colonists who at a very early day penetrated the wilderness and settled in the valley where the village now stands. The maternal grandfather of Mr. Wells was the Rev. Mr. Dunlap, who also came from Ireland with the colonists.

The father of Mr. Wells, placed him at a school in Schenectady; and it was owing to this circumstance that young Wells did not share the melancholy fate of the rest of the family.

In November, 1778, Wells being then at Schenectady, a party of Savages and abandoned Whites under the command of the celebrated Brandt, and one of the Butlers, advanced upon the settlement at Cherry Valley, and every individual of his family was inhumanly murdered, and the dwelling and other buildings entirely consumed. The settlement was entirely destroyed, and the murders and cruelties of that day are unparalleled in the annals of Indian warfare. Young Wells had then an aunt living in Schenectady, who, after the melancholy death of his parents, adopted him. He resided in Schenectady for several years, and pursued his studies at the grammar school there. When Mr. Wilson, who was the husband of his aunt, moved to Long-Island he accompanied them, and finished his education in New York.

[Of this distinguished lawyer and most worthy gentleman, we shall be able to give a more full account in a future Number of this journal. We understand that one of his friends, who knew him intimately, and whose own admirable qualities peculiarly qualify him to estimate those which adorned the character of the deceased, is preparing a biographical memoir for publication: It is also our intention to present to our readers an engraving, if a good

portrait can be procured. In thus rendering our humble tribute to the memory of John Wells, we shall gratify feelings of personal regard and preserve the example of an individual of no ordinary description.]

Trenton. In the 51st year of his age, colonel Lambert Cadwalader.

An active supporter of his country's rights, he entered the army at the opening of the revolution; and during the course of his duties, supported the character of a zealous officer. With the rank of lieutenant colonel, he commanded in the lines before fort Washington; and with the garrison, was made prisoner, on the capture of that post. At the close of his military service, retiring to his estate near Trenton, the place of his birth, he received manifestations of the confidence of his fellow citizens by successive elections to congress, before and since the adoption of the constitution.

At *Berkeley*, 74 [last March] Dr. Jenner, discoverer and first promulgator of the system of vaccine inoculation; and, in other respects, one of the most able philosophical physicians of his age and country. He was a native of Berkeley, and son of the Rev. S. Jenner. He was educated at Cirencester, apprenticed to Mr. Ludlow, a surgeon, and afterwards became a pupil of John Hunter. His scientific character led to his being recommended to attend Capt. Cooke in his first voyage, which, as well as an offer to go to India, he declined, preferring to settle with his brother at Berkeley. His first work was on the Natural History of the Cuckoo, and it procured him a high reputation as a naturalist. But his fame rests on his promulgating, in 1798, his observations on the efficacy of vaccine inoculation, as a preventive of the small-pox. The fact was well known to the vulgar in the dairy-counties; but it required a mind like that of Jenner to seize upon it, act upon it,

and promulgate it with success. The practice soon became general; and, although some malignant and envious persons exerted themselves to strip the author of his laurels, the medical bodies and authorities in all countries adopted it; and Dr. J. received two grants from parliament, amounting to 30,000*l.* and honours from the whole civilized world. The plague of the small-pox, which he essayed to stay, had been universal in its ravages. There is reason to believe, that small-pox existed in the East, especially in China and Hindostan, for several thousand years; but it did not visit the Western nations till towards the middle of the sixth century: it then broke out near Mecca, and was afterwards gradually diffused over the whole of the Old Continent, and was finally transported to America, shortly after the death of Columbus. In the British islands alone, it has been computed that forty thousand individuals perished annually by this disease! It killed one in fourteen of all that were born, and one in six of all that were attacked by it in the natural way. The introduction of inoculation for small-pox, was productive of great benefit to all who submitted to the operation; but, though it augmented the individual security, it added to the general mortality, by multiplying the sources of contagion, and thereby increasing the number of those who became affected with the natural distemper. All who have not yet duly appreciated the benefits which vaccination has conferred on mankind, may look on the loathsomeness and dangers of small-pox in its most mitigated form; may consider, that this disease has been banished from some countries; and, with due care, might be eradicated from all; and may remember, that, notwithstanding prejudices, carelessness, and ignorance, millions now live, who, but for vaccination, would have been in their graves. To have

anticipated such results, would, at no remote period, have been considered the most chimerical of imaginations. We have, nevertheless, seen them realized. The time in which they occurred, will for ever be marked as an epoch in the history of man; and England, with all her glories, may rejoice that she has to number a Jenner among her sons. The meekness, gentleness, and simplicity of his demeanour, formed a most striking contrast to the self-esteem which might have arisen from the great and splendid consequences of his discovery. He was thankful and grateful for them in his heart, but to pride and vain-glory he seemed to be an utter stranger. A short time before his death, the following were among the last words he ever spoke: the nature of his services to his fellow-creatures had been the subject of conversation; "I do not marvel," he observed, "that men are not grateful to me; but I am surprised that they do not feel gratitude to God, for making me a medium of good." No one could see him without perceiving that this was the habitual frame of his mind. Without it, it never could have been, that, in his most retired moments, and in his intercourse with the great and exalted of the earth, he invariably exhibited the same uprightness of conduct, singleness of purpose, and unceasing earnestness to promote the welfare of his species, to the total exclusion of all selfish and personal considerations. His condescension, his kindness, his willingness to listen to every tale of distress, and the open-handed munificence with which he administered to the wants and ne-

cessities of those around him, can never be forgotten by any who have been guided and consoled by his affectionate counsel, or cherished and relieved by his unbounded charity. His sympathy for suffering worth, or genius lost in obscurity, was ever alive; and no indication of talent or ingenuity, no effort of intellect, ever met his eye without gaining his notice, and calling forth his substantial aid and assistance. He was not less generous in pouring forth the treasures of his mind. A long life, spent in the constant study of all the subjects of natural history, had stored it with a great variety of knowledge.—Hence the originality of his views, the felicity and playfulness of his illustrations, and the acuteness of his remarks, imparted a character of genius to his commonest actions and conversations, which could not escape the most inattentive observer. We have authority from his relatives and trustees to state, that, in conformity, with his wishes, they have applied to Dr. BARON, of Gloucester, to write the account of his life, and to arrange for publication his numerous manuscripts, all the documents in possession of the family being to be committed to Dr. Baron's care. From that gentleman, therefore, the public may expect an authentic work as speedily as his professional avocations will allow him to prepare it for the press: the ample and interesting materials with which he is to be furnished, together with those which he himself has accumulated, during a long and confidential intercourse with Dr. Jenner, and many of his most intimate friends.

Month. Mag.

ERRATUM.

In the Obituary of Dr. J. S. Ewing, in our last, it was stated that he received a premium from the Agricultural Society of *Pennsylvania*, for one of his improvements in mechanics. This was a mistake. It was the *Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture* which conferred the honour upon him.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100



The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a philosopher and statesman of great celebrity, was born at Boston in New England, in 1706. His family was originally from Ecton in Northamptonshire, where his ancestors for several generations possessed a small freehold. His father removed to New England to avoid the persecution carried on in the reign of Charles II. against nonconformists, and followed the occupation of a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler in Boston. The mother of Benjamin, his second wife, was a descendant of one of the first colonists in that province. The subject of our narrative has left in print an account of his own life to his twenty-fifth year, which, though terminating while he was yet in a humble station, abounds with incidents and observations which render it a most valuable lesson to young persons. We shall extract from it some of the most remarkable circumstances, deeply regretting that we lose its guidance at so early a period.

DECEMBER, 1823.—No. 260 56

The indications Benjamin gave from his childhood of a disposition for literature, caused his father to destine him to the church; but the burthen of a large family prevented him from persisting in the education commenced for this purpose, and at the age of ten he was taken home to be employed in the servile offices of the family trade. With this change he was severely mortified, and he felt a strong desire of quitting his situation for a maritime life, but was opposed in it by his father. This parent, though in a humble condition, possessed a variety of knowledge, with great solidity of understanding, and took pains to form the minds of his children to those principles of good sense and moral rectitude which might give a proper direction to their conduct when left to their own control. In the scanty library of his father, young Franklin met with some books which gratified his passion for reading, though without selection. His own taste chiefly led him to voyages and travels, and history; but he also went through a course of polemical divinity, more, probably, to the advantage of his argumentative powers, than of his practical principles. He mentions a work of Defoe's upon Projects, as giving him impressions which influenced the principal events of his life.

A business was at length chosen for him, which was much better suited to his disposition than that of his father's shop. An elder brother having set up a printing-office at Boston, Benjamin, at the age of twelve, was articled to him as an apprentice. He soon rendered himself a proficient in the mechanical part of the trade, and he eagerly seized every opportunity it afforded of procuring new books to read, in which amusement he frequently spent the greater part of the night. It was not long before he began to imitate what he so much admired, and his first attempts were in verse. He wrote ballads and printed them; but notwithstanding their temporary success, his father was able to convince him that his talent was not poetry. His efforts to acquire a facility in writing prose were better directed, and pursued with great assiduity; and to their success may be chiefly attributed his early superiority to his brethren of the press, and his subsequent elevation to stations of public importance. With a passion for reading and writing, he imbibed the kindred one of disputing. This met with

fuel from his familiarity with a youth of a similar turn, and he was for a time a very doughty and dogmatical polemic. The perusal of a translation of Xenophon's *Memorabilia* softened him into a Socratic, and he became very dexterous in the sly mode of confuting or confounding an antagonist by a series of questions. In such a course of mental exercise he naturally became a sceptic with respect to the religion in which he had been educated; and with the zeal of a convert, took all opportunities of propagating his unbelief. The unhappy moral effects this produced upon some of his companions, at length convinced him that it was unsafe to loosen the ties of religion without the probability of substituting others equally efficacious. The doubts which subsisted in his own mind, he appears never to have been able to remove, but he took care strongly to fortify himself with such moral principles of conduct as directed him to the most valuable ends by honourable means. He early obtained that dominion over his appetites which is so important a step in moral discipline. Of this, a remarkable instance was the effect produced upon him by reading in his sixteenth year a treatise by one Tryon in recommendation of vegetable diet. He immediately discarded animal food; and offering to his brother to maintain himself for half the sum paid for his board, he was able out of that allowance to make savings for the purchase of books. Though he afterwards relaxed in the austerity of his diet, the habit of being contented with a little, and disregarding the gratifications of the palate, remained with him through life, and was highly useful on various occasions.

His brother set up a newspaper, and Benjamin ventured anonymously to send some pieces for insertion, and had the satisfaction of finding them applauded by the best judges in the place. His conscious merit probably made him more impatient under the harsh treatment of his brother, who behaved to him more like a master than a relation. At length an arbitrary interdiction from the state of James Franklin, upon a political offence, to continue his paper, caused Benjamin's name to be employed as publisher, and in consequence, his indentures to be given up to him. He was obliged, however, to sign a private agreement for serving out his term; but not thinking himself bound by it (which he ac-

knowledges to have been a fault,) he secretly departed by sea to New York, whence he soon proceeded to Philadelphia. This event of his life took place in his seventeenth year. At that city he engaged in the service of one Keimer, a printer, whose affairs he soon put into better order. He contracted an acquaintance with several young men fond of reading, in whose society he spent his evenings, and improved his literary taste.

After some time he became known to sir William Keith, the governor of the province, who took much notice of him, and urged him to set up for himself, with many promises of support. At his instigation, Franklin paid a visit to his parents at Boston, in order to obtain an advance of money for his project; but though he was kindly received, he was unable to gain his point. Upon his return to Philadelphia, the governor offered to take the whole burthen upon himself, and proposed to him to make a voyage to England in order to furnish himself with all the necessaries of a new printing-office. Franklin gladly embraced the proposal, and set sail about the beginning of 1725, accompanied by his intimate companion, Ralph, who afterwards became a political writer in England of some note, and is commemorated in the *Dunciad*. Before his departure, he exchanged promises of fidelity with miss Read of Philadelphia, with whose father he had lodged. Upon his arrival in London, Franklin found that governor Keith upon whose promised letters of credit and recommendation he had relied, had entirely deceived him. He was therefore obliged to have recourse to the business in his hands for a support, and engaged himself as a workman in the office of Palmer, a printer of note in Bartholomew-close. His friend Ralph, whose dependance was upon his head, did not so readily obtain employment, and he was long a drain upon Franklin's purse. The morals of the two friends did not improve from their society. Ralph forgot his wife and child in America, and Franklin forgot his miss Read. He has candidly marked this as another great error of his life; to which he has added the printing, about this period, of a "*Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain,*" dedicated to Ralph, and intended as an answer to some of the arguments of Woolaston's *Religion of Nature*, which passed through his hands at the

press. This piece, however, gained him some fame, and introduced him to the acquaintance, among others, of Dr. Mandeville, author of the celebrated fable of the Bees. In whatever other virtues Franklin might be defective, he retained in a high degree those of industry and temperance, which eventually were the means of securing his morals, as well as of raising his fortune. He has given a curious and instructive account of his endeavours, at the second printing-office in which he worked (Watts's near Lincoln's-inn-fields,) to reform the sottish habits of his fellow-workmen. He attempted to persuade them that there was more real sustenance in a penny roll than in a pint of porter; and though he was first stigmatised by the name of the *American aquatic*, he was able in the end to induce several of them to substitute gruel and toasted bread as a breakfast, to their usual morning libation from the tankard. They who are acquainted with the London artificers, will consider this as no small proof of his persuasive powers.

After an abode of eighteen months in London, he returned in 1726 to Philadelphia, where he had engaged to act in the capacity of clerk to Mr. Denham, a worthy person, who opened a warehouse in that city. He soon obtained a considerable knowledge of trade, and passed his time happily, till the death of Mr. Denham in 1727 dissolved the connection. He was again obliged to apply for support to the press, and accepted an offer from Keimer to become the superintendant of his office. In this situation he acquired general esteem, and improved his connections, so that at length he began to entertain thoughts of setting up for himself. This he brought to effect by means of a partnership with one Meredith, a fellow-workman, whose father was capable of advancing some money. They took a house in Philadelphia; and Franklin has recorded the extraordinary pleasure he received from a payment of five shillings, the first fruits of their earnings. "The recollection of what I felt on this occasion," says he "has rendered me more disposed, than perhaps I should otherwise have been, to encourage young beginners in trade:" an amiable effect, indicating the radical benevolence of his heart. His habitual industry was now sharpened by the consciousness of working for his own benefit. It obtained the notice of some of the leading men of the place,

and, joined to his punctuality, gave him increasing reputation. A club which he instituted, under the name of *the Junto*, for the purpose of the discussion of political and philosophical questions, proved an excellent school of mutual improvement among the members, and united them in supporting each other's interests. The queries put to the candidates for admission, by way of test, deserve copying, as indicating the liberal and philanthropical spirit of the founder. "Do you sincerely declare that you love mankind in general, of what profession or religion soever? Do you think any person ought to be harmed in his body, name, or goods, for mere speculative opinions, or his external way of worship? Do you love truth for truth's sake; and will you endeavour impartially to find and receive it yourself, and communicate it to others?" Franklin and his partner ventured to set up a new public paper, which his efforts both as a writer and a printer caused to succeed, and they also obtained the printing of the votes and laws of the assembly. In process of time, Meredith withdrew from the partnership, and Franklin met with friends who enabled him to take the whole concern, and add to it the business of a stationer. A discussion concerning a new emission of paper-money taking place, he wrote an anonymous pamphlet in favour of the measure, which was well received, and contributed to its success. This obtained for him farther countenance from persons in power, and ensured his prosperity. He confesses that at this time he was drawn into improper connections with the sex, owing, probably, to the disappointment he met with in the object of his first attachment, miss Read, who had been induced by his neglect to marry another person. From this man, however, she was soon separated, on account of a report that he had a former wife living; and he had removed to the West Indies, where he died. The lovers renewed their intercourse, and in September, 1730, they ventured to marry, though yet in some degree uncertain of her widowhood. She proved a good and faithful companion, and essentially contributed to his comfort and prosperity.

Hitherto we have been tracing the history only of an humble tradesman, rendered interesting by the example it affords of gradual advance by means of frugality and industry, and of the de-

velopment of a strong and sagacious mind. We are now to view his progress in the characters of politician and philosopher; but it is to be regretted that at the very commencement of this period we lose the thread of narration from his own pen, which has hitherto conducted us. His friend, Dr. Stuber, of Philadelphia, has in some degree supplied this defect; and other sources of information have not been neglected.

The establishment of the public library in Philadelphia, was one of the useful projects of Franklin, which he brought to effect in 1731. He had the satisfaction of seeing and aiding its advance to that flourishing state which it has long attained. In 1732 he began to publish his "Poor Richard's Almanac." This work became remarkable by the number of excellent prudential maxims occasionally inserted in it, distinguished by a proverbial point and conciseness, and calculated to be indelibly impressed upon the memory. They have been collected into a single short piece entitled "The Way to Wealth," which has been published in a variety of forms. His proper political career commenced in 1736, when he was appointed clerk to the general assembly of Pennsylvania. To this office he was re-elected for several years, till he became a representative. In the next year he obtained the valuable office of postmaster, to the city of Philadelphia. In 1738 he improved the police of the city with respect to the dreadful calamity of fire, by forming a society called the fire-company, to which was afterwards added an insurance-company against losses by fire. In the French war of 1744, when it became a question to secure the province against the inroads of the enemy, a militia-bill was recommended by the governor to the assembly, which a dispute between the proprietary interest and that of the citizens at large prevented from being carried. Franklin at this crisis stood forth, and proposed a plan of voluntary association for defence, which was immediately signed by 1200 persons; and being circulated through the province, at length obtained 10,000 subscriptions. This may be reckoned a very important step towards acquainting America with her strength, and the means of bringing it into action.

It was about this time that he made a commencement of those

electrical experiments which have conferred so much celebrity on his name. Peter Collinson had sent, in 1745, to the Library-society of Philadelphia, an account of the curious facts relative to electricity which then engaged the attention of the European philosophers, together with a tube for experiments, and directions for its use. Franklin, together with some of his friends, immediately began to apply to the subject. His discoveries were communicated in three publications, entitled "New Experiments and Observations on Electricity, made at Philadelphia in America," in the form of letters to Mr. Collinson. Their dates are from 1747 to 1754. These were universally read and admired; and Dr. Priestley (*History of Electricity*) says of them, "It is not easy to say whether we are most pleased with the simplicity and perspicuity with which these letters are written, the modesty with which the author proposes every hypothesis of his own, or the noble frankness with which he relates his mistakes when they were corrected by subsequent experiments." Referring to the work above quoted for a particular account of our philosopher's new ideas and discoveries, we shall only give a sketch of the most important of them. Having been led to think that in the excitation of the electric tube, the fluid was conveyed from the person who rubbed it, to him who touched it, he designated the state of the latter by the expression of being electrified *positively*, or *plus*, as having received more than his original quantity of electric fire; while the former was said to be electrified *negatively*, or *minus*, as having lost a part of his natural portion of the same. This led him to the capital discovery with respect to the manner of charging the Leyden phial; the theory of which is, that when one side of the glass is electrified *plus*, the other is electrified *minus*; so that in charging it, all that is done is to throw the electric fire from one side, and convey it to the other; while discharging it is the restoration of the equilibrium. This theory he confirmed by a set of very ingenious experiments, which have generally been thought decisive; and accordingly it has made its way against all opposition. He farther proved that the accumulated electric fire in the charged side of the phial resided not in the coating, but in the pores of the glass itself. The most brilliant, however, of his dis-

coveries, was that of the identity of the electric fire and that of lightning. Their similarity had been suspected, and some experiments, according to his directions, had begun to be made in France towards the verification of the fact; but Franklin completed the demonstration of it entirely by his own experiments. They were guided by the extraordinary power he had observed to be possessed by pointed bodies in attracting and throwing off the electric fire. The first positive proof he obtained of his problem was in June, 1752, when, by means of a silken kite furnished with an iron point, and having a key appended at the termination of its hempen string, he drew down from a passing thunder-cloud electric fire enough to yield sensible sparks from the key. He afterwards fixed an insulated iron rod upon his house, which drew down the lightning, and gave him an opportunity of examining whether it was positive or negative. As utility was in his mind the great end of philosophical investigation, he immediately applied this grand discovery to the securing of buildings from the effects of lightning, which are particularly alarming on the continent of North America. By means of pointed metallic conductors projecting from the top of the building, he conceived that the passing thunder-clouds might be made to discharge their fire silently and innocuously; and such was the confidence in his opinion, that these conductors soon came to be generally used in America, and were adopted in England and other countries. He gave an instance of his application of physics to the purposes of common life by his invention, in 1745, of the Pennsylvania fire-places, combining the qualities of an open grate with that of a stove.

Politics continued to be a great object of his attention, as it can scarcely fail to be of every public-spirited man in a popular government. In 1747 he was elected a representative of the city of Philadelphia to the general assembly of the province. At that time a contest subsisted between the assembly and the proprietaries, chiefly with respect to the claim of the latter to have their property exempted from the public burthens. The principles of Franklin in favour of equality of rights led him to take the popular side of the question; and he obtained such an influence that

he was regarded as the head of the party in opposition to the governors, who were always in the proprietary interest. This influence did not arise from his eloquence, for he spoke seldom, and never in the way of a harangue. But his shrewd pointed observations, and plain good sense, often disconcerted the most elaborate discourses on the other side, and decided the question.

Sensible of the great importance of liberal education in the members of a free state, he drew up a plan for an academy to be founded in Philadelphia, suited to the state of an infant country, yet providing for that future extension which might be necessary when the country itself should have attained that advancement, to which his prophetic eye was always turned in every thing relative to the American colonies. His plan was carried into effect in the beginning of 1750 by means of a subscription, to which the proprietors were afterwards liberal contributors. He himself took great interest in the rising institution, and vigilantly watched over its progress. He was also greatly instrumental towards the foundation of the Philadelphia hospital. The ability and punctuality he had displayed in his office of postmaster caused him, in 1753, to be raised to the important employ of deputy postmaster-general for the British colonies; and the revenue soon felt the benefit of his attentions. In 1754, when the depredations of the Indians upon the frontiers had excited such an alarm through the colonies, that commissioners from a number of them held a meeting at Albany for the purpose of a defensive union, Franklin attended with the plan of a general government in the colonies for this purpose, to be administered by a president nominated by the crown; and by a grand council chosen from the representatives of each colony, vested with extensive powers. This plan was unanimously agreed to by the commissioners present, and copies of it were transmitted to each assembly, and to the privy council in England. It was however finally rejected, and that, upon singular grounds. The English ministry thought it gave too much power to the representatives of the people; while each assembly objected to it as augmenting the authority of the crown. These contradictory objections were, perhaps, good evidences of the wisdom and moderation of the plan. When the expedition of gene-

ral Braddock in 1755 to dispossess the French of some of their encroachments, was in preparation, a difficulty arose from the want of waggons. Franklin stepped forward to obviate it, and in a short time procured one hundred and fifty. The unfortunate issue of this expedition having caused their destruction, he was in danger of a ruinous loss on this account, but was relieved from his obligations by the interference of the governor. He was afterwards instrumental in forming a militia-bill; and he was appointed colonel of the Philadelphia regiment of twelve hundred men, and took a share in providing for the defence of the north-western frontier. The militia was however soon disbanded by orders from England; and Franklin, in 1757, sailed for London, in the capacity of agent for Pennsylvania, the assembly of which was involved in warm disputes with the proprietary. After several debates before the privy council, it was agreed that the proprietary lands should take their share in a tax for the public service, provided that Franklin would engage that the assessment should be fairly proportioned. The measure was accordingly carried into effect. He remained at the British court as agent for his province; and his reputation caused him also to be entrusted with the like commission from Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia. The continual molestation received by the British colonies from the French in Canada induced him to write a forcible pamphlet, pointing out the advantages of a conquest of that province by the English. The subsequent expedition against it, and its retention under the British government at the peace, were probably much influenced by his reasonings. His philosophical merit was now duly recognised in Europe. He was received into the Royal Society of London, and into other scientific societies on the continent; and the degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon him at St. Andrews, Edinburgh, and Oxford. Amidst his political avocations, he found time to cultivate experimental philosophy, and to entertain correspondences with many persons of eminence.

In 1762 he returned to America, and was welcomed by the thanks of the assembly of Pennsylvania for his services, which also received a handsome pecuniary recompense. He resumed his seat in that

body, to which he had been annually elected during his absence, and continued to distinguish himself as a friend to the cause of the people. The part he took against the proprietary interest occasioned the loss of his election in 1764; but so powerful were his friends in the assembly, that he was immediately re-appointed agent for the province, and in consequence again visited England. It was at the period when the stamp-act excited such commotions in America; and Dr. Franklin was called to the bar of the house of commons to give evidence respecting the disposition of the people to submit to it. The strength and clearness of his representations had a material effect in producing the repeal of that obnoxious measure. In 1766 and 1767 he paid visits to Holland, Germany, and France, and met with a distinguished reception.

The flame kindled in the colonies was only repressed, not extinguished, and contentions ran high between the partisans of the British government and the friends of the people. It was known that letters were written from the governor and others in Massachusetts-bay to the British ministers, containing the most unfavourable reports of the conduct and intentions of persons in that colony, and advising coercive measures. Dr. Franklin, as agent for the colony, thought it his duty to obtain these letters, and transmit them to the legislature there, by whom they were published. As they had been clandestinely obtained, mutual suspicions fell upon two gentlemen, of which a duel between them was the consequence. Dr. Franklin was not apprised of their purpose soon enough to prevent it; but he immediately afterwards published a letter in the newspapers, acquitting both those gentlemen of any share in the transaction, and taking the whole upon himself. This occasioned a violent clamour against him; and upon his attending before the privy council to present a petition from the colony for the dismissal of their governors, a most virulent invective was pronounced against him by Mr. Wedderburne (since chancellor,) filled with all the intemperate abuse which too much characterises the eloquence of the bar. He bore it in silence, but probably never forgot it; and though his love for his native land made him sincerely desirous of preventing the catastrophe which soon followed, yet he seems to have felt a gratification in every

event tending to humble the pride of the mother-country. His resentment was doubtless aggravated by being deprived of his office of postmaster-general. Soon after the commencement of hostilities in 1775 he returned to America, and was elected by the legislature of Pennsylvania a delegate to Congress. On the arrival of lord Howe in America, in 1776, he entered upon a correspondence with him on the subject of reconciliation. One of his letters strongly expresses his opinion of the temper of the British nation, to which, and not to any particular designs of the court or ministry, he imputed the fatal extremity then arrived. He was afterwards appointed with two others to wait upon the English commissioners, and learn the extent of their powers; and as these only went to the granting pardon upon submission, he joined his colleagues in considering them as insufficient. When the question of a declaration of independence was agitated, he was decidedly in its favour, and contributed much to bring over the public to the same sentiments. He afterwards sat as president of the convention assembled for the purpose of establishing a new government for the state of Pennsylvania. On this occasion his idea of the best form of a constitution seemed to be that of a single legislative and a plural executive. When it was thought advisable by the congress to open a negociation with France, Dr. Franklin was fixed upon as one of the residents at that court. The choice was judicious, both on account of his political abilities, and the high character he sustained as a philosopher, which secured him respect in a country where scientific reputation bears a peculiar value. He brought to effect the treaty of alliance offensive and defensive in 1778, which produced an immediate war between France and England. He was also highly serviceable to his country in keeping up its credit by his publications and personal influence. He was one of the commissioners who, on the part of the United States, signed the provisional articles of peace in 1782, and the definitive treaty in 1783. Before he left Europe, he concluded a treaty with Sweden, and with Prussia. In the latter are several most liberal and humane stipulations in favour of the freedom of commerce, and the security of private property during war, conformable to the principles he always maintained on those

subjects. He obtained his recal from the busy station he had so well filled, in 1785, and returned to Philadelphia, where he was chosen president of the supreme executive council. In 1787 he sat as delegate from the state of Pennsylvania in the convention appointed to frame the federal constitution of the union. When the deliberations on this important affair were terminated, he delivered a truly wise and patriotic speech, recommending perfect unanimity in adopting the resolutions of the majority, though not entirely conformable to the opinions of individuals, as was the case with respect to himself. The high regard in which he was held by his fellow-citizens appeared in his being chosen president of various societies, among which were those for alleviating the miseries of public prisons, and for the abolition of slavery, objects of benevolence in which he heartily concurred. His increasing infirmities caused him in 1788 to withdraw from all public business; and on April 17, 1790, he closed in serenity and resignation his active and useful life of eighty-four years and three months.

Dr. Franklin perhaps has scarcely been surpassed by any man in that solid practical wisdom, which consists in pursuing valuable ends by the most appropriate means. His cool temper and sound judgment secured him from false views and erroneous expectations; he saw things in their real light, and predicted consequences with almost prophetic accuracy. In all his speculations and pursuits, something beneficial was ever in contemplation. He justly says of himself "I have always set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good* than any other kind of reputation." Though by no means inattentive to his own interest, as his rise in the world to high stations and an opulent fortune sufficiently proves, he never ceased zealously to promote the good of the society of which he was a member, and of mankind in general. It was impossible that the scenes of violent party contest in which he was engaged should not have exposed him to censure and obloquy from antagonists; but his general character is sanctioned by the esteem and veneration of his country, which ranks him among its best and most valuable citizens. As a natural philosopher, his fame is principally founded upon his electrical discoveries. He has, however, displayed great ingenuity and sagacity upon

other topics, particularly relative to meteorology and mechanics. It was his peculiar talent to draw useful lessons from the commonest occurrences, which would have passed unnoticed by the generality of observers. As a political writer he is characterised by force, clearness, and simplicity. Of his miscellaneous pieces many are marked with a cast of humour, which renders them equally entertaining and impressive. Besides his publications already adverted to, there was published a collection of his "Political, Miscellaneous, and Philosophical Pieces," 4to. and 8vo. 1779. Several of his philosophical papers are also contained in the American Philosophical Transactions; and his "Essays, humorous, moral and literary," with his "Life," written by himself, have appeared since his death in two small volumes. A complete collection of his works, with biographical memoirs, has long been expected from the hand of a relation.



ON THE USE OF TRANSLATIONS AND AUXILIARY BOOKS.

To a disquisition on the art of teaching may with propriety be subjoined a concise examination of those expedients, that have from time to time been devised, to facilitate the acquisition of classical literature: how far, in some respects, they have really assisted the progress of the student by diminishing his labour; and how far, in others, they have been justly supposed to retard what they were intended to promote. Among these, translations seem entitled to the foremost place; not only as possessing the most extensive influence, but as being exposed to the most insuperable objections.

At the revival of learning in Europe, translations were by no means without their use and value. Their lustre, though feeble and borrowed, was both acceptable and beneficial, where total darkness must otherwise have prevailed. It, at least, awakened the attention and directed the steps of the student to those great luminaries of the literary hemisphere, from which it was itself derived. These translations essentially promoted, at that period, the study of such of the inestimable remains of antiquity, as had lately been discovered; and diffused more widely the knowledge, which would otherwise have been confined to a small number of scholars; and, at this day, by students of mature age and understanding, who may wish either to revive the literature, which begins to fade from their minds, or to improve what, at the proper

season, had been neglected, they may sometimes be employed with propriety and advantage. But this does not affect the point for which I shall contend; *that in the study of the Greek and Latin languages translations are prejudicial to our children at school.*

The use even of these, however, has been frequently and strenuously defended; sometimes, perhaps, by an enthusiast, who sincerely believed the errors which he taught: but more frequently by empirics in education, who hoped to recommend themselves to notice by innovation; and to attract students to their schools, by professions of communicating learning on terms more easy and expeditious, than it is generally obtained. That great numbers of such translations have been sold is no proof of the judgment of the public in their favour. A considerable sale was certain by means of the seminary in which each of them was originally published; and the demand for them cannot wholly cease, while they continue to be the clandestine refuge of the pupil, and too often the unacknowledged assistant of the teacher.

That nothing valuable has been granted to man, without his care and toil, is the observation of truth on the ordinance of wisdom: and the remark applies in its full force to the acquisition of knowledge. In many cases, indeed, the labour of others may be substituted for our own. We can often purchase what we do not choose to earn. But in literary pursuits we ourselves must perform the greatest part of the task. Intellectual excellence will be only in proportion to intellectual exertion. By long and continued exercise alone can our faculties attain their perfection; and upon this principle is founded one of the first and greatest objections to the use of translations in the study of the learned languages.

Whatever facilitates an art, said a very able judge, tends to the decay of it. Translations contribute to languid and inefficient studies; and encourage that idleness, which it is half the business of education to correct. The youth will not labour to discover the sense of his author, when he can learn it without labour by a glance at the opposite page; and he will take little care to remember, what at any time, when forgotten, he can so easily regain. We generally esteem that the most highly, which it cost us the most pains to acquire: and we shall be careful to preserve, what we must repeat our pains to recover. If it be true that, from the influence of a moral cause, we usually despise what is cheaply purchased; and from the physical effects of our constitution, our faculties receive improvement in proportion to the exertions which they are compelled to make; then will the observation of Rousseau be allowed to be not more paradoxical than just; that *amongst many admirable methods to abridge the study of the sciences, we want one method more to create difficulty in learning them.*

Translations prevent that exercise of the student's sagacity, by which only it can be improved; and that confidence in his own

powers, which should encourage him to seek the sense of his author in the text alone. They prevent those habits and that patience of literary labour, by which only the scholar can arrive at distinction; and the pride and pleasure of discovery, by which that labour is first and best rewarded. A youth at school will seldom employ, with necessity, that industry, which appears to him to be superfluous, in tracing a word from its etymology through its various shades of meaning, from its original and simplest signification to its most distant and figurative: nor will he exert his judgment to determine, what his translation has determined already, which of its various senses is required in the passage before him.

A translation may exhibit the true sense of a word in a given situation, but neither its genuine force and signification, nor the variations of its meaning with the variations of inflexion and construction. It may enable the student to read the author, with which it is put into his hands; but it will not effect the great purpose of such reading; it will not qualify him to understand other writers in the language.

I have, indeed, known translations allowed in an academy to the Colloquies of Cordery and Erasmus; and not without plausible reasons in defence of the practice. The attention of the child is often directed, at the same time, to so many other objects of education, that, without such mechanical assistance, the rudiments of the Latin language would never be acquired. The master is not always allowed that degree of authority over his pupils, which would be necessary to enforce such diligence and industry, as a better mode of teaching the classics might demand; and as he knows that few of them are intended to seek distinction in the literary world, he is not willing to bestow useless labour, or to give unnecessary offence, by endeavouring to lay a solid foundation, on which he is aware that no valuable superstructure ever will be erected.

If our academies, however, allowed translations only to Cordery and Erasmus, though they might not be entitled to our applause, yet we might leave them in quiet possession of the practice and its defence. But the use of English versions is sometimes permitted with authors of higher character, and students advanced beyond the age of childhood: and this, no doubt, is one of the causes, by which classical literature is kept in so many of our seminaries below its natural level; which draw down upon those seminaries the contempt of our public schools; and not seldom the censure of parents, for having failed in the execution of what they had engaged to perform.

A poetical translation of the works of a poet may, I think, at all times be allowed. Here is no verbal interpretation to encourage the idleness or negligence of the student; no delusive medium to exhibit a vapid and deformed image of the work to be perused. But there is a powerful incitement to study both the languages at

once, and to exercise the taste and judgment of the pupil, in comparing the merits of the translator with the beauties of the original. The *Eneid* of Dryden and the *Iliad* of Pope can never prejudice the perusal of Virgil and of Homer.

English translations of Latin authors are, indeed, in our most respectable seminaries generally and justly rejected. But it is not without surprise we observe, that, even in our public schools, Latin translations of Greek authors are almost universally allowed. These versions surely are not exposed to fewer objections than those, which our ablest teachers so strongly reprobate; and if it be urged, that they are permitted with a view to the acquisition of both the languages at once, the advantage proposed, if it exist at all, is by no means a sufficient compensation for the evils incurred. The verbal translations of Xenophon or Sophocles are surely not the *latinity*, which a judicious master would teach, or a promising youth ought to learn. Thucydides and Plato can by no arts of the editor be rendered fit school-books for children; and if pupils more advanced be required to translate them into Latin, it will be more for their advantage to seek it for themselves. In the selections from various authors, at least, we might have hoped to find the Latin excluded. But even *Græci Scriptores* is disgraced by a literal version. This practice has always appeared to me one of the reasons why Greek literature is so far from being general amongst us; why so few of our scholars will venture to take up a Greek author without his translation, his notes, or his lexicon at hand.

The next of these mechanical aids is the *Ordo* at the bottom of the page, or the *Interpretatio* in the margin: the former, as every school-boy knows, placing the words of the text in what is called their *natural order*, with occasional interpolations in *Italics* to complete the sense; and the latter, explaining them by corresponding terms, or a concise paraphrase, more easily understood. These, indeed, are employed almost exclusively upon the Latin poets: and they are liable to many of the same objections as the translations already censured, and to some others peculiar to themselves. To these the student always applies in the first instance; and therefore bestows little attention upon the author in his proper form and colour. He will not understand, for he never studies, the writer's peculiar genius, manner or character. He can never, by this means, attain the true relish of the beauty of a sentiment, or of the felicity of an expression, of the elegance of arrangement, the harmony of a period, or even the music of a verse. Poetry cannot easily be transfused into any form but its own. Its volatile spirit evaporates in the attempt. Its flowers fade, the moment you transplant them from their natural bed.

By the use of such expedients, indeed, the student is led to consider the sense of the author with a view to the approaching lesson, as the sole object of his pursuit. He may add something to his

information, but cannot acquire the principles of taste. To him verse will appear to differ from prose in little else than the regular measure of its lines. He will not become duly sensible of the distinctions between the style of Virgil and of Cicero. His feelings and his pleasures will be much the same, whether he study the propositions of Euclid, or the poetry of Homer.

Notes are a species of assistance to the classical student, which, though they have been sometimes condemned, may, I think, be allowed with advantage. To boys, in the reading of many Greek and Latin authors, they are almost indispensibly necessary; and, if judiciously selected, may in all cases be rendered useful or pleasant. They should invariably be published in Latin. They give to the volume a more scholar-like appearance; and, instead of being an encouragement to idleness, will tempt the pupil to read so much more of the language, and to become familiar with its technical and critical expressions. They certainly should not, like the voluminous compilations *In Usum Delphini*, explain every point at large, and often explain them wrong; but, like the concise remarks in some of the Eton selections, merely point out to the student the various allusions of mythology, to history, or to science. They should only assist, not prevent, the labour of reflection and research; and not so much inform him of whatever he wants to know, as tell him where it may be found. The greatest objection to notes, because the greatest mischief to be feared from them, is, that the youth from habit may depend too much upon their assistance. He will be apt to consult them, before he exerts his own powers in search of the sense or the merits of his author; he will not confide in his own decisions, unless the notes confirm his opinions; and he will in time become unwilling to peruse any book without the customary appendage. I am far from intending to depreciate those learned annotations, by which the classical remains of antiquity have been so ably and carefully illustrated, and which have often done equal honour to the commentator and his author. But if these are too freely allowed to the student at school, they will prevent the exertion of his own powers, by rendering it unnecessary; and eventually retard the progress, which they were designed to accelerate. *The road to knowledge by epitome*, says Sir Henry Wotton, *is too straight, and by commentators too much about.*

One circumstance that ought always to be secured, for the convenience of young men studying the learned languages, is correct typography. It would be thought extraordinary, that this should ever be neglected; were it not more extraordinary to find an instance in which due attention had been paid to it. Many of our school books are so disfigured by typographical errors, that not only punctuation and grammar are violated, but the sense of the author is sometimes reversed, and sometimes destroyed. In a school these are evils of considerable magnitude. In the Latin lan-

guage the change of a vowel, or the misplacing of a comma, occasions to the juvenile student no small degree of perplexity; and in the Greek, such errors present to him almost insuperable difficulties.

The most useful and the most necessary auxiliary to the school boy is his dictionary. In the first and easiest books that he reads in Latin, a little vocabulary at the end of his volume may be sufficient. But as he advances, Entick's Latin Dictionary should be put into his hands; and, at a proper season, Morell's edition of Ainsworth's Dictionary. In our dictionaries of the Greek language we have hardly a choice. For those yet engaged in the rudiments, the *Manuel* of Schrevelius, and for those more advanced, the *Lexicon* of Hederick, are the publications incomparably best adapted to the purposes of a school. I cannot, indeed, recommend any one of these, as perfect in its kind; but we can only give to our pupils the best that can be found. When the students are sufficiently advanced in age and literature they ought to have access, at least for occasional consultation, to Gesner or Facciolati, to Damn and to Stephens. The *Clavis Homerica*, *Clavis Virgiliana*, and all of their race and family, should be rigorously banished from the republic of letters; or, as traitors to the cause which they profess to support, committed without mercy to the flames.

There are yet other publications, not directly necessary to the study of the classics, but of such utility and value, that the expense of the purchase will always be well bestowed. *Catholici Indices* should always be given to boys in the upper forms; and afterwards penalties inflicted for the violation of quantity in prose as well as in verse.

The Maps of Cellarius, or the improvement of them by D'Anville, and Adams' Summary of Geography and History, should be always at hand; that the youth may clearly comprehend the time and place of any transaction, on which his lesson is employed. Potter's Antiquities of Greece, though neither very entertaining nor very complete, is the best treatise that we have on the subject suited to the younger students of the Greek language. Lempriere's *Classical Dictionary* is a publication of more than common merit; and the Roman Antiquities of Adam is a work almost as much above praise, as it is above the want of it. Books of this description attach boys to the study of classical literature, by enabling them to understand it: and, what is no trifling recommendation, they often supply innocent and rational amusement for the hours not immediately engaged in the business of the school; and incidentally teach the mythology, the geography, or the history of ancient times. Sir Roger de Coverley better understood the tragedy of the Distressed Mother at the theatre, because he remembered, while at school, to have read *the life of Orestes* in the end of the dictionary.

That some of the expedients, which have been examined, ought

never to have been adopted; and that others of them have in many instances been injurious to the cause, which they professed to serve, cannot reasonably be denied. Yet on the whole, it must be allowed, that they have been useful in the process of education, and consequently beneficial to the interests of science. If the good and evil, which they have produced, be fairly weighed against each other, the inclination of the balance will undoubtedly be in their favour. To talents and industry of the first class they have not perhaps given any valuable assistance; but they have rendered information accessible to men of ordinary abilities and moderate application. If they have added nothing to the depth or purity of the stream of classical literature, they have, at least, become the channels, by which it has been more widely diffused. Numbers of men, in these days, possess a competent knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, who, without these subsidiary publications, would never have attempted to study, from despair to attain them. The learned Bishop of Avranches, in his zeal to maintain the value and utility of the works in question, compares the scholar of the fourteenth century to that illustrious character, who by his personal ingenuity and resolution first explored the passage to the western world; while the scholar of his own times was thought to resemble only the more modern navigator, who by the help of his compass, his charts, and his tables of calculation, crossed the Atlantic with little difficulty or danger.

ON MYTHOLOGY, GEOGRAPHY, CHRONOLOGY, HISTORY, AND NOVELS.

To describe at full length the use and value of these several branches of science, and to inquire by what method the study of each may be most successfully pursued, would of itself be sufficient to form a very ample volume. The object here is to consider them only as they are auxiliaries to general knowledge, how far they ought to constitute part of the instruction of our sons at school.

The Mythology of the Greek and Roman authors is almost exclusively the business of the school-boy. With respect to ourselves, of the quarrels of Jupiter and Juno, and of the intrigues of Mars and Venus and Apollo, we are more than sufficiently weary. Ignorance of them might, indeed, sometimes expose us to ridicule; but the knowledge is attended with little honour or pleasure. To find or to make a rational meaning for such fables has sometimes been the employment of ingenious and studious minds. But the only serious use to which they can be applied, seems to be to render us more fully sensible of our greater progress in science, and our superior blessings in religion. To our sons, however, they must of necessity be taught. Without them hardly a page of the clas-

sics could be read; and literary allusion must continually lose its relish; for it could not be understood. But with any allegorical or mystical meaning, whether it be real or imaginary, the school-boy has very little concern. He has only to remember what may illustrate the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, and the machinery of Homer; what may occasionally point his epigram, or decorate his declamation. For these purposes the *Pantheon* of Tooke is our most suitable publication on the subject. Of the heathen deities he tells, all that is necessary to be known, the names and their etymologies, the parentage, education, and actions; and this with all the simplicity and all the fidelity of what, indeed, from a similarity of the characters and their conduct, his book not a little resembles, the modern *Calendar of Newgate*. The *Pantheon* should be put into the hands of the pupil together with the Eton selection from the *Metamorphoses*; and may be read once throughout with advantage in lieu of other English lessons. The student will then have learned, where he may find whatever he can want to know of mythology and its fables; and when the defects of its moral and religious principles have been pointed out by the teacher, he will be sufficiently guarded against its licentious tendency and pernicious effects.

Geography is of more extensive utility and more essential importance. To the soldier, the seaman, the merchant, and traveller, it seems indispensibly necessary; and to every man who wishes to be at all acquainted with the globe, on which his Creator has placed him; to know its form, its magnitude, and its nature; its various climates, and their respective productions; the numerous tribes of its rational inhabitants, and its wonderful adaptation to their subsistence and enjoyments; to him geography must be the source and the channel of the information he requires. The mode of teaching it has neither mystery nor difficulty. It must of course commence with those problems, of which it may not be easy to determine, whether they belong to geography or astronomy; as most of them are equally necessary to both. To know the situation and the use of the several circles of the sphere; to find the latitude and longitude of any place that may be named; to determine the sun's place in the ecliptic; the length of the day, and its regular variations; to copy a map, and to comprehend the principle on which it is formed; these problems, and such as these, constitute the first lessons of every teacher. Our own metropolis should be considered as a centre, on which the student is placed; and from which a general notion of the bearing and the distance of every other country should be pointed out upon a globe; because there they may be most easily and clearly understood. The more detailed account of any particular region must be traced on a map; where the convenience of a larger scale allows every object to be more distinctly marked. Besides the regular and established lectures there are various other means and opportunities by which points

of geography may be forcibly and effectually impressed upon the recollection of the student. Of whatever place the mention occurs in his ordinary reading, recourse should immediately be had to his map, to learn not only its relative situation upon the earth, but whatever else has rendered it remarkable in history, or occasioned its notice in the lesson of the day. Whatever city or country, whatever island, river, or mountain, has by any extraordinary occurrence attracted for the present the observation of the public; by any unusual production of nature or of art; by a siege or a battle; a conspiracy or a revolution; that should invariably be adverted to in the succeeding lesson of the teacher of geography; the circumstances will secure the due attention of the pupils; his information will be heard with pleasure, and therefore permanently retained.

That globes, and an atlas adapted to the purpose, should be provided by the teacher, and may be easily obtained, it is hardly necessary to observe. But a suitable book of letter-press will also be requisite for the pupil; which from our present publications it may not be so easy to supply. A summary of the natural history of every country, with a concise account of its inhabitants, and its form of government, of its manufactures and its trade, of its soils and its coasts, its mountains and its rivers, ought certainly to form a part of a book of geography. But farther than is necessary to illustrate these particulars, the detail of civil and military transactions might certainly be spared. These, perhaps, have been the more liberally introduced, because they are easily procured; and though they may soon render a compilation, like Guthrie's, too expensive for children, it will still remain, like that, too concise to satisfy the curiosity of readers more advanced in age. It may cease to be geography, but cannot become history. As far as geography is a science, it is so easy and pleasant, that it ought to be considered and to be taught at school only as a relaxation from severer studies; and as far as it is merely an object of memory, it depends wholly upon the care and attention of the student.

With chronology, in its original and more extensive sense, the school-boy has little concern. The year and all its sub-divisions are now precisely fixed, and clearly understood; and the modes, in which ancient nations calculated time, and the errors which they committed, however they may amuse the learned and the curious, form no essential part of juvenile education. In chronology, indeed, in its more limited and customary signification, the youth at school need not engage further than to understand the great periods, into which the duration of the world is usually divided, and to ascertain with tolerable accuracy the dates of such transactions, as the course of his studies may bring before him. With respect to the former of these, the commencement of the Christian era should be considered as the centre of calculation; and when he has fixed in his memory in what year of the world, and at what

distance from the deluge and from the present period, the birth of the Redeemer took place, he is sufficiently furnished with epochs, to which all other transactions may with propriety be referred. With respect to the second, whatever work is to be read, the pupils should be informed, not only in what age and nation the author flourished, but of the period of the birth and exploits of the hero of the tale; and of any other cotemporary events, which either were remarkable in themselves, or may contribute to the illustration of the subject. Thus will they not only enter on the perusal of the volume with peculiar advantage, but acquire a habit of referring transactions to their proper dates, and remembering them with fidelity and precision. Nor is it the life of a conqueror, or the fate of an empire alone, the birth of Alexander, or the building of Rome, of which the date should be ascertained to the student; but the teacher should take every opportunity of pointing out the period of events more immediately connected with literature and science; the time and place, for example, of the discovery of the mariner's compass, or of the invention of the art of printing: For these not only have a better claim to be retained in the memory; but are more likely to give his pupil such a taste for the study, as it is his duty to promote. Though I do not think it necessary that chronology should be taught as a system at school; there are, however, several of its minuter parts, of its auxiliary branches, which ought certainly to be explained. The pupils should be made to comprehend the *Épact* and the *Golden Number*, to calculate with Roman numerals, and to date by the Roman calendar. They should know the commencement and the cessation of the Olympiads; the Julian period and its constituent parts, the Lunar and Solar cycle, and the Indiction. Few things give more pleasure to boys than such collateral and incidental information. Few things excite more strongly the desire of knowledge; and few, perhaps, contribute more to real improvement. Yet they are often neglected to a degree, that will be credited only by those, who have been convinced of it by their own experience.

Geography and Chronology have been often called the two eyes of history; and to preserve the transactions of ancient times from obscurity and confusion in the mind is certainly their principal use and object. The time, the place, and the circumstances of any historical event, are indeed of more importance than the event itself. Without these it cannot be sufficiently distinguished from other events of the same kind; it cannot suggest any useful and valuable reflections; and it will rather encumber the memory than enrich the understanding. With respect to the immediate objects of consideration it may be further observed, that geography possesses an utility and advantages of its own; but that in its subserviency to history only has chronology any dignity or value.

As to history itself, it is obviously too wide a field to be fully cultivated at school. But a taste for it may be given. The founda-

tion of future proficiency may be laid. The study of the literature of Greece and Rome will naturally excite some desire to know the origin, the transactions, and the decline of nations so distinguished; and this desire should be encouraged and indulged. Their own writers are read chiefly for the language; nor will the time allow a sufficient portion to be perused for the purpose of historical instruction. But the student may be directed to such narratives in our native tongue, if any such can be found, as may gratify the curiosity, which the authors of antiquity have raised; and give useful and valuable knowledge, without perplexing his understanding with such political speculations as he is not yet able to comprehend. In the transactions of his own country every man is interested; if not by his present situation and pursuits, at least from the effects of his earliest and strongest attachments. The History of England should be read, as a subject on which every pupil ought to be instructed, and to which his attention may easily be secured. The students, of whatever age, ought occasionally to read English at school. Let books of geography and history be selected for the purpose; that while the organs are exercised to pronounce with fluency and propriety, the mind may at the same time be enriched by the most valuable of all information. In the pages of the historian the reader surveys his fellow-creatures, not as their accomplice, their accuser, or their advocate, but as the impartial witness and judge of their conduct. He is a spectator of the scenes of their folly and depravity, without the power or opportunity to become an actor; and he may contemplate the human heart, not disguised in the hypothesis of the theorist, but exposed in the transactions which itself has suggested. The juvenile student then must be taught, and the habit must be established, to make his own reflections upon the narratives he peruses: to form his own opinion of characters and actions; to give merit his applause, and crimes his abhorrence; to consider history as *philosophy teaching by example*; as experience at the expense of others; and to draw from it rules of judgment, maxims of prudence, and principles of virtue. A taste for historical studies should, indeed, be diligently excited in the mind of the pupil, not only for the positive advantages it may bring, but for the sake of the evils it may prevent; not only as a valuable exercise of the school, but for the amusement of his hours of privacy and leisure. If he can once learn to find entertainment, as well as instruction, in the sober truths and rational disquisitions of history, he will soon learn to despise the puerile fictions and the more puerile declamations of our modern novels.

Of these popular publications I shall undoubtedly, as a writer on education, be expected to give my judgment; and it is the judgment of condemnation. If the reasons of this severe sentence be required at my hands, they shall immediately be produced: for they can no where be stated with more propriety, than as an ap-

pendage to the observations already made on the study of those authentic narratives, which these compositions constantly profess to imitate; and in contrast with which their defects may be the most clearly seen, and the most effectually exposed. I am far from supposing there are not many works of this description in our language, which may be read with innocence and safety. But far different from these are the volumes that usually crowd the shelves of a circulating library, or are seen tumbling on the sofas of a fashionable drawing-room. It is not the occasional perusal of the best, but the habitual reading of the worst, which it is the wish of every wise and good man to censure and restrain. Not a few of these, instead of possessing that ease, perspicuity, and elegance of style, which should seem essential to lighter compositions, and works intended only for amusement, are so defective in the common proprieties of expression, and even the ordinary rules of grammar, that they cannot fail to corrupt the language and deprave the taste of all, who bestow their time and attention upon them. The authors of others, again, seem ambitious on every occasion to introduce not only foreign idioms and phraseology, and the inflated efflorescence of Gallic oratory, but such colloquial terms and sentences, from French writers, as, they would persuade us, convey their ideas with greater force or perspicuity, than any expressions, which our own defective language can supply. The real motive of the writers is probably nothing more than the contemptible affectation of superior learning; but the practice has an obvious tendency to corrupt the purity, and destroy the character, of our English diction; and, as far as it is in the power of novelists to effect it, to reduce us to *babble a dialect of France*.

Some of these publications betray such a laxity in their doctrines of morality, and exhibit such licentiousness of sentiment and description, as cannot fail to inflame the passions, which they ought to restrain, and to undermine the virtue, which they profess to support; while the general merit of the character, by which those principles are maintained, and the attractions of the story, into which they have been artfully infused, are designed to recommend them to the notice and favour of the reader, before he is aware of their purpose, or of his own danger.

A still greater, because a more general, fault of our novels is the misrepresentation of human characters and human life. Love, resistless love, is there considered as the general agent in terrestrial transactions; and though it is in truth and nature, but one passion amongst many, it is represented, as the universal principle of conduct; as the sole distributor of good and evil, of happiness and misery, to mankind. Qualities the most opposite and irreconcilable are united in the same person to form a captivating character; and the formality and enthusiasm of the days of chivalry are mingled with the freedom and indifference of modern manners. Personal attachment, conceived at sight, and matured in a

moment, bears down alike the distinctions of rank, and the maxims of prudence; and by the magic wand of the genius of romance, the daughter of the cottager is exalted into a countess; and the labourer at the anvil or the mine soon graces the court and the drawing-room. The hero and heroine are involved in distresses, in which no other mortals ever were involved; and generally delivered by means, by which none but themselves ever were delivered. They are, however, always married at last; and attain in the possession of each other such happiness, as no human being ever yet attained; and such as nature and providence with all their bounty never will bestow.

By the constant perusal of narratives of this description, the youth of both sexes are encouraged to cherish expectations, that never can be realized; and to form notions of each other, which painful experience will every day refute. The mind too, by exercising only its weaker powers, becomes enervated and enfeebled, incapable or impatient of stronger and better exertion; disgusted with the tumult of business, or the roughness of contradiction; and with all the realities of nature and of truth; and the most valuable season of life is spent in the sport of musing, instead of the labour of thinking; in the indulgence of the fairy visions of hope, and the reveries of a perverted imagination; instead of the pursuit of science, the formation of maxims of wisdom, and the establishment of the principles of moral duty.

I am not presumptuous enough to suppose that any observations of mine will correct a folly, that is at once so fascinating and so fashionable; that a solitary essay on education can prevail against a host of novels and romances. The votes of the judicious, however, I doubt not, are in my favour; but the practice of the majority is clearly on the other side, and against measures which they can neither approve nor prevent, all that the minority can perform, is to assert the arguments of truth, and to enter the protest of reprobation.



LINES.

Dear child, we are now left alone on earth,
 The grave has those who lov'd us—desolate
 Our home of happiness: the dear fire-side
 Round which we clung has many a vacant place—
 Death has pass'd over it.

There is no smile to answer thine,
 No gentle lip thy lip to press;
 There is no look of love, save mine.
 To meet thy look in tenderness.

But thou art dearer thus bereft,
 Since all who lov'd thee so are gone;
 Dearer to me thus lonely left,
 Oh! far more dear thou orphan'd one.

I lov'd thee well in happier hour,
 Not then thus desolate on earth,—
 When thou wert as a favourite flower,
 The cherished blossom of our hearth.

Now thou and I alone remain,
 And thou art doubly dear to me!
 A sweet link of the broken chain
 Whose last fond relic rests with thee. L. E. L.

ON JENNER.

Hei mihi! quod nulla mors est vitabilis arte!
 Et tibi nil prodest alios sanasse facultas.

Beneath this stone immortal JENNER lies;
 His soul is mounted to its native skies.
 Born for the world his comprehensive mind
 Soon found a way to benefit mankind.
 Awed by his word, the dire contagion fled,
 Though now, alas! the great Magician's dead.
 In ancient Rome, a custom 'twas to grace
 Who saved one member of the human race
 With an oak crown; to him what laurels, then,
 Are due, who saved from death so many men?
 Reader, bedew this marble with a tear,
 For JENNER, who preserv'd thy life, lies here!
 A. L. estat. 13.

SONG.

Oh do not talk to me of love,
 'Tis deepest cruelty to me;
 Why throw a net around the bird
 That might be happy, light and free.

It may be sport to win a heart,
 Then leave that heart to pine and die;
 The vows which now my bosom rend
 May not cost you one single sigh.

The love which is as life to me,
Is but a simple toy to you;
The falsehood at which you but smile
Is death to one so fond, so true.

Then do not talk to me of love,
My heart is far too warm for thine;
Go, and 'mid pleasure's lights and smiles,
Heed not what clouds and tears are mine.

OF TUNNELS UNDER STREAMS.

MR. BRUNEL, a skilful mechanician, is endeavouring to revive a project, which was attempted some years ago, of tunneling under the Thames, and so forming an archway for carriages, across under its bed, where the navigation of ships precludes the erection of a bridge. He proposes to effect an excavation 84 feet in breadth and 18½ in height: the body of his tunnel of bricks to be preceded by a strong framing of corresponding dimensions, made in eleven distinct parts, containing three cells in each, for protecting 33 men, whilst excavating the earth before them; in such a manner, that six alternate parts of the framing may be forced forwards by machinery, whilst the other parts remain stationary; and yet so as to admit of bricking the tunnel close after the frames.

A writer in the *London Magazine*, in commenting upon this project, which he seems to consider as impracticable, describes two other methods of effecting such an object. One consists, he says, in excluding the water of the river, in successive portions of its breadth, either by coffer-dams of tall and close piling, or else by an immense tub-like caison, whilst the river's bed is deepened within such coffer-dam or caison, and a portion of the arch formed, and securely covered over, at no greater depth below the water than such security requires; by which means much greater ease of descent to and ascent from the archway would be attained, than by a subterraneously-excavated tunnel, which unavoidably must pass at a considerably greater depth under the river.

The other method is applicable wherever a crooked river winds round a low point of land, and consists in excavating on such point of land a portion of a new and straighter channel for the river, but leaving the ends thereof uncut, for excluding the river therefrom, until after the archway is completed across under such new channel, and thoroughly secured; and then proceeding to cut out and dredge the two ends, so as to turn the river in an uninterrupted course over the archway; and, when this is completed, forming an embarkment across the old channel, and thereon constructing the road of approach from the opposite shore to the mouth of the archway.

PARODY OF AN OFFICIAL LETTER FROM SIR PETER PARKER.

In the year 1776, an attack was made on Sullivan's Island, in the harbour of Charleston, by the land and naval force of Great Britain, under the command of sir Henry Clinton and sir Peter Parker. After much time and labour in lightening the heavy ships, they anchored opposite Fort Moultrie, and commenced a tremendous cannonade. General Clinton had landed his troops to the eastward of the harbour, with the intention of fording the channel, and attacking the fort in the rear, while the ships attacked it in front; but from some mistake or want of knowledge of the depth of water in the channel he was unable or unwilling to attempt any thing. In the mean time the fort, by a regular and well directed fire nearly demolished the British fleet, and sir Peter was fain to escape with the loss of half his men killed and wounded; among the latter himself, the tail of his breeches being shot away.

The following humorous paraphrase of his official letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, was written by one of the wits of those days.

My lords, with your leave,
 An account I will give,
 Which deserves to be written in metre;
 For the rebels, and I,
 Have been pretty nigh;
 Faith, and almost too nigh, by St. Peter.

De'l take 'em, their shot,
 Come so swift and so hot,
 And the cowardly dogs stood so stiff, sirs,
 That I put ship about
 And was glad to get out,
 Or, they would not have left me a skiff, sirs.

With much labour and toil
 Unto Sullivan's Isle,
 I came, swift as Fallstaff, or Pistol;
 But the Yankees, od rat 'em—
 I could not get at 'em
 They so terribly maul'd my poor Bristol.

Behold Clinton by land,
 Did quietly stand,
 While I made a thundering clatter;
 But the channel was deep,
 So he only could peep,
 And not venture over the water.

Now bold as a Turk,
 I proceeded to York,
 Where with Clinton and Howe you may find me;
 I've the wind in my tail
 And am hoisting my sail,
 To leave Sullivan's Island behind me.

But my lords, do not fear,
 For, before the next year,
 Although a small island should fret us;
 The continent whole,
 We will take, by my soul,
 If the cowardly Yankees will let us.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

It is better to educate a son than to accumulate riches for him.
 A fool dreads his wife: a good wife respects her husband.

Confucius said, The mechanic that should perfect his work,
 must first sharpen his tools.

Confucius said, the expectations of life depend on diligence;
 the hopes of the year depend on the spring; the hopes of a day on
 the morning.

If youth be without learning, old age will know nothing; he that
 does not plough in spring, can hope for nothing in autumn; he that
 does not rise early will do little all day.*

To bring up a child without education is the crime of a father: to
 educate without due severity is thought the sloth of a master.

Every thing is from heaven; do not seek to obtain by violence.

With peace in a family, poverty is good:—without justice, what
 is the use of riches.

He who wishes to know the future, must examine the past.

Propriety bounds the good man: laws the mean one.

Confucius said, do not be in too much haste,—do not regard a
 trifling advantage. If you be in too much haste you cannot un-
 derstand,—if you regard a trifling advantage, you will effect no-
 thing great.

Men's passions are like water,—when water is spilled it cannot
 be taken up again: when the passions are let loose, they cannot be
 restrained.

He who can bend himself, will be able to deal with every body:
 he who delights to conquer will meet with an enemy.

* The original, literally translated, runs thus: young and not learn, old
 not any thing know; spring if not plough, autumn not any thing to hope;
 early if not rise, day not any thing accomplish.

Laou-tze said, a superior man does not wrangle: an inferior person delights in it.

It is said in the *Le-ke*, a stone not cut, forms no gem: the man who does not learn, is ignorant of good principles.

Han-wan-kung said, a man without knowledge, differs from a brute only in being clothed.

Wan-kun said, he who wishes to measure (judge) another man, should first measure himself. Language that hurts another man, will hurt one's self. He that takes blood into his mouth to spurt at another person, first defiles his own mouth.

Cease to regret that the ground before you is narrow: retire or recede a step, and you will find it broad enough.

With the heart at rest, a shed-cot is good: with the mind composed, the roots of vegetables are fragrant.

Long or short life are unquestionably decreed: poverty or sickness, both have their times.

Confucius said, let your thoughts be pure.

Choo-foo-tze said, keep your mouth like a bottle; guard your thoughts like a city. Stories of right and wrong arise from too frequently opening the mouth; uneasiness and anger are all from being too forward.

Mang-tze said, he who subjects people by force, does not subject the heart: he who subjects people by goodness, delights their hearts,—this is real subjection.

Laou-tze said, many desires wound the soul: much wealth involves the body.

Do you twist and I will tie; (i. e. I will treat you as you treat me.)

A CHIT CHAT LETTER

ON MEN AND OTHER THINGS.

From Ned Ward, jun. a Fellow in London, to Anthony Wood, jun. a Fellow at Oxford.

DEAR Anthony! thy old friend Ned
Is at his desk, and not a-bed.
'Tis twelve o'clock,—a chilly night,—
My chamber fire is full and bright;
And my sinumbra, like the moon
Upon a summer afternoon,
Smiles with a pale and cloudless ray
In tiny mimicry of day,—
Shedding thin light, assoil'd from gloom,
O'er the horizon of my room.
'Tis twelve o'clock,—the watchman goes
Lulling the hour into a doze,—

Leading Time *by*, and *through* the nose;—
 Wrapping his voice in his great coat,
 And 'plaining in a woollen note,
 Of weather cold, and falling showers,
 And cloudy skies (for ever ours!)
 And the decay of drowsy hours.
 In gusts of wind, down comes the rain,
 Swooping like peas upon the pane;
 Loud is the music of the sashes,—
 And through the solitary plashes,
 Dull hackneys waddle from the play,
 A rugged eighteen-penny way,—
 The driver wriggling on his seat,
 With haybands round his head and feet.

I, slipper footed, sit and send
 These nothings to my college friend,
 Who now perchance,—a counterpart
 To me in idleness of heart,—
 Leans at his books,—with toasted knees
 Against the grate,—and hears the breeze
 Ransack the midnight college trees—
 Hears bell to bell, from tower to tower,
 Sullenly murmur “the damn'd hour;”^{*}
 And who (so dreaming thought will be!)
 May now be tilting pens with me.

Oh Anthony,—as Brutus said,—
 How idle 'tis to be well read!
 What stults are men to screw their looks
 Into the musty wood of books,—
 To pass their days on dry dry-land,
 In studying things at second hand.
 Of what avail is learning?—What?
 But to *unparadise* man's lot!
 A book, that apple worse than Eve's,
 Comes with its bitter fruit in leaves
 And tempts each college Adamite
 To cut his learned tooth, and bite!
 What is the scholar's gain, for fooling
 His time with a perpetual schooling?
 For parting with all kith and kind?—
 A dusty, cabinetted mind,
 A forehead scored like pork,—a pair
 Of legs that stutter every where—

* One of the old dramatists says, “If there is any thing damned on earth, it is twelve o'clock at night.” Some of our modern Farce writers think the same.

Nerves, ever trembling,—as one sees
 Bell-wires at public offices,—
 A black dress browner than the berries,
 And fit but to befriend the cherries;
 A gait that offers food for candour,—
 Two eyes for Mr. Alexander;*
 And, to complete this thing inhuman,
 The devil a bit of love from woman.
 Up! from thy books!—come—come—be idle!
 Up! up!—as saith the sage of Lydal!
 The sage alone—no poor abuse
 By adding to the sage, the goose.

Oh Tony! Tony! if thou thus
 Strugglest with tragic Æschylus,
 If thus thine eye by night-light sees
 The page but of Euripides—
 The leaves of Plato, dry as those
 Which autumn withers as she throws
 With her burnt hands on Isis' marge:—
 By heavens! man, thou wilt ne'er enlarge
 Experience of the gallant world,
 Through which life, when 'tis life, is hurl'd;
 A sense of breathing joy—a heart
 To take thy own and others' part.
 Leave books and learn a wiser plan,
 Read that strange work, thy fellow man!

Awake!—thou art awake in eyes—
 Well then, poor fallen spirit, arise!
 Shake off this mustiness of nature,
 Book thyself in the Regulator—
 And hither come to brighter ease
 Than slugs in fret-work colleges!
 Come to thy friend—oh! come to all
 That makes this London magical!

Oxford I know is dear to thee,
 (As thou hast often said to me,)
 For all its aged imagery,—
 Its sainted carvings of old stone,—
 Its air so learned and so lone,—
 Its fretted windows and calm men,
 And antique wealth of press and pen,
 Its pleasant Isis, sweet to see,
 So reeded and so watery!

* The great oculist. *Alexander the Great*, in the eyes of men.

Its bosky banks, enriching well
 With green, old Learning's citadel!
 Yet, after all, 'tis solitude
 Of stone, of water, and of wood,
 Of leaf, of river, and of brook,
 Of trencher-hat, and gown, and book:
 Oh! life at Oxford is but death
 Allow'd a little,—little breath!

Come up to town!—come up to me—
 I have a knife and fork for thee,—
 A little room,—a sofa bed,—
 A platter, and a crumb of bread,—
 An easy chair,—a merry fire,—
 And say,—What more can heart desire?—
 Beneath my stairs in snug repose,
 Immured in sawdust, lie two rows,
 Of those dark gentry, who inherit
 Long heads of cork, and hearts of spirit.
 They shall our moralizers be,
 And hold the glass to thee and me!
 And we will see ourselves, as free as
 Ourselves should see, not others see us.
 The postman's knock each morn shall shake
 Thy married eyelids wide awake:
 And if a little bilious (bottles
 Will raise the bile in lazy throattles),
 A taste of soda shall *unyellow*
 The eye-light of my Oxford Fellow.
 Then for a breakfast, slow and sure,
 (A hasty one I can't endure,)
 A chat on Britain's own Fitzgerald,
 A lounge upon the Morning Herald,
 Where Mr. White the fancy courts
 In his divine Police Reports.
 —The cloth removed—the cups from *the board*
 (You know we now expel the tea-board)
 A turn or two about the room;
 Or if perchance the morning's gloom
 Be prevalent—a game of draughts
 To exercise each other's crafts.—
 We'll none of chess!—I hate the name
 Of that old Tabernacle game,
 That "intellectual amusement,"
 Meant half for fun, and half for use meant,
 That odious tedious mode of *slothing*,
 O'er which you hang and play for nothing—
 That bitter patience-teazing food—
 That sober gambling for the good.

We'll have a hock of ham for lunching—
 A pair of muffled gloves for punching—
Two sticks to play at single stick—
 To try if heads be thin or thick,
 A pair of foils for button pinking
 All things in short that lead *from* thinking!

Dinner shall come—and we will beat
 Two aldermen in what we eat:
 Not in our quantity,—but in
 The dainties slid'd o'er the chin—
 The little lamb, the bright slim bean,
 The thin wine in the glass of green,—
 The cherry-tart full of the fruit,
 The Stilton, with the ale to suit,
 And the cool crimson store that keeps
 Its steady flow, till either sleeps!

Brief, and yet pleasant be our slumber,
 For tinkling cups, just two in number,
 And steaming kettle,—singing long
 And whisperingly its vesper song,
 Shall call us to our sweet bohea,
 And freshen us o'er fragrant tea!
 You shall tell tales of sober college,
 And libel old and gowned knowledge;
 And I'll beguile the Chinese hour
 With English stories, bright in flower!

What for the night?—My friend inquires:—
 Two candles, and the best of fires—
 A pleasant game at double dummy,
 With cards not new, nor yet too *thumby*;
Spicy the points—a stirring bet
 Our spirit in the game to whet;
 Then hey! for thrifty play, and care,
 Shuffling and sorting—here and there—
 The cautious spade led through the king,
 The sniff'd revoke—the “No such thing,”
 The powers of candid dummy scann'd,
 The playing up to the weak hand—
 The gentle heart—the thundering club—
 There—double, single, and the rub!

Put by the cards, my gallant 'Tony,
 (Let me conclude you've paid the money,)
 The supper's here, quick at the call had,
 Stale bread—old beer—a lobster—salad.

These set the appetite a-raving,
 Yet satisfy the fiercest craving:—
 And let me tell you—when you've pass'd
 An idle day from first to last,
 And labour'd hard at doing little,—
 The stomach hungereth after victual.

'Tis getting late:—Oh, that's no matter—
 Here! stay—there's brandy—there's the water—
 The sugar,—mix, yourself!—no doubt
 (Some drink "warm with," some "cold without,")
 You'll take what best your taste delights:—
 But something must be had a-nights!

Then sitting, lad, behind the glass,
 While the late moments mutely pass,—
 We whiff the fragrant mild cigar,
 And mount upon the silver car
 Of its bright clouds, in spirits then,—
 And dream into ethereal men!
 —To bed—to bed—as Macbeth's wife
 Whisper'd in sleep:—the springs of life
 Are gone down with the sunken day;—
 And, we must rest.—To bed—away!

Such be your in-door pastime:—can
 A tidier be contrived for man?—
 If you *would* read;—Ned Ward (not I)
 The wit;—Tom Brown—Arbuthnot—lie
 In a recess mahogany;—
 With Swift—and Congreve—Vanburgh—all
 That made our language magical!—
 The less of reading, though, the better—
 This is the burden of my letter.

No more—now write, and say you come,
 Change your book cell for a warm room;—
 With London spirits all about you,
 And one with you,—who's nought without you!
 NED WARD, JUN.

P.S.—Should you not "stir at this," I'll write
 More wonders on another night;—
 And show you "London Town" outright!

SCRIPTURE POETRY.—RUTH.

TRAITS OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

WHAT a beautiful Poem, if I may so call it, is the Book of Ruth: Here is one of the few sweet and exquisitely faithful pictures, left us by the Ancients, of that noble tenderness which distinguishes the female character. Ruth is both the pattern and the copy of the best of her sex. It has often, no doubt, been remarked as a defect among the Poets of Antiquity, that they have so rarely exhibited Woman in all the peculiar loveliness of her nature. The Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans, though Sophocles and a few others may afford partial exceptions, seem to have regarded the female sex as almost below the dignity of poetical notice. When they are introduced upon the scene, it is almost always in masculine characters: they are men in women's apparel. Clytemnestra, Medea, Camilla, Amata, have all the roughness of the other sex, and but little of the tenderness of their own. Or if they are occasionally drawn with a more delicate pencil, it is only to exhibit them at the loom, amongst their maids, or engaged in their household affairs. Not to speak of the Deities, who seem to participate all the vices of the Human race and none of the virtues, Penelope, nay Andromache herself, the most amiable of female characters painted by Homer (who in powers of delineation was the Shakspeare of that age), are but faint and lifeless representations of Woman as she is often to be found upon the great stage of Nature. The draught of the poet was infinitely less poetical than the original, for the cold majestic housewifely deportment of Andromache towards Hector, even in the height of her grief for his departure, is such as no matron who tenderly loves her husband would assume. In this respect the Moderns have not only manifested a more delicate taste and refined sensibility, but have taken a much more philosophical view of human nature. The Ancients evidently seem to have considered women as an inferior species of beings to men, which is a doctrine as illiberal as it is unphilosophical. The sneer couched in the very gender of Virgil's "*varium et mutabile semper femina*" is sufficient to indicate the opinion of the earlier ages; the literal translation of this sentence being,—Woman is a fickle and changeable *animal*. Indeed they seldom in their writings give us any reason to suppose that they examined the subject with due attention; they do not appear even to have justly appreciated the peculiar graces of the female mind, or the characteristic virtues of the female disposition. The Turks are said to hold that women have no souls, and I cannot but conclude the Greeks and the Romans so far barbarians, that they were wholly ignorant of a fact which I am sure needs only to be asserted to obtain general assent,—viz. the higher perfection of that quality which we denominate *soul*, in the female breast than in

ours. Whatever we may arrogate in point of understanding, whatever with respect to the grander emotions of the soul;—where the finer dispositions or feelings (which we denominate, *par excellence*, soul) are concerned, it must be allowed that the sex which is pre-eminent for delicacy of outward form, is proportionably endued with these nicer refinements of the spirit.

Friendship and Love are two of those gentler passions in which soul is principally concerned. And the story of Ruth appears to confirm an old theory of mine, upon the comparative capacities of the two sexes for the entertainment of these kindred emotions. It has long been a favourite opinion with me, that in purity of feelings where love is the passion, in devotedness of heart, and strength of attachment to the object preferred, Women are, generally speaking, far nobler beings than men. Indeed if the reader agrees with me in the assertions made above, first that women are pre-eminent in soul, and secondly that soul is predominant in love, he must of necessity also agree with me, that women love with more truth and intensity than we do; thus far, my theory is impregnable. But besides the intensity of the feeling, I think its purity in the female breast is for the most part confirmed by observation. In her loves, Woman is seldom more than an ardent friend; in his, Man is never less than a lover. The last and best quality engaged in this passion,—Constancy, is, however, that in which I think the nobleness of the female heart chiefly remarkable. There is a spirit of peculiar devotedness to the object of her love, in the breast of a woman, a certain *fortitude* of affection, which no changes or chances of life can discourage, which increases with adversity, and which unkindness itself cannot subdue: Woman's love, like an April flower, seems to bloom most sweetly in tears. To her, love is a second nature, the business of her life, the motive of her actions, the theme of her waking thoughts, the shadow which her fancy pursues even in slumber; it is the innate principle of her constitution, it is born with her, it grows with her heart-strings, and she rarely parts with it but with her life. Constancy is then, in her, almost an unavoidable virtue, for her happiness consists in loving and being loved, which latter constancy best ensures. By the very delicacy of her constitution she is bound to home, she is essentially domestic; her temperament therefore must be one which can be *satisfied with sameness*, else there would be no fitness between the being and its circumstances; in other words, she is of a constant, faithful disposition. Of course I shall be understood as speaking generally; there are many inconstant women. Nay, perhaps, where love is not immediately concerned, the same exquisite sensibility to every thing charming will induce fickleness: new pleasurable objects will excite new feelings.

It is from this devotedness of spirit, that I conclude, in opposition to common opinion, that Women are more capable of mutual friendship than men. The domestic nature of the circumstances

in which they are placed, whereby their little weaknesses are perpetually brought into collision, sufficiently accounts for the infrequency or impermanency of their friendship amongst themselves,—if such allegation be true, which I am by no means inclined to admit. Comparing them with ourselves in this particular, I dare say were female biography as copious and historical as ours, for every Pylades and Orestes, it would be easy to quote a Naomi and Ruth.

The story or poem, as given in the Sacred Writings, is an historical testimony in favour of the above conclusion. As well, therefore, to illustrate my position, as to make a few cursory observations on the beauties of Scripture Poetry, I beg leave to rehearse a few passages of the Book of Ruth.

“And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, Go, return each to her mother’s house: the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me.

“The Lord grant that ye may find rest each of you in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them, and they lift up their voice, and wept.”

I must interrupt the course of the narrative here, to remark upon the exquisite beauty of the common scriptural phrase, “they lift up their voice, and wept.” It is not only a very bold, but a critically just metaphor; and also expresses most aptly that kind of action which generally accompanies loud weeping, where the bosom expands upwards and the head is involuntarily raised or thrown back, to give strength and freedom to the voice. The expression “to raise the voice” is much feebler, and whatever metaphor might once have been in it, is now unperceived by reason of its triteness.

“And they said unto her, Surely we will return with thee unto thy people.

“And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters; why will you go with me? Are there yet any more sons in my womb, that they may be your husbands?

“And they lift up their voice, and wept again: and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her.

“And she said, Behold thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law.

“And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

“Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

“When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.”

How beautiful, how affecting is this story! and how simply, yet poetically told. The chasteness and concision of the manner is peculiarly admirable. There is nothing like false ornament or ambitious decoration in the language; all is naturally and expressively related. What a pleasing image of amiability and tenderness does the second verse present; the matron blessing her two daughters, embracing them, and their returning no answer, but weeping. The loneliness, the resignation of the widowed childless Naomi, is also beautifully painted in the first. I would moreover especially point out to the notice of the reader, the mode in which Orpah's departure is made known. The sacred poet says, she "kissed her mother-in-law;" but he does not add, as a less skillful writer would have done,—and went her way. He leaves that to be implied by the remainder of the sentence. This brief way of narrating by implication, is very difficult of attainment, being apt to degenerate into obscurity. And for this best quality of narration,—concise perspicuity, the Scriptures it must be acknowledged are remarkable. There is no laborious preparation for a coming incident, no minute detail of worthless circumstantials; the writer directly, yet not abruptly, introduces the next subject at once. Oasian likewise excels in this particular. But the verses quoted above are also as poetical in their measure, as in the imagery they contain. There is a sweet melancholy cadence runs all through them, which is uncommonly delightful to the ear. It is particularly remarkable in the first verse, and in Ruth's answer to Naomi. Indeed, whether we consider the music of the periods, or the strength and pathos of the sentiments, I do not think it possible to point out in any book whatsoever, sacred or profane, a more truly poetical passage than this answer of Ruth. What an eloquence breathes through it, how forcible are the expressions, and how impassioned the manner. That spirit of devotion and determinedness of constancy, which I noted as a characteristic of the female disposition, is here most strikingly displayed. Ruth persists to the verge of obstinacy in accompanying her mother-in-law, and will not be persuaded even by the person she loves so ardently. The expression "Ruth *clave* unto her," denotes this amiable persistence very happily.

In the several accounts which historians have given us of friendship between man and man, we see much nobleness of mind, much firmness of purpose displayed. Pylades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias, are splendid examples of honour, magnanimity, courage, and fidelity. But yet, if we curiously examine these stories, we shall find that the peculiar devotedness of spirit which I am inclined to attribute to the female sex, is never dwelt upon by the historian, never brought out into the foreground, never particularly insisted on as the sole ruling motive of action. There is always some other inducement, some *selfish* principle leading one or other of the parties to the commission of the said act of friendship, some

motive of action beside the apparent one. Thus we are told in the story of Theseus and Pirithous, that one of these heroes accompanied his friend to hell (by which some difficult adventure was figured.) Here is fidelity to be sure, but this was clearly not the only motive. The principle of *honour* was another incitement, and quite distinct from love or friendship. The *glory* of the action was a third. It is to the Book of Ruth we must turn, if we look for an historical example of pure and disinterested friendship. The fidelity of Ruth was built upon the single motive, love; there was here no debt of honour to be paid, no fame or glory to be won. She followed Naomi from the sole and simple impulse of generous affection. And how beautifully this is set forth by the sacred poet, it is needless to observe.

“And Naomi had a kinsman of her husband’s, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech, and his name was Boaz.

“And Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, Let me now go into the field, and glean ears of corn after him, in whose sight I shall find grace. And she said unto her, Go, my daughter.”

Here is another remarkable instance of that direct and simple brevity which renders the style of these writings so animated; “And she said unto her, Go, my daughter.”

Ruth goes into the field to glean after the reapers, and there it was “her hap to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz.” Boaz inquires of his servant, “What damsel is this?” and learning her story, addresses her:

“Then said Boaz unto Ruth, Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens.

“Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: Have I not charged the young men, that they shall not touch thee? And when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels and drink of that which the young men have drawn.

“Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself unto the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?

“And Boaz answered, and said unto her, It hath fully been shown to me, all thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law, since the death of thine husband: and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore.”

What an excellent moral lesson is here conveyed; Ruth’s virtuous fidelity to Naomi is rewarded by the protection of Boaz. Indeed the whole story is a striking exemplification of retributive justice; Ruth is preferred not only to be the wife of “a mighty man of wealth,” but to be the ancestress in a direct line of the Messiah, for her goodness of heart and innate amiability of disposition, as

displayed in her conduct towards Naomi. But let the historian speak:

“And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not.

“And let fall also some of the handfuls on purpose for her, and leave them that she may glean them, and rebuke her not.”

There is a kind of rude delicacy in this proceeding of Boaz, which perhaps would be but ill exchanged for the more refined gallantry of modern times. His attentions towards Ruth are quite in the spirit of simplicity which prevailed in those unpolished ages, yet Raleigh himself could not have more adroitly contrived to furnish the Beautiful Gleaner with an abundant gathering.

Ruth then returns with her gleanings to Naomi, who upon hearing of the favour she had obtained in the sight of Boaz, advises her to solicit his protection according to the ceremonial of the Jews.

Ruth accordingly performs this ceremonial, and, as the reader is doubtless aware, is finally married to Boaz:

“So Boaz took Ruth, and she became his wife . . . and she bare a son.

“And the women said unto Naomi, Blessed be the Lord which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel.

“And he shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, and a nourisher of thine old age: for thy daughter-in-law which loveth thee, which is better to thee than seven sons, hath borne him.

“And Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it.”

With this beautiful image of the grateful widow with her daughter's child in her bosom, the sacred author concludes his interesting, his pathetic, his incomparable story.

Reverting to my theory concerning friendship, it may be asked, Is not Orpah's departure as unfavourable to your opinion, as Ruth's permanence is the contrary? No: no more than the comparative weakness of Cæsar's boatman, is an argument against the courage of our sex, because he was not as brave as Cæsar himself. A much more plausible objection would be, that although friendships amongst women are, from their spirit of constancy, more permanent *when made*, yet that there is no natural tendency in that sex towards mutual friendship. This may be very true, and when I see it proved I shall believe it. To say, however, that Woman's love for the other sex interferes with her love for her own, goes but a very little way in advancing this proof,—for is not Man in an exactly similar predicament? We are told: Men, after marriage, frequently preserve their friendships as close as before; wo-

men generally, after the same ceremony, sacrifice theirs. Granting the fact, what does it prove? That women are more inconstant than men? Certainly not; but that their domestic duties prevent them cultivating friendship as sedulously as before, and that this noble feeling declines, and perhaps gradually dies, as all feelings will, which are thus cut off from exercise. Those also who assert that women have not greatness of mind to entertain friendship, would do well to recollect that they have softness and amiability of disposition, which is much better. Besides, I have Shakspeare on my side, whose

———— name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

We cannot, surely, forget Helena's address to Hermia, when Oberon had thrown his enchantments around them.

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
'The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—O, is all now forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?—
We Hermia, like two artificial Gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted:
But yet an union in partition
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Here is Shakspeare, who seems to have made for himself a window in every human breast, here is the Grand Inquisitor who penetrates with an intuition almost supernatural the mysteries of this "little world of man," here is the infallible interpreter of nature, Shakspeare himself, delineating a picture of friendship the most perfect; and who compose the group on the foreground? *Women!* Now I put it to the candour of the reader, would Shakspeare have drawn such a vivid picture of female friendship, unless the propriety of it had been suggested to him by his previous observation of human nature? Why did he never think of depicting two *boys* in such an attitude?*

ANTIGONE is another instance of female devotedness. In defiance of the king's edict, she piously intert the body of her brother Polynices, and according to the penalty denounced, is *buried alive!* Moreover, ELECTRA sacrifices her own mother to avenge

* The description of the PRINCES in the Tower is not in point. They were *brothers*, and mere children.

her father's death; and it is especially worthy of notice, that her brother Orestes, who had the same reason to perform this revolting deed of justice, is quite a secondary personage in the tragedy, he is little more than a passive instrument in the hands of Electra. So that in both these cases, whether considered as matters of history or poetical fiction, fidelity of spirit is assigned to the female sex, as a characteristic attribute distinguishing them above men. I do not however adduce either deed as a proof of woman's constancy of *affection*; they were rather acts of heathen piety. Much less are the Antigone and Electra of Sophocles to be looked upon as favourable pictures of the sex in general, nor as exonerating the poets of antiquity from the imputation of apathy with respect to the peculiar beauty of the female character. They are both, especially the latter, marked by a spirit of fierceness,* which is by no means amiable. Antigone in the *Œdipus Coloneus* (which affords another instance of devotedness, in the same person,) is a far more faithful copy of woman in the best array of her virtues. But where shall we find the tenderness, the delicacy of soul, the fineness of sensibility, and all the mild excellencies of the female character, portrayed with such exquisite truth and feeling, as in our own Juliet, Desdemona, Ophelia, Cordelia, Imogen, Hermione and Miranda? *RUTH* is alone worthy to join such a band of sister perfections. D.

A VISIT TO SPAIN IN 1822 AND 1823.†

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

THIS is a manly and intelligent account of the remarkable proceedings which drew the general eye on Madrid and the South of Spain during the latter part of 1822, and the commencement of 1823. The Journal occupies only seven months, but those were seven months of revolutionary and royalist agitation—perhaps the most stirring political period that had happened to Spain since the suppression of the Cortes by Charles the Fifth. The agitation of the Peninsular war bore the character of the time; it was warlike, a great swell and heave of popular indignation against a national enemy—a noble and vindictory revolt of human nature

* They forcibly illustrate the Poet's own doctrine: *καιν γυναιξιν ως Ἄρης*.

† A visit to Spain, detailing the transactions which occurred during* a Residence in that country in the latter part of 1822, and the first Four Months of 1823. With an account of the Removal of the Court from Madrid to Seville; and General notices of the Manners, Customs, Costume, and Music of the Country. By Michael J. Quin, Barrister at Law, and Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London; and A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh. 1823.

against a fraudulent, insulting, and homicidal tyranny. The pressure of this supreme hatred and abhorrence crushed all the little local influences for the time;—a great combat was to be fought, from whose muster nothing could be spared for petty passions and individual objects; and in the vigour of this universal feeling, as in the confidence and leading of a sign from Heaven, Spain conquered.

But the fall of Napoleon was to Spain what the ruin of Carthage was to Rome. In the loss of that salutary terror, it lost the great teacher of those virtues which are the food and spirit of national eminence, and, in their own good season, of solid, prosperous tranquillity. They thought their task was ended, when it was scarcely more than begun. The expulsion of the French should have been hailed, not as the signal of rest, but of labour unincumbered, free to choose its ground, and putting its hand to the plough with the nerve of recent success. A constitution, founded on the ancient forms of the country, with whatever of utility and civilized fitness there was to be found in the wisdom of modern times, ought to have been the first and the holiest work of the noblest minds of Spain. Whatever spoils of battle they might have borne to their temple of victory, this work of peace would have outshone them all. The most glorious record of their triumph would have been a charter, securing liberty to all ranks of the generous population of Spain.

The return of Ferdinand extinguished the Cortes—a feeble, ignorant, and corrupt cabal, who degraded the name of patriots and of statesmen. The populace, disgusted with faction, huzzaed after the King's wheels, as he drove over the mutilated body of this charlatanism. No man in Spain was found public-spirited enough to demand freedom for the nation, or wise enough to propose a rational scheme of freedom. Thus the great chance was cast away. A prejudiced king on the one side, an unadvised people on the other—the throne without a heart, and the people without a head—all the elements were prepared that wreck nations. To minds looking on those things from that distance of place and feeling, which allows of the truest political view, Spain was on the verge of convulsion.

The revolt of the troops decided the question, and those military legislators virtually made a cypher of the crown. But, once again, the apathy of the national character became the national safeguard. The army conquered the king, and then rested on its arms. A knot of city politicians, refugees, and mendicants, took up the game, when the men of the plume and the bayonet had fallen asleep beside the board. The terrors of a military struggle subsided into the squabbles of the gown; and Spain, by nature and habit the enemy of France and Republicanism, saw itself governed under the name of national freedom by the code of a Parisian Democracy.

Our first curiosity is of course excited, like that of the writer, to see the forms of this strange legislation.

“One of the first places to which I bent my steps was the Hall of the Cortes. It is of an oval form, and has very much of a scenic appearance. The throne is at one extremity. It consists of a chair of state, supported by two bronze gilt lions; the back is composed of standards, made in the form of the Roman *fascēs*. On the top is placed a Baronial helmet, adorned with a large ostrich feather, which droops over the seat. Above the chair is the inscription, ‘Fernando VII. Padre de la patria.’ On each side of the chair are Caryatides, the one representing South America, the other the Peninsula, which support a square canopy, &c. The throne is elevated upon a platform. One step below this there is another platform, on which stands an oblong table, for the President and six Secretaries of the Cortes. The president sits with his back to the throne, the Secretaries occupy the sides of the table. At the end opposite to the President stands a silver crucifix. A small silver bell is placed at his right hand, which he rings when he feels it necessary to call any of the members to order. Copies of the Evangelists, the Constitution, the Decrees of Cortes, and books of authority, are arranged upon the lower end of the table,” &c.

“There are twenty-two benches for the deputies, arranged in equal numbers at each side of the hall, cushioned and covered with purple velvet. The floor is carpetted, and mats are placed for the feet. A considerable segment of the oval is railed off for the bar, the floor of which is covered with green baize. In the centre are two marble pedestals, which support two large and beautiful bronze lions couched. Those grasp in their fore-claw, a thick gilt rod, which is removed when the King goes to Cortes, but on no other occasion. Below the bar are a lofty pair of folding-doors, through which his Majesty, the royal family, and the officers of state enter. During the sittings, those gates are guarded on the inside by two sentinels, dressed in silk and gold-lace, hats and drooping feathers, in the style of the ancient Spanish Costume. They hold gilt maces in their hands, and are relieved every hour; they look more like a pair of stage mutes than the officers of a senate. The hall is hung with six large lustres, whose tin sconces mar the elegance of the glass manufacture. Immediately before the throne are four bronze figures, sustaining sockets for wax-lights. There are also several side lustres; they are seldom used, as the Cortes rarely sit at night.

“The decorations consist principally of a number of casts from statues, which are well executed. Two, representing Genius and Honour, stand at the sides of the throne, and four—the cardinal virtues—are placed, two at each side, lower down. There are affixed to the wall several marble slabs, on which are written, in letters of gold, the names of Alvarez, D. Felix Acevedo, D. Luis Da-

ois, D. Pedro Velardo, D. Juan Diez Porlier, D. Luis Lacy, and D. Mariano Alvarez, men who have distinguished themselves by their exertions for liberty. On the front of the lower gallery the third article of the constitution is inscribed:—"The sovereignty resides essentially in the nation, and therefore to it belongs exclusively the right of making its fundamental laws."

Spectators are not admitted below the bar, nor into the space appropriated to the Deputies; but they are amply provided for in two large galleries, one over the other, which are at the lower extremity of the hall, opposite to the throne. On the right of the throne, half way between the floor and the ceiling, there is a tribune for the ambassadors, opposite to which is a similar recess for the use of the officers of the guard attendant on the Cortes. In the central part of the hall, nearly on a level with the floor, is a tribune for the ex-Deputies, into which the Deputies have the privilege of introducing their friends. A similar tribune, opposite to this, is occupied by the short-hand writers to the Cortes. It is the duty of those gentlemen to take down every word that is spoken, both in the public and the private meetings.

All this apparatus is now, we take it for granted, abandoned to the use of the moths, and other Spanish devastators of cloth and velvet. But as Spain will have, in some way or other, a representative body, let the war turn as it may, this description holds good for the next meeting of the King and the Cortes. Those who have heard of the perpetual sittings of the British House of Commons will be inclined to think that the Spaniards "have their mother's spirit in them still," and will be but lazy politicians to the last.

"The Cortes begin their debates usually at half-past eleven in the fore-noon, and, unless some very important subject occupies them, they seldom sit beyond three o'clock. The Deputies rise and speak from their places, and generally without the aid of notes. There is a handsome rostrum on each side of the chair, but those are resorted to only when a member has to submit a proposition to the Cortes, when any of the Secretaries has to make a communication, or when official documents are to be read. The Constitution provides, that ministers shall not have seats in the Cortes; but this body is authorised to demand the presence of any member of the cabinet, or of all the members, as often as they think expedient. When a question is put to the vote, those who are for the affirmative stand up in their places; those against it remain sitting. During a division, strangers are not excluded. When the question is one of great importance, the names of the members voting are taken down.

We now come to that which is less permanent than benches and curtains, and which, unlike them, will probably never share the revival of easy debates, and the presence of majesty;—the reputations and offices of the *Liberal* ministry. The writer speaks like an impartialist: and his opportunities seem to have allowed him

a sufficient knowledge of the men and things that turned the helm of Spain. In the rapid alternations of democracy, the chief point of address is to "catch the *Cynthia* of the minute." The lords of the ascendant this hour are below the horizon the next—some never to rise again. We have here the portraiture of the cabinet for November.

"The ministry of Martinez de la Rosa having lost its moral influence in the country, in consequence of a general, though perhaps unjust suspicion, that they favoured the meeting of the Royal Guard on the 7th of July, 1822, a new ministry was formed, composed of men marked out for their determined zeal in support of the constitution. At the head of the new ministry is *Evaristo san Miguel*. He was chief of the staff in the army of the Isla, and performed his duties in a blameless manner. After this, he became one of the principal members of the party of freemasons, to which he owes his elevation."

This minister is described in rather unpromising colours, as irritable and impatient of censure; a proof that he would not answer for an English treasury bench; as partial in his distribution of patronage, and as unproductive of manly and original measures. One of the most curious traits of modern revolution is, its connexion with public journals. All the French demagogues were, in some mode or other, allied to the press, some of the chief were actually editors. Spain, in her remoteness, has learned this suspicious step to public honours, and a considerable number of her more active disturbers have dipped their pens in editorial ink, as a preparative for the dictatorship, and other absurdities of democracy. San Miguel, soldier as he was, found it expedient to advance to supremacy by the ordinary way of the Brissots and Marats. He was one of the editors of the journal called the *Espectador* immediately before his elevation to office; and unless the Duc d'Angouleme has prohibited him the exercise of his ingenuity, he is probably, at this moment, translating Berenger or Voltaire for the future hopes of Spain and freedom.

Lopez Banos, a name unmusical to Sir Robert Wilson's ears, was the minister of war, a soldier, and rather suspected, from his tardy junction with the insurrection of the Isla.

Gasco, the Minister of the Interior, an intelligent, manly personage. He was an advocate, and obscure. Revolution is tempting to men of this class and fortune. He is a Liberal, and yet considered as not quite liberal enough. This is probably since he has felt the comforts of place. In power every man is an aristocrat. *Gasco* is looked on as not "up to the age."

Navarro, the Minister of Justice, is "the declared enemy of the usurpations" of the Court of Rome. He is well versed in the canon law, and "more of a logician than a statesman;" characters so seldom joined, that we feel no great surprise at the writer's deeming them nearly incompatible.

The panegyric of the Finance Minister, Egea, is pronounced briefly but conclusively. "He considers the modern science of political economy as a mere farce." Tell not this in the land of the Edinburgh Review. The Spaniard must be a man of sense.

The Ministry of Martinez de la Rosa and his party were aristocratical. They were called the *Anilleros*, the ring-wearers, like the ancient *Equites*, and numbered many of the higher *noblesse*. Among their lazy dreams of renovation, was a Chamber of Peers. But they were, on the 7th of July, turned out by men less asleep, and on their pillows rose the *Comuneros*, the friends of the sovereignty of the people; a willing, yet somnolent copy of the Parisian party of the Sections. Ballasteros, Romera Alpuente, and other nameless patriots, were its leaders. The *Freemasons*, headed by Arguelles, Galiano, Isturiz, &c. were the original conspirators, and, by the help of the military, they were masters of the throne and the people for their day.

This is all a curious counterpart of the French Revolution. The same selfishness, the same light and ready usurpation of hollow patriotism, the same division of the spoil; the picture is still more curious, from its qualified and Spanish hue. The canvass, that in France that was painted in flame and blood, is pale and watery in Spain. Revolution in France was a volcano in full eruption; in Spain the volcano is cold; the whole preparation and conformation of ruin is before the eye, but it is overlaid with ashes. There are few more convincing instances of the folly of reasoning from similar causes to similar effects in politics. The men of the Convention plunged into the temptation at once, and rebelled in the spirit and malignity of Satan. Their later followers gave way, in the rashness of the human appetite for power, but they could not altogether divest themselves of human nature. Their overthrow of the throne was the most bloodless of all rebellions. Men have been slain in battle, but the scaffold has been scarcely trodden;—in the midst of a fierce and haughty conflict of new passions, the civil sword has been but half-drawn; and the constitution, mad and fruitless as it is, has been almost without the stain of Spanish gore.

The suppression of the convents is touched on by the writer with good sense and feeling. After observing on the rashness of the measure, and its consequent unproductiveness, he alludes to one of those instances, which must not have been unfrequent in a lonely and pastoral country like Spain.

"The convent of the Battuecas was situated in a wild, mountainous country, where the population is scattered in little hamlets. The people seem, from the simplicity and innocence of their manners, to belong to the primitive ages of the world. Few of them have ever gone beyond the precincts of their peculiar territory; their days pass away in pastoral occupations, and their evenings are usually closed by works of piety, intermingled occasion-

ally with such enjoyments as they can derive from a rude knowledge of the tambour and the guitar. The convent was their principal source of religious information, of spiritual assistance, and of medicinal relief. It was occupied by fifteen monks, who, it was asserted, and the assertion was not contradicted, spent their whole time in religious exercises and works of practical virtue, never hesitating, at any hour of the night, to traverse the coldest mountains, to administer the consolation of their sacred functions. They never evinced a disposition to mingle in the civil war which afflicted the country; the ruggedness of the territory in which the convent was placed, was a security that it could never be fixed on as an asylum for arms and provisions of the factious. The locality of the establishment, the thousand recollections by which it was endeared to the simple around it, and its acknowledged utility in such a situation, were, however, pleaded in vain for its continuance. It was subjected to the rigid law of suppression. It was the first public calamity which the people of the Battuecas experienced. It was not doubted that they would, one and all, resent it, as a wanton act of hostility on the part of the government."

In this excursive manner the writer passes through the principal points that make the charge against the democratic sovereigns of Spain. Violence against the weak, timidity and tardiness against the strong, a determination to overthrow things venerable and dear to the national feeling, a rash passion for useless novelty in legislation; their law caprice; their finance bankruptcy, and their war non-resistance, confusion, and perpetual retreat—the Spanish Jacobins showed themselves incompetent to everything that the world had been taught to expect from the firmness and dignity of the native mind. The rebellious cup that had made France mad, had only made them drunk. Their revolt was a parody upon the French Revolution.

The public reading of the celebrated notes of the allies gives room for some striking sketches of Spanish deliberation.

"The government, having taken some days to consider the foreign dispatches, which had been communicated to it, and of the answers proper to be returned to them resolved on laying the whole of the documents before the Cortes, in a solemn public sitting. This was not one of those points which necessarily required the cognizance of the Cortes; but the ministers believed they should be wanting to those sentiments which united them with the congress, if they did not place the matter before them. Besides, the government of France had taken care to publish the instructions which it had transmitted to the count La Garde, and the government of Spain thought they could do no less than follow its example. It was not generally known that these important documents would be read to the Cortes; and in consequence the public galleries were not crowded, though rather well attended. Sir William A'Court was in the am-

bassador's tribune, to which also several English gentlemen were, by his politeness, admitted. The attendance of the deputies was full.

"The Cortes had been previously engaged upon a question relating to ecclesiastical property; but from the manner in which it was treated, it was easy to perceive that the minds of the deputies were full of anxiety and fervour upon another subject. Now and then this sentiment broke out, and there was a partial cheer, when Senor Velasco, a clergyman, said, 'I have learned to suffer privations; but there is no sacrifice which I can deem too great for the benefit of Spain; and even though I were about to become the victim of indigence, still my last resources should be exhausted for the constitution and the liberty of the nation.' This discussion was suspended when the secretaries of state entered the hall of the Cortes, about two o'clock in the afternoon, and M. San Miguel appeared in the rostrum. Upon the instant every person present was breathless with attention, and the silence that pervaded the hall, the tribunes, and galleries, was as profound as if it were a desert.

"After a short preface, he proceeded to read the note transmitted by the French government to count La Garde, which having been already familiar to the deputies and strangers, excited little attention. San Miguel's enunciation is bad. He gave no emphasis to those sentences, even in the answer to the French note, which was understood to be from his own pen. Yet no aid of elocution was necessary to render every word that fell from him impressive in the highest degree. When he came to that passage of his answer, which says that Spain was indifferent as to the results of the congress of Verona, because 'secure of its principles, and firm in the determination of defending, at every hazard, its present political system, and national independence,' there was a general burst of enthusiasm, many of the deputies and spectators clapping their hands. These applauses were renewed at the close of almost every subsequent paragraph; and, when this paper was concluded, they were continued for several minutes.

"The Austrian note was heard in silence, until the minister came to the words, 'and a *military rebellion* never can form the basis of an auspicious and permanent government;' but there was then a short murmur of indignation, which would have been louder, but for the intense desire to hear what followed. The assembly, taking it altogether, seemed struck with surprise at the light in which this note represented the Spanish revolution. When they heard it said that the principal instruments of the Spanish revolution had excited Naples and Piedmont to follow the example of the Peninsula, Riego, Galiano, Arguelles, and others, smiled at the assertion, wondering at the hardihood of Metternich, who could put forth such a falsehood. Yet it was soon evident, that this note was drawn up with *tact*, and knowledge of human nature, for before the general indignation was raised to its height, it was won-

derfully softened by that appeal to national pride, which was so artfully wrought up in the allusion to the peculiar position of Austria. 'The house of Austria, looking to its own history, cannot but find in it the most powerful motives of friendship, solicitude, and sympathy for a nation, which is able to record, with just pride, ages of glorious recollection, during which the sun never set upon her dominions; and which, possessing respectable institutions, hereditary virtues, religious sentiments, and love for her kings, has distinguished herself in every age by a patriotism always faithful, always generous, and very frequently heroic.' This just and eloquent passage had an electric effect. You saw that the men were for a moment subdued; for flattery, so finely covered and directed, could not fail to touch every chord of national feeling. But this result was only for the moment; for although the remainder of the note was framed in language alternately soothing and severe, the terms in which the king was spoken of as a captive, and the authors of the constitution represented as acknowledging its impracticability, excited unqualified hostility. When the note was concluded, however, there was no very general expression of indignation, as its effect was in some measure qualified by the friendly and admonitory tone in which ended.

"After pausing a few minutes, San Miguel proceeded to read the note from Prussia. Every thing depends upon the manner in which it is done. There was a great deal of flattery in the commencement of the Prussian note; but it sounded hollow. The consequence was, that it was laughed at. The dignity of the assembly could scarcely be preserved when that passage was read, which stated that the Cortes 'presented nothing more than a conflict of opinions and objects, and a struggle of interests and passions, in the midst of which the most foolish resolutions and propositions have been constantly crossed, combatted and neutralized.' This picture of the Cortes, and its debates, if not false, was at least well calculated to excite laughter. The remainder of the note, which is full of invectives against the constitution, was received with indignation, not unfrequently interrupted by strong expressions of contempt.

"But all the rage of the Cortes, or rather I might say of the general assembly, (for the spectators in the gallery seemed to form an integral part of the meeting,) all the rage of this anxious assembly appeared to be reserved for the Russian communication. The sentence commencing the second paragraph, 'When in the month of March, 1820, some perjured soldiers turned their arms against their sovereign and their country,' &c. was frequently interrupted by murmurs from the galleries and the deputies; and, amidst these, the former exclaimed more than once, '*Aba xo el tyrano!*' (Down with the tyrant) uttered with a fierceness of tone peculiarly Spanish.

"During the time the minister was reading this paper, the agi-

tation among the deputies was extreme, some turning from one side to the other, as in a state of painful suffering—some raising their hands in astonishment—some looking intently on the minister, their faces fired with vengeance, &c.

“It was observable that frequently the deputies fixed their eyes attentively upon the ambassador’s tribune, in which sir William A’Court and several English gentlemen were seated. When, in the notes, a sentence of peculiar despotism was read, many an eye was raised to that box, to read the impression which it made there. Sir William A’Court’s countenance gave them neither hope nor despair, but several of his countrymen took no pains to restrain the abhorrence, which these documents must ever excite in the breasts of men who know what freedom is. These expressions of sympathy were anxiously looked for by the deputies, and afforded them evidently great satisfaction. They remarked upon them, one to the other, and occasionally smiled.

“San Miguel concluded with reading the copy of a circular note, which was to be sent to the Spanish ministers at each of the three northern courts; and in which it was stated, that the dispatches transmitted by those courts were so full of distorted facts, injurious suppositions, unjust and calumnious criminations, and vague demands, that they required no formal answer; but that the government would take a more convenient opportunity for publishing to the nation its sentiments, principles, and resolutions.

“As soon as the reading of these documents was over, the president of Cortes said, ‘The Cortes have heard the communication which the government of his majesty has just made. Faithful to their oath, and worthy of the people whom they represent, they will not permit that any alterations or modifications shall be made in the constitution by which they exist, except by the will of the nation, and in the manner which the laws prescribe. The Cortes will give to the government of his majesty every means for repelling the aggression of those powers who may dare to attack the liberty, the independence, and the glory of the heroic Spanish nation, and the dignity and splendour of the king’s constitutional throne.’

“This well-timed reply was received with a peal of *vivas* that lasted for several minutes. The deputies all rose in a confused manner, and shouted ‘*Viva la constitution! Viva la soberania national!*’ in which they were enthusiastically joined by the people in the galleries.”

The effect of these discussions upon the populace is characteristically told.

“The following day, a detailed account of the debates, and copies of the notes and answers, were published in the principal journals. From an early hour of the morning, the offices of the *Universal* and *Espectador*, and the streets leading to them, were

crowded with applicants for papers. During the whole day the demand was so great, that it was impossible to satisfy it; but a plan was adopted which in some measure compensated for this defect. When a lucky patriot succeeded in getting a paper, he posted to the *Puerta del Sol*, or the arcades of the post-office, and here, as soon as he produced his prize, a crowd collected round him, and he read aloud the whole of the journal, from the beginning to the end. The remarks which the listeners occasionally made were short and pithy. 'Hear,' said one, 'hear the Prussian king, who once promised a constitution to his own subjects.'—'And who never gave it,' added another. 'Only observe how tender he is of the catholic church, himself a heretic.'—This caused a laugh.—'Now for the Russian bear,' remarked another.—'Down with the parricidal race! Down with the tyrant!' they said, as the reader proceeded."

The debate on the message is then detailed with passing indications of the character and manner of the chief speakers. *Saavedra*, young, poetical, fluent, and enthusiastic—*Canga*, old, eloquent, learned, and wise—*Galiano*, metaphorical, spirited, and full of picturesque gesture—*Arguelles*, par excellence the *Orator*, argumentative, vivid, bold, and rapid in his transitions from reasoning to irresistible appeals to the heart. While he spoke, every one of the deputies appeared to be entranced by his eloquence; and when he concluded, there was a general look up to the ambassador's tribune, to see what effect it produced there. He spoke for an hour and ten minutes; and when he first rose, often during his speech, and when he sat down, he was cheered by the populace, and even by the deputies, in the most lively and affectionate manner. After all, these men deserve a better fate than to be the slaves of the Bourbons and the Inquisition. Their first experiment has been crude, and it deserved to fail. But honest lovers of monarchy may join in the wish that the Spaniard shall "be a man yet."

The volume closes with some general views of the arts, amusements, habits, and costume of the people. These notices are drawn up with grace and intelligence. The writer followed the king to Seville, and a curious account of the royal progress and reception is given. The course of the magnificent Guadalquivir, and Cadiz, are touched upon, which, with the writer's return through the French army, then marching on Madrid, make up a narrative of peculiar interest at the present time; and for its general manliness and simplicity, its truth-telling spirit, and its clearness of political view, it is unquestionably a safer guide to the feelings of the Spanish people, as well as a more honourable testimony to individual authorship, than any work that has hitherto appeared on the Peninsular Revolution.

HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE FOR THE YEAR 1819.

CHAPTER II.

GREAT BRITAIN. State of the country.—The Speech.—Ambrister and Arbuthnot.—Custody of the king's person.—The Criminal Code.—Estimates of the year.—The Catholic question.—Appeal of murder.—Game laws.—Mr. Tierney's motion on the state of the nation.—Education of the poor.—Corrupt boroughs disfranchised.—Seditious meetings.—Mr. Hobbouse committed to Newgate.

AT the commencement of this year, the aspect of public affairs in Great Britain, both at home and abroad, was peculiarly auspicious and encouraging. Compared with former years, the internal resources of the country exhibited a very marked improvement. The tables of comparative exports and imports showed also a corresponding state in the commerce of the kingdom. Tranquillity reigned in the manufacturing districts; nor had the most sagacious observer discovered any signs of that spirit of insubordination and tumult which sprung up in the course of the year, and threatened the most disastrous consequences. The seditious and blasphemous press—that terrible engine of delusion and mischief—had not yet set the laws at open defiance; nor had the crew of pestilent demagogues sallied forth from “the holes and caves of the earth,” to inflame and exasperate the minds of the credulous and ignorant multitude.

On the 21st of January, the Prince Regent delivered by commission the usual speech to the parliament.

After mentioning in suitable terms the death of the queen, the speech introduced the negotiations at Aix-la-Chapelle, which led to the evacuation of the French territory by the allied armies, and enabled France once more to assume her natural rank among the great European powers. The members were next informed of the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, for the renewal, for a further term of years, of the commercial convention which was concluded immediately after the last war; and for the amicable adjustment of several points of mutual importance to the interests of both countries. The war, which had recently been terminated in the East Indies was next noticed, and the address ended with congratulations on the flourishing condition of the country.

These topics were enlarged upon, by several of the members of both houses, after they returned to their respective places of debate. In reference to what was said of the treaty with the United States, the Marquis of Lansdown, said it was impossible not to recollect transactions which had lately occurred, in the course of certain military operations of the troops of the United States, and which transactions were of a nature to produce no slight sensation, as they involved the sacrifice of the lives of two individuals who were British subjects. The individuals here alluded to were,

Ambrister and Arbuthnot, who, it will be recollected, were put to death by the order of general Jackson. The marquis entertained no doubt that a distinct explanation would be received from the United States, as the nature of these transactions was inconsistent with the genius and free institutions of that government. The earl of Liverpool replied, that when the proper period arrived, he would enter into the fullest explanations of this subject; at present he could only state that the executions took place without the authority of the American government, that the act was done without their consent and even without their knowledge. Some complaint was expressed at the omission of any allusion to the state of the slave-trade. But the address, which is always a mere echo to the speech, was agreed to, in both houses, unanimously;—a circumstance, it is believed, not very common in the annals of the British Legislature.

The death of the Queen having rendered it necessary to enter into new arrangements for the custody of the king's person, that important trust was vested in the duke of York, subject to the advice of a council.

During this session, the attention of parliament was first called to the state of criminal law, by a petition from the common council of London, praying for a revision of the penal code, upon the grounds of the useless multiplication of offences punishable with death,—the effects of such a state of the laws upon prosecutors, judges and jurymen,—and the unprecedented increase of crimes notwithstanding the severity of punishment denounced by the existing code. In presenting this petition to the upper house, lord Holland took occasion to make some very ingenious observations on the nature of punishment, showing that disproportionate severity led inevitably to the multiplication of crimes, by increasing the chances of escape to the criminal, from the reluctance which men felt to prosecute for petty offences, for which the law had strangely provided a capital punishment. Lord Liverpool was of opinion, that the increase of crimes was partly owing to the change from war to peace; and he remarked, that if the records of London and Middlesex were examined, with the view of ascertaining the state of crimes during and after the American war, the proportional increase would be found to resemble, in a very remarkable manner, what had recently occurred. It appeared that during that war crimes had at first diminished, then increased towards its conclusion; and during the first years of peace, had still greatly increased. In 1777, the number of capital convictions was sixty-three; in 1778, they were eighty-one; in 1779, they decreased to sixty; a circumstance well worthy of attention. In 1781, the number increased to ninety; in 1782, the number was one hundred and eight; in 1783, still increasing, one hundred and seventy-three; in 1784, the convictions were one hundred and fifty-three; and in 1785, they were one hundred and fifty-one. Hence it appeared,

that the increase of crimes during the last years of the American war, and the first years of peace compared with the first year of the war, was nearly in the proportion of three to one, which was precisely the proportion which had been observed to take place with respect to the late war. From these facts it was natural to look to the increase of crimes, to which the attention of the house was now called, as having for its principal cause the state of the country produced by the change from war to peace. An examination of the state of crimes during and after the war of 1756 would afford a similar result. The number of the convictions was in 1759, fifteen; in 1760, fourteen; in 1761, thirteen; in 1762, twenty-five; 1763, sixty-one; in 1764, fifty-two; in 1765, forty one.

A petition, for a similar object from the society of Quakers in Great Britain, was presented to the house of commons by Mr. Wilberforce, in an eloquent speech, in which that great and good man took occasion to eulogise warmly the quiet and sober but active philanthropy of the body from whom the petition emanated, and to allude, with peculiar felicity and force, to the exertions of the late lamented Sir Samuel Romilly, for the amelioration of the criminal law of England.

On a subsequent day Sir James Mackintosh moved that a select committee should be appointed to consider so much of the criminal law as ordained capital punishment. The motion was opposed by the ministry; but it was finally adopted by a majority of nineteen. In the course of the two or three months, during which the committee had pursued their labours, it was their object to collect evidence from those classes of persons whence it was most likely to be collected; from sources to which, perhaps, no former committee had applied. This was the first attempt ever made, to ascertain, by direct evidence, whether those general reasonings, which had been entertained with respect to the criminal laws, were to be held as resting on such evidence, or on an appeal merely to those feelings which human nature has implanted in our breasts.

The examinations of evidence, had occupied so much of the committee's time, said Sir James Mackintosh, when he produced the report, that it was certainly not so complete as they wished to have made it. It was full upon some, but not so full upon other parts of the subject; but upon those latter ones they had reason to expect more full and detailed evidence. It appeared from this report, that notwithstanding the increase of population and of minor offences, acts of an atrocious and violent character had materially diminished. Even in the metropolis the security of human life was proved to be as complete as could well be expected in the present condition of mankind. The committee strongly advised the entire repeal of all acts referring to misdemeanors, which have become matters of indifference; and the substitution of transportation, or hard labour, for capital punishment to a large variety of

other cases; indeed, to almost all, except treason, murder, setting fire to buildings, and (the committee regret to add) the *actual* forgery of bank notes. The *utterer* of forged notes is proposed to be subject to transportation or hard labour for the first offence, and for the second or third, to be liable to capital prosecution.*

The discussions on the resumption of a metallic currency, threw considerable light upon the views, both of the ministry and the bank of England. Those who wish to obtain a complete and most luminous view of this subtle subject, are referred to a late review of Mr. Ricardo in the *Edinburgh Review*, and a letter (said to be written by Mr. Coppleston, of Oxford,) to the Right Hon. Robert Peel.

The estimates for the present year showed that the income of the country, ending fifth January, 1819, (including arrears) amounted to somewhat more than fifty-four millions, which, deducting arrears, produced an excess of about four millions beyond the *permanent* revenue of the preceding year. The amount of exports had been thirty-five millions three hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds during the year, being above three million of pounds more than the preceding year. In the above estimate, no provision was made for the sinking fund; for which thirteen or fourteen millions were wanted; so that, in point of fact, instead of a surplus, there was a large deficit to be raised by loan.

The catholics seem this session to have calculated upon making a strong impression on parliament and the country in their favour, by the numerous petitions which they got up, in various quarters, praying for their relief from certain civil disabilities under which they laboured. In both houses, motions were made for a committee on the subject, which, after long discussions, were negatived, by small majorities.

The remarkable case of Abraham Thornton, who had been tried in 1817, on the charge of murdering a young woman, Mary Ashford, and acquitted, but had afterwards been prosecuted by appeal at the instance of William Ashford, her brother, and had availed himself of the plea of *wager of battel*, excited great interest at the time, and forcibly fixed the public attention on this relic of the laws and usages of a barbarous age; no trial by *battel* having been awarded since the time of Charles I, when, however, the commission was revoked. In order to expunge from the statute-book such a preposterous mode of determining guilt or innocence, the attorney general introduced a bill to abolish the proceeding, which passed through the usual forms and became a law.

Mr. Brand brought forward a motion for leave to bring in a bill to amend the laws for the preservation of game. It was founded on a principle recognized by the late parliament, that "game, by

* This important document will be found in the appendix to the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, for 1819.

the ancient law, is the property of the person on whose land it is found." In support of his motion, he went at considerable length into the game laws, pointing out their inconsistencies and absurdities, their oppressive and unjust operation, the mischiefs with which the enforcement of them is attended, their total inefficiency in restraining poachers from destroying game, their tendency to corrupt the morals of the lower classes, and the impossibility of their attaining the object they had in view while the punishment inflicted was so severe, and so radically at variance with the sentiments of the country. These remarks led to a pretty lengthened discussion; leave was ultimately granted, but the bill was thrown out by a majority of one hundred and nineteen to fifty-nine.

In the month of May, Mr. Tierney brought forward his motion on the state of the nation. In his speech on this occasion, which was of great length, he drew the most melancholy picture of the country, both as it respected the state of her agriculture, commerce and finances, and the relations of her foreign policy. He dwelt with much asperity upon the English co-operation with the continental powers in imposing upon France "the galling yoke of maintaining foreign troops to preserve order, and maintain the reigning family upon the throne. He next alluded to the territorial aggrandizement of America, by the acquisition of the Floridas, a position, he said, as injurious as possible to the English colonial possessions, and likely to place them in imminent and undeniable jeopardy; and contended, that government had shown, in this respect, the utmost supineness and indifference. But his principal charge against the ministers was, that from the first hour the treaty of peace was signed, they had entirely neglected every measure to improve the internal situation of the country. In proof of this, he referred to the existing state of trade; contended that as no commercial treaties had been entered into, the commercial interests of the country had been neglected; and accused the ministers of not only throwing every obstruction in the way of the establishment of South American Independence, but of destroying every hope of commercial advantage from that quarter. He next adverted to the finances of the country; and went into a great variety of other details, all of which, he asserted, united in pointing out the necessity of inquiry. He concluded by moving, that the house do resolve itself into a committee of the whole house, to consider of the state of the nation.

Lord Castlereagh replied to Mr. Tierney, and entered into a detailed and able defence of the policy pursued by the government on all those points which had been animadverted upon. He denied that it had been the purpose of the Allies to humiliate and degrade France; on the contrary, in the recent arrangements, they had in view only to restore her to that great space which naturally belonged to her. It was not against France but against the revolution, that they had been contending; and it was owing mainly to

that circumstance that their efforts had been crowned with triumph. His lordship then proceeded to ridicule the tactics of the gentlemen in opposition, and put it fairly to the house, whether, in the course of a long and arduous administration, the present ministry had forfeited the confidence of the country, or been guilty of any such eminent failure as might justify the nation in withdrawing from them that cordial support which they had hitherto received. The motion was negatived in the fullest house of commons that ever sat, by three hundred and fifty-seven to one hundred and seventy-eight; total five hundred and thirty-five, being seventeen members more than were ever known to vote on any former occasion.

The labours of Mr. Brougham, on the subject of the education of the poor, are too well known to require any distinct specification, and too meritorious to need praise. There can be no doubt, that numerous and almost incredible abuses were brought to light by the energy and perseverance of the education committee, and that the indefatigable zeal, industry, and research of the chairman, deserved the splendid eulogium bestowed on him by Mr. Wilberforce in his place in parliament. Although the substantive measure, in which the inquiries of the committee terminated, was lost, something in the way of legislative interference was loudly called for. A bill was therefore introduced by lord Castlereagh, in which the greater part of the measures recommended by Mr. Brougham was adopted.

The attention of parliament was this session, as usual, directed to that most complex and inextricable of all questions, parliamentary reform. Several instances of notorious bribery and corruption in the election of members of parliament, were brought under the cognisance of the house of commons. These were Grampound, Barnstaple, and Penryn; and in all three the corruption was proved by the fullest and most conclusive evidence. The consequence was, that parliament ordered prosecutions against the individuals implicated; and the fact charged being proved, conviction followed.*

On the thirteenth of July this session of parliament was prorogued until the twenty-fourth of the following August.

At the commencement of this year, it has been already stated, England enjoyed comparative general tranquillity; the evils inseparable from the sudden cessation of a long war, which had occasioned the expenditure of hundreds of millions, and consequently given a vast and unexampled stimulus both to industry and the principle of population, had, in some measure, subsided; symptoms of the revival and renovation of commerce had begun to manifest

* The trial of sir Manasseh M. Lopez, who obtained a seat for Grampound by bribery, may be found in the Ed. Ann. Reg. for 1819. He was sentenced to two years imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 10,000*l.*

themselves; the agriculturists had borne the pressure of low prices and high rents, with that resignation and patience which hope inspires; and among the lower classes, whose sufferings had been more immediate and personal, there appeared but few indications of that turbulent spirit which afterwards burst forth with such almost unprecedented fury. Public meetings and inflammatory speeches, when these produce no actual results beyond the expenditure of some breath, we make no great account of; considering them as, in some sort, the safety-valves of the state, by which that highly expansive vapour is disengaged and set free, which, if compressed, might displode and produce wide-spread ruin and destruction. But as the summer advanced, things began to put on a very different aspect. It then appeared, that the reform meetings, which were multiplying in all directions, were only so many parts of a system regularly and artfully organized to overturn the government; that incredible pains had been taken, not merely to poison the minds of the people, by seditious and blasphemous publications, but to teach them the dangerous secret of their own strength, and to inculcate the necessity of combined efforts no less than sameness of creed and concert of purpose; that drillings to the use of arms, had prevailed to an alarming extent in many of the most populous districts; and, in short, that the whole of the manufacturing population, had been silently and unobservedly undergoing a process of tuition, for the purpose of enacting in England the bloody drama of the revolution of France. Emissaries issued forth from London, that great focus of turbulence and sedition in all periods of the monarchy. Blasphemy, the usual concomitant of treason, was disseminated in penny publications: and, when the artful contrivers of disturbance imagined that their instruments were prepared for their purpose, the decisive experiment was attempted, of assembling the people in great masses, and in the regular and imposing attitude of military array, with revolutionary ensigns, and all the paraphernalia of sedition, that feeling their own strength, they might enforce their demands by menace and intimidation. Such an experiment we consider the meeting at Manchester, on the sixteenth of August; a meeting, the illegality of which has been very generally admitted, by men of all parties, whatever have been their sentiments as to the method taken to disperse it. A meeting had been advertised for the ninth, having for its object, among other things, "the election of a member of parliament, for the unrepresented part of Manchester." This was so clearly illegal, that the magistrates promptly issued orders to prevent it; and the reformists, sensible that they had entrapped themselves, immediately agreed to suppress it, and to advertise another for that day week. On the morning of the sixteenth, small parties of idle stragglers began to assemble on the appointed spot. The first body of regular reformers arrived at the ground at eleven o'clock, bearing banners surmounted with the

cap of liberty, and inscribed with inflammatory mottos (such as, *Equal Representation or Death!*) Other bodies continued to arrive in regular parties till one o'clock. Among these was a club of about 150 female reformers, from Oldham, bearing on their banners, amongst other emblems, "the Eye of Providence." The reformers from Rochdale and Middleton, marched to the sound of the bugle in regular time, and manœuvred in military style.* In this manner eighty thousand people were collected. About this period Hunt, who was known among the party by the appellation of "the Champion" arrived. The enthusiasm excited by the appearance of this person was very great, and the cheers with which he was hailed were loud and lasting. He was called to the chair and immediately addressed the meeting. He had not proceeded far in his declamation, when a detachment of cavalry was seen advancing in a rapid trot to the area: their ranks were in disorder, and on arriving in it, they halted to breathe their horses, and to re-form their ranks. A panic seemed to strike the persons at the outskirts of the meeting, who immediately began to scamper in every direction. After a moment's pause, the cavalry drew their swords; the mob then gave three cheers, and commenced an attack with missiles. The cavalry surrounded the rostrum, where Hunt and a number of his associates were stationed, and they were compelled to surrender to the civil authority. Several persons were rode down and crushed in the tumult; one or two were shot, and there were a few instances of sabre wounds amongst the patients who were dressed the next day. A great deal of clamour was made about the horrid massacre, as it was termed, at Manchester. Although the civil officer had declared that he could not execute his warrant without the assistance of the military; and although it was manifest that, at this period, the manufacturing districts of England, and particularly about Manchester, were in a state nearly, if not altogether, as disturbed as Ireland in the worst times, it was contended, that it was time enough to bring forward the military when the peace was disturbed; and that the meeting having, up to the moment when it was dispersed, been conducted in an orderly and peaceable manner, its violent dispersion was, therefore, in the highest degree criminal. Upon this principle a man should wait patiently till his house was thoroughly in a blaze, before he called for help, or sent for the engines to extinguish the flames. Was it not enough that the meeting was illegal? Was it not

* The communications from the lord lieutenants and magistrates of those districts, where the practices of the radicals had been carried to the most alarming extent, which were laid before Parliament, show incontestibly that nocturnal training had been systematically pursued, that pikes had been manufactured, and that efforts had been made to procure clandestine supplies of arms.

† Such was the solemn and deliberate opinion of the lord chancellor, expressed in his place at the next meeting of parliament, an opinion which

enough that it was avowedly assembled for the purpose of enforcing its demands by the terror of an overwhelming multitude? Was it not enough that it imminently endangered the public tranquillity: and that in the existing condition of men's minds, and with the entire combination that prevailed, no limits could have been fixed to the crimes and atrocities which might have been the result, had such an enormous mass of human beings been at once roused into action?

Parliament was re-assembled on the twenty-ninth November, to consider what measures should be adopted for the maintainance of civil order. There was no difference of opinion, among the members, either as to the mischievous tendency of the meetings, which had been held by the radical reformers in different parts of the kingdom, or as to the evils arising from the circulation of the blasphemous and seditious tracts with which the country had lately been inundated. The opposition held that these evils might be effectually obviated by a vigorous execution of the existing laws. Government, on the other hand, thought that some new measures of legislative counteraction was necessary. Lord Castlereagh stated in the house of commons, the measures which were in contemplation. These measures divided themselves into five distinct heads: The first related to the tumultuous assembling of the people; the second to a system which had been produced by the extraordinary circumstances of the times, and which, if not checked, would rapidly extend itself—the training of large bodies of men for military, or rather rebellious purposes, without the authority of the crown; the third was, an act of local power, and intended to confer upon magistrates in the disturbed districts the same powers which were granted in 1812, to enter the houses of suspicious persons, and seize such arms as they should find there; the fourth was to procure a more speedy execution of justice, in cases of trial for misdemeanors; the fifth regarded the press. Bills to these effects were accordingly brought in, and passed, after undergoing the most rigorous investigation, in numerous and long-protracted debates.

As a proof of the necessity of some new regulation on the subject of libels, we may notice the motion of Mr. Courtenay, for calling a printer, named Stoddart, before the house, to answer for a breach of its privileges, committed in the publication of a certain pamphlet. The following extract will show the nature of this production:—"What prevents the people from walking down to the house and pulling out the members by the ears, locking up their

he said he must hold, while he found in his law-books that numbers constituted force, and force terror, and terror illegality; and it is remarkable that of all the peers who animadverted severely on the proceedings at Manchester, and the subsequent conduct of government, in approving of the conduct of the magistrates, not one risked an explicit and decided opinion, that the meeting was an illegal one.

doors, and flinging the key into the Thames? Is it any majesty which lodges in the members of that assembly? Do we love them? Not at all. We have an instinctive horror and disgust at the very abstract idea of a borough-monger. Do we respect them? Not in the least. Do we regard them as endowed with any superior qualities? On the contrary, individually, there is scarcely a poorer creature than your mere member of parliament; though, in his corporate capacity, the earth furnishes not so absolute a bully. Their true practical protectors, then—the real efficient anti-reformers,—are to be found at the horse guards and the knights-bridge-barracks. As long as the house of commons' majorities are backed by the regimental muster-roll, so long may those who have got the tax power keep it, and hang those who resist." When the printer appeared, he gave up the name of the author, Mr. John Cam Hobhouse, who having acknowledged himself to be the author of the pamphlet, which had been voted a scandalous libel, and a high contempt of the privileges and constitutional authority of the house, was ordered to be committed to Newgate.



O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

From Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

The following verses are taken down from recitation, and are averred to be of the age of Charles I. They have indeed much of the romantic expression of passion common to the poets of that period, whose lays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry.

If doughty deeds my ladye please,
 Right soon I'll mount my steed;
 And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
 That bears frae me the meed.
 I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
 Thy picture in my heart;
 And he that bends not to thine eye,
 Shall rue it to his smart.
 Then tell me how to woo thee, love;
 O tell me how to woo thee!
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
 Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
 I'll dight me in array;
 I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
 And squire thee all the day.
 If sweetest sounds can win thy ear,
 These sounds I'll strive to catch;

My Father's Portrait.

Thy voice I'll steal to woo thy sell,
 That voice that nane can match.
 Then tell, &c.

But if, fond love, thy heart can gain,
 I never broke a vow;
 Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
 I never loved but you.
 For you alone I ride the ring,
 For you I wear the blue;
 For you alone I strive to sing,
 O tell me how to woo.
 O tell, &c.

MY FATHER'S PORTRAIT.

My Father!—methinks I see my Father!—HAMLET.

WITH the restoration of the French Monarchy, and the institutions of their ancestors, revived also that respect and veneration for names of the olden time, which prior events had in a great measure, destroyed; and ancient family descent again became an object of solicitude, to every man who had risen to any respectability in society. The merchant and his clerk, the trader and his shopman, were alike ambitious of a pedigree derived from the heroes of the age of Charlemagne: and many a family of obscure origin was grafted upon others of illustrious birth, merely by the aid of a few slight transformations; names deficient in weight, were syllabled into gravity by prefixing an article; others were followed with the title of an estate which some one else possessed, and not a few adorned with a title of rank which cost no more than the trouble of assuming it.

Among others who caught the infection, was my friend Beaujoy, a young man of twenty-five, full of gayety and spirit, enjoying a handsome fortune, which he owes to the industry of a distant relation, an eminent merchant in Normandy, and, although he has not been in possession of it six months, he as already, in the spirit of the age, preceded his name by the article *de*.—This addition produced a resemblance to the name of an ancient family in his native province, of which he has availed himself by claiming the same descent: and it accordingly presents a long list of judges, bishops, and mayors,—a pedigree which is so far correct, that *one* of his ancestors certainly did belong to the *livery*.

I went to see him the other day, and found him alone in his new library, contemplating about a dozen old portraits. "I have just," said he, laughing "made a purchase of a whole family. I have bought of a picture-dealer, a father, a mother, two uncles, three

aunts, and half a dozen ancestors, of whom you know I am somewhat deficient: and I am making terms with an ingenious young artist to give them a fresh lustre, who should have been here by this time." As he spoke, M. Valcour was announced, and compliments having passed, Beaujoy proceeded to explain to him the object of his wishes.

"We must," said he, "make of these five portraits an archbishop, a president of parliament, a colonel, a captain of the navy, and a lieutenant of dragoons; light or heavy, as you please, I am quite indifferent which."

"It will be no easy task to disguise these gentlemen," replied the painter, "but we will do our best,—patience effects wonders."

"Then we will make of these three ladies (*the aunts*), a canoness, a mistress of honour, and an abbess of the convent of Montmartre; of these two gentlemen (*his uncles*), a cardinal and a field-marshal; of this (*his mother*), a lady of the highest distinction; and of that portrait," pointing to one set apart, "we will make—"

"Ah!" said the painter, his whole countenance suddenly brightening up, "it is impossible to make any other of this than what he was,—an honest grocer,—my beloved father!"

"Indeed!" said Beaujoy, "that is singular, as it was its resemblance to *my* father that induced me to purchase it."

"You will allow *it* to remain untouched," said the painter, in a tone which Beaujoy either did not or would not understand.

"Impossible, Sir; to me it must be a military father, decorated with numerous orders, and honoured with superior rank."

"But, my dear sir, it cannot be *your* father, since it is most certainly *mine*."

"That is nothing; the picture is my property; I have purchased it; it belongs to me. I may dispose of it as I think proper, and I mean to make it a brigadier-general to the king."

"My father never served sir; his placid countenance of itself indicates his peaceable habits, and unassuming character."

"Very like! but he must be lord of a dozen villages,"—

"Alas! mine was not even churchwarden in his own parish."

"Decorated with titles,"—

"He gained the public esteem, but no more."

"Who may have bequeathed to his children a splendid name and a large fortune,"—

"Mine left me his virtues only to imitate, and some debts to pay; which I have religiously discharged."

"M. Valcour, say what you will, I shall make use of the portrait. My father never was painted, and—"

"Mine was painted only once. His portrait was sold during my absence: I have now found it, and I shall certainly not suffer it to be mutilated."

"Mutilated!"

"True," said the young painter, in a tone of touching humility;

"I have only the fortune of an artist, but I will part with all I possess to obtain this long-cherished image. I will renew the whole of these ladies and gentlemen; paint you half a dozen of relations, modern and ancient; counts, marquesses, bishops, or what you choose, on the sole condition that you give up this single portrait."—

"Now, Beaujoy," said I, this is reasonable, "accept M. Valcour's offer to paint you a father according to your wishes, and you will escape the reproach of having deprived him of his. Have a little complaisance; we are all thrown into the world to be alternately useful to each other, and to testify our good will as often, and as long as we can. Describe as nearly as you recollect the features of your father's countenance and person, and should he not succeed in the first attempt he will try a second. I will pledge myself for his ready and full compliance with all your wishes."

"Well," replied Beaujoy, turning to the painter, whose eyes had been rivetted on the portrait, "I wish my father to be a little man, between fifty-five and sixty, seemingly grown old in honours, wearing an uniform of blue, the two epaulettes of a general. I wish you also to introduce into the corner of the painting the end of a field marshal's baton, to indicate that he would have merited one."

"If he had served," added I, somewhat lower.

"Give him the upright figure of an old soldier, with the finished polish of *la vieille Cour*, the confident smile of a wit, and the pliant expression of a courtier."—

"I understand you," said Valcour, who smiled as he interrupted him. "You are describing a personage who takes his regular walk every afternoon on the terrace of Feuillans; to-day I shall go and study him, and in a few days you may expect your father."—

"And then," replied Beaujoy, "but not till then, I shall surrender yours."

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.*

SEVERAL circumstances concur to satisfy the unprejudiced reader of these memoirs, that he is perusing a record of the private life of the ill-fated queen of France, which, in its substantial, is faithful and true. Had they been written for the purpose of

* *Memoirs of the private life of Marie Antoinette, queen of France and Navarre. To which are added, Recollections, Sketches and Anecdotes, illustrative of the Reigns of Louis XIV. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. By MADAME CAMPAN, First Femme de Chambre to the queen. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn, Bossange. 1823. Pp. 909.*

courting the restored family, by a fictitious narrative of purity, generosity, and singleness of heart, in a queen who has been represented as licentious, selfish, intriguing, and vindictive, their publication would inevitably have been timed so as to benefit the author. Truth is told without thought of personal benefit, falsehood never. The work of Madame Campan is a posthumous publication. It does not even convey hereditary benefit to her family, for her only son pre-deceased her, before the restoration of the ancient family was believed possible; and assuredly she would not have compiled two octavos of falsehood for the reversionary benefit of her heirs at large. In the next place, the memoirs bear internal proofs of having been written when the events occurred, for they manifest, throughout, the minuteness and casual arrangement of a diary. Thirdly, the liberal sentiments, the enlightened principles, the great candour, and the uncommon simplicity, and even humility of manner and plainness of style which distinguish these pages, tend to give the reader an impression of truth, much more than the ornamented declamations in which the queen of France has been arraigned. Fourthly, the author was, for twenty years, in the closest personal attendance on the queen, and in her cruel trials was much her confidante and friend; while the accusers, or, as the author calls them, the calumniators of the queen formed their judgment at best on equivocal appearances, probably on false evidence, more likely still on political prepossessions, without access to a glimpse of that great practical field of explanation and exculpation which the *whole* tenor of private life affords. Last of all, the whole structure of our confidence is cemented by the perfect notoriety of the high character of Madame Campan, acknowledged in acts, not in mere compliments, by both parties to the revolution, in all their gradations from private life, to the throne of the two dynasties.

While, on the one hand, we find this excellent person freely disapproving of some acts of levity and indiscretion in the queen, on which, and much less than which, she admits, the most ruinous calumnies might be founded, we cannot see the possibility, on the other, that, under the conviction of a decidedly unfavourable character, although she might have pardoned much to a mistress who was unvariably kind and generous to her, she could, in common prudence, have *published* any thing on the subject,—still less laboriously compiled, with a view to posthumous publication. There are some who delight in detracting from greatness, and regret nothing so much as subsequent proofs that all their own impure sympathies with tales of licentiousness were excited by shadows. But let us trust there are many more who love truth better than slander, and are more prompt to listen to and believe justification, than to give ear, much less heart, to calumny.

Madame Campan, the daughter of M. Genet, first clerk in the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was liberally educated,

and at the early age of fifteen,—well warned by her father of the vanity and vexation of spirit of a court,—was sent to the palace of Versailles as reader to the four princesses, the daughters of Louis Fifteenth, and aunts of Louis Sixteenth. She entered upon her office, dazzled with her own dress, and with all the magnificence she saw; but soon found her life less gay and happy than she had expected. Her biographer—for there is a biographical notice of the author, signed F. Barriere, prefixed to the first volume—thus describes her situation.

“When once her awe and confusion had subsided, Mademoiselle Genet was enabled to form a more accurate judgment of her situation; it was by no means attractive; the court of the princesses, far removed from the revels and licentious pleasures to which Louis XV. was addicted, was grave, methodical, and dull. Madame Adelaide, the eldest of the princesses, lived secluded in the interior of her apartments; Madame Sophie was haughty; Madame Louise a devotee. The gloomy pleasures of pride, and the exercises of scrupulous devotion, have few charms for youth. Mademoiselle Genet, however, never quitted the princesses’ apartments, but she attached herself most particularly to Madame Victoire. This princess had possessed beauty; her countenance bore an expression of benevolence, and her conversation was kind, free, and unaffected. Mademoiselle Genet excited in her that feeling which a woman in years, of an affectionate disposition, readily extends to young people who are growing up in her sight, and who already possess some useful talents. Whole days were passed in reading to the princess as she sat at work in her apartment. Mademoiselle Genet often saw Louis XV. there. In the circle of her intimate friends she would often relate the following anecdote:—

“One day at the castle of Compeigne, the king came in whilst I was reading to Madame. I rose and went into another room. Alone, in an apartment to which there was no outlet, with no book but a Massillon, which I had been reading to the princess; happy in all the lightness and gayety of fifteen, I amused myself with turning swiftly round, with my court hoop, and suddenly kneeling down to see my rose-coloured silk petticoat swelled round me by the wind. In the midst of this grave employment enters his majesty, followed by the princess. I attempt to rise; my feet stumble, and down I fall in the midst of my robes, puffed out by the wind. ‘*Daughter,*’ said Louis XV. laughing heartily, ‘*I advise you to send back to school a reader that makes cheeses.*’”

The author’s situation gave her, of course, access to much of the gossip of the court of Louis Fifteenth. She was still in the situation of reader to the princesses, when, in May, 1770, Marie Antoinette, the daughter of Maria Theresa, arrived, and was married to the young grandson of the king. The accidental horrors

of the festivities on that event are well known. The following is a very *French* anecdote.

“The occurrences at the Place Louis XV. are generally known, and it is unnecessary to state how the conflagration of the scaffolds intended for the fire-works, the magistrates’ want of foresight, the avidity of robbers, the murderous career of the coaches, brought on and aggravated the disasters of that day; or how the young dauphiness, coming to Versailles by the Cours la Reine, elevated with joy, brilliantly decorated, and eager to witness the rejoicings of the whole people, fled, struck with consternation, and drowned in tears, whilst the dreadful scene, and the cries of the dying, pursued her distracted imagination.

“Having been led to notice this calamitous event, I will briefly notice one of the scenes it presented. Amidst this distracted multitude, pressed on every side, trampled under the horses’ feet, precipitated into the ditches of the Rue Royale and the Square, was a young man, with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover, protecting his mistress, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror, and peril, every moment increased. ‘I am sinking,’ she said; ‘my strength fails—I can go no farther.’ ‘There is yet a way,’ cried the lover, in despair; ‘get on my shoulders.’ He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves, redoubles his ardour and strength. He resists the most violent concussions; with his arms firmly extended before his breast, he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns round; it was a different person! Another, more active, had taken advantage of his recommendation; his beloved was no more!”

The author, about this time, married M. Campan, whose father was secretary of the queen’s closet; and, retaining her situation of reader to the princesses, was appointed *femme de chambre* to the dauphiness, Marie Antoinette. After the closest friendship,—for so it may be called,—with the queen, the author afforded her much comfort in the early horrors of the revolution, till the confinement of the royal family in the temple, separated her from them for ever. She implored the authorities to allow her to share their imprisonment, and even threw herself at the feet of Pétion, but without success. She was, of course, marked for slaughter by the butcher Robespierre, and was only saved by that monster’s destruction. Her biographer relates the shocking fate of Madame Auguié, her sister, who was actually arrested. To save the wreck

of her fortune for her children, this unhappy lady terminated her own existence. "Had she deferred this fatal act for one day, she would have been saved; the cart which conveyed Robespierre to execution, stopped her funeral procession!"

Madame Campan established a boarding school for young ladies at St. Germain; where her high character soon gained her great popularity. She became acquainted with Bonaparte, from the singular accident of having Hortense de Beauharnais, afterwards queen of Holland, put under her tuition. Her biographer, quoting her own words, states as follows:

"A literary man, a friend of Madame de Beauharnais," continued Madame Campan, in the manuscript now before me, 'mentioned my establishment to her. She brought me her daughter, Hortense de Beauharnais, and her niece Emelie de Beauharnais. Six months afterwards she came to inform me of her marriage with a *Corsican gentleman!* who had been brought up in the military school, and was then a general. I was requested to communicate this information to her daughter, who long lamented her mother's change of name.

"I was also desired to watch over the education of little Eugene de Beauharnais, who was placed at St. Germain, in the same school with my son.

"My nieces, Mesdemoiselles Auguié, were with me, and slept in the same room as the Mesdemoiselles Beauharnais. A great intimacy took place between these young people. Madame de Beauharnais set out for Italy, and left her children with me. On her return, after the conquests of Bonaparte, that general was much pleased with the improvement of his step-daughter: he invited me to dine at Malmaison, and attended two representations of Esther, at my school.

"One of these representations is connected with an anecdote, which is almost historical. The Duchess of St. Leu played Esther, the part of Elise was supported by the interesting and unfortunate Madame de Broc. They were united by the same uniformity of age and inclinations, the same mutual friendship, as are attributed to the characters in Racine's drama. Napoleon, who was then consul, his generals, ministers, and other principal persons in the state, attended the representation. The prince of Orange was also observed there, whom the hope of seeing Holland once more, and of re-establishing the rights of his house, had at this period brought to France. The tragedy of Esther was performed by the pupils, with the chorusses in music. Every one knows that, in the chorus at the end of the third act, the young Israelites rejoice in the hope of one day returning to their native land:

"A young female says:—

'I shall see once more those dear fields.'

“ Another adds—

‘ I shall weep over the sepulchres of my forefathers.’

“ At these words, loud sobs were heard; every eye was turned towards a particular part of the room; the representation was interrupted for a moment. Napoleon, placed in the first row, leaned towards Madame Campan, who was behind him, and asked her the cause of this agitation. ‘ The prince of Orange is here,’ said she: ‘ he perceived something in the verses which have just been sung, applicable to his wishes and situation, and could not restrain his tears.’ The consul had already different views: ‘ What is said about returning home, does not apply to him, however,’ said he.”

The talents of Madame Campan were soon put in requisition for the government of a more extended and still more important establishment—the institution of Ecouen, decreed almost on the field of Austerlitz, for the education, at the public expense, of the daughters, sisters, or nieces, of those who, decorated with the cross of honour, were killed or wounded in battle. The establishment, in all its multifarious economy, was to create; and the task was allowed, even by her enemies, to be admirably performed by Madame Campan.

“ Napoleon, who could descend with ease from the highest political subjects to the examination of the most minute details; who was as much at home in inspecting a boarding school for young ladies, as in reviewing the grenadiers of his guard: to whom every species of knowledge, every occupation seemed familiar; whom it was impossible to deceive, and who was not unwilling to find fault,—Napoleon, when he visited the establishment at Ecouen, was forced to say, ‘ *It is all right.*’ ”

“ Napoleon once said to her, ‘ The old systems of education were good for nothing—what do young women stand in need of, to be well brought up in France?’—‘ Of mothers,’ answered Madame Campan. ‘ It is well said,’ replied Napoleon. ‘ Well, madame, let the French be indebted to you for bringing up mothers for their children.’ ”

In her old age Madame Campan retired to the country, and died about a year ago.

The first chapter of the memoirs relates several particulars of the private life of Louis XV. which give us a perfect portrait of that unamiable and useless prince. When he did not hunt, the courtiers used to say, “ the king does nothing to-day.” He held every day a ceremony called his *debottes*—his unboothing—after the chace, where the princes and princesses attended in full court

dress! He had something uncivil to say to every one, and had coarse nick-names for his four daughters.*

The poor ladies had been educated in a convent, and absurdly subjected to all its austerities. One of these was being sent to pray alone in the burying vault; a singular circumstance is related by the author about one of the sisters of the Abbey of Fontevault, who was afterwards abbess of Royal-Lieu.

“This excellent woman fell a victim to the revolutionary madness. She and her numerous sisters were led to the scaffold on the same day. While leaving the prison, they all chaunted the *Veni Creator*, upon the fatal car. When arrived at the place of punishment, they did not interrupt their strains. One head fell, and ceased to mix its voice with the celestial chorus—but the strain continued. The abbess suffered last; and her single voice, with increased tone, still raised the devout versicle. It ceased at once—it was the silence of death!”

After devoting a chapter to the birth, in 1755, and education of Marie Antoinette, the memoirs bring her to France, and introduce her, under the tuition of the countess de Noailles,—whom the young archduchess nick-named *Madame l'Etiquette*,—to the nameless and numberless ceremonies of the then French court. The intrigues to estrange the dauphin from his youthful and enchanting bride—whose beauty, grace, and goodness of heart, charmed even her political enemies, but, from some unaccountable coldness in him, were long of making an impression on her husband—occupy several chapters. Louis XV. died of small-pox at the palace of Versailles. The following is worth extracting:

“The whole court went to the castle; the bull’s eye was filled with courtiers, and the whole palace with the inquisitive. The dauphin had settled that he would leave it with the royal family, the moment the king should breathe his last sigh. But upon such an occasion, decency forbade the positive orders for departure should be passed from mouth to mouth. The keepers of the stables, therefore, agreed with the people who were in the king’s room, that the latter should place a lighted taper near a window, and that at the instant of the king’s decease, one of them should extinguish it.

“The taper was extinguished. On this signal, the body-guards, pages, and equerries, mounted on horseback; and all was ready for setting off. The dauphin was with the dauphiness. They were expecting together the intelligence of the death of Louis XV. A dreadful noise, absolutely like thunder, was heard in the outer apartment: it was the crowd of courtiers who were deserting the

* *Coche*, (sow,) *Logne*, (rag,) *Graille*, (scrap,) and *Chiffe*, (bad silk or stuff,) were the names of good taste and endearment for the daughters of France!

dead sovereign's anti-chamber, to come and bow to the new power of Louis XVI. This extraordinary tumult informed Marie Antoinette and her husband that they were to reign; and, by a spontaneous movement, which deeply affected those around them, they threw themselves on their knees; both pouring forth a flood of tears, exclaimed, '*O God! guide us, protect us, we are too young to govern.*'

"The countess de Noailles entered, and was the first to salute Marie Antoinette as queen of France. She requested their majesties would condescend to quit the inner apartments for the grand saloon, to receive the princes and all the great officers, who were desirous to do homage to their new sovereigns. Marie Antoinette received these first visits leaning upon her husband, her handkerchief held to her eyes, and in the most affecting attitude: the carriages drove up, the guards and officers were on horseback. The castle was deserted—every one hastened to fly from a contagion, to brave which no inducement now remained.

"On leaving the chamber of Louis XV. the duke de Villequier, first gentleman of the bed-chamber, ordered M. Annodillé, the king's chief surgeon, to open the body and embalm it. The chief surgeon must necessarily have died in consequence. 'I am ready,' replied Andouillé;—'but while I operate, you shall hold the head: your office imposes this duty upon you.' The duke went off without saying a word, and the corpse was neither opened nor embalmed. A few under-servants and poor workmen continued with the pestiferous remains, and paid the last duty to their master: the surgeons directed that spirits of wine should be poured into the coffin."

The queen's private character is thus described by the author:

"All who were acquainted with the queen's private qualities, knew that she equally deserved attachment and esteem. Kind and patient to the utmost, in all her relations with her household, she indulgently considered all around her; and interested herself in their fortunes, and in their pleasures. She had, among her women, young girls from the Maison de Saint-Cyr, all well born; the queen forbade them the play, when the performances were not of a suitable degree of morality; sometimes, when old plays were to be represented, if she found she could not with certainty trust to her memory, she would take the trouble to read them in the morning, to enable her to judge of them, and then decide whether the girls should, or should not, go to see them; rightly considering herself bound to watch over the morals and conduct of those young persons.

"I am pleased at being here able to assert the truth, respecting two valuable qualities which the queen possessed in a high degree—temperance and modesty. Her customary dinner was a chicken, roasted or boiled, and she drank water only. She showed

no particular partiality for any thing but her coffee in the morning, and a sort of bread, to which she had been accustomed in her infancy at Vienna."

There is nothing of much interest for several years of the earlier part of the queen's reign. According to the author, she lived a temperate and beneficent life in the midst of the gayeties and splendours of the French court. The incidents of this life are detailed in the work, but cannot, in any form, be fitted for our brief space. We shall not, however, omit an interesting anecdote or incident when they come in our way. The queen's brother, the archduke Maximilian, came to Paris. When he visited the Jardin de Plantes, he was received by the celebrated Buffon, who presented him with a copy of his work. He answered politely, but most sincerely, "I should be very sorry to deprive you of it." The prince was very young, very stupid, and very ill-educated; and the queen was much ashamed of his blunders, which were manifold. The duke de la Vauguyon, who had been the dauphin's tutor, died one day. We present our readers with a card of invitation to his funeral.

"You are requested to attend the funeral procession, service, and interment of Monseigneur Antoine-Paul-Jacques de Quelen, head of the names and arms of the ancient lords of the Castlery of Quelen, in Upper Brittany, *juveigneur* of the courts of Porhoet, appointed to the name and arms of Stuer de Caulsade, duke de la Vauguyon, peer of France, prince of Carency, count de Quelen, and du Boulay, marquis de Saint Megrin, de Callonges and d'Archiac, viscount de Calvignac, baron of the ancient and honourable baronies of Tonneins, Gratteloup, Villeton, la Gruère and Picornet, lord of Larnagol, and Talcoimur, judge, knight, and protector of Sarlac, chief baron of the king's armies, knight of his orders, *favourite* (!) of Monseigneur the late dauphin, first gentleman of the bed-chamber of Monseigneur the dauphin, grand master of his wardrobe, formerly governor of his person, and of that of Monseigneur the count de Provence, governor of the person of Monseigneur the count D'Artois, first gentleman of his chamber, grand master of his wardrobe, and superintendant of his household,—which will take place, on Thursday the 6th of February, 1772, at ten o'clock in the morning, at the royal and parochial church of Notre Dame de Versailles, where his body will be interred. *De Profundis.*"

A very pleasing account is given of the young Princess Lamballe, and the countess Jules de Polignac, both the beautiful favourites of the queen. The author gives a very candid account of the queen's indiscretions, when they occur, and refers them all to her unsuspecting nature. The first she mentions is the queen's going to a masked ball at the opera, in a *fiacre* or hackney coach,

which Madame Campan relates as the result of the accidental breaking down of her own carriage. The circumstance was the town-talk of Paris, of course; and every construction unfavourable to the queen was put upon it. Madame Campan denies that the queen was unfaithful and licentious; neither of which she could have been without attracting the observation of one so constantly and so closely attached to her person. The far-famed night promenades in the park of Versailles, and on the terrace of Trianon, which were the foundation of all sorts of scandals against the queen, are represented by the author, who admits them to be most indiscreet, as perfectly innocent. The queen was always attended by a party of the ladies of her household, and, generally by the countess D'Artois and Madame. The author pointedly charges Soulavie with having, in his memoirs, grossly perverted the only two occurrences which even he, with all his marked hatred of the queen, could enumerate, namely, her majesty being addressed by an impudent clerk of the war office, and by one of Monsieur's body-guard. The first intruder seated himself on a bench occupied by the queen and the two princesses, and all that passed was a remark on the beauty of the night and of the music; and the soldier, who knew the queen, took the opportunity of soliciting her patronage of a suit of his at court, which was a signal to the queen and the princesses to rise and retire. The author says, .

“The most scandalous tales were made up and inserted in the libels of the day, respecting these two insignificant occurrences, which I have related with scrupulous exactness. Nothing could be more false than those calumnious reports. It must be confessed, however, that such meetings were liable to serious ill consequences. I ventured to say as much to the queen, and informed her that one evening, when her majesty had beckoned to me to go and speak to her, on the bench, on which she was sitting, I thought I recognized two women, deeply veiled, who were seated in profound silence by her side; that those women were no other than the countess du Barry and her sister-in-law; and that my suspicions were confirmed when, at a few paces from the seat, and nearer to her majesty, I met a tall footman belonging to madame du Barry, and whom I had seen in her service all the time she resided at court.

“My advice was useless. Misled by the pleasure she found in these promenades, and lulled into security by the consciousness of blameless conduct, the queen would not see the lamentable results by which they must necessarily be followed. This was very unfortunate; for, besides the mortifications they brought upon her, it is highly probable they prompted the idea of the vile romance which gave rise to the cardinal de Rohan's fatal error.”

The American war turned the heads of the French people, and

planted the seeds of the French revolution. Franklin and La Fayette were the admiration of all France.

"Franklin appeared at court in the dress of an American cultivator. His strait unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats, and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to doctor Franklin, who to the reputation of a most skilful physician, added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments, when the most beautiful woman out of three hundred was selected to place a crown of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks. Even in the palace of Versailles, Franklin's medallion was sold under the king's eyes, in the exhibition of Sevres porcelain. The legend of this medallion was:

Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

Young men of spirit were ambitious to distinguish themselves in the American war, like the young Marquis de la Fayette; and many volunteered before a regular French force was sent to the aid of the Americans.

We must refer to the work for Madame Campan's account of the tar-famed diamond necklace, which is given in considerable detail at the commencement of her second volume. She, of course, considers the jeweller, Bæhmer, a dupe; the cardinal prince Louis de Rohan a ten fold greater; the woman Lamotte, an infamous intrigante and swindler, who well merited her branding, whipping, and imprisonment; and the queen, utterly innocent, and even ignorant of the whole affair, till she was dragged or inveigled into it, without the power of resistance. It is not for us to decide between the very opposite cases which are before the world on this mysterious affair. The public voice in France was, no doubt, against the queen; and the diamond necklace, as such, not more important than the gloves which led to the disfavour of Marlborough, has been considered an act of such intolerable fraud and oppression on the queen's part, as to have hurried on the revolution. Madame Campan's facts and proofs of the queen's innocence are unquestionably strong, and cannot be read by the most violent enemy of her memory, without modifying his estimate of that mysterious history.

With her account of the insurrection of the 14th of July, 1789, when the Bastille was destroyed, Madame Campan commences the domestic history of the queen in the revolution. She includes, of course, some of the public history too well known to our rea-

ders already. A few incidents of the author's own experience, are all that our limits will permit, or our readers will care for.

The author bears testimony to the vow of the benevolent king on his return to Versailles after his first visit to the National Assembly—"Happily no blood has been shed, and I swear, that never shall a drop of French blood be shed by my order."

The particulars of the queen's preservation on the occasion of the mob's second visit to Versailles, with intent to murder her, have been so various, as to leave on our minds no certain impressions. Of the following, we have no reason to doubt the accuracy.

"The queen went to bed at two in the morning, and went to sleep, being tired out with the events of so distressing a day. She ordered her two women to go to bed, always imagining there was nothing to dread, at least for that night; but the unfortunate princess was indebted for her life to that feeling of attachment, which prevented their obeying her. My sister, who was one of the two ladies in question, informed me the next day of all that I am about to relate.

"On leaving the queen's bed-chamber, these ladies called their *femmes de chambre*, and all the four remained sitting together against her majesty's bed-room door. About half-past four in the morning, they heard horrible yells and discharge of fire-arms; one ran in to the queen to awaken her, and get her out of bed: my sister flew to the place from which the tumult seemed to proceed; she opened the door of the anti-chamber which leads to the great guard-room, and beheld one of the body guard holding his musket across the door, and attacked by a mob, who were striking at him; his face was covered with blood; he turned round and exclaimed; '*Save the queen, madame; they are come to assassinate her.*' She hastily shut the door upon the unfortunate victim of duty, fastened it with the great bolt, and took the same precaution on leaving the next room: on reaching the queen's chamber, she cried out to her; '*Get up, madame; don't stay to dress yourself; fly to the king's apartment.*' The terrified queen threw herself out of bed; they put a petticoat upon her without tying it, and the two ladies conducted her to the bull's eye. A door, which led from the queen's toilet-closet to that apartment, had never before been fastened, but on her side. What a dreadful moment! it was found to be secured on the other side. They knocked repeatedly with all their strength; a servant of one of the king's valets de chambre came and opened it; the queen entered the king's chamber, but he was not there. Alarmed for the queen's life, he had gone down the staircases and through the corridors under the bull's eye, by means of which he was accustomed to go to the queen's apartments, without being under the necessity of crossing that room. He entered her majesty's room, and found no one there but some body guards, who had taken refuge in it. The king, unwilling to expose their lives, told them to wait a few minutes, and

afterwards sent to desire them to go to the bull's eye. Madame de Tourzel, at that time governess of the children of France, had just taken madame and the dauphin to the king's apartments. The queen saw her children again. The reader must imagine this scene of tenderness and despair.

"It is not true, that the assassins penetrated to the queen's chamber, and pierced the bed with their swords. The fugitive body guards were the only persons who entered it; and if the crowd had reached so far, they would all have been massacred. Besides, when the rebels had forced the doors of the anti-chamber, the footmen and officers on duty, knowing that the queen was no longer in her apartments, told them so, with that air of truth which always carries conviction. The abandoned horde instantly rushed towards the bull's eye, hoping, no doubt, to intercept her on her way.

Many have asserted that they recognised the duke of Orleans, at half-past four in the morning, in a great coat and slouched hat, at the top of the marble staircase, pointing out with his hand the guard-room, which preceded the queen's apartments. This fact was deposed to at the Chatelet by several individuals, in the course of the inquiry instituted respecting the transactions of the 5th and 6th of October.*

The progress to Paris which followed is well known. The queen exclaimed, "Great God! what a procession!"

"The *poissardes* went before, and around the carriage of their majesties, crying, 'We shall no longer want bread—we have the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy with us.' In the midst of this troop of cannibals, the heads of two murdered body-guards were carried on poles. The monsters, who made trophies of them, conceived the horrid idea of forcing a whig-maker of Sevres to dress them up, and powder their bloody locks. The unfortunate man, who was forced to perform this dreadful work, died in consequence of the shock it gave him."

There were various plans, formed by those attached to them, for carrying off the royal family. The king was very naturally irresolute, and remarkably reserved; but the expressions that did escape him all tended to encourage his friends to *carry him off*, provided they did not require an express consent from him. At last the flight to Varennes was resolved upon. A singular proof is given by the author of that slavery to comforts and luxuries which affects the inmates of a palace. It has long been said, that the royal family were discovered and stopped in consequence of

* This is Madame Campan's *published* testimony; yet Napoleon, according to Mr. O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena," dared most falsely to impute to the queen, *On the alleged authority of Madame Campan*, an act of the foulest licentiousness, which these horrors disturbed!

the king's desire of a warm dinner. This is not confirmed by Madame Campan. But she narrates, that the queen could not stir without sending on before a complete wardrobe and dressing-case for herself and her children. It was in vain Madame Campan represented to her majesty the danger of these preparations, and reminded her, "that the queen of France would find linen and gowns every where." The trunks sent off, however artfully addressed, were suspected; one woman of the household kept an eye on the whole movements, and gave regular information to the Jacobins. After all, however, the stopping of the royal fugitives appeared so very accidental, that it is not clear that the trunks did any harm.

When the king accepted the constitution, at the famous sitting of the assembly for that purpose, the public joy was as general as enthusiastic; but a scene of passionate grief is described as having subsequently occurred between the king and queen, which can only bear one of two interpretations; either that the king deeply regretted his surrendered power, or viewed the event just passed as the commencement only of a plan for his destruction. Madame Campan, a few pages afterwards, removes all doubt of her own opinion, "that the only constitution which was consistent with the king's honour, and the happiness and tranquillity of his people, was the *entire* power of the sovereign."

Madame Campan relates a fact, we believe very little known, namely, that the queen sent a secret envoy to London to consult Mr. Pitt on the subject of the revolution. His answer, the author says, was, "that he would not suffer the French monarchy to fall!"

Barnave's endeavours to save the royal family, which afterwards brought him to the scaffold, and Dumourier's offer to the queen of his devotion, with the queen's rejection of these her last chances of deliverance, are narrated by Madame Campan.

After the fearful but harmless visit of a mob of 20,000 inhabitants of the fauxbourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau to the Tuilleries, on the 20th of June, 1792, on which alarming occasion both the king and queen conducted themselves with courage, composure and dignity, the king was advised to preserve himself against sudden assassination, on the approaching 14th of July, the anniversary of the independence of the nation, by wearing some concealed defence. He put it on once,—a quilted doublet of Italian taffety,—but was so much ashamed of it that he never would wear it again. The queen heroically refused such a safeguard.

The ever memorable—the awfully instructive "Tenth of August," concludes the memoirs. Madame Campan was in the hands of the *radical reformers* of that day, who deluged their sovereign's palace with blood. It is a fatal error to assume that such horrors are exclusively French, and would not deform a revolution springing from, and conducted by, "the mob" of any country.

It is superfluous to say that Madame Campan gives a graphic account of horrors in which she was so fearfully involved. All hope fled the minds of the terrified inhabitants of the Thuilleries, when the news arrived that M. Mandat had been murdered at the Hotel de Ville, and that his head was carried about the streets. About two hundred of the *noblesse* arrived, to devote themselves for the king. Very few of that last remnant of the chivalry of France escaped destruction. They were hunted through the palace, as the "*knights of the dagger*" by the demons of the knife. The royal family had left the Thuilleries for the Feuillans, where the National Assembly were sitting, *before* the massacre began; and Madam Campan says, with much truth, that if this fact had been made known to the assailants by those in whom they trusted, it might have averted their purpose, at least have saved much blood. Madame Campan, who, with other women, was left in the palace, relates her own personal dangers in a very interesting manner.

"The Marseillois began by driving several Swiss, who yielded without resistance, from their posts; a few of the assailants fired upon them; some of the Swiss officers, unable to contain themselves at seeing their men fall thus, and perhaps thinking the king was still at the Thuilleries, gave the word to a whole battalion to fire. The aggressors were thrown into disorder, and the Carrousel was cleared in a moment; but they soon returned, spurred on by rage and revenge. The Swiss were but eight hundred strong; they fell back into the interior of the castle; some of the doors were battered in by the guns, others broken through with hatchets; the populace rushed from all quarters into the interior of the palace; almost all the Swiss were massacred; the nobles, flying through the gallery which leads to the Louvre, were either stabbed or pistoled; and the bodies were thrown out of the windows. M. Pallas, and M. de Marchais, ushers of the king's chamber, were killed in defending the door of the council chamber; many others of the king's servants fell victims of their attachment to their master. I mention these two persons in particular, because, with their hats pulled over their brows, and their swords in their hands, they exclaimed, as they defended themselves, with unavailing, but praiseworthy courage, "We will not survive—this is our post; our duty is to die at it." M. Diet behaved in the same manner at the door of the queen's bed-chamber; he experienced the same fate. The princess de Tarente had fortunately opened the door of the entrance into the apartments; otherwise the dreadful band, seeing several women collected in the queen's saloon, would have fancied she was among us, and would have immediately massacred us, if their rage had been increased by resistance. However, we were all about to perish, when a man with a long beard came up, exclaiming in the name of Petion, "*Spare the women; don't disgrace the nation!*" A particular circum-

stance placed me in greater danger than the others. In my confusion, I imagined, a moment before the assailants entered the queen's apartments, that my sister was not among the group of women collected there; and I went up into an *entresol*, where I supposed she had taken refuge, to induce her to come down, fancying it of consequence to our safety that we should not be separated. I did not find her in the room in question; I saw there only two *femmes de chambre*, and one of the queen's two heydukes, a man of great height, and a perfectly martial physiognomy. I cried out to him: "Fly, the footmen and our people are already safe." "I cannot," said the man to me; "I am dying of fear." As he spoke, I heard a number of men rushing hastily up the staircase: they threw themselves upon him, and I saw him assassinated. I ran towards the staircase, followed by our women. The murderers left the heyduke to come to me. The women threw themselves at their feet, and held their sabres. The narrowness of the staircase impeded the assassins; but I had already felt a horrid hand thrust down my back, to seize me by my clothes, when some one called out from the bottom of the staircase, *What are you doing above there?* The terrible Marseillois, who was going to massacre me, answered by a *hem!* the sound of which will never escape my memory. The other voice replied, only by these words: *We don't kill women.*

"I was on my knees; my executioner quitted his hold of me, and said, "*Get up, you jade; the nation pardons you.*"

"The brutality of these words did not prevent my suddenly experiencing an indescribable feeling, which partook almost equally of the love of life and the idea that I was going to see my son, and all that was dear to me, again. A moment before, I had thought less of death than of the pain which the steel, suspended over my head, would occasion me. Death is seldom seen so close, without striking his blow. I can assert, that, upon such an occasion, the organs, unless fainting ensues, are in full activity, and that I heard every syllable uttered by the assassins, just as if I had been calm.

"Five or six men seized me and my women, and having made us get up on benches, placed before the windows, ordered us to call out, "*The nation forever!*"

"I passed over several corpses. I recognised that of the old viscount de Broves, to whom the queen had sent me, at the beginning of the night, to desire him and another old gentleman, in her name to go home. These brave men desired I would tell her majesty, that they had but too strictly obeyed the king's orders, in all circumstances under which they ought to have exposed their own lives, in order to preserve his; and that, for this once, they would not obey, but would cherish the recollection of the queen's goodness."

Some men, more compassionate than the rest, conducted Ma-

dame Campan, with her sister, to a house in Paris, which she had named. On her way she saw the Swiss guards pursued and killed, and the butchers firing into the Louvre Gallery, at the noblesse who had taken refuge there. She likewise saw her own house in the Place Carrousel in flames. Next morning she obtained admission, with some difficulty, to the queen, in the miserable cells where the royal family had slept. The meeting was extremely touching, but we must not extract it. This, however, we cannot withhold.

“What affecting things I have heard the queen say, in the depth of her affliction, occasioned by the ill-founded opinion of a part of the court, and the whole of the people, that she did not love France! How did that opinion shock those who knew her heart and her sentiments! Twice did I see her on the point of going forth from her apartments in the Thuilleries, into the gardens, for the purpose of addressing the immense throng constantly assembled there to insult her. ‘Yes,’ exclaimed she, as she paced her chamber with hurried steps; ‘I will say to them,—Frenchmen, they have had the cruelty to persuade you, that I do not love France! I! the mother of a dauphin who will reign over this noble country! I! whom Providence has seated upon the most powerful throne of Europe! Of all the daughters of Maria Theresa, am I not that one whom Fortune has most highly favoured? And ought I not to feel all these advantages? What should I find at Vienna? Nothing but sepulchres! What should I lose in France? Every thing by which honourable pride and sensibility can be flattered!’”

The author ends her Memoirs with her attendance on the Queen, and, of course, gives no history of the trials and murders of her royal master and mistress. She thus feelingly concludes:

“I pause at that terrible period which is marked by the assassination of a king whose divine virtues are well known; but I cannot refrain from relating what he designed to say in my favour to M. de Malesherbes: “Let Madame Campan know, that she did what I should myself have ordered her to do; I thank her for it; she is one of those whom I regret I have it not in my power to recompense for their fidelity to my person, and for their good services.” I did not hear of this until the morning after he had suffered, and I think I should have sunk under my despair, if I had not been consoled by this honourable testimony.”

The translation of this work is faultless. We are scarcely once reminded that the language ever was any thing else than English. Not only are idioms skilfully transferred, but analogous maxims and proverbs, from our own stores, are substituted, when these occur; so that even the reader who has not seen the original, feels quite assured that its spirit has been fully and faithfully transferred into the translation.

525

INDEX TO VOL. XVI.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

No. I.—*Pheasant Shooting in Scotland.*

II.—*Young Edwards showing his wound to Judge Temple.*

III.—*Frontispiece to "The Pioneers."*

IV.—*Death of the Fox.*

V.—*Conversation between Mr. Grant and Mohegan.*

VI.—*The Fishermen.*

Actor, at New Orleans, anecdote of an, - - - - -	294	Chinese, ignorant of astronomy, -	84
Alamanni, Lewis, account of, -	262	—— Prime Minister degraded, -	251
Album, No. 1. - - - - -	174	—— Proverbs, - - - - -	471
Alphabet, a new, - - - - -	450	Chit-chat letter, a, - - - - -	472
America, has no national songs, -	430	Chronology, on the study of, -	461
Amelia, or a wife as she should be, -	32	Classics, on the study of, - - -	308
Animal Magnetism, experiments on, -	163	Colouring matter of the lobster, -	86
Armstrong, life of, - - - - -	177	Combustion, instance of spontaneous, -	84
Bachelors' Elysium, the - - - - -	363	Cretans, character of the ancient, -	294
Banks, Sir Joseph, life of, - - - - -	89	Cucumbers, how best raised, - - -	56
Banchee, the, an Irish tale, - - - - -	125	Delinquent Subscribers, address to, -	1
Barton, Dr. Edward, verses on, - - - - -	83	Dun, origin of the word, - - - - -	413
Barns, how to be constructed, - - - - -	53	Duval, Mr. an epigram, - - - - -	172
Blannerhasset, account of, - - - - -	277	Eclipse and Henry, the race, - - -	81
Bonaparte, how made First Consul, -	58	Education, Essays on, <i>passim.</i>	
Bourbon Family, the - - - - -	247	Edgeworth, Miss. letter from, - - -	85
Britain, Great, history of, - - - - -	496	Edinburgh Review, history of the, -	165
Brown's Antiquities of the Jews, -	169	Empty Pockets, an anecdote, - - -	264
Bull, a French, - - - - -	264	England, population of, - - - - -	412
Calcutta, a voyage to, - - - - -	139	——, drunkenness in, - - - - -	435
Campan's Queen of France, - - - - -	508	Europe, History of, - - - - -	374, 496
Canada, a winter storm in, - - - - -	87	Ewing, Dr. John, verses by, - - - - -	275
Cannon, invention of, - - - - -	392	——, Dr. James S. character of, -	351
Carriages in Paris and London, - - -	392	Executioner, the foreign, - - - - -	383
Caterpillars, how destroyed, - - - - -	57	Father's Portrait, my, - - - - -	506

Index.

Fontana de Oro, at Madrid, -	405	O'Rourke, Mr. his life of himself, -	238
Forks, when first used, -	411	Parker, Sir Peter, parody of his letter, -	479
Franklin's Journey to the Polar Sea, -	384	Paul's character of the Cretans, illustrated, -	428
Franklin, Dr. life of, -	441	Phrenologists, hoax upon the, -	346
Geography, on the study of, -	461	Pittsburgh, some account of, -	182
Goblins, the, -	235	Poetry, <i>passim</i> .	
Gold found in North Carolina, -	85	Polar Sea, Journey to the, -	384
Goldsmith's Animated Nature, -	263	Portrait, my Father's, -	506
Grammars, on, -	222	Printer's Devil, ode to the, -	282
Gresset, his character, -	262	Prynne, anecdotes of, -	250
Hawkins's, Miss. Anecdotes, -	209	Quarterly Review, history of the, -	334
Hayley and Miss Seward, -	333	-----, its intolerance, -	433
-----, life of, -	478	Radcliffe, Mrs. obituary, -	137
Hindustan, Monuments of, -	252	----- Rondeau by, -	169
History, on the study of, -	461	Rawle, Mr. his Institute of the Laws of Pennsylvania, -	432
Hobbes, celebrity of, -	175	Regnier, account of, -	263
Howison's Canada, -	87	Scalping, origin of, -	96
Irving, Washington, Bracebridge-Hall, -	85	Scripture Poetry, on, -	478
Italy, Rogers' apostrophe to, -	347	Scott, Walter, various translations of, -	88
Jews, Antiquities of the, -	169	Schmidt, travels in United States, -	435
Jenner, Dr. character of, -	439	Sergeant, Tho. on constitutional law, -	432
-----, epitaph on, -	468	Servants in the time of queen Elizabeth, -	260
Kemble, John, lines on, -	194	"Seventy-Six," reviewed, -	152, 427
Kings and people, rights of, -	174	Spain, Modern, history of, -	374
Lemontey's Paul and Virginia, -	426	-----, a visit to, -	435
Letters from the West, -	121, 182, 277	Speculator of Susquehannah county, the, -	47
Libraries in France, -	12	Spy, the, Miss Edgeworth's opinion of, -	85
Literature, on the influence of, -	248	Students, a hint to, -	13
Literary Intelligence, <i>passim</i> .		Surveying, manner of, in Pennsylvania, -	13
Logan, a tale, character of, -	162, 427	Tales, -	125, 393
Long, Maj. Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, -	436	Teachers, on the treatment of, -	107
Longevity, instance of, -	437	Thebes, Calliaud's journey to, -	256
Love, described, -	383	Tobacco, lord Byron on, -	347
Machiavel, character of, -	439	Translations, on the use of, -	455
Magazines, English, -	165	Travellers, English, in the United States, -	87
Marmontel, a tale from, -	32	-----, German, -	436
Morand, a curious French swindler, -	170	Tunnels under streams, -	469
Moore, Thomas, on his birth-day, -	160	Usurer, -	245
Mythology, on the study of, -	461	Voltaire, life of, -	4
Neal's "Logan" and "Seventy-Six," reviewed, -	152, 427	Warton, Thomas, life of, -	353
New York, paupers in, -	87	Watson, W. H. Capt. obituary, -	457
New Year's Day in Paris, -	236	Wells, John, obituary, -	438
New England Tale, a, character of, -	433	Wilderness, the, reviewed, -	406
Niles, Hezekiah, his profound calculations, -	87		
Novels, on reading, -	461		
Oasis of Thebes, journey to the, -	256		

APR 8 - 1930

