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THE  
**POCKET MAGAZINE**

OF

Classic and Polite Literature.



WITH ENGRAVINGS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF LORD BYRON'S WORKS.



VOLUME I.



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## PREFACE.



THE first volume of the Pocket Magazine is now completed, and the warmest thanks of the Proprietor are due to the Public, for the very extensive patronage with which the work has been honoured. The Editor, on his part, has endeavoured to render it not unworthy of that patronage. He trusts that the pledge given in his Prospectus has been redeemed, and consequently that the Magazine has been neither immoral nor dull. At least, he rests secure that, whatever may be thought of its literary merit, no one can deny that its pages have been unstained by licentiousness or slander.

With respect to the future, he will make no pompous promises; such promises are always suspected, and are seldom kept. All he will say is, that he hopes, and will strenuously

exert himself, to give to the succeeding numbers a superiority over those which form the present volume. He has no doubt that his efforts will be successful. At the same time he must remind his literary friends, that an Editor of a Magazine may justly exclaim, in the words of Pope, "what you'd have it, make it;" a Magazine being a sort of pic-nic dinner, the excellence of which depends upon the guests themselves bringing a variety of dishes.

To his Correspondents, the Editor returns his thanks: to the accepted ones, for their assistance; to the rejected ones, for their good intentions. Neither caprice, nor prejudice, nor private favour, has had any influence upon the decisions which he has given. It is obviously his interest, it is as certainly his wish, to do justice to every writer who may favour him with contributions.

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THE  
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ROB ROY.

*BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY, &c. &c.*

THE present new work appears before the public something like the concluding item of a long-winded discourse, after the preacher has once or twice announced his "finally." The "Antiquary" of this author was regarded as the last of a series of historical novels, designed as a developement of Scottish manners, in three successive periods: the only order of relation, however, is the order of succession in the mind of the writer, with here and there a few scraps of national history. The tale has too much of the marvellous to be mistaken for an historical narrative; and yet is not so remote from the details of history, as to pass altogether for fiction. It commences in the concerns of a private family, passes into the public events and national turmoils of the times, and ends where every sympathetic reader would wish it to do, in the peaceful adjustment of political convulsions, and the domestic happiness of the chief hero of the tale.

Mr. Osbaldistone, who was of the reformed persuasion, was a descendant of a renowned ancestry on the Scottish Border. A younger brother, who had maintained his adherence to the Catholic party, had got possession of the family estate, and the lawful heir was under the necessity of departing and raising his fortune in another direction. As if seized with a spirit of re-

venge for the injury that was done him, he gave himself up to a spirit of unbounded ambition; and through a variety of speculations, in which his all was frequently at stake, he arose to be one of the first merchants in Crane Alley, London. Mr. Osbaldistone had an only son, whom he designed to succeed to his schemes of wealth and ambition; and for the purpose of affording every facility to his improvement, had sent him to spend four years with one of his correspondents at Bourdeaux. The son, however, was of a different mind; and with a determination not less resolute than that of his father, was busying his thoughts with other pursuits and projects, and only obeyed the formal injunctions given him by his father at his departure, more effectually to further his own designs.

The scene is drawn up just at the moment when the son, having forwarded a firm but respectful letter to his father, expressive of his future intentions,—the father dispatches a summons for his son's immediate return to London. After the first expressions of feeling, repressed in a great measure on the part of Mr. Osbaldistone, from a recollection of his son's letter, "This, Frank," (says he, taking out a letter which lay squeezed up among his letters on miscellaneous business) "is yours of the 21st ultimo, in which you advise me, that in the most important business of forming a plan, and adopting a profession for life, you trust my paternal goodness will hold you at least entitled to a negative voice; that you have insuperable—ay, insuperable is the word—I wish, by the way, you would write a more distinct, current hand—draw a score through the tops of your t's, and open the loops of your l's—insuperable objections to the arrangements I have proposed to you! There is much more to the same effect, which might be comprised in a few words. For, after all, Frank, it amounts but to this, that you will not do as I would have you."

"That I cannot, sir, in the present instance; not that I will not."

"Words avail very little with me, young man. *Cannot* may be a more civil phrase than *will not*, but the expressions are synonymous where there is no moral impossibility. Things, however, must not be done in a

hurry; and Mr. Owen shall dine with us to-day, to hear your report of the news from Bondeaux."

Mr. Owen was head clerk in the firm, of Osbaldistone and Fresham, a man cast in a true arithmetical mould, and whose very thoughts were identified with figures and fractions, agios and tariffs, tare and tret. After the cloth was withdrawn, Mr. Frank underwent a strict examination as to his proficiency in commercial pursuits, and a journal he was ordered to keep, must be produced. For a while, appearances were very flattering, and all in his favour; but, unfortunately, a loose slip of paper fell out of the book, with verses on it to the memory of Edward the Black Prince.

"What's all this? Verses! By heaven, Frank, you are a greater blockhead than I supposed you!" My father read the lines sometimes with an affectation of not being able to understand them,---sometimes in a mouthing tone of mock-heroic,---always with an emphasis of the most bitter irony, most irritating to the nerves of the author. Poor Owen beheld this scene with uplifted hands and eyes, and looked as striking a picture of horror as if he had just read his patron's name in the gazette."

The result is, that after two examinations, in which both father and son maintain their respective resolutions with equal and unabating firmness, Mr. Frank Osbaldistone is dispatched in the most peremptory haste to the seat of his uncle in Northumberland; and, unknown to him, one of his cousins is invited to take his place and prospects.

The adventures which occur while pursuing this journey, form the ground-work of the most interesting scenes in these volumes. But it may not be amiss to anticipate the narrative by a description of the family, with which he was destined to associate at Osbaldistone Hall. Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, interdicted by his religion and his politics from all persons of rank or influence but those of his own persuasion, had given himself and his family entirely up to the pleasures of the field and the table. In the morning, nothing was heard but the sound of horns and dogs, and horses neighing and prancing, ready for the sports of the field; and when they returned, a tumultuous scene of jollity

and intemperance, approaching to madness, eked out the rest of the day. The five elder sons were mere boors, under Christian names; the first, a sot; the second, a gamekeeper; the third, a hully; the fourth, a horse-jockey; and the fifth, a fool. The youngest (for nature seemed to have reserved all the brains till the last) was a deep, long-headed, arch, and intriguing villain, bred up to the priesthood in the Catholic church, but too ill-looking and too deformed to pass current for one; had received an excellent education at St. Omers, and had supreme controul of the whole house and all within it. Besides these, there was a beautiful, intelligent, lively, and courageous female, (an orphan as supposed) the descendant of a noble branch of the family, who was betrothed to one of the Osbaldistone family; and who, in every particular, formed a perfect contrast to the mawkish and vulgar habits of those with whom her destiny was cast. But she must shew herself.

To return to the journey of our young traveller. To relieve the unwelcome reflections of his own mind, he frequently joined the company of those who were travelling the same road. Among these was a man carrying a very weighty portmanteau behind him, about the safety of which he seemed particularly solicitous, never trusting it out of his immediate care, and uniformly repressing the officious zeal of waiters and ostlers, who offered their services to carry it into the house. "Suspecting it contained something of importance, I found amusement in alternately exciting and lulling to sleep, the suspicions of my timorous companion, and in purposely so acting, as still further to puzzle a brain which nature and apprehension had combined to render none of the clearest."

"It was on a Sunday, when the custom used to be, for the honest publican to preside among the guests on whom it was his ordinary duty to attend, that the ruddy-faced host of the Black Bear at Darlington, informed us, with a sort of apologetic tone, that there was a Scotch gentleman to dine with us.

"A gentleman?—what sort of a gentleman?" said my companion, somewhat hastily, his mind, I suppose, running upon gentlemen of the pad, as they were then termed.

"Why, a Scotch sort of a gentleman, as I said before," returned mine host; "they are all gentle, ye mun know, though they ha' narra shirt to back; but this is a decentish hallion--a canny North Briton as e'er crossed Berwick-bridge--I trow he's a dealer in cattle."

"Let us have his company, by all means," answered my companion; and then, turning to me, he gave vent to the tenor of his own reflections. "I respect the Scotch, sir; I love and honour the nation for their sense of morality. Men talk of their filth and their poverty, but commend me to sterling honesty, though clad in rags, as the poet saith. I have been credibly assured, sir, by men on whom I can depend, that there was never known such a thing in Scotland as a highway robbery."

"That's because they have nothing to lose," said mine host, with the chuckle of a self-applauding wit.

"No, no, landlord," answered a strong deep voice behind him, "it's e'en because your English gangers and supervisors, that you have sent down benorth the Tweed, have ta'en up the trade of thievery over the heads of the native professors."

"Well said, Mr. Campbell," answered the landlord; "I did nat think thou'd'st been sa near us, mon. But thou kens I'm an outspoken Yorkshire tyke--And how go markets in the south?"

"Even in the ordinar," replied Mr. Campbell; "wise folks buy and sell, and fools are bought and sold."

RESUMED IN NUMBER II.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE POCKET MAGAZINE.

SIR. I cannot help admiring the boldness of that individual, who, in this age of magazines, when almost every family has its table supplied with a variety of periodicals fresh every month, shall have the temerity to suppose that one is still wanting, and that he has the power of supplying the desideratum. However, such appears from your prospectus to be the fact, and as I have long thought, that it is owing in a very considerable degree to the influence of such a number of reli-

gious and literary publications, that the present age has advanced to its present proud eminence, you will accept my hearty well wishes; and at the same time my assurance, that any thing I can render in the shape of communications, will at all times be at your disposal.— This acknowledgment of cordial wish for your success, is of course made on the supposition that your pages will not be the medium of political rancour, nor of religious controversy; and that you will exercise caution in all the papers you lay before the public, that the gratification of one party shall not be procured by the sacrifice of the feelings of another.

There is one thing, Mr. Editor, that I will venture to caution you against; and that is, never to court the patronage of great names, and great men. If after paying your flattering compliments to Dr. Scribwell, or Professor Fairspecch, they should condescend to accede to your request, you immediately lay yourself under an obligation to insert their communications; and as authors are seldom proper judges of their own communications, you are often reduced to the dilemma of either offending the writer or the reader. But, sir, my advice is,—shut yourself up in your own privileged obscurity, maintain your own independence, and remember the old proverb, “the best way to please most people, is first to please yourself.”

The anonymous description of all periodical productions is one of their chief recommendations. Authors feel no hesitation in expressing their firm and broad opinion, when there is no responsibility of name or character attached to it; when they are under no apprehension of entailing personal inconveniences from one quarter, nor of disturbing a silly prejudice in another; at the same time the advantage to the reader is equally great, who feels no antipathies arise in his mind from the annunciation of a name; or, as an old critic used to call it—“execrates the book for the sake of the rascal in the title-page.”

You are at liberty to make either public or private use of the above thoughts; and may expect future communications as time and opportunity may serve.

PHILO.

*Northampton, Jan. 14, 1818.*

## MANDEVILLE.

*A Tale of the Seventeenth Century in England.*

BY WILLIAM GODWIN.

THE celebrity which Mr. Godwin has acquired by his former productions, and the intrinsic merit of his new work, induce us to present our readers with a brief sketch of the story of "Mandeville." In this novel it has obviously been the purpose of Mr. Godwin to trace the decisive influence of early impressions and habits upon the human mind, and consequently upon the actions and the fate of individuals. To this object he has rendered every thing else subordinate, and it cannot be denied, that he has attained it with much felicity. The growth of the passions, and the workings of the heart, are delineated with a masterly hand. It is only in the winding-up of his narration, that Mr. Godwin fails. The catastrophe, if catastrophe it may be called, wants roundness and completeness, and compels us to exclaim, in the words of Shakspeare, "O most lame and impotent conclusion." It would almost tempt us to believe, that the last pages of the manuscript had been lost, in their passage to the press, and that the conclusion had been hastily supplied by some inferior writer.

Mandeville, the hero of the tale, was the child of an officer, who was the younger son of an honourable English family. He was born at Charlemont, in Ireland, and was only three years old at the period when the Irish rebellion of 1641 broke out. His parents perished in the massacre of the English prisoners, who were confined in the castle of Sir Phelim O'Neile. "From the general massacre of the English within the walls of Sir Phelim's residence this day, I was the only one that escaped. My preservation was owing to the fidelity and courage of an Irish woman servant, to whose charge I had been committed. Her mistress and family she could not save; but me she caught up in her arms with a resolution that nothing could subdue. "What have you there?" said one of the murderers; "that child is an English child." "By the virgin," replied the woman, "it is my own flesh and blood; would you go for to confound this dear little jewel, as true a

Catholic as ever was borned, with the carcasses of heretics?" "Let the child speak," answered the ruffian; "he is old enough: who do you belong to?" "To me! to me!" shrieked the woman, in an agony of terror. "Speak!" repeated the assassin, and lifted over me the instrument of death. I hid my face in my nurse's bosom. I did not comprehend the meaning of the question, but I felt that the faithful creature who embraced me, was my protector. "To Judy," said I; "Judy is my mammy." "Begone," said the murderer sternly, drawing back his skein, "and mix no more with these protestant dogs."

Judith carried me away, with the intention of retiring with me to her native village, and bringing me up as her own child. On any other occasion, this might easily have been done, but not now. The insurgents, who had begun, as I have said, with vows of moderation, and a resolution to avoid, as much as possible, the emburning their hands in blood, having once overstepped this limit, and dipped their hands in one murder after another, felt that there was no retreat, and avowed their determination not to leave one Briton, man, woman, or child, alive, in the districts where their power was supreme. Judith was questioned about me again and again, in different places through which she passed: and all her self-command, fervour, and quick turns of ingenuity, were scarcely sufficient to preserve me from the hostile sword. Convinced but too fully of the imminent dangers that hung over my life, she turned her steps in the direction of Dublin.

At length, at the town of Kells, it was her fortune to fall in with the Rev. Hilkiab Bradford, who had for several preceding years been chaplain to the garrison in which I was born. He immediately knew her. He suspected the meaning of her expedition, and felt that he had some recollection of my own features. Judith shewed the sincerest transports of joy in meeting him, and thought that all her troubles would be now at an end. She was, however, mistaken in her calculations. Hilkiab, who was a man of the utmost integrity and purity of heart, willingly took me under his protection, but insisted on an immediate and irrevocable separation between me and my faithful preserver. The reverend

clergyman was imbred with all the prejudices that belong to the most straight-laced of the members of the sacred profession. His continued theme was, that the church of Rome was no other than the spiritual Babylon, prophesied of in the Book of Revelations; and the text of scripture, on which he was ever most prone to descant, was, "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." He was fully convinced that a Papist was more especially an object of the hatred of the Almighty Creator, than either a Heathen or a Mahometan. And, if such were the sentiments familiar to his youth, and in which he had been too fatally confirmed by the conspiracy of the gunpowder treason, and the diabolical crime of the infatuated Ravallac, it may be easily supposed how much strength this opinion gained in him, by the dreadful scenes with which he was at this moment surrounded.

Fearful was the contention between Judith and the reverend Hilkiah, as to the destiny to which I was now to be consigned. The exertions of this uninstructed matron were not less strenuous than those of the woman whose the living child really was, when she pleaded before Solomon. She, who had shielded me again and again from the daggers, already dropping with gore, of her savage countrymen, thought foul scorn to be baffled by an unarmed heretical priest.

She had congratulated herself on her success, when she had escaped from the lines of the rebel Irish, into a town that was at this moment filled with English, fugitives and others. But she found herself further from the purpose of her affectionate heart here than before. My life, indeed, was now in safety. In that thought she truly rejoiced. . . But was it to be endured, that she, who had nursed and fed me from her own breast from the hour of my birth, and who had just brought me hither unhurt through a thousand hair-breadth escapes, should now be thrust out from me with contumely, as one whose touch would henceforth be contamination and pestilence to me? She raved; she intreated. "And was it not myself that saved him? And has he not owed his life to me, times without number? And am I not ten times his mother? Jewel, dear, you have no mother, you

have no father ; suddenly, fearfully, they have been taken from you ; there is nobody now in all the world that can do for you but Judy. Mr. Bradford, you cannot be so cruel ; you are a priest, though you are not a Roman ; I have always thought you a good man. Who shall take care of the poor helpless wretch, if I am put away from him, who am his natural fosterer ? You do not mean to be the death of me ? Kill me, cut me to pieces, but do not ye, do not ye, be so barbarous as to put me away from him, and leave me alive. My child ! My child ! My child !<sup>17</sup>

The natural eloquence of poor Judy, and the cries, tears, and entreaties, of the infant Mandeville, were, however, in vain. Feelings of bigotry and revenge had taken entire possession of all hearts ; and the sight of an Irish Catholic excited every individual around her almost to madness. As long as her strength remained, she contended for the retention of her darling, but she at length sunk senseless under the protracted contest, and was then flung out of the town, with every mark of hatred, as a being that polluted the very soil on which she stood.

Thus, the first impressions which the mind of Mandeville received, were of the most sinister kind. The first images impressed, and they were indelibly impressed, on his memory, were those of gloom and agony — of slaughter, desolation, terror, rage, bigot zeal, and immovable and boundless implacability. The web of his feelings took a tinge which, even under the most favourable circumstances, it would have been exceedingly difficult wholly to eradicate. But that tinge was, on the contrary, unfortunately deepened by the subsequent situations and events of his life.

From Kells Mr. Bradford bore his prize to Dublin ; and thence, after a perilous navigation, rendered more dreadful by famine, he directed his course to the English metropolis. On arriving in London, he wrote to Andley Mandeville, the uncle of the child, who immediately desired that his nephew and Mr. Bradford would set off without delay to the place of his residence.

RESUMED IN NUMBER II.

## THE HEIRESS OF GLENALVON.

A TALE.

BY SELINA DAVENPORT,

Author of *The Hypocrite*, *Donald Monteith*, *The Original of the Miniature*, *Leap Year*, &c.

IT is a well known passage in Shakspeare, and often quoted, that "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." This little tale is meant to exemplify the truth of the last part of the sentence. Mrs. Archdall was standing at her parlour window, one afternoon in summer, looking anxiously for the return of her husband, who was considerably beyond their usual hour of dining. She knew that he had gone out with the expectation of procuring money to take up a bill that became due that morning, and she, therefore, felt considerable anxiety, lest any disappointment had occurred to prevent his return.

Mrs. Archdall had not been married three years to Mr. Archdall, who was an officer in the army, a gay extravagant young man, with little else to support a wife and family than a captain's commission, and an annuity of a hundred a year, left him by his father. Love, the most disinterested and sincere, had guided him in the choice of a wife; and when little more than one-and-twenty, he paid his addresses to the daughter of a brother soldier, a lovely girl of eighteen, and married her, with no other portion than a tender heart, devoted to himself, and a beautiful person, with a mind equally attractive.

One sweet boy had already increased their happiness, and cemented more firmly the bond which had hitherto united them. In a few weeks Mrs. Archdall looked forward to the birth of a second treasure, which she in secret prayed might be a boy, but which her husband hoped would be a female; not that he particularly cared about the matter, or that he would ever have been uneasy had he not been blessed with either; but, as he looked upon them as the necessary consequences of

connubial affection, he thought that he should give the preference to a girl, which he trusted might resemble its mother, of whom he was passionately fond.

The limited state of their finances had induced them to take a small genteel house in one of the villages near town, where, with economy and care, Mrs. Archdall hoped to be enabled to live within their income; but the early habits of Captain Archdall had led him into dissipation, and he now found it extremely difficult to retrench, and to curb his desires within the narrow bounds of his own fortune. He was tenderly attached to his wife, who for his sake had relinquished all her former companions, and who now led a life of perfect retirement; but this he was unable to imitate, and he therefore launched out occasionally into the gaities of the world, partook of its pleasures, and paid his share for enjoying its amusements, while Mrs. Archdall, at home and alone, was studying how to lessen their expences, and though too delicate to become, in the strict sense of the word, a nurse, yet was resolved only to keep one servant, and to devote her time and attention entirely to her family.

Notwithstanding this praiseworthy resolution, Mrs. Archdall found that, owing to the extravagance of her husband, their circumstances became daily more and more embarrassed; and, though she refrained from giving utterance to her fears and to her griefs, in his presence, she could not so well command her feelings during his absence. The heart of a mother is never exempt from secret cares, and that of Mrs. Archdall now felt a double weight, as the terrible idea rushed into her mind that her beloved husband had been arrested for the bill, which he had left her that morning in the hope of being able to pay.

In vain she strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of his manly form through the opening trees which stood before her house: in vain she sought relief from her own too busy thoughts in the playful gestures, and happy smiles of her infant son; the father occupied all her soul, and the loved child as vainly tried to court the fond caresses of his melancholy mother.

Dinner was at length placed on the table, but Mrs. Archdall felt no inclination to touch anything of which

her servant besought her to partake. A loud rap at the door announced the arrival of the long expected; and Mrs. Archdall, forgetful of her distress, wiped the trickling tears from her cheek, and flew to greet him with her sweetest smiles. Love quickened her footsteps, and before Peggy had reached the top of the kitchen stairs, her mistress had opened the door, and once more felt the circling pressure of her husband's arms. "Dearest Caroline!" said Captain Archdall, "I fear that you have been uneasy at my absence being longer than usual, but this lady must be my excuse!"

Mrs. Archdall now, for the first time, perceived that a stranger had accompanied her beloved Henry home, whose appearance seemed to require from her hands the kindest rites of hospitality. The lady seemed to be between forty and fifty; her countenance was deathly pale, and her dress, which was plain in the extreme, both soiled and discomposed. Mrs. Archdall immediately offered her arm to conduct her into their common sitting room, and, with a readiness to be of use, and a sweetness of look and manner which denoted a true christian spirit, she relieved her visitor from her bonnet and pelisse, which were much torn, as if by violence, and then busied herself in procuring for her such refreshments as she deemed most suitable for her condition, while Peggy set before her master the untouched diuner.

The stranger, though evidently suffering under bodily pain, yet examined with scrupulous attention every thing about her; then, turning to Captain Archdall, said, "I have already given you some trouble, and am now compelled to give more to your family. Mrs. Archdall's situation will contribute to render me a very unwelcome guest."

"Do not mention it, my dear madam," he replied. "I consider myself as fortunate in being at hand when your accident occurred, and am happy that my house was so near. Mrs. Archdall, like myself, will feel pleased to afford you every assistance in our power."

Mrs. Archdall now entered, and kindly entreated her visitor that she would endeavour to partake of the refreshment which she offered her. The lady, as if unwilling to disappoint Mrs. Archdall, made an attempt

to swallow some warm wine and water, while the Captain informed his Caroline, that he had taken up the bill, and would have been home at their usual dinner hour, had it not been for a most unpleasant accident, which had happened to his guest at a short distance from their own house. Owing to the brutal carelessness of a hackney coachman, whom he believed to be intoxicated, she had been overturned, and but for his assistance might have suffered even more than she now did.

The compassionate Mrs. Archdall immediately proposed that the stranger should accept of a bed, and whatever accommodation her house afforded, and that the doctor who attended herself should be sent for. To this kind proposal the lady, who had scarcely taken her eyes from the face of her tender adviser, willingly consented, as she confessed that she found herself too much indisposed to proceed in the business which had called her out that morning. She again apologised for the trouble which her presence must necessarily occasion.

"Oh, do not talk of trouble," said Mrs. Archdall, pressing her hot hand within her own. After what you must have suffered, my dear madam, from the agitation of your feelings, and the shock of being overturned, it would be cruel indeed if we could deem any thing a trouble which afforded you comfort and relief. Shall I send to any of your friends and relations, whom you may wish to have with you?"

"No, my kind hearted friend," replied the lady: "I have no soul in London, but a faithful servant, to whom I would communicate my situation. I will just write a line, if I am able, to say that I shall not sleep at home to night; though now I think of it, that is unnecessary, as I told her I might not return until tomorrow, and by that time I shall hope to be so far recovered from my fright as to be enabled to keep my promise." She once more assured Captain Archdall of her gratitude for his timely aid, and kind attentions, and then leaning on the arm of Mrs. Archdall, retired to try the benefit of lying down for an hour or two, while Peggy was dispatched to the doctor, to solicit his attendance as early as possible.

Mrs. Archdall, at the request of the stranger, soon left her to repose, and returned to her husband. "I am sadly afraid, my dear Henry," said she, "that the poor lady is more hurt than she will acknowledge. How did the accident happen?"

"I was posting home," replied the Captain, "with all possible haste, that you might not suffer from any of those imaginary evils with which your sex delight in tormenting themselves, when I perceived a hackney coach drive furiously past me. A lady inside was vainly beseeching the coachman to stop, but, instead of attending to her remonstrances, he lashed his horses with greater violence, and running the coach furiously against the bank of the road to avoid another carriage, the wheels became entangled, and before I could reach the spot, it was overturned. With extreme difficulty I succeeded in dragging our visitor through the opposite window. Terror had nearly rendered her insensible, and no house was near except our own. Fortunately, I recollected that I had taken your smelling-bottle to town for a fresh supply of salts, and this welcome restorative soon had the desired effect. I easily persuaded my terrified patient to accept of my offers of service, and she readily accompanied me home, upon my assuring her, that you would join with me in affording her every possible assistance."

"You did right, my dear Henry; all that is in my power I will cheerfully do for her, for I can easily judge of what must have been her situation until you came to her relief. Poor creature! how dreadful, had she lost her life by the accident, and no relation in town to pay her the last sad offices of humanity!"

The doctor now entered, and Mrs. Archdall stepped softly up stairs to the chamber of the stranger, while her husband accounted to him for the cause of his being summoned so suddenly. Mrs. Archdall found her guest awake and feverish, and by no means averse to receiving the visit of the doctor, who, upon questioning her as to the principal cause of her uneasiness, immediately ordered her to be bled, and to be kept as tranquil as possible, assuring her that she must give up all thoughts of removing until every symptom of fever had abated.

RESUMED IN NUMBER II.

## MY PORTFOLIO :

Or, ORIGINAL HINTS, SKETCHES, and ANECDOTES,

“ A thing of shreds and patches.”

## No. I.—FRENCH VANITY.

AMONG all the defects of the French character, and Heaven knows they are sufficiently numerous, not the least prominent of them is their vanity, which is unbounded, and frequently insufferable. There is not a Frenchman who does not believe France to be the first country on the globe, Frenchmen the most wise and beautiful of the human race, and himself the most beautiful and wise of all Frenchmen. Their vanity breaks out on every occasion; sometimes it is thoroughly disgusting; at other times it merely excites laughter. An amusing instance of it has just met my eye in a newspaper criticism on an engraving, which bears the title of “ Love reduced to Reason.” “ Perhaps,” says the modest and judicious critic, “ there is in the person of Venus a little too much of the French air; but, in assuming this air, more than one Grecian divinity would be no loser by the exchange.” Absurd, however, as this opinion is, it is not that of their newspaper critics alone. It is common to their artists, who seem either to despise or to be ignorant of ideal beauty. In their pictures, every thing has an expression of figure and countenance which is wholly French.—Apollo is a rhyming *petit-maitre*, Mars a blustering Gascon corporal, and Venus is one of the accommodating beauties of that sink of iniquity, the *Palais Royale*.

## THE TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

SHORTLY after Hayley's poem of “ The Triumphs of Temper” was first published, it became one day the subject of conversation with a dinner party, composed of Sheridan, Dr. Laurence, General Fitzpatrick, and other distinguished wits of that period. Each of them considered the poem as a feeble production, and as being rather a satire than a compliment on the female sex, and each of them contributed an extempore epigram on

the unfortunate work. Of these epigrams I can remember only one, which was, I believe, the composition of Sheridan :

“ Miss keeps her temper six long cantos through!  
Egad! 'tis more than half your readers do!”

MR. CURRAN.

IT is the property of good champagne, to produce a rapid intoxication, which as rapidly disappears. Curran, with his usual felicity of wit, described that wine as “ making a runaway rap at a man’s head.”

EXPRESSION IN POETRY.

IN the very worst volumes of verse, there are sometimes fine and even highly poetical ideas, degraded by the miserable dress in which the author has enveloped them. An unfortunate turn of expression will render ludicrous the most sublime or pathetic sentiment. Can any thing, at first sight, be more laughable than the following lines, which have been a thousand times quoted, as being the very acme of absurdity?

“ O cruel Death, how could you be so unkind,  
As to take her before, and to leave me behind?  
You should have taken both of us, if either,  
Which would have been more agreeable to the survivor.”

I contend, however, that these despised lines do honour to the heart of the writer, and that they contain a sentiment of great beauty. Let us try it, by a change of language, we cannot bring out clearly the idea which the author undoubtedly intended to convey. It will be seen that nothing is added to the original thought.

“ O why, remorseless Fate! why thus unkind,  
The wife to take, the husband leave behind?  
Had both, or neither, felt thy cruel skill,  
In life, or death, both had been happy still.”

A POPULAR PREACHER.

THE Rev. Dr. \*\*\* is what is commonly denominated “ a popular preacher.” His reputation, however, has not been acquired by his drawing largely on his own stores of knowledge and eloquence, but by the skill with which he appropriates the thoughts and language of the great divines who have gone before him. He is

a skilful splicer and dove-tailer of ready-formed ideas and sentences. Fortunately for him, those who compose a fashionable audience are not deeply read in pulpit lore, and accordingly, with such hearers, he passes for a wonder of erudition and pathos. It did, nevertheless, happen that the Doctor was once detected in his larcenies. One Sunday, as he was beginning to delight the beaux and belles of the western quarter of the metropolis, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The Doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence, before the grave old gentleman muttered, loudly enough to be heard by those near him, "That's Sherlock!" The Doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much farther, when his tormenting interrupter broke out with, "That's Tillotson!" The Doctor bit his lips, and paused, but again thought it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A third exclamation of "That's Blair?" was, however, too much, and completely deprived him of his patience. Leaning over the pulpit, "Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned out." Without altering a muscle of his countenance, the grave old gentleman lifted up his head, and looking the Doctor in the face, retorted "That's his own!"

\* \* D.

## INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON AT SAINT HELENA.

BY MR. M'LEOD.

BUONAPARTE had for a considerable time past, been very retired and difficult of access, but he was perfectly disposed to see Lord Amherst; and on the day previous to our departure, his lordship rode out there, accompanied by the gentlemen of his suite. He was introduced by Bertrand with not a little form, and had, as well as Mr. Ellis, a very long private conversation previous to the introduction of the other gentlemen, who in the mean time were attended by Generals Bertrand, Montholon, and Gourgaud, in the next room. At last they also were ushered in; and a ring having been formed by the grand marshal round the principal

personage of the group, Lord Amherst presented to him first Captain Maxwell, to whom he bowed very civilly, and said his name was not unknown to him; observing, that he had commanded on an occasion where one of his frigates, *La Pomone*, was taken in the Mediterranean. "*Vous étiez très méchant--- Eh bien!--*Your government must not blame you for the loss of the *Alceste*, for you have taken one of my frigates." He said he was very happy to see young Jeffery Amherst, and good humouredly asked him what presents he had brought from China, and so forth.

The author of this narrative he interrogated about the length of time he had served, and whether he had been wounded; repeating the last question in English.

Proceeding next to Mr. Abel, (who, although the chief medical attendant of the embassy, was introduced as naturalist,) he enquired if he belonged to the Royal Society, or any of the public institutions, or was a candidate for that honour; asking if he had been happy, in this voyage, in making any discoveries in natural history; which could add to our stock of knowledge on that subject. Whether he knew Sir Joseph Banks, whose name he said had been a passport in France, and his wishes always attended to, even during war.

Mr. Cooke's name induced him to ask if he was a descendant of the celebrated navigator; observing, "You had a Cook, who was indeed a great man." He requested to know, on Dr. Lynn being presented, at what university he had studied.--"At Edinburgh" was the reply.--"Edinboorg!" he repeated; and went on to interrogate him whether he was a Brunonian in practice; or if he bled, and gave as much mercury as our St. Helena doctors.

Mr. Griffith, the chaplain, was next introduced, whom Buonaparte termed *l'Aumonier*, and pronouncing also, in English, *clair-gee-man*. "Well, sir," he continued, "have you found out what religion the Chinese profess?" Mr. G. replied it was somewhat difficult to say; but it seemed a polytheism. Not appearing to understand this word, in English, Bertand remarked, "*Pluralité de Dieux*."--"Ah! *Pluralité de Dieux*," said he, "do they believe in the immortality of the soul?" "I think they have some idea of a future state,"

was the reply. "Well," said Buonaparte, "when you go home you must get a good living; I wish you may be made a prebendary, sir." Proceeding to Mr. Hayne, he also questioned him in some general way; and having now completed the circle, and said something to everybody, he very courteously bowed to each of the party as they retired, who all felt much gratified at the opportunity of the interview. Although there was nothing *descending* in his manner, yet it was affable and polite; and, whatever may be his general habit, he can behave himself *very prettily* if he pleases. He is by no means so corpulent as is usually represented, and his health appears to be excellent. Longwood, from its situation, ought certainly to be highly salubrious.

#### EFFUSION OF NATURAL ELOQUENCE.

THE following instance of natural eloquence, which is recorded by Mr. O'Regan, in his Memoirs of the celebrated Orator, Curran, is worthy of notice, both for its intrinsic merit, and for the circumstance of its having determined Mr. Curran to the pursuit of eloquence.

"The wakes in the country parts of Ireland present an odd assemblage of different characters, and of different passions. The real genius of the people is no where so well, or so openly displayed, as at those nightly meetings. It is a theatre on which tragedy, comedy, broad farce, match-making, speech-making, &c. all that is *bizarre* and comical in the genuine Irish character, develop themselves with a freedom truly fantastic. Here the scenes are shifted with a rapidity of change, and an unrestrained succession, quite surpassing any other drama. The transitions, from the deepest and most impassioned tones of sorrow, to mirth and humour, are quick as thought. There is a melancholy in their mirth, and a mirth in their melancholy, which is often found to prevail in their music, and which was a character impressed on national sensibility, by successive changes of ill fortune; and as no one passion is permitted to continue very long, they mingle and vary, like shades of light and darkness playing on the surface of a sullen stream;---or, like those blazes

intermittingly shot forth by the Persian fire-flies on the Meinham tree, which glittering in their confusion, shed their most beautiful lights in regular irregularity.

“At one of those national carnivals, where the common excitements of snuff, tobacco, and whiskey, and the fruits of plundered orchards, are abundantly supplied, Mr. Curran felt the first dawn, the new-born light, and favourite transport which almost instantly seized upon his imagination, and determined his mind to the cultivation and pursuit of oratory. It was produced by the speech of a tall, finely-shaped woman, with long, black hair, flowing loosely down her shoulders; her stature and eye commanding, her air and manner austere and majestic. On such occasions nothing is prepared; all arises out of the emotion excited by the surrounding circumstances and objects; and if the *Corinna* has been highly celebrated by Madam de Stael, this woman has found in Mr. Curran, an eulogist, not surpassed even by the enthusiastic and rapturous descriptions of the French novelist, by a recorder not less national, certainly not less touching.

“Some of the kindred of the deceased had made funeral orations on his merits: they measured their eulogies by his bounties; he was wealthy; his last will had distributed among his relations, his fortune and effects; but to this woman, who married without his consent, to her, his favourite niece, a widow, and with many children,—he carried his resentment to the grave, and left her poor and totally unprovided for. She sat long in silence, and at length, slowly, and with a measured pace, approaching the dead body from a distant quarter of the room, with the serene calm of meditation, laying her hand on his forehead, she paused; and, whilst all present expected a passionate and stormy expression of her anger and disappointment, she addressed these few words to him: ‘Those of my kindred who have uttered praises, and poured them forth with their tears to the memory of the deceased, did that which by force of obligation they were bound to do. They have been benefited: they have, in their different degrees, profited by that bounty which he could no longer withhold.—He forgot in his life the exercise of that generosity by which his memory might now be held regarded, and

embalmed in the hearts of a disinterested affection. Such consolation, however, as these purchased praises could impart to his spirit, I would not by any impiety tear from him. Cold in death is this head, not colder than that heart when living, through which no thrill of nature did ever vibrate. This has thrown the errors of my youth, and of an impulse too obedient to that affection which I still cherish, into poverty and sorrow, heightened beyond hope by the loss of him who is now in heaven, and still more by the tender pledges he has left after him on earth. But I shall not add to these reflections the bitter remorse of inflicting even a merited calumny; and because my blood coursed through his veins, I shall not have his memory scored or tortured by the expression of my disappointment, or of the desolation which sweeps through my heart. It therefore best becomes me to say, his faith and honour in the other relations of life were just and exact; and that these may have imposed a severity on his principles and manners. The tears which now swell my eyes are those I cannot check; but they rise like bubbles on the mountain stream, they burst never more to appear.

“By accidentally meeting a treatise on painting, the mind of Sir Joshua Reynolds was, in like manner, determined to that beautiful art, of which he afterwards became the boast, the honour, and the brightest ornament. To that occasion we owe the great master of the British school; and the latter strange incident fixed the resolution of Mr. Curran to the study of eloquence. He had but to give that direction to the material which he found in his own nature; all the elements were there, and the best combinations were easily formed by the hand of capacity and desire.”

## DESCRIPTION OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

*BY LIEUT. E. CHAPPEL, R. N.*

THE male Esquimaux have rather a prepossessing physiognomy, but with very high cheek bones, broad foreheads, and small eyes, rather farther apart than those of an European; the corners of their eyelids are drawn together so close, that none of the white is to be seen;

their mouths are wide, and their teeth white and regular: the complexion is a dusky yellow, but some of the young women have a little colour bursting through this dark tint: the noses of the men are rather flattened, but those of the women are sometimes even prominent. The males, are generally speaking, between five feet five inches and five feet eight inches high; bony, and broad shouldered; but do not appear to possess much muscular strength. The flesh of all the Esquimaux feels soft and flabby, which may be attributed to the nature of their food. But the most surprising peculiarity of these people is the smallness of their hands and feet; which is not occasioned, as in China, by compression, nor by any other artificial means, as their boots and gloves are made large, and of soft seal's skin. To their continual employment in canoes on the water, and to the sitting posture they are thus obliged to preserve, perhaps their diminutive feet might be ascribed: but when we reflect on the laborious life they must necessarily lead, we yet find that their hands are equally small with their feet, it will naturally lead us to the conclusion, that the same intense cold which restricts vegetation to the form of creeping shrubs has also its effect upon the growth of mankind, preventing the extremities from attaining their due proportion.

The chin, cheek bones, and forehead, among the women, are tattooed, and this operation is performed among the Esquimaux by pricking through the skin with some sharp instrument, and rubbing ashes into the wound: as the marks are not deep, their appearance is not disagreeable. I imagine that the tattooing does not take place till the females arrive at the age of puberty, because the youngest girls were without any such marks. None of the men undergo the operation; but they have a few straggling hairs on the chin and upper lip, while the women carefully remove them from every part of the body, excepting the head, where they have a lock on each temple, neatly braided, and bound with a thong of hide. On the back of the head, the hair is turned up, much after the fashion of the English ladies.

After having gone so far in a description of their

persons, perhaps their diet ought not to be overlooked; because it has been before noticed, that the relaxed state of their flesh, and the sallow hue of their complexions, may, in a great measure, be ascribed to the nature of their food. As they seem to devour every thing raw, it has been conjectured that they are unacquainted with the use of fire: but this is not true. I observed, near one of their huts, a circle of loose stones, containing the ashes of a recently extinguished fire; and a stone kettle standing upon it\*: also, in a hut, I saw a pan of vegetables, resembling spinach, which had been boiled into the consistency of paste†. Yet, after all, it is no less certain than an Esquimaux prefers all flesh raw. In proof of this it may be mentioned, that the commander of the *Eddystone*, a Hudson's Bay ship, having shot a sea-gull, an Indian made signs that he wished for the bird; immediately on receiving it, he sucked away the blood that flowed from its mouth; then hastily plucking off the feathers, he instantly dispatched the body, entrails, &c. with the most surprising voracity. The knowledge which the Esquimaux possess of the use of fire is observable in the ingenuity with which they transform iron nails, hoops, &c. into heads for their arrows, spears, and harpoons. May not their fondness for raw flesh have arisen from the scarcity of fuel? There was not a bit of wood to be found, on that part of the coast where I landed.

We made many attempts to induce the natives to partake of our food. At breakfast, we placed an Esquimaux at table, and offered him every species of food that the ship could afford. He tasted every thing, but, with a broad laugh, he was sure to eject whatever he tasted, over our plates and upon the table-cloth. The only thing they could be induced to swallow was a piece of hog's lard; and of this they partook with avidity. Above all, they appeared to have the greatest aversion for sugar and salt.

\* Mr. Hearne, in his Journey to the mouth of the *Coppermine River*, observes, that the *Esquimaux*, on the sea coast to the northward, used kettles made of *lapis ollaris*.

† It was probably sea weed; a kind of food eaten as a stew, or soup, by the natives of the Isle of St. Kilda, in the Hebrides.

In their dealings they manifested a strange mixture of honesty and fraud. At one moment I observed an Esquimaux striving, with all his might, to convey into a sailor's hands the articles for which he had already received his equivalent; and in ten minutes afterward, I detected the same man in an endeavour to cut the hinder buttons from my own coat. They value metals more than any other article of barter, and iron most of all. As a specimen of the relative articles of traffic, I shall briefly insert the prices which I paid for some little curiosities; viz.

A seal's skin hooded frock, quite new, for a knife; a seal's skin pair of breeches, for a needle; seal's skin boots, for a saw; a pair of wooden spectacles, or rather shades, used by the Esquimaux to defend their eyes against the dazzling reflection of the sun from the sea, for one bullet; a pair of white feather gloves, for two buttons; a fishing lance or spear, for a file.

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## REASONS FOR BELIEVING SIR P. FRANCIS TO BE THE AUTHOR OF "THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS."

1. THERE is a perfect conformity in the general character of Junius and Sir Philip as authors. The language of both is figurative and expressive.

2. Both Junius and Sir Philip Francis shew an equal partiality for certain phrases or forms of expression seldom to be met with elsewhere.

3. Both employ similar metaphorical language of an unusual kind; sometimes whole sentences are given word for word the same.

4. Both express the same opinions, cautions, maxims, and rules of conduct in nearly the same words.

5. The leading political views of Sir Philip Francis are the same as those of Junius.

6. Without being educated to the profession, each had a considerable knowledge of the law.

7. Sir Philip Francis was peculiarly qualified for writing the Letters of Junius, by his access to the best sources for political instruction.

8. Both were of ardent and irritable dispositions.

9. Junius had a personal regard for Woodfall, and Sir P. Francis entertained for him a similar regard, founded on an acquaintance formed when they were boys.

10. Junius makes reference in his private letters to portions of Lord Chatham's speeches then unpublished, though afterwards reported by Sir P. Francis.

11. Junius designedly spared Lord Holland and his family, for some very cogent reasons; and to that nobleman, Sir Philip and his father were under the strongest obligations.

12. Junius avows his acquaintance with the Secretary of State's office, mentions a circumstance which occurred when Lord Egremont was secretary, and speaks of him as if he knew him thoroughly. Sir Philip was brought up in the same office, possessed the favour of the same nobleman, and held a place under him at the time that circumstance happened.

13. From the minute military observations introduced in the controversy with Sir William Draper, and from the premature announcement of Colonel Luttrell's appointment to be adjutant-general in Ireland, it appears that Junius was in some degree connected with the Horse Guards, and in this circumstance, the resemblance between him and Sir Philip holds good.

14. From the commencement to the termination of the Letters of Junius, Sir Philip Francis held a situation in the War Office. When he quitted that office, and went abroad in 1772, the letters ceased; and when he returned to England, at the beginning of 1773, a note finally closing the correspondence, was transmitted to Woodfall. From that time till 1781, Sir Philip was engaged in the government of India.

15. Sir P. Francis lost his situation at the War Office, in consequence of a quarrel with Lord Barrington, against whom Junius, at the same time, expressed the most violent animosity.

Lastly, Junius is brought in close contact with Sir P. Francis, by writing most vehemently in his favour.

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**HAYDN AND 'THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS.'**  
THE first productions of Haydn were some short sonatas for the piano forte, which he sold at a low price to

his female pupils, for he had met with a few. He also wrote minuets, allemands, and waltzes for the *Ridotto*. He composed, for his amusement, a serenata for three instruments, which he performed on fine summer evenings, with two of his friends, in different parts of Vienna. The theatre of Carinthia was at that time directed by Bernardone Curtz, a celebrated buffoon, who amused the public with his puns. Bernardone drew crowds to his theatre by his originality, and by good opera-buffas. He had, moreover, a handsome wife; and this was an additional reason for our nocturnal adventurers to go and perform their serenade under the harlequin's windows. Curtz was so struck with the originality of the music, that he came down into the street, to ask who had composed it. "I did," replied Haydn, boldly. "How! you, at your age?" "One must make a beginning sometime." "Gad, this is droll! come up stairs." Haydn followed the harlequin, was introduced to the handsome wife, and re-descended with the poem of an opera, entitled, "The Devil on Two Sticks." The music composed in a few days, had the happiest success, and was paid for with twenty-four sequins. But a nobleman, who probably was not handsome, perceived that he was ridiculed, under the name of the Devil on Two Sticks, and caused the piece to be prohibited.

Haydn often said, that he had more trouble in finding out a mode for representing the motion of the waves in a tempest of this opera, than he afterwards had in writing fugues with a double subject. Curtz, who had spirit and taste, was difficult to please; but there was another obstacle. Neither of the two authors had ever seen sea or storm. How can a man describe what he knows nothing about. If this happy art could be discovered, many of our great politicians would talk better about virtue. Curtz, all agitation, paced up and down the room, where the composer was seated at the piano forte. "Imagine," said he, "a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking, and then another mountain, and then another valley; the mountains and the valleys follow one after the other with rapidity; and at every moment, alps and abysses succeed each other."

This fine description was of no avail. In vain did

harlequin add the thunder and lightning. "Come, describe for me all these horrors," he repeated incessantly, "but, particularly, represent distinctly these mountains and valleys."

Haydn drew his fingers rapidly over the key-board, ran through the semi-tones, tried abundance of *sevenths*, passed from the lowest notes of the bass to the highest notes of the treble. Curtz was still dissatisfied. At last, the young man, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two ends of the harpsichord, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, "The devil take the tempest!" "That's it! that's it!" cried the harlequin, springing upon his neck, and almost stifling him.

Haydn added, that when he crossed the Straits of Dover, in bad weather, many years afterwards, he laughed during the whole of the passage, on thinking of the storm in "The Devil on Two Sticks."

## VICISSITUDE OF FORTUNE.

### VIZIER ALLY.

SIR, AS a relation of the vicissitude of fortune which this young man experienced, with the circumstance of his long imprisonment, cannot, I think, prove uninteresting to the patrons of your New Magazine, I beg your insertion of the following.

Your's,

B.

AMONG the deaths mentioned in the Calcutta paper, we find that of Vizier Ally, once Nabob of Oude; but being deposed by the East India Company, was subsequently, and in consequence of the treacherous murder of Mr. Cherry and others, at Benares, confined for life in a room made to resemble an iron cage, in Fort William, where he lingered out an imprisonment of seventeen years, three months, and four days. He died in May last, at the age of only thirty-six.

Vizier Ally was the adopted son of Asuf-nd-Dowlah, late Nabob of Oude. His mother was the wife of a Forash (a menial servant of low description).

His reputed father, Asuf-nd-Dowlah, was a wealthy and eccentric prince. Having succeeded to the musnud of Oude by the assistance of the East India Company, he professed great partiality to the English. Mild in manners, polite and affable in his conduct, he

possessed no great mental powers; his heart was good considering his education, which instilled the most despotic ideas. He was fond of lavishing his treasures on gardens, palaces, horses, elephants, European guns, lustres, and mirrors. He expended every year about 200,000*l.* in English manufactures. This nabob had more than a hundred gardens, twenty palaces, twelve hundred elephants, three thousand fine saddle horses, fifteen hundred double barrel guns, seventeen hundred superb lustres, thirty thousand shades of various forms and colours, several hundred large mirrors, girandoles, and clocks; some of the latter were very curious, richly set with jewels, having figures in continual movement, and playing tunes every hour; two of these clocks cost him thirty thousand pounds. Without taste or judgment, he was extremely solicitous to possess all that was elegant and rare; he had instruments and machines of every art and science, but he knew none. He sometimes gave a dinner to ten or twelve persons, sitting at their ease in a carriage drawn by elephants. His haram contained above five hundred of the greatest beauties of India. He had an immense number of domestic servants, and a very large army, besides being fully protected from hostile invasion by the company's subsidiary forces. His jewels amounted to eight millions sterling. Amidst this precious treasure, he might be seen for several hours every day, handling them as a child does his toys.

Usuf had no legitimate children. He was in the habit whenever he saw a pregnant woman, whose appearance struck his fancy, to invite her to the palace to lie in; one of those was the mother of Vizier Ally.

The sprightliness of Vizier Ally, while yet an infant, so entirely engrossed the affections of the old nabob, that he determined to adopt him. In conformity with this resolution, the youth received an education suitable to a prince who was destined to succeed to the musnud. He is said, however, to have developed at this period, a propensity to delight in the sufferings of the brute creation. The affection of the old nabob towards his adopted son still increasing, he lavished upon him every mark of regard.

To give an idea of the splendour which attached to

his youth, and from which he fell, the following account of his wedding is taken from Forbe's Oriental Memoirs.

At thirteen his marriage took place, and was celebrated at Lucknow, in 1795, and was one of the most magnificent in modern times. The nabob had his tents pitched on the plains, near the city of Lucknow; among the number were two remarkably large, made of strong cotton cloth, lined with the finest English broad cloth, cut in stripes of different colours, with cords of silk and cotton. These two tents cost five lacs of rupees, or above 60,000*l.* sterling; they were each one hundred and twenty feet long, sixty broad, and the poles about sixty feet high; the walls of the tents were ten feet high; part of them were cut into lattice-work for the women of the nabob's seraglio, and those of the principal nobility, to see through. His highness was covered with jewels, to the amount, at least, of two millions sterling. From thence we removed to the shumeena, which was illuminated by two hundred elegant girandoles from Europe, as many glass shades with wax candles, and several hundred flambeaux. When seated under this extensive canopy, above a hundred dancing girls, richly dressed, went through their elegant dances, and sung some soft airs of the country, chiefly Persic and Hindoo Persic.

About seven o'clock, the bridegroom made his appearance, so absurdly loaded with jewels, that he could hardly move. The bride was ten years old; they were both of a dark complexion, and not handsome.

From the shumeena we proceeded on elephants to an extensive and beautiful garden, about a mile distant. The procession was grand beyond conception; it consisted of about twelve hundred elephants, richly caparisoned, drawn up in a regular line like a regiment of soldiers. About a hundred elephants in the centre had houdahs, or castles, covered with silver; in the midst of these appeared the nabob, mounted on an uncommonly large elephant, within a houdah covered with gold, richly set with precious stones. The elephant was caparisoned with cloth of gold. On his right hand was Mr. George Johnstone, the British resident at the Court of Lucknow; on his left the young bridegroom; the English gentlemen and ladies, and the native nobility, were intermixed on the right and left. On both sides

of the road, from the tents to the garden, were raised artificial scenery of bamboo-work, very high, representing bastions, arches, minarets, and towers, covered with lights in glass lamps. On each side of the procession, were dancing girls superbly dressed, on platforms supported and carried by bearers. These platforms consisted of a hundred on each side of the procession, all covered with gold and silver cloths, with two girls and two musicians at each platform.

The ground from the tents to the garden, forming the road on which we moved, was inlaid with fireworks; at every step of the elephants the earth burst before us, and threw up artificial stars in the heavens, besides innumerable rockets, and many hundred wooden shells that burst in the air, and shot forth a thousand fiery serpents; these, winding through the atmosphere, illuminated the sky, and, aided by the light of the bamboo scenery, turned a dark night into a bright day. The whole of this grand scene was further lighted by above three thousand flambeaux, carried by men hired for the occasion.

In this manner we moved on in stately pomp to the garden, which we entered, after descending from the elephants. It was illuminated by innumerable transparent paper lamps or lanterns, of various colours, suspended to the branches of the trees. In the centre was a large edifice, to which we ascended, and were introduced into a grand saloon, adorned with girandoles and pendant lustres of English manufacture, lighted with wax candles. Here we had an elegant and sumptuous collation of European and Indian dishes, with wines, fruits, and sweetmeats; at the same time about a hundred dancing girls sang their lively airs, and performed their native dances.

Thus passed the time until dawn, when we all returned to our respective homes, delighted and wonder-struck with this enchanting scene, which surpassed in splendour every entertainment of the kind beheld in this country. The affable nabob rightly observed, with a little Asiatic vanity, that such a spectacle was never before seen in India, and never would be seen again. The whole expense of this marriage-feast, which was repeated for three successive nights in the same manner, cost upwards of 300,000*l.* sterling."

When Vizier Ally was recognised by Asuf as his successor to the throne, great opposition was manifested by the old nabob's family. He was, however, on the death of the latter, upheld by the English government, and placed on the throne.

After being placed upon the throne, he shewed a turbulent restless, and intriguing temper, and broke his faith with the English government; the consequence of which was, his being deposed from the musnud, and Sadut Ally, brother of the late nabob, was placed on it.

A pension was assigned to Vizier Ally of two lacks of rupees per annum, about 25,000*l.* but it was considered necessary that he should reside near the presidency, that he might be more under the eye of government. He therefore proceeded from Lucknow to Benares, where Mr. Cherry, the Company's resident, was to make arrangements for his going to the presidency.

Shortly after his arrival at Benares, Mr. Cherry invited him to breakfast. He came attended by a large armed retinue; which Mr. Cherry disregarded as being hostile, although he had had a caution.

Vizier Ally complained much of the Company's treatment of him, and on a signal being given, several of his attendants rushed in, and cut Mr. Cherry and Mr. Graham to pieces. They then proceeded to the house of Mr. Davis, with the view of massacring him also; but fortunately he had some intimation of his danger before they arrived, and got his family to the top of the house, and posted himself at the summit of a narrow circular stone staircase. Here the ruffians pursued him, but with a hog spear he defended himself for a long time, killing several, which blocked up the passage, till he was rescued by a party of the Company's troops which came to his assistance. The followers of Vizier Ally killed another European gentleman at Benares.

Vizier Ally made his escape into the territory of the Rajah of Berar, a powerful and independent chief, who refused to give him up, unless under a promise of his life being spared. This the English government acceded to, and he was brought to Calcutta, and confined in the garrison of Fort William in a kind of iron cage! and here he died, after an imprisonment of seventeen years and odd months, as above-mentioned.

## ACCOUNT OF THE ORAN OUTANG.

FROM

MR. M'LEOD'S VOYAGE OF THE ALCESTE.

THE Oran Outang, also a native of Borneo, is an animal remarkable not only from being extremely rare, but as possessing, in many respects, a strong resemblance to man. What is technically denominated the cranium, is perfectly human in its appearance; the shape of the upper part of the head, the forehead, the eyes (which are dark and full), the eye-lashes, and, indeed, every thing relative to the eyes and ears, differing in no respect from man. The hair of his head, however, is merely the same which covers his body generally. The nose is very flat,---the distance between it and the mouth considerable; the chin, and, in fact, the whole of the lower jaw is very large, and his teeth, twenty-six in number, are strong. The lower part of his face is what may be termed an ugly, or caricature, likeness of the human countenance. The position of the scapulae, or shoulder-blades, the general form of the shoulder and breasts, as well as the figure of the arms, the elbow joint especially, and the hands, strongly continue the resemblance. The metacarpal, or that part of the hand immediately above the fingers, is somewhat elongated; and, by the thumb being thrown a little higher up, nature seems to have adapted the hand to his mode of life, and given him the power of grasping more effectually the branches of trees.

He is corpulent about the abdomen, or, in a common phrase, rather *pot-bellied*, looking like one of those figures of Bacchus often seen riding on casks: but whether this is his natural appearance when wild, or acquired since his introduction into genteel society, and by indulging in a high style of living, it is difficult to determine.

His thighs and legs are short and bandy, the ankle and heel like the human; but the forepart of the foot is composed of toes, as long and as pliable as his fingers, with a thumb, situated a little before the inner ankle; this conformation enabling him to hold equally fast with his feet as with his hands. When he stands;

erect he is about three feet high, and he can walk, when led, like a child; but his locomotion, when on a plane surface, is supporting himself along, at every step, by placing the knuckles of his hands on the ground. All the fingers, both of the hands and feet, have nails exactly like the human race, except the thumb of the foot, which is without any.

His natural food would appear to be all kinds of fruits and nuts; but he eats biscuit, or any other sort of bread, and sometimes animal food. He will drink grog, or even spirits, if given to him; has been even known repeatedly to help himself in this way (and was actually turned out of the boatswain's mess, for taking more than his allowance); he was also taught to sip his tea or coffee, and, since his arrival in England, has discovered a taste for a pot of porter. His usual conduct is not mischievous and chattering, like that of monkeys in general; but he has rather a grave and sedate character, and is much inclined to be social, and on good terms, with every body. He made no difficulty, however, when cold, or inclined to sleep, in supplying himself with any jacket which he found hanging about, or in stealing a pillow from a hammock, in order to lie more soft and comfortably.

Sometimes when teased by showing him something to eat, he would display in a very strong manner the human passions, following the person whining and crying, throwing himself on his back, and rolling about apparently in a great rage, attempting to hite those near him, and frequently lowering himself by a rope over the ship's side, as if pretending to drown himself; but, when he came near the water's edge, he always reconsidered the matter, and came on board again. He would often rifle and examine the pockets of his friends in quest of nuts and biscuits, which they sometimes carried for him. He had a great antipathy to the smaller tribe of monkeys, and would throw them overboard if he could; but in his general habits and disposition there is much docility and good nature; and, when not annoyed, he is extremely inoffensive. He approaches, upon the whole, nearer to the human kind than any other animal.

## JANUARY.

THIS month, which was placed by Numa in the winter solistice, was dedicated to Janus by the Romans.

Though the calends of this month, like the first days of the other months, were under the protection of Juno, the first of January was more particularly under the care of Janus, to whom, on New Year's-day, was offered the cake called *Janual*, and likewise honey, figs, and dates, fruits from the sweetness of which happy omens were drawn for the course of the year. The *Janual* was made of new flour, new salt, incense, and wine.

This day also, all the artists and artisans sketched out their work, under the persuasion, that to procure a favourable year, it was necessary to begin by labour. Ovid tells us, that this was prescribed by the god Janus. This idea was much more rational than that of the early Christians, who fasted, to distinguish themselves from the Romans, because the latter regaled themselves in the evening, in honour of Janus.

On this day, the consuls elect, (subsequently to the consulate of Q. F. Nohilior and T. A. Luscus, in the year of Rome, 601.) took possession of their dignity. They ascended to the capitol, accompanied by a great crowd of people, dressed in new cloaths; and there, amidst perfumes, they immolated to Jupiter Capitolinus, two white bulls, which had never been yoked.

During this sacrifice, and after having taken the oaths of fidelity, the Flamens put up prayers for the prosperity of the empire, and the health of the emperor. The same was done by all the other magistrates. Tacitus tells us that it was imputed as a crime to Thrasea that he had neglected to be present when the oath was taken, and the prayers offered for the emperor. Ovid gives an account of the ceremonies of this day.

On the same day, the Romans wished each other a happy year, and took especial care not to let fall any words of bad omen. Friends reciprocally made presents called *strenæ*, like our New-year's gifts.

The other days of the month were thus characterized and occupied. The second was reckoned unlucky for war, and was, therefore, called *dies ater*, an unfortu-

nate, or black day. The third and fourth were comitial days. The fifth was a day for hearing causes. The sixth was considered as unlucky. On the seventh, the coming of Isis to Rome was celebrated. The eighth was a day of assembly. The ninth they held the festival called Agonalia, in honour of Janus, or, as some contend, of the god Agonius, whom the Romans invoked, when they undertook any affair of importance. The tenth was half a working and half a holiday. On the eleventh, were the Carmentalia, in honour of the goddess Carmenta, the mother of Evander. The dedication of the temple of Juturna, in the Campus Martius, was also celebrated on this day. The twelfth was a day of assembly; and sometimes the festival of the compitalia was held on it. The thirteenth day, consecrated to Jupiter, was marked in the calendar by these two letters, N. P. *Nefastus prima parte diei*, to signify that the festival was only in the morning part. A sheep called *ovis idulis* was sacrificed to the sovereign of the gods. The fourteenth, like the tenth, was partly a working and partly a holiday. The fifteenth the Carmentalia were a second time solemnized; and were therefore named *carmentalia secunda*. On the sixteenth was the dedication of the superb temple of Concord, which was first dedicated by Camillus, and which Livia Drusilla decorated with several statues and a magnificent altar. From the sixteenth to the first of February were comitial days or days of assembly, with the exception of the seventeenth, on which were given the palatine games; the twenty-fourth, on which held the *feria sementina*; the twenty-seventh, when was celebrated the dedication of the temple of Castor and Pollux, at the lake of Juturna; the twenty-ninth, on which were given the *equivia*, or horse-races in the Campus Martius; and lastly, the thirtieth, which was the festival of peace, on which a white victim was sacrificed, and a profusion of incense burned.

This month was named Gamelion by the Greeks, and was sacred to Juno, in honour of whom the Gamelia, instituted by Cecrops, were held. The Lenæa were also celebrated in this month, by the Ionians, and the Egyptians commemorated the departure of Isis from Phœnicie. In this month the sun enters Aquarius.

A SKETCH OF LORD AMHERST'S MISSION  
TO CHINA.

*From "Mr. Ellis's Journal," and "Mr. M'Leod's  
Voyage of the Alceste."*

THE recent embassy to China has had the same unsatisfactory result with all former embassies from European powers, and has differed from them in this circumstance alone, that the Chinese displayed to it a more than usual portion of their contemptuous and brutal arrogance. This will always be the case, while the negociators employed are few in number. An embassy consisting of six British regiments, twenty thousand sepoys, and a train of artillery, would soon teach the ruler of the "celestial empire," and his slavish mandarins, to receive British envoys with proper respect, and to distinguish correctly the difference between presents from an equal, and "tribute" from a supplicating power. The Chinese are like stock-fish, and must be soundly beaten before they can be made in any degree palatable.

The embassy, of which Mr. Ellis has given an account, was undertaken at the suggestion of the East India Company, in order to obtain the removal of some embarrasments, which had been thrown in the way of their trade, by the local government at Canton. By the spirited conduct of the Committee of Supercargoes, at Canton, in putting an entire stop to the trade till satisfaction was obtained, and thus crippling the commerce and revenue of the province, the viceroy had, indeed, been compelled to retract his measures; but it was soon found, that he had, according to the laudable usage of his country, given to his court a false account of the transaction, and that, in consequence, there was in the court of Peking a disposition to behave towards British subjects with a still greater degree of insolence and injustice. Under these circumstances, therefore, the directors solicited his majesty's ministers to dispatch an embassy to Peking, and their request was granted. The three great points which the negociators had to obtain were, permission for the company to employ such Chinese merchants as the supercargoes might think fit,

and to trade to some port to the northward, and the establishment of a direct intercourse with Peking, either by means of a resident minister, or by written addresses to some tribunal. Lord Amherst was appointed First Commissioner, with the title of Ambassador Extraordinary; Sir George Staunton was named the second; and Henry Ellis, Esq. the third, with dormant powers to act as ambassador, in case of the absence or death of his lordship.

The members of the embassy embarked on board the *Alceste*, Captain Maxwell, on the 8th of February, and sailed from Spithead on the following day. After having touched at Madeira, Rio Janeiro, where they met with a cold reception, the Cape of Good Hope, Batavia, and Canton, the embassy on the 25th of July, entered the Gulph of Petchelee, in the Yellow Sea. There the *Alceste* layed to, and the *Lyra* was dispatched with a message to announce their arrival.

The Chinese affect such outrageous feelings of decorum as to discourage the art of sculpture, because it displays too distinctly the lineaments and form of the human body: and it was therefore not without surprise on the part of the British, that the fishermen of this district, and indeed the lower orders generally, within a hundred miles of the capital, were found to be in a state of perfect nakedness. Nor does this arise from want of clothes, but from want of decency. While the embassy was waiting for the arrival of the mandarins, who were to escort the commissioners to court, presents of bullocks, vegetables, and other refreshments were sent from the shore, but by no means profusely, and the bullocks were frequently dead, having either been drowned or died in their passage: a circumstance which the Chinese did not consider of any consequence, as they eat animals that die a natural death, and even dogs, cats, rats, and all manner of carrion and vermin.

The three mandarins appointed to escort the embassy were named Kwang, Chang, and Yin; Kwang, being the superior, he was a man of sense and agreeable manners, and, throughout the whole of Lord Amherst's residence in China, behaved in such a manner as to retain the good opinion of the ambassador and his suite. On the 4th of August, his lordship was visited by Chang

and Yin; and the conference which took place on this occasion was not of favorable omen. It was intimated, that the slavish ceremony of the ko-tou, or prostration before the emperor, would be insisted on, and that the commissioners must be previously drilled into the proper performance of it; and it was more than hinted, that the stay of the embassy in China would not be allowed to be a protracted one. With respect to the ceremony of prostration, Mr. Ellis evidently appears to have been willing to concede the point. Fortunately for our national character, Lord Amherst and Sir George Staunton were of a different sentiment from their colleague.

On this occasion, the vessels being crowded with the natives, Mr. Ellis observes, "we have all had reason to concur with Mr. Barrow's description of the Chinese, as a frowsy people; the stench arising from the numbers on board was not only sensible but oppressive; it was the repose of putrifying garlic on a much-used blanket."

The ambassador and his suite did not quit the ship till the 9th of August, when he landed, under a salute of three guns, at the small fort of Tongkoo. Here he was met by the Chin-chae, or envoy, Kwang, who received his Lordship with much politeness. The boats with the embassy now proceeded up the Pei-ho, in their way towards Peking. Five hundred trackers were attached to the boats, each of whom received one shilling per day for his labour. The country through which the river passes is perfectly flat, but appeared to be well cultivated, and the appearance of the people did not exhibit that squalidness which might naturally be expected among an exuberant population, with scanty means of subsistence. The natives seemed to be orderly and good humoured, both to each other and to strangers; but the children seem to have an instinctive fondness for dirt, as they were every where to be observed either sliding down the bank, or rolling themselves in mud. A happy specimen of the brutal nature of the Chinese punishments, and of the absence of feelings of compassion among the Chinese, was witnessed by the English on the morning of their departure to the capital. A man who was said to have robbed the bag-

gage-boats was sentenced to the punishment of face-slapping. This was inflicted with a short piece of hide half an inch thick; the hair of the culprit was twisted till his eyes almost started from their sockets, and on his highly-distended cheeks the blows were struck. The executioner, and those concerned in the punishment, seemed to delight in his sufferings.

Tien-sing was the first city reached by the embassy. "It is very difficult," says Mr. Ellis, "to describe the exact impression produced on the mind by the approach to Tien-sing. If fine buildings and striking localities are required to give interest to a scene, this has no claims; but on the other hand, if the gradual crowding of junks till they become innumerable, a vast population, buildings though not elegant yet regular and peculiar, careful and successful cultivation, can supply those deficiencies, the entrance to Tien-sing will not be without attractions to the traveller. The pyramids of salt, covered with mats, the dimensions and extent of which have been so ingeniously estimated by Mr. Barrow, are the most striking objects. We were two hours and a half passing from the beginning of the line of houses on the right bank of the river, to our anchorage. A salute was fired from a small fort; and nearly opposite, troops were drawn up. Among them were match-lock men, wearing black caps. We observed some companies dressed in long yellow and black striped garments, covering them literally from head to foot; they are intended to represent tigers, but certainly are more likely to excite ridicule than terror; defence, from the spread of their shields, would seem their grand object. A short distance from our anchorage, we passed on our left the branch of the river leading to the canal, and thence to Canton. The excess of population was here most striking. I counted two hundred spectators upon one junk, and these vessels were innumerable. The pyramids of salt were so covered with them, that they actually became pyramids of men. Some crowds of boys remained standing above their knees in the water for near an hour to satiate their curiosity. A more orderly assemblage could not, however, I believe, be presented in any other country; and the soldiers had but seldom occasion to use even threatening gestures to

maintain order. I had not before conceived that human heads could be so closely packed; they might have been by screws squeezed into each other, but there was often no possible vacancy to be observed. All these Chinese spectators were exposed, bare-headed, to the rays of the mid-day sun, when the thermometer in the shade stood at eighty-eight. Females were not numerous in the crowd, and these generally old, and always of the lower orders. The Chinese are, to judge from the inhabitants of Tien-sing, neither well looking nor strongly made; they are rather slight, but straight, and of the middle height."

TO BE RESUMED.

### LEWCHEW.

*FROM MR. M'LEOD'S NARRATIVE.*

ON the 10th of September, the *Alceste* proceeded in a southerly direction, and passed along Sulphur Island, a volcano, situated on lat. 27° 56' N. and long. 128° 11' E. This island, on which they found it impossible to land, does not appear to exceed four miles in circumference: it rises precipitously from the sea, except in one or two spots, to the height of about one thousand two hundred feet; and the sulphureous smell emitted, was very strong, even at the distance of two or three miles.

Four days afterwards, they made the principal island of the Lewchew group (generally termed *Lucayos* or *Lekeyos* in charts), and on the 16th, anchored in front of a town, with a number of vessels anchored under it in a harbour, the mouth of which was formed by two pier-heads.

The island of Lewchew is about sixty miles long, and twenty broad: it is the principal of a group of thirty-six islands, subject to the same monarch, and the seat of government.

The dress of these people is as remarkable for its simplicity as it is for its elegance. The hair, which is of a glossy black, (being anointed with an oleaginous substance, obtained from the leaf of a tree,) is turned up from before, from behind, and on both sides, to the crown of the head, and there tied close down; great

care being taken that all should be perfectly smooth; and the part of the hair beyond the fastening, or string, being now twisted into a neat little top-knot, is there retained by two fasteners, called *comesashee* and *usisashce*, made either of gold, silver, or brass, according to the circumstances of the wearer; the former of these having a little star on the end of it, which points forward. This mode of hair-dressing is practised with the greatest uniformity, from the highest to the lowest of the males, and has a very pleasing effect, whether viewed singly, or when they are gathered together. At the age of ten years, the boys are entitled to the *usisashce*, and at fifteen they wear both. Except those in office, who only wear a cap on duty, they appear to have no covering for the head, at least in fine weather. Interiorly, they wear a kind of shirt, and a pair of drawers, but over all a loose robe, with wide sleeves, and a broad sash round their middle. They have sandals on their feet, neatly formed of straw, and the higher orders have also white gaiters, coming above the ankle. The quality of their robes depends on that of the individual.---The superior classes wear silk of various hues, with a sash of contrasting colour, sometimes interwoven with gold.---The lower orders make use of a sort of cotton stuff, generally of a chesnut colour, and sometimes striped, or spotted, blue and white.

There are nine ranks of *grandees*, or public officers, distinguished by their caps; of which we observed four.---The highest noticed was worn by a member of the royal family, which was of a pink colour, with bright yellow flowers.---The next in dignity was the purple; then plain yellow; and the red seemed to be the lowest.

On the female attire we could make but little observation.---The higher ranks are said to wear (and some indeed were seen with) simply a loose flowing robe, without any sash; the hair either hanging loose over the shoulders, or tied up over the left side of the head, the ends falling down again. The lower orders seem to have petticoats scarcely deeper than a Highlander's kilt, with a short, but loose habit above.

The island of Lewchew is situated in the happiest climate of the globe.---Refreshed by the sea breezes, which, from its geographical position, blow over it at

every period of the year, it is free from the extremes of heat and cold, which oppress many other countries; whilst from the general configuration of the land, being more adapted to the production of rivers and streams than of bogs and marshes, one great source of disease in the warmer latitudes, has no existence: and the people seemed to enjoy robust health; for we observed no diseased objects, nor beggars of any description among them.

The verdant lawns and romantic scenery of Tinian and Juan Fernandes, so well described in Auson's Voyage, are here displayed in higher perfection, and on a much more magnificent scale; for cultivation is added to the most enchanting beauties of nature. From a commanding height above the ships, the view is, in all directions, picturesque and delightful.---On one hand are seen the distant islands, rising from a wide expanse of ocean, whilst the clearness of the water enables the eye to trace all the coral reefs, which protect the anchorage immediately below. To the south is the city of Nafoo, the vessels at anchor in the harbour, with their streamers flying; and in the intermediate space appear numerous hamlets scattered about on the banks of the rivers, which meander in the valley beneath; the eye being, in every direction, charmed by the varied hues of the luxuriant foliage around their habitations. Turning to the east, the houses of Kint-ching, the capital city, built in their peculiar style, are observed here and there, opening from among the lofty trees which surround and shade them, rising one above the other, in gentle ascent to the summit of a hill, which is crowned by the king's palace; the intervening grounds between Napafoo and Kint-ching, a distance of some miles, being ornamented by a continuation of villas and country-houses. To the north, as far as the eye can reach, the higher land is covered with extensive forests.

At a short distance from this eminence, the traveller is led by a foot-path to what seems only a little wood; on entering which, under an archway formed by the intermingling branches of the opposite trees, he passes along a serpentine labyrinth, every here and there intersected by others. Not far from each other, on either

side of these walks, small wicker doors are observed, on opening any of which, he is surprised by the appearance of a court-yard and house, with the children, and all the usual cottage train, generally gamboling about; so that, whilst a man fancies himself in some lonely and sequestered retreat, he is in fact, in the middle of a populous, but invisible, village.

Nature has been hountiful in all her gifts to Lew-chew; for such is the felicity of its soil and climate, that productions of the vegetable kingdom, very distinct in their nature, and generally found in regions far distant from each other, grow here side by side. It is not merely, as might be expected, the country of the orange and the lime, but the banyan of India, and the Norwegian fir, the tea-plant and sugar-cane, all flourish together. In addition to many good qualities, not often found combined, this island can also boast its rivers and secure harbours; and last, though not least, a worthy, a friendly, and a happy race of people.

## ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

*JOHN ROSE.*

ON Friday, January the 9th, 1818, died OLD JOHN. A person well-known at all the offices of government, and who, from his singular appearance and eccentric manner, has often excited a smile from the heads of many of the principal departments. During a period of eighty years did this honest creature fill the humble station of an errand carrier at his majesty's printing office. But what was accounted humble, became in his hands important, and "the King's Messenger," as he always styled himself, yielded to none of his majesty's ministers in the conception of the dignity of his office when entrusted with the king's speeches, addresses, bills, and other papers of state.

At the offices of the secretaries of state, when loaded with parcels of this description, he would throw open every chamber without ceremony, the Treasury and Exchequer doors could not oppose him, and even the study of archbishops has often been invaded by this important messenger of the press.

His antiquated and greasy garb corresponded with his wizard-like shape, and his immense cocked hat was continually in motion to assist him in the bows of the old school: the recognition or nod of great men in office were his delight. But he imagined that this courtesy was due to his character, as being identified with the state: and the chancellor and Speaker were considered by him in no other view than persons filling departments in common with himself; for the seals of the one and the mace of the other, did not, in his estimation, distinguish them more than the bag used by himself in the transmission of the dispatches intrusted to his care.

The imperfect intellect given him seemed only to fit him for the situation he filled. Take him out of it he was as helpless as a child, and easily became a dupe to those who were disposed to impose upon him. With a high opinion of his own judgment, however, he diverted himself and others by mimicking the voice and manners of his superiors, when he thought he perceived any assumption of character. John could imitate the strut and swell of the great man, and the frivolity of the fop. Seeing in his time packets to the same individuals addressed from plain "Mr." to "The Right Honourable," afforded him subject for much joke, and he frequently used to observe, that it would shortly come to Old John's turn to become an esquire or knight himself.

He had a high veneration for ecclesiastical dignitaries, and never visited a church unless a bishop was to preach. The unfrequency of this opportunity disposed him at one period of his life to fit up his room as a chapel, with an altar and a figure of his own contrivance dressed in canonicals, through which he used to read the church service.

Though his ruling passion was vanity, yet he never despised money; avarice laid hold of him, and his delight was to count it. A few years ago, a fellow came to him in a great hurry from a meeting of noblemen at the Crown and Anchor, requiring his attendance with a bag of silver for change to give away to the poor, for which he would get double the value in notes, the fellow succeeded in his stratagem, and poor John was taken in the snare.

About this time a few gentlemen at Westminster had his likeness taken, and copies of John's picture were distributed among his friends, of whom he reckoned a great personage to be one, having heard that a copy was sent to Windsor, and a pension for his long services was expected from that quarter. Seeing his picture hung up in the first offices in the kingdom, the poor fellow felt that he had attained the summit of human distinction, the measure of his ambition was full, and he looked in vain to his former pursuits for his accustomed pleasure. It has been recounted of him, that he was dutiful to an ancient mother, and sacrificed his own comforts for a parent's support: but it was not known that he ever felt the tender passion of love. It was now John's fate at four score and ten, to discover himself to be a son of Adam. Female warmth melted the seals set on his thrifty-bags, and the soothing of a daughter of Eve turned the miser to the spendthrift: the fair one having spent his all left him. The poor fellow, though a great man, was honest, and the liberal establishment to which he belonged, adhered to him in his last moments.

Like the leaves of Autumn, generations of men are swept away, and are soon forgotten; and though this singular being was comparatively known to few, yet as his hand had conveyed papers of state to most of the great statesmen of the last and present century, when we consider him ministering with fidelity in this way from the days of Sir Robert Walpole, beyond the time of William Pitt the second, bearing on his back the mighty results of their labours, poor old John, who was as important in his own conceit as any statesman in his time, may lay in his claim also for his share of renown.

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### THE OFFICER, HIS WIFE, AND THE BAGGAGE ASS.

THIS interesting anecdote is taken from "A Visit to Flanders," and will give some idea of scenes that were passing during the memorable battle of Waterloo: "I had the good fortune," says the writer, "to travel from Brussels to Paris with a young Irish officer and his wife, an Antwerp lady of only sixteen, of great beauty and

matchless innocence and *naïveté*. The husband was in the battle of Quatre Bras as well as of Waterloo, and to him I owe much of my minutest and most interesting information. He was living in the cantonnements at Nivelles, his wife with him. The unexpected advance of the French called him off at a moment's notice to Quatre Bras; but he left his wife, his servant, one horse, and the family baggage, which was packed upon a large ass. Retreat at the time was not anticipated; but being suddenly ordered, on the Saturday morning, he contrived to get a message to his wife to make the best of her way, attended by the servant and the baggage, to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master and mistress, and make off with the horse, leaving the helpless lady alone with the baggage ass. With the firmness becoming the wife of a British officer, she boldly commenced on foot her retreat of twenty-five miles, leading the ass by the bridle, and carefully preserving the baggage: no violence was dared by any one to so innocent a pilgrim, but no one could venture to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the retreating British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery; her fatigue was great; it rained in water spouts, and the thunder and lightning were dreadful in the extreme. She continued to advance, and got upon the great road from Charleroi to Brussels at Waterloo, when the army on the Saturday evening were taking up their line for the awful conflict. In so extensive a field, among 80,000 men, it was in vain to seek her husband; she knew that the sight of her there would only embarrass and distress him; she kept slowly advancing to Brussels all the Saturday night; the road choaked with all sorts of conveyances, waggons, and horses; multitudes of the native fugitives on the road flying into the great wood; and many of the wounded walking their painful way, dropping every step, and breathing their last; every few steps lay a corpse or a limb; particularly, she said, several hands. Many persons were actually killed by others, if by chance they stood in the way of their endeavours to help themselves. And to add to the horrors, the rain continued unabated, and the thunder and lightning still raged, as if the heavens were torn to pieces.

Full twelve miles further, in the night, this young woman marched up to her knees in mud, her boots worn entirely off, so that she was barefooted; but still unhurt, she led her ass; and although thousands lost their baggage, and many their lives, she calmly entered Brussels in the morning in safety, self, ass, bag and baggage, without the loss of an article. In a few hours after their arrival, commenced the cannon's roar of the tremendous Sunday, exposed to which, for ten hours, she knew her husband to be; and after a day and night in agony, she was rewarded by finding herself in her husband's arms, he unhurt, and she nothing the worse, on the Monday. The officer told the tale himself with tears in his eyes. With a slight Irish accent, he called her his '*doré* little woman,' and said she became more valuable to him every day of his life. I never saw a more elegant gentlemanlike young man; and assuredly his pretty Belgian seemed almost to adore him. It gave additional value to the anecdote, that I had it from the actors in the scene described. When I remarked that it was quite in the spirit of Elizabeth of Siberia, the lady exclaimed, '*Ah, ma mère m'a dit la même chose.*'

"My mother made the same remark."

REMARKS BY THE LATE W. HUTTON, ESQ.  
F.R.S. F.S.A.

HUMAN LIFE.

MAN seems formed for variety, whether we view him in a rational or in an animal light: a sameness of temper, habit, diet, pursuit, or pleasure, is no part of his character. The different ages of his life also produce different sentiments: that which gives us the highest relish at one period, is totally flat at another. The bauble that pleases at three, would be cast into the fire at three-score; the same hand that empties the purse at twenty, would fill it at fifty; in age he bends his knee to the same religion which he laughed at in youth; the prayer-book, that holds the attention of seventy, holds the lottery pictures of seven; and the amorous tale that awakens the ideas of twenty-five, lulls old age

to sleep. Not only life is productive of change, but every day in it. If a man would take a minute survey of his thoughts and employments for only twenty-four hours, he would be astounded at their infinite variety.

Man is a time-piece: he measures out a certain space, then stops for ever. We see him move upon the earth, hear him click, and perceive in his countenance the marks of intelligence. His external appearance will inform us whether he is old-fashioned, in which case he is less valuable upon every gambling calculation. If we cast a glance upon his face, we shall learn whether all be right within, and what portion of time has elapsed. This curious machine is filled with a complication of movements, very unfit to be regulated by the rough hand of ignorance, which sometimes leaves a mark not to be obliterated even by the hand of an artist. If the works are directed by violence, destruction is not far off. If we load it with the oil of luxury, it will give an additional vigour, but, in the end, clog and impede the motion. But, if the machine is under the influence of prudence, she will guide it with an even and a delicate hand, and perhaps the piece may move on till it is fairly worn out by a long course of four-score years.

There is a set of people who expect to find that health in medicine which possibly might be found in regimen, in air, exercise, or serenity of mind.

There is another class among us, and that rather numerous, whose employment is laborious, and whose conduct is irregular. Their time is divided between hard working and hard drinking, and both by a fire. It is no uncommon thing to see one of these, at forty, wear the aspect of sixty, and finish a life of violence at fifty, which the hand of prudence would have directed to eighty. The strength of a kingdom consists in the multitude of its inhabitants; success in trade depends upon the manufacturer; the support and direction of a family upon the head of it: when this useful part of mankind, therefore, is cut off in the active part of life, the community sustains a loss, whether we take the matter in a national, a commercial, or a private view.

We have a third class, who shun the rock upon which these last fall, but wreck upon another: they run upon Scylla, though they have missed Charybdis; they es-

cape the liquid destruction, but split upon the solid. These are proficient in good eating; adepts in the culling of delicacies, and the modes of dressing them. Masters of the whole art of cookery, each carries a kitchen in his head. Thus an excellent constitution may be stabbed by the spit. Nature never designed us to live well and continue well; the stomach is too weak a vessel to be richly and deeply laden. Perhaps more injury is done by eating than by drinking; one is a secret, the other an open enemy: the secret is always supposed to be the most dangerous. Drinking attacks by assault, but eating by sap: luxury is seldom visited by old age. The best antidote yet discovered against this kind of slow poison, is exercise; but the advantages of elevation, air, and water, on one hand, and the disadvantages of crowd, smoke, and effluvia on the other, are trifles compared to intemperance.

We have a fourth class, and with these I shall conclude, and shut up the clock. If this valuable machine comes finished from the hand of Nature, if the rough blasts of fortune only attack the outward case, without affecting the internal works, and if reason conducts the piece, it may move on with a calm, steady, and uninterrupted pace, to a great extent of years, till time only annihilates the motion.

I cannot forbear reflecting with Sterne, that one man is equal to another all over the world. Every man who acts with propriety retains an adequate value, and without him there would be a chasm in existence: for if we take away the middle of a man's arm, the two ends are of little use; but let him possess the whole, and it acts for the body. We could no more do without the chimney-sweeper than the cook. The frugal housewife in the cottage, besides replenishing the world with inhabitants, is as necessary for mending her husband's coat, as the tailor who works for St. James's. Two guineas may be equal to each other, though one is employed to line the imperial crown with ermine, and the other the pocket of a thief. One man's talent lies in governing; another's in labouring: they are equally productive of order. There is not so much difference in possessions as is generally thought. If one be possessed of money, another may command youth. If the

lady can make a courtesy, the maid can make a pudding: one takes a pride in the graces of a minuet, the other in those of twirling the mop---both have their use. If one has beauty, another has content. One may command a plentiful table; another an appetite. The gentleman may possess land, but the tradesman stamps a value upon it. Not one limb can be taken from the vast chain of order without damage to the whole. Age inherits wisdom; youth spirits. All these excellencies tend to the same point, and that point is not far off.

Immortality cannot be allowed on this side the grave; all that can, are health and content, till time wears out the system. Whoever holds these, enjoys the principal riches of the universe: all beyond is food for vanity.

#### EFFECT OF EXAMPLE.

**DISTINGUISHED** characters demand the tribute of remembrance. To record the man who shines, is an inducement for others to emerge from darkness. To read the hero, strikes fire into those particles of the composition which light up the hero: thus the history of Alexander produced a Charles the Twelfth; Descartes was excelled by a Newton; and Boyle by a Priestley. Hidden excellencies lose half their value. To hold up the worthy, tends to make others worthy; as the Newgate Calendar tends to form the rascal.

#### ANCESTRY.

**THE** families of the ancient heroes of Saxon and Norman race, chiefly by the mutations of time and of state, are either become extinct, or reduced to the lowest verge of fortune. Those few, therefore, whose descent is traceable, may be carried higher than that of the present nobility; for I know none of these last who claim peerage earlier than the reign of Edward the First, about the year 1235. Hence it follows, that for antiquity, alliance, and blood, the advantage is evidently in favour of the lowest class.

Could one of those illustrious shades return to the earth and inspect human actions, he might behold one of his descendants dancing at the lathe; another, tipping with his dark brethren of the apron; a third,

humbly soliciting from other families, such favours as were formerly granted by his own; a fourth, imitating modern grandeur, by contracting debts which he never designs to pay; and a fifth, snuff of departed light! poaching, like a thief in the night, upon the very manners possessed by his ancestors.

Whence is it that title, pedigree, and alliance, in superior life are esteemed of the highest value, while in the inferior, which has a prior claim, they are totally neglected? The grand design of every creature upon earth is to supply the wants of nature. No amusements of body or mind can be adopted, till hunger is served. When the appetite calls, the whole attention of the animal, with all its powers, is hound to answer. Hence arise those dreadful contests in the brute creation, from the lion in the woods, to the dog who seizes the bone. Hence the ship, when her provisions are spent, and she becalmed, casts a savage eye upon human sacrifices; and hence the attention of the lower ranks of men is too far engrossed for mental pursuit. They see, like Esau, the honours of their family devoured with a ravenous appetite. A man with an empty cupboard would make but a wretched philosopher. But, if fortune should smile upon one of the lower race, raise him a step above his original standing, and give him a prospect of independence, he immediately begins to eye the arms upon carriages, examines old records for his name, and inquires where the Heralds' Office is kept. Thus, when the urgency of nature is set at liberty, the bird can whistle upon the branch, the fish play upon the surface, the goat skip upon the mountain, and even man himself can bask in the sunshine of science.

#### EDUCATION.

THE direction of youth seems one of the greatest concerns in moral life, and one that is the least understood: to form the generation to come, is of the last importance. If an ingenious master hath flogged the A. B. C. into an innocent child, he thinks himself worthy of praise. A lad is too much terrified to march that path, which is marked out by the rod. If the way to learning abounds with punishment, he will quickly detest it: if we make his duty a task, we lay a stumbling-block before him that

he cannot surmount. We rarely know a tutor succeed in training up youth, who is a friend to harsh treatment.

Whence it is that we so seldom find affection subsisting between master and scholar. From the moment they unite, to the end of their lives, disgust, like a cloud, rises in the mind, which reason herself can never dispel. The boy may pass the precincts of childhood, and tread the stage of life upon an equality with every man in it, except his old school-master: the dread of him seldom wears off. The name of Busby sounded with horror for half a century after he had laid down the rod.

I have often been delighted when I have seen a school of boys break up: the joy that diffuses itself over every face and action, shews infant nature in her gayest form---the only care remaining is, to forget on one side of the walls what was taught on the other. One would think, if *coming out* gives so much satisfaction, there must be something very detestable *within*.

If the master thinks he has performed his task when he has taught the boy a few words, he as much mistakes his duty, as he does the road to learning. This is only the first stage of his journey. He has the man to form for society with ten thousand sentiments.

It is curious to enter one of these prisons of science; and observe the children not under the least government; the master without authority, the children without order; the master scolding, the children riotous. We never harden the wax to receive the impression. They act in a natural sphere, but he in opposition: he seems the only person in the school who merits correction; he, unfit to teach, is making them unfit to be taught.

A man does not consider whether his talents are adapted for teaching, so much as whether he can *profit* by teaching. Thus when a man hath taught for twenty years, he may be only fit to go to school.

To that vast group of instructors, therefore, whether in or out of petticoats, who teach without having been taught; who mistake the tail for the seat of learning, instead of the head; who can neither direct the passions of others, nor their own---it may be said, "Quit the trade, if bread can be procured out of it. It is useless to pursue a work of error; the ingenious architect must

take up your rotten foundation before he can lay one that is solid."

But to the discerning few, who can penetrate the secret windings of the heart; who know that nature may be directed, but can never be inverted; that instruction should ever coincide with the temper of the instructed, or we sail against the wind; that it is necessary the pupil should relish both the teacher and the lesson, which if accepted, like a bitter draught, may easily be sweetened to his taste--to these valuable few. (resembling the prudent florist possessed of a choice root, which he cultivates with care, adding improvement to every generation) it must be superfluous to say, "Banish tyranny out of the little dominions over which you are absolute sovereign; introduce in its stead two of the highest ornaments of humanity, love and reason." Through the medium of the first, the master and the lesson may be viewed without horror: when the teacher and the learner are upon friendly terms, the scholar will rather invite than repel the assistance of the master. By the second, reason, the teacher will support his own authority. At every period of life in which a man is capable of attending to instruction, he is capable of attending to reason. This will answer every end of punishment, and something more. Thus, an irksome task will be turned into a friendly intercourse.

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## ANECDOTE AND WIT.

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### ORIGIN OF CHESS.

THE following account of the Origin of Chess is given by the Arabian writers. At the commencement of the fifth century of the Christian era, India was governed by a young and powerful monarch of an excellent disposition, but who was greatly corrupted by his flatterers. This young prince soon forgot that monarchs ought to be the fathers of their people, that the love of the people for their king is the only solid support of the throne, and that they constitute all his strength and power. It was in vain that the brahmins and the rajahs repeated to him these important maxims. Intoxicated by his

greatness, which he imagined to be unalterable, he despised their wise remonstrances. Then a bramin, named Sissa, undertook in an indirect manner to open the eyes of the prince. With this view he invented the game of Chess, in which the king, though the most important out of the pieces, is powerless to attack, and even to defend himself against his enemies, without the assistance of his subjects.

The new game speedily became celebrated; the king of India heard talk of it, and wished to learn it. Sissa, while explaining the rules of it, gave him a taste for those momentous truths, to which till this moment he had refused to listen.

The prince, who possessed both feeling and gratitude, changed his conduct, and gave the bramin the choice of his recompense. Sissa required to be delivered to him the number of grains of wheat which would be produced by all the squares of the chess-board, one being given for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, still doubling the amount till the sixty-fourth square. The king without difficulty acceded to a request of such apparent moderation, but when his treasurers had calculated the quantity, they found that the king had engaged to perform a thing, to which not all his riches nor his vast states would suffice. They found in reality, that the amount of these grains of wheat would be equal to 16,384 cities, each containing 1024 granaries, each granary containing 174,762 measures, each measure consisting of 32,768 grains. Of this circumstance the bramin availed himself to make the king sensible, how much sovereigns ought to be on their guard against those who surround them, and how much they ought to fear lest even their best intentions should be perverted to sinister ends.

#### A LIVING MAP:

THE Prince of Rohilchund once demanded of the Rajah of Srinagur an account of his revenues, and a chart of the country, as his collections had fallen very short. The rajah being then at court, repaired to the presence the following day, and in obedience to the commands he received, presented a true statement of his finances.

and, for the chart of the country, he humorously introduced a lean camel, saying, "This is a faithful picture of the territory I possess; *up and down*, and *very poor*." The prince smiled at the ingenuity of the thought, and told him, that from the revenue of the country, realized with so much labour, and in amount so small, he had little to demand, and immediately remitted half of the annual collection.

#### ABOU HANIFA.

ABOU HANIFA was the founder of one of the principal sects of the Sunnites. Such was his reputation for extensive knowledge and purity of morals, that he was appointed *cadi* by the Caliph Almanzor. Abou, however, refused to quit his retreat, and the caliph, irritated by his obstinacy, ordered him to be thrown into prison, where promises and threats were vainly employed to vanquish his repugnance. "I had rather," said he, "be punished by man than by God!" When he was asked the reason of his dislike to public functions, "It is," answered he, "because, if I am just enough to listen only to the truth, nobody will wish to have me for a judge; and if I am base enough to palliate or betray it, I shall render myself unworthy of presiding over the concerns of my fellow citizens."

#### PUNNING EPITAPH.

CECIL CLAY, the counsellor of Chesterfield, caused this whimsical allusion or pun upon his name to be put on his grave stone—a cypher of two C's, and underneath, "*sum quod fui*." (I am what I was.)

#### VOYAGE TO INDIA.

AMONG a party, who were taking their wine after dinner, the subject of conversation happened to be the voyage to India, upon which a few glasses of Cape wine were handed round. All the guests spoke in high praise of its exquisite flavour, and wished much for a second taste of it. Finding this to be out of the question, a wit observed, "Well, since we can't *double the Cape*, we may as well *go back to Madeira*."



SUBJECT OF THE PLATE,

FROM

LORD BYRON'S POEM, "THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS."

ZULEIKA---mute and motionless,  
Stood like that statue of distress---  
When, her last hope for ever gone,  
The mother harden'd into stone;  
All in the maid that eye could see  
Was but a younger Niobé!---  
But ere her lip, or even her eye,  
Essay'd to speak, or look reply---  
Beneath the garden's wicket porch  
Far flash'd on high a blazing torch!  
Another---and another---and another---  
"Oh! fly---no more---yet now my more than brother!"

VIGNETTE.

FROM MOORE'S ROMANCE, LALLA ROOHL.

"PARADISE AND THE PERI."

"Then turn to me, my own love, turn,  
"Before like thee I fade and burn;  
"Cling to these yet cool lips, and share  
"The last pure life that lingers there!"  
She fails---she sinks---as dies the lamp  
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,  
So quickly do his baleful sighs  
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!  
One struggle---and his pain is past---  
Her lover is no longer living!  
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,  
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the PERI, as softly she stole  
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,  
 As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast---  
 "Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,  
 "In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd  
 "The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,  
 "Who sings at the last his own death lay  
 "And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread  
 Unearthly breathings through the place,  
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed  
 Such lustre o'er each paly face,  
 That like two lovely saints they seem'd  
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken  
 From their dim graves, in odour sleeping ;---  
 While that benevolent PERI beam'd  
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping  
 Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken!



### THE CAPTIVE FOX TO HIS MASTER.

SWEET master, break my galling chain,  
 And set your prisoner free ;  
 Oh, give me but to taste again  
 The joys of Liberty!

'Tis true that gentle is your sway,  
 And liberal is your hand,  
 But better DIE to Want a prey,  
 Than LIVE at Man's command.

How can you boast of Freedom's name  
 If aid I vainly crave ?  
 Oh then, admit your suppliant's claim,  
 And blush to own a slave.

You've felt the pang that wrings the breast,  
 When from your home you're torn ;  
 Think then the pain that me opprest,  
 From my own covert borne.

You ever parents knew, whose love  
 Nought to your wishes left ;  
 Think then the wretch that he must prove,  
 Of parents' care bereft !

Then your lov'd sister's feeling heart---  
 It must for misery bleed ;  
 For her dear sake the boon impart,  
 Ah ! can she vainly plead.

Oh then, sweet master, break my chain,  
 And grant me liberty ;  
 Give me to taste of LIFE again ;  
 He only LIVES, who's FREE.

(Original)

B.

THE MATERNAL EXPEDIENT.

A TALE FOR MOTHERS.

*Founded on a beautiful Greek Epigram, supposed to have  
 been written by Archias.*

WHERE Crissa's cliff, high rising o'er the main,  
 In sullen majesty o'erhangs its base,  
 An iv'yd cottage graced the verdant plain,  
 Full oft reflected on the watery space.

There sad Lysippe wept her husband lost,  
 Torn from her arms by honour's stern command ;  
 Those waves had borne him from that fatal coast,  
 Those waves restored him, lifeless, on the sand !

There oft at eve, unseen, she walk'd alone,  
 Now gazing on the vast expanse below,  
 Now listening to the murmuring billows' moan,  
 She seem'd a moving monument of woe !

Obtrusive memory lov'd each hour to trace  
 Some sacred vestige of her husband's name ;  
 Nor could creation's brightest charms efface  
 His heart-drawn picture from its drooping frame.

Yet, 'midst her woes, one comfort she received,  
 One cheering solace to her lonely hours ;  
 A lovely pledge of tried affection liv'd,  
 And wakc'd all the mother's latent powers.

With watchful eye she mark'd his dawning worth,  
 And fondly hung upon his infant smile ;  
 Maternal fondness lov'd to lead him forth,  
 And with her charge the lingering hours beguile.

One morn, when chance had op'd the cottage door,  
 On hands and knees the babe had crept, unseen,  
 Beyond the precincts of his native floor,  
 Delighted with the sun-beams on the green.

LYSIPPE miss'd her charge---her anxious breast  
 Swell'd at th' imagin'd danger of her child ;  
 Breathless, she rang'd the cot in frantic haste,  
 Search'd every spot, and call'd in accents wild.

She sought the plain---but who can paint the shock  
 That seiz'd her frame, when, on a jutting edge,  
 She spied her infant bending o'er the rock,  
 His little hands grasping th' o'erhanging sedge !

In speechless agony---quite void of breath,  
 Feeling as mothers feel, transfix'd she stood ;  
 What could she dare ? to stir was instant death---  
 And not to stir---to hear the roaring flood.

Oh thou blest Providence, who rulest the skies !  
 Sure 'twas thy voice inspir'd the sudden thought---  
 She hared her breast---hope trembled in her eyes---  
 The well-known breast the child's attention caught.

One moment he had rolled into the flood---  
 Lysippe darted towards the air-borne glebe,  
 And seized her boy---Ah, Nature's softest food !  
 Thou art a mother's bribe to save her babe !

G. P. B.







GIAOUR.



THE  
POCKET MAGAZINE  
OF  
Classic and Polite Literature.

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THE HEIRESS OF GLENALVON.

*A Tale, by Selina Davenport, continued.*

The lady, thus compelled to continue the guest of Mrs. Archdall, requested, that, if convenient, her servant might be allowed to attend her; this request was instantly complied with, and late in the evening a very respectable elderly female arrived, who said that she was the person to whom Mrs. Archdall's messenger had delivered the letter of her lady.

The stranger had now passed a week in the house of Captain Archdall, during which time, although constantly attended by her own domestic, she nevertheless received the tenderest attentions from Mrs. Archdall, who made a point of devoting to her the chief of her leisure moments; while, with a delicacy of mind which was not lost upon her visitor, she refrained from touching upon the subject of her family or of her concerns, nor ever once dropped a hint that she felt the remotest curiosity to learn the name and connexions of the person to whom she was thus performing the kindest offices of friendliness and disinterested benevolence.

Disinterested it might be termed, in the perfect sense of the term, for neither the Captain nor Mrs. Archdall ever for a moment looked forward to any remuneration from one, whose appearance, if any thing, bespoke finances even more slender than their own, and who

perhaps was labouring under difficulties which rendered the concealment of her name and circumstances necessary. This seemed to be the case, as the lady's servant observed the strictest caution as to every thing which related to her mistress and her affairs.

At length the stranger was pronounced by her medical attendant to be in a state of sufficient convalescence to remove, if she wished, to her own abode, as his visits were no longer necessary for the continuation of her health.

"In that case, sir," said the stranger, "it is customary to deliver in an early account of the medicines which the patient has taken, receive your money, make your bow, and perhaps forgot that such a person ever existed. Our knowledge of each other must not, however, be of so transient a date. Since the day on which your assistance became necessary, I have received from you every attention, every kind support: I am therefore too much your debtor to pay the whole at once; for the present I must beg your acceptance of this trifle, and shall expect to see you the first leisure hour you have to spare."

She then presented him with her card of address, and a bank note of twenty pounds. This generous and handsome reward for his services greatly astonished the doctor, who, as well as Mrs. Archdall, had conceived the idea of his patient being any thing but rich. He, however, expressed his thanks for her liberality, and promised not to let many days elapse before he called on her in town.

"And now, my dear friends," said the lady as soon as he was gone, "you hear that I have free permission to leave you as soon as I please, but would you believe it, I could almost find the heart to feign sick again, that I might continue some time longer under your hospitable roof."

"There is no occasion for that," replied Mrs. Archdall, smiling affectionately on her guest: "since we shall be equally sorry to lose your society. I regret that the smallness of our house, and other circumstances, have circumscribed our means of rendering your stay more agreeable."

"It has been just what I wished, and more than I

had expected," said the stranger gravely. "I have been happy---happier than I ever imagined I should be again. To you and Captain Archdall I am a perfect stranger, yet you received me into your house, made me partake of its comforts, and bestowed on me all the endearing attentions and watchful assiduities of the tenderest relations. You did this to an utter stranger, and without the hope of reward, except from Heaven."

The countenance of Captain Archdall became crimson at these last words of the stranger, but she continued: "Yes, without the hope of reward, for neither my appearance, nor conversation, could lead you to suppose that I was capable of offering you any remuneration for the expense which you must necessarily have incurred on my account."

"We do not wish, my dear madam, for any other remuneration," cried the captain hastily, "than what we have already received in witnessing your recovery, and the pleasure which I have enjoyed in your society since you have been well enough to admit me into your chamber."

"My very dear friend," said the lady, placing her hand on his shoulder, "my heart, torn and bleeding as it is from disappointments which poison my existence, still faithfully believes the disinterestedness of your conduct, still cherishes with delight the new-born hope, that time may make amends, in some degree, for the past, and that your friendship and that of Mrs. Archdall may be granted to my prayers, that my future years may not be unblest by the soothing voice of pure affection, and that my last moments may be spent with one, who I can feel assured loves me with all that ardour and enthusiasm of tenderness, which it shall be my business to excite. You look surprised, but I will explain."

After a pause of a moment, the stranger resumed: "At a period not far distant, you shall be acquainted with my history: at present, it is only necessary to say, that since my thirtieth year, I have passed my life in the country, in endeavouring, I hope, to render those who depended on me for support, happier than myself. The world has long ceased to hold forth to me any charms, any allurements; and I have, until lately, very lately, believed that it scarcely contained one being,

whose actions were not guided by interest and self-love. Business called me reluctantly to visit town, yet I shall think it the most fortunate epoch of my hitherto wretched life, since it has introduced me to two beings, whose generosity, kindness, and genuine humanity, have taught me that my opinion of the world is unjust and illiberal. With cheerfulness I confess my error, and retract my opinion; but gratitude and affection, which are once more rekindled in my soul, remind me that more is expected from one to whom Providence has bountifully bestowed the means, than idle expressions. Do not interrupt me; you wish me happy, and it is my own happiness, which I rashly imagined blasted for ever, that I am now anxiously seeking to promote. I will not pain you by the mention of any pecuniary reward for the services which you have so willingly afforded me. I am content to remain your debtor; nay, it is my heart's first and dearest wish to increase the debt, and to owe to you, and you alone, all the comfort, all the repose and peace, of my future years."

Both the Captain and Mrs. Archdall assured the stranger very sincerely, that they were ready to contribute, in any way which she should point out to them, to her happiness and welfare.

The lady smiled on them graciously. "I take you at your word," said she, "and demand, as a pledge of your sincerity and friendship, the infant, if it should prove a girl, whose birth you are daily expecting with so much fond anxiety."

"Nay, now you jest, my dear madam," cried Captain Archdall smilingly. "What happiness could you promise to yourself, by taking charge of a helpless infant, who in fact would only prove a continual source of trouble and uneasiness to you, and disturb your repose, instead of adding to your comforts?"

"I am serious in my demand," continued the stranger. "The fortune which I possess is my own, and I can leave it to whom I please. No being yet exists, save yourselves, who can claim it as the reward of good offices, and kind attentions. It is large, and ought to be possessed by no common mind. Since I have known you, my amiable friends, a new idea, a new wish, has entered my soul. It is to adopt, as my own, a new-

born child, whom I can model to my desires, whom I can fashion according to my own ideas of perfection, whom I can cherish as my own, love as my own, and whose tender affection and filial duty will authorise me to make her "Heiress of Glenalvon."

Captain Archdall and his wife looked at each other in mute amazement, incredulous of what they heard. "I see," said the lady, "that you are doubtful of my veracity: but I can easily convince you, my dear friends, that it is in my power to make your child heiress to six thousand a year. The conditions may seem hard to you, but they must be complied with, and kept most sacredly. The least infringement upon the terms which I shall propose, would be fatal to the interest and happiness of your daughter, whom I should no longer consider as my adopted child. First, then, you must resign her to me from the moment of her birth."-----

RESUMED IN NUMBER III.

#### EXPERIMENTS IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

AN account of a loaf loaded with quicksilver being thrown into water to discover the body of a person sunk under the surface, which could only become stationary (if it did so) from attraction, encouraged me to offer the following, in hopes that some one may improve upon the hint:

Being under the Cliff at Scarborough, I observed two persons looking very earnestly at the different ooziings of the water that dribbled down the sides, and tasting the moisture by dipping in their fingers. I went to them, and found them Germans. They were very obliging; and, as I understood the language, informed me they were very well versed in searching after mines, which by thus tasting the water they could discover. I mentioned what I had heard of the divining rod, in use on the Mendip Hills, in Somersetshire, which bends when held over places that contain metallic ore; they said that might well be, for a piece of gold, silver, or any metal, suspended on the end of a very slender switch, when carried over a mine of the same metal, would be so attracted as to bend the end of the stick. Some time after, I happened to be at a silversmith's at

Bath, who had a very curious pair of scales, inclosed in a glass case. I admired them; and he said they would weigh to the two-hundredth part of a grain; and there lay in the window a block of solid silver, about six inches square, and two inches thick. What the above-mentioned persons told me at Scarborough, came into my head, and I thought this a good opportunity to try how far what they said was true. I, therefore, had a shilling put into one scale, and the beam, which was about eighteen inches long, made perfectly level by weights in the other scale; then I introduced the block of silver under the scale that had the shilling, and the beam dropped at that end a full quarter of an inch, and stood there until the block of silver was removed, when it immediately returned to the equipoise and level as it was before: and this we repeated several times, and it always answered the same. These curious scales were enclosed in the glass case, and the door shut, at every experiment.

The other matter, I think, may be made useful for keeping metal pipes or boilers from the *furring* or *stony excrescence*, that lodges from boiling water often in them. A friend of mine at Rochester put a common flat shell of an oyster into a new tea-kettle, and kept it in two or three years. During all the time the shell was in the tea-kettle, the tea-kettle gathered no fur, but all the furring settled on the oyster-shell, which I have in my possession now, and which is about two inches thick, and something bigger than it was when put in, and perfectly smooth at the bottom, and where at the edge it had from time to time slipped against the side of the tea-kettle, in appearance like a hone you set razors on; but on the top of the shell the fur was like any thing boiling up, curly and uneven. The water *there* comes from chalky lands. I live in Essex, and have tried the shell, which also gathered the fur, but of a different appearance, being more like smooth sand or gravel; but the shell increased in thickness. If this can be turned to account, in respect to keeping boilers and pipes clear, or shewing the nature of the land through which the streams have passed, I shall be happy.

## THE CONTRAST.

*MAN OF FASHION, and CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.*

THE Man of Fashion is instructed how to walk, how to stand, how to dance, how to ride, how to laugh, how to smile, how to frown, how to be angry, how to fight, and how to be familiar. He is taught a mode of eating, drinking, swearing, gaming, and wenching; and, in the combination of all these, how to be the fine gentleman.

The Citizen of the World takes nature for his nursery-maid, and does not pretend to walk until he can first stand. His polite accomplishments are under the dictates of reason; and the body, in its functions, never ridicules the just conceptions of the mind. A proper arrangement of each, thus unites the real gentleman with the man of sense.

The Man of Fashion makes the grand tour, merely to have it said that he has been abroad. He talks of foreign towns and manners, uninstructed in the theory, and unacquainted with the practice. He speaks French and Italian, without knowing the rudiments of his native language, and on all occasions prefers the *maniere et le je-ne-sais-quoi* of Italy or France to the home-spun hospitality of England.

The Citizen of the World, in unity, peace, and concord, with the customs of every clime, and every nation, improves his native abilities by what he discovers in foreign countries: but, whilst he profits by the example, he still prefers the downright honesty of a British boor to the tinsel deceit of a foreign puppy.

The Man of Fashion enters upon life long before he should quit the authority of his preceptor: his youth, in consequence, becomes a scene of dissipation, and, before he attains the age, he loses the virility of manhood. Thus, the whole business of life is frustrated, and the great end of creation destroyed. He slides into a drawing-room, when his country demands the nerve of his arm. We find him dallying in imaginary bliss, when the ability of enjoyments is gone for ever. In this

situation he is the constant attendant of a tea-table, a morning concert, or an evening promenade. His excellence consists in picking his teeth, pretending to be deaf at an opera, and laughing loud enough to disturb an audience at a tragedy: but the summit of his glory is, to be thought in possession of what he has not.

The Citizen of the World enters upon the business of life, when the Man of Fashion is quitting the stage of manhood. His youth, by being carefully watched, becomes the *stamina vitæ* of man, and his athletic body proves the soundness of his constitution. He soars to glory, and his heart pants for an opportunity to attain it. If the support of his country demands the assistance of his arm, he raises it in her defence: or if he is called upon in the senate, to defend her rights and privileges, his eloquence is manly, and his reasoning incontrovertible. He abhors the shedding of blood, except when necessity demands the sword, and the benevolence of his mind seeks for the blessings of peace, although the vigour of his body ensures the honour of conquest.

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## ADDENDA TO THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

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We'll institute new arts, unknown before,  
 To vary plagues, and make them look like new ones.  
 OTWAY.

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### THE GROANS OF A TRADESMAN.

**GROAN 1.** AFTER showing your whole stock to a stranger, and seeing him lay aside article after article, as if for purchase, beholding him select from the heap some half-crown article, desiring it may be sent him immediately to the further extremity of the town.

**SECOND.** Endeavouring in vain to hook a shy customer, who keeps nibbling round the bait, but will not venture to bite.

**THIRD.** Being obliged to listen to the dry stories of a long winded customer, who thinks by laying out half a dozen shillings, he amply reimburses you for as many hours of misery.

**FOURTH.** As you are setting off to attend a sale, to purchase an article you particularly want, being interrupted by the entrance of a customer---then in your hurry to dispatch his business, committing a hundred mistakes, which you are obliged to rectify---then setting off, at full speed, through the streets, at the hazard of breaking your head or your neck, pursued by the curses and threats of the people you jostle---then entering the auction-room, breathless and exhausted, just as the lot you wanted has been knocked down for half the price you intended to have given for it.

**FIFTH.** Visits, or rather visitations, of those *gentry*, who lay aside articles---for which they will call to-morrow---

“To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow;

“Creeps in its petty place, and from day to day---”

but these *gentry* are by no means punctual

**SIXTH.** Attending a sale of furniture in the dog-days, wedged in amidst a crowd of unwashed, uncombed Israelites and greasy Gentiles, from the genteel neighbourhood of Baldwin's Gardens and Saffron-Hill, exposed to the brutality of their jests and the belchings of their gin and tobacco: after enduring this earthly purgatory, till you are half dissolved with heat---your ears deafened with the Stentorian voice of the auctioneer and the clamorous vociferation of the bidders---and your olfactory nerves tortured by a rank compound of villainous smells, you behold with joy the appearance of the articles for which you have braved all the horrors of stench, noise, and suffocation---and have the further satisfaction of seeing the whole of them monopolized, at double their value, by some of those sagacious *gentry*, who think nothing dear but what they buy in the shop of a tradesman.

**SEVENTH.** Attempting to please a customer, who is resolved not to be pleased.

**EIGHTH.** Being troubled by the custom of a shabby fellow, who will not be offended.

**NINTH.** Being asked for the credit of a person whom you are unwilling to offend, yet resolved not to trust.

**TENTH.** After running about all the morning, just

as you are sitting down, with a keen appetite, to a hot dinner, being called away to attend a person who sets no value on his own time, and as little on yours, and who, after lounging away an hour (which to your impatience seems a century,) kindly departs, leaving you no consolation---for the loss of a good dinner, your patience, and your appetite.

### ROB ROY.

*By the Author of Waverley, &c. continued.*

“But wise men and fools eat their dinner,” answered our jolly entertainer; “and here a comes---as prime a buttock of beef as e'er hungry mon stuck fork in.”

So saying, he eagerly whetted his knife, assumed his seat of empire at the head of the board, and loaded the plates of his sundry guests with his good cheer.

The conversation of course turned upon politics, as in those times little else all over the country was talked of, in which, this Mr. Campbell, alias M'Gregor, alias Rob Roy, conducted himself so inoffensively to all parties, as to fall into the favour of the traveller, who sat upon his portmanteau for safety, in preference to a chair. This timid creature, Morris, was entrusted by government with a quantity of silver, destined for the support of the Royalist troops in the north; and actually pressed Campbell to attend him the other part of his journey, promising to bear all charges. Campbell, of course, at first, resolutely refused, but by dint of hard pressure, it appears by the sequel, attended him to some purpose. Here Mr. Frank parted company with them.

“Having been turned to the left out of the great north road, I had already a distant view of Oshaldistone Hall, a large and antiquated edifice, peeping out from a druidical grove of huge oaks; I was directing my way to it, when my horse pricked up his ears at the enlivening notes of a pack of hounds in full cry. The dogs pursued the trace of Reynard with unerring instinct, and the hunters followed with reckless haste. My cousins, thought I, as they swept past me! At this instant, a vision that passed me interrupted these reflections. It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose

striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase, and the glow of exercise, mounted on a beautiful horse, jet black, unless where he was flecked by spots of the snow white foam which embossed his bridle. As she past me, her horse made an irregular movement, which served as an apology for me to ride up close to her, as if to her assistance. She thanked my intentions with a smile; and at that instant, the clamour of "Whoop! dead! dead!" announced that the chase was at a close. One of these young nimrods coming up, I observed them both look at me, and converse a moment in an under tone, the young lady apparently pressing the sportsman to do something which he declined shyly, and with a sort of sheepish sullenness. She instantly turned round towards me, saying,—"Well, well, Thornie, if you won't, I must, that's all.---Sir," she continued, addressing me, "I have been endeavouring to persuade this cultivated young gentleman to make enquiries at you, whether, in the course of your travels in these parts, you have heard any thing of a friend of ours, one Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, who has been for some days expected at Osbaldistone Hall.

I was too happy to acknowledge myself to be the party enquired after, and to express my thanks for the obliging enquiries of the young lady.

"In that case, sir," she rejoined, "as my kinsman's politeness seems to be still slumbering, you will permit me (though I suppose it is highly improper) to stand mistress of ceremonies, and to present to you young Squire Thorncliff Osbaldistone, your cousin, and Dic Vernon, who has also the honour to be your accomplished cousin's poor kinswoman,"

On his arrival at the hall, Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone was in no hurry to greet his nephew, having had other important avocations. "Had seen thee sooner, lad," he exclaimed after a rough shake of the hand, and a hearty welcome to Osbaldistone Hall, "but had to see the hounds kennelled first. Thou art welcome to the hall, lad--here is thy cousin Percie, thy cousin Thornie, and thy cousin John, your cousin Dick, your cousin Wilfred, and--stay, where's Rashleigh--aye--here's Rashleigh--so thy father has thought on the old hall, and old Sir Hildebrand at last--better late than

never---Thou art welcome, lad, and there's enough---Where's my little Die---aye, here she comes---this is my niece Die, my wife's brother's daughter---the prettiest girl in our dales, be the other who she may---and so now let's to the sirloin."---

It might be expected that Mr. Frank would not feel much at home in the company of these brutal tygers in the one part of the day, and drunken sots in the other: however, his susceptible soul soon indicated somewhat of its softness in the company of Miss Vernon, who, not from a disposition to coquetry, but from necessity, kept him at bay with the most perfect grace and humour. After giving him a characteristic description of the whole family, "Come," said I to myself, "I am glad there is some forbearance at least toward the ancient head of the family; after all, who would have looked for such bitter satire from a creature so young and so exquisitely beautiful?"

"You are thinking of me," she said, bending her dark eyes on me, as if she meant to pierce through my very soul.

"I certainly was," I replied, with some embarrassment at the determined suddenness of the question, and then endeavouring to give a complimentary turn to my frank avowal. How is it possible I should think of any thing else, seated as I have the happiness to be?"

She smiled with such an expression of concentrated haughtiness as she alone could have thrown into her countenance. "I must inform you at once, Mr. Osbaldistone, that compliments are entirely lost upon me; do not, therefore, throw away your pretty sayings---they serve fine gentlemen who travel in the country, instead of the toys, beads, and bracclets, which navigators carry to propitiate the savage inhabitants of newly-discovered countries. Do not exhaust your stock in trade---you will find natives in Northumberland to whom your fine things will recommend you---on me they would be utterly thrown away, for I happen to know their real value."

But a few days elapsed before an incident transpired which attracted attention almost from one end of the kingdom to the other; and which particularly interested the near residents at Osbaldistone hall.

Intelligence was received at the hall, that Morris had been robbed of his valuable portmanteau on the road, and that warrants had consequently been issued against Mr. Frank Osbaldistone and Mr. Campbell, as being concerned in the transaction. On hearing this information, he repaired instantly to the magistrate who had issued the warrant, to repel the calumny before its consequences had overtaken him. Miss Vernon, who had communicated the intelligence privately, resolutely determined to accompany him; and they appeared before the magistrate just after he had taken an early dinner, and was looking with a periodical enthusiasm to the luxury which regularly succeeded it. When the fumes of the liquor had become a match for the magistrate's reason, Miss Vernon begged leave for a short time to retire, during which interval she succeeded to detach an officious clerk (who dealt out his law by the piece, and whose salary was dependant on the number of his prosecutions), and at the same time to carry on a plot; the result of which was, that before their departure the magistrate exonerated Mr. Frank from all suspicion, and threw the warrants into the fire before their eyes.

Shortly after this rencontre, Rashleigh Osbaldistone took his departure from Northumberland, to occupy the flattering situation which the obstinacy of Mr. Frank had rendered vacant. In a short time he contrived to ingratiate himself into the confidence of the heads of the firm, and was permitted the free use of their name and authority. Some incidents occurred which required the attendance of Mr. Osbaldistone on the Continent; and in his absence Rashleigh played off the scheme which he had long been cogitating. Obtaining all the cash he could lay his hand upon, with the ostensible purpose of taking up some large bills paid to a merchant in Glasgow, he decamped into the north, with a real design to aid the intentions of the popish faction, and ultimately depose the protestant sovereign who was now in possession of the throne. A partner in the firm wrote to Mr. Frank, and urged his instantly setting off to Glasgow, to meet the head clerk, Mr. Owen, who was gone in pursuit of the villain. Mr. Frank arrived at Glasgow during divine

service, to which he was compelled to repair. While he was standing in the aisle of the church, some one touched him on the shoulder, and whispered, "Listen, but do not look back. You are in danger in this place--so am I. Meet me to-night on the Brigg, at twelve precisely. Keep at home till the gloaming, and avoid observation. I instantly turned my head; but the speaker had glided away like a spectre." Led partly by curiosity and partly by necessity, he repaired to the Brigg at midnight; and who should meet him there but Mr. Campbell, as if conjured up by some mysterious incantation, who led him, by a circuitous route, to the gates of a prison, where Mr. Owen was confined. Mr. Owen not succeeding in obtaining the property which Rashleigh Osbaldistone had run away with, had applied for assistance to their correspondent at Glasgow, to enable him to meet the bills coming due in a few days; but instead of complying with this request, finding the balance to be against the firm of Osbaldistone and Tresham, he had put the head clerk in prison, as a guarantee for the sum that was due. This he had done because he knew him to have a small share in the concern. By the assistance, however, of Mr. Jarvis, who had previously been their Glasgow agent, he was speedily liberated; and before the bills became due, circumstances so transpired, as to free them from all apprehension as to the ultimate credit of the house.

We are concerned that our limits will not permit us to give a detailed relation of the following part of this interesting story, which now assumes much more of a political and national character. It must suffice to say, that after a series of adventures, this Mr. Campbell, or M'Gregor, was the instrument of restoring order and justice to all the injured parties, and of inflicting vengeance on the oppressors. The sketch of his character and conduct forms the most lively and animated portion of the narrative; and evidently displays the hand of a perfect master of characteristic description. If such a man ever lived in Scotland, we can only say, there are none such to be found now; nor indeed is it desirable that there should be any more. The narrative concludes by detailing the death of all the branches of the family at Osbaldistone Hall; some

in the pursuit of their personal sports, but most of them by engaging in the political troubles of the times. Mr. Frank not only succeeded to his father's immense property as a merchant, but was put in possession of the family mansion at Osbaldistone Hall; and speedily withdrew Miss Vernon from her retreat, in a convent in France, with whom he lived in splendour and felicity, and saw a numerous family gathering around him to bless his declining age, and to carry down his name to posterity.

H.

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### MY PORTFOLIO;

*Or, ORIGINAL HINTS, SKETCHES, and ANECDOTES.*

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"A thing of shreds and patches."

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No. 2.—MR. FOX.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist, and a considerable difference may well exist, as to the merit or demerit of Mr. Fox's politics, it is certain that he had the mind of a great statesman; and that his plans were distinguished by a boldness which puts to shame the puny and ruinously-inefficient measures too often adopted by British ministers. He was not of a nature to commit the fault of nibbling at the extremities, instead of striking at the vitals; a fault which has been censured with a just severity by Mr. Burke. Mr. Fox was only twice in office; and on both occasions he formed designs which, had they been carried into execution, could not have failed of producing a decisive effect. At the period of the American war, he proposed to his colleagues to withdraw instantly the English army from America, and to pour it down on the French and Spanish colonies; which, in that case, must inevitably have fallen into our hands, and would have furnished us with the means of concluding an honourable peace. Circumstances, which it is unnecessary to state, prevented this scheme from being acted upon. When, in 1806, he once more became a minister, it was his plan to take advantage of the absence of Napoleon in

Germany, to land a combined British and Russian army, of 60,000 men, at the mouth of the Seine, which, supported by a powerful flotilla on the river, was to make a rapid march on the capital of France. Paris at that time was nearly unprotected; as every disposable division had been drawn from the interior, to swell the force on the German frontier. Unfortunately, however, he found that the military resources of the country were not adequate to the accomplishment of his purpose; and he, therefore, reluctantly abandoned it.

#### FRENCH ADULATION.

THE French have, at all times, been the most slavish of flatterers to men in power. When, after having covered their kings with the most disgusting adulation, they thought proper to run a muck against all kings, and to murder the mildest of their sovereigns, they did not cease to perform the ceremony of prostration to those who held the reins of empire. The fulsome incense formerly offered up to their monarchs was now transferred to Marat, Robespierre, and the rest of the innumerable sanguinary tyrants who degraded and tormented their country. The habit of being slavish they could not throw off. This, however, is not so wonderful. It was an old habit, and consequently an inveterate one; as the following lines, addressed to Cardinal de Richelieu, would sufficiently prove, if any proof were wanting. These lines are part of a French poem, by L'Estoille, a French poet, who died in 1652; and it is difficult to say which is most prominent, their abject baseness, or their flagrant impiety. After having poured forth an abundance of bombastic nonsense, not forgetting some abuse of England, M. L'Estoille thus comes to a befitting climax:

*L'Envie a beau secher de vous voir tant fleurir,  
Et se nourrit du vent d'une injuste esperance;  
On ne vous peut ble-ter sans nous faire mourir,  
Ce que l'ame est au corps, vous l'estes a la France.*

*En vain la Medisance attaque vostre foy;  
Et c'est contre le oeil que sa bouche blaspheme.  
Estre votre ennemy, c'est l'estre de mon roy;  
Et l'estre de mon roy, c'est l'estre de Dieu mesme.*

The following bald, but faithful, translation of the above quoted passage, will give the mere English reader some idea of M. L'Estoille's delectable composition.

In vain may Envy pine to see thee flourish,  
 And life with wind of wicked hopes may nourish!  
 No wound canst thou receive but die must we,  
 What body owes to soul, France owes to thee!

To blot thy truth, in vain shall Slander dream;  
 'Tis against Heaven itself her lips blaspheme.  
 Thy foe must be my sovereign's foe, and he,  
 My sovereign's foe, the foe of God must be.

SIR B\*\*\*\* R\*\*\*\*.

THE late Sir B\*\*\*\* R\*\*\*\* was more remarkable for making bulls, than for brilliancy of wit. He did, however, say one good thing in the Irish House of Commons, though such was his perfect unconsciousness of it, that he was exceedingly surprised at the general burst of laughter by which it was followed. Two of the most celebrated orators of that house were perpetually opposed to each other, and were by no means sparing of severe language. One of these gentlemen having sarcastically recommended to his opponent to take more care of his honour, the latter replied, in the words of Calista, "I am myself the guardian of my honour, and will not bear so insolent a monitor!" Sir B. R. immediately started up, and exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, I give the gentleman joy of his sinecure employment." \*\*D.

### DANCES OF OUR ANCESTORS.

AS many of our fair readers, who delight to "trip it on the light fantastic toe," may be pleased to receive some information with respect to the dancing of their ancestors, we have made, from Dr. Drake's "Shakspeare and his Times," the following extracts for their use.

"Dancing was an almost daily amusement in the court of Elizabeth; the queen was peculiarly fond of this exercise, as had been her father, Henry the Eighth: and the taste for it became so general during her reign, that a great part of the leisure of almost every class of

society was spent, and especially on days of festivity, in dancing.

To dance elegantly was one of the strongest recommendations to the favour of her majesty; and her courtiers, therefore, strove to rival each other in this pleasing accomplishment; nor were their efforts, in many instances, unrewarded. Sir Christopher Hatton, we are told, owed his promotion, in a great measure, to his skill in dancing; and in accordance with this anecdote, Grey opens his "Long Story" with an admirable description of his merit in this department; which, as containing a most just and excellent picture, both of the architecture and manners of "the days of good Queen Bess," as well as of the dress and agility of the knight, we with pleasure transcribe. Stoke-Pogeis, the scene of the narrative, was formerly in the possession of the Hattons.

" In Britain's isle, no matter where,  
An ancient pile of building stands;  
The Huntingdons and Hattons there  
Employ'd the power of fairy hands

" To raise the ceiling's fretted height,  
Each pannel in achievements clothing,  
Rich windows that exclude the light,  
And passages that lead to nothing.

" Full oft within the spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls;  
The seal and maces danced before him.

" His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,  
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,  
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,  
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

The brawl, a species of dance here alluded to, is derived from the French word *brûle*, "indicating, observes Mr. Douce, "a shaking or swinging motion. It was performed by several persons uniting hands in a circle, and giving each other continual shakes, the steps changing with the time. It usually consisted of three *pas* and a *pied-joint*, to the time of four strokes of the bow; which being repeated, was termed a double brawl. With this dance balls were usually opened."

Shakspeare seems to have entertained as high an idea

of the efficacy of a French brawl, as probably did Sir Christopher Hatton, when he exhibited before Queen Elizabeth; for he makes Moth, in *Love's Labour Lost*, ask Armado, "Master, will you win your Love with a French brawl?" and he then exclaims, "These betray nice wenches." That several dances were included under the term brawls, appears from a passage in Shelton's *Don Quixote*: "After this there came in another artificial dance, of those called brawles:" and Mr. Douce informs us, that amidst a great variety of brawls, noticed in Thoinot Arbeau's treatise on dancing, entitled, *Orchesographia*, occurs a Scotch brawl; and he adds, that this dance continued in fashion to the close of the seventeenth century.

Another dance of much celebrity at this period, was the *pavin*, or *pavan*, which, from the solemnity of the measure; seems to have been held in utter aversion by Sir Toby Belch, who, in reference to his intoxicated surgeon, exclaims, "Then he's a rogue! After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue." This is the text of Mr. Tyrwhitt; but the old copy reads, "Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measure's pavyn," which is probably correct; for the pavan was rendered still more grave by the introduction of the *passa-mezzo* air, which obliged the dancers, after making several steps round the room, to cross it in the middle in a slow step, or *cinqus pace*. This alteration of time occasioned the term *passamezzo* to be prefixed to the name of several dances; thus we read of the *passamezzo galliard*, as well as the *passamezzo pavin*; and Sir Toby, by applying the latter appellation to his surgeon, meant to call him not only a rogue, but a solemn coxcomb. "The pavan, from *pavo*, a peacock," observes Sir J. Hawkins, "is a grave and majestic dance. The method of dancing it, was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for this step, in the *Orchesographia* of Thoinot Arbeau. Of the *passamezzo* little is to be said, except

that it was a favourite air in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Ligon, in his History of Barbadoes, mentions a passamezzo galliard, which, in the year 1647, a Padre in that island played to him on the lute; the very same he says with an air of that kind, which in Shakspeare's play of Henry the Fourth was originally played to Sir John Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet, by Sneak, the musician there named."

Of equal gravity with the "doleful pavin," as Sir W. D'Avenant calls it, was the Measure, to tread which was the relaxation of the most dignified characters in the state, and formed a part of the revelry of the inns of court, where the gravest lawyers were often found treading the measures. Shakspeare puns upon the name of this dance, and contrasts it with the Scotch jig in *Much Ado about Nothing*, where he introduces Beatrice telling her cousin Hero, "The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time; if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave."

A more brisk and lively step accompanied the canary dance, which was likewise very fashionable. "I have seen a medicine," says Lafau, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, alluding to the influence of female charms,

"That's able to bring life into a stone;  
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,  
With spritely fire and motion."

and Moth advises Armado, when dancing the brawl, to canary it with his feet.

The mode of performing this dance is thus given by Mr. Douce, from the treatise of Thoinot Arbeau: "A lady is taken out by a gentleman, and after dancing together to the cadences of the proper air, he leads her to the end of the hall; this done, he retreats back to the original spot, always looking at the lady. Then

he makes up to her again, with certain steps, and retreats as before. His partner performs the same ceremony, which is several times repeated by both parties, with various strange fantastic steps, very much in the savage style."

Beside the brawl, the pavin, the measure, and the canary, several other dances were in vogue, under the general titles of corantos, lavoltos, jigs, galliards, and fancies; but the four which we have selected for more peculiar notice, appear to have been the most celebrated.

### MANNERS OF THE NATIVES OF THE LEWCHEW ISLANDS.

SINCE the publication of Mr. Keate's Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Antelope, Captain Wilson, on the Pelew Islands, there has not appeared any account of the manners of a foreign people, which, for the same kind of interest as is excited by Mr. Keate's work, can at all stand in competition with that which Mr. M'Leod has given us of the manners of the group of islands, usually termed the Lekeyos or Lucaryos, but of which the real name is Lewchew. It is scarcely too much to say, that the Islands of Lewchew appear to be the peculiar seat of unaffected politeness and pure benevolence. That these scattered spots are inhabited by a kind and civilized race was already known, from the ready assistance which was afforded, in the year 1797, to Captain Broughton, who had been shipwrecked on a reef, near Typinsan, which lies between the Great Lewchew and Formosa. In his statement of the circumstances of his voyage, Captain Broughton, however, only touched upon a subject which Mr. M'Leod, in the volume before us, has amply illustrated.

In our last number we gave some extracts, descriptive of the situation, climate, and productions, of the Lewchew group. But, as no landscape can be thought perfect to which life is not given, by the addition of figures, so would our sketch be incomplete if we did not animate it by delineating the minds of the Lewchewans, as well as the picturesque beauties of their country.

While perusing this account, the reader should bear

in mind, that in Lewchew, as in China, Japan, and other parts of North Eastern Asia, the system of strictly excluding foreigners is adopted by the government; and, remembering this fact, he will not fail to estimate still more highly the kindness and urbanity displayed by the Lewchewans to those whom they have always been taught to look upon with a jaundiced eye, as unwelcome and probably dangerous intruders.

No sooner did the *Alceste* and *Lyra* anchor near the city of Napa-kiang, than some people in office came on board; on being informed, that the ship had sprung a leak, they expressed great sorrow for the misfortune, and, immediately on their return to the shore, they dispatched carpenters, to assist in repairing the damage. This favour was followed by an immediate supply of bullocks, pigs, goats, fowls, eggs, and other articles, with an abundance of excellent sweet potatoes, vegetables, fruit then in season, and even candles and fire wood. This supply was continued as often as necessary, for six weeks; nor could those who sent it ever be persuaded to accept any payment or compliment whatever. Captain Maxwell having desired permission to send ashore the ropemakers and smiths, in order that they might have room to work, it was mildly requested, that he would wait till they heard from the king, as the officers at Napa-kiang, were incompetent to act without his orders. To this request, he, of course, acceded, and this proper mark of attention to their wishes appears to have been gratefully felt by them.

Six days after their arrival, one of the principal chiefs came on board, with a numerous suite, and renewed the promise, that every assistance should be afforded. He was a man about sixty years of age, with a venerable white beard: his dress, a purple robe, with very loose sleeves, fastened round his middle with a sash of red silk; he had sandals on his feet, with white gaiters, not unlike short stockings. His cap (the badge of his dignity) was made of some slight material, twisted neatly into folds, and covered with a light purple-coloured silk.

Though they had not yet heard from the king, and though a general rule forbade any stranger to land, yet, probably won by our ready acquiescence in their

first wishes, permission was now given for a few of the British officers to walk about, within certain bounds. In consequence of this permission, Captains Maxwell and Hall, with several officers in full uniform, visited Napa-kiang, where they were received by the chief who had come on board the *Alceste*. He gave them an entertainment, in the most liberal style of hospitality, at which the utmost good humour presided, and many loyal and friendly toasts, applicable to both countries, were drunk with enthusiasm. As a mark of their personal regard, the captains made to the chiefs some presents consisting of different wines, cherry brandy, English broad cloths, a telescope, and various other articles. These presents were accepted with a graceful dignity, merely as marks of regard, those who accepted them, reserving to themselves, at the same time, the right to make whatever return they might deem proper, as their tokens of friendship. The British visitors were desirous to take a walk over the city; but this the chiefs did not think themselves authorised to permit. Unwilling, nevertheless, to wound the feelings of their guests, they delicately attributed the refusal to the fear, that "some bad people might be induced to treat us with disrespect." This fear was obviously simulated for the purpose which has been stated. "It was worthy of notice," says Mr. M'Leod, "how much regularity and decorum existed among so many thousands as were here collected. A lane was formed, on the inner side of which the smallest boys (generally kneeling) were placed; another row squatted behind these; then the men (those nearest stooping a little); and outside, the still taller people, or those mounted on stones, &c. so that all, without bustle or confusion might have a view of the strangers. The utmost silence reigned, and not a whisper was heard."

A mutual friendship now began to subsist between both parties. The result of this was, that the natives fitted up the garden of a temple, as a sort of general arsenal for the English, who were all allowed to come on shore. As a hospital for the sick, the habitations of the priests were allotted, and temporary bamboo buildings were erected for the stowage of the powder; while the ropemakers, smiths, and other artificers, were esta-

blished on a convenient spot, about a mile further on the beach. To the sick the kindest attention was paid. The higher class of people daily attended on them; manifested that sympathy which is so cheering to the victims of disease, enquired into their wants, and furnished additional eggs and other delicacies to those men whose cases more particularly required them. In the meantime, understanding that wood was wanting for spars, the natives felled fir trees, and floated them alongside the ship, singing in concert their usual boat song, which had a very pleasing and plaintive effect.

From this period, the friendly intercourse, and interchange of kindnesses, continued uninterrupted by any dispute, or even by any thing like coldness on either side. Madera Cosyong, who, at the outset had evidently been employed to watch the English, became their warmest friend; and he took such indefatigable pains to acquire our language, that he soon made himself to be understood, without the aid of an interpreter. His first attempt to connect a sentence was rather sudden and unexpected. Rising to go away one evening, after his usual lesson, he slowly articulated, "You give me good wine,---I tank you,---I go shore." This chief was delighted to receive information, and his remarks were always pertinent. The Lewchewans possess, in fact, no mean share of intellect. A chart of the ship's course having been shown to Madera and some others, they quickly comprehended the subject, although they had no previous idea of the vast extent of the figure of the globe.

The islanders are remarkable for their honesty, and their adherence to truth. Of their honesty there is sufficient proof in the fact, that although iron implements were a great temptation, the rope machinery and other articles remained unguarded and safe on the beach for many nights; and though they had numberless opportunities on board the *Alceste*, yet not a single theft was committed by them during the whole of her stay.

In native, true politeness it would be difficult to find their superiors, or even their equals. Whenever the English proceeded too far into the country, they were not rudely driven back, but mildly entreated to return, as a favour to those in attendance, lest they should in-

our blame ; and those attendants were always eager to prevail on our officers to partake of their fare. A striking instance of the politeness of the Lewchewans was given at an entertainment, to which Captain Maxwell had invited a party of the chiefs. The health of the King of Lewchew having been drank in a bumper, one of them rose immediately, and with much warmth and feeling desired the interpreter to state how much they felt gratified by such a compliment, which they would take care to tell to every body on their landing ; and he ended by proposing, in his turn, a bumper to the health of the King of the Engalees. At table they carefully conformed to our customs ; unlike the beastly Chinese, near the river Pei-ho, who, when invited to dinner on board, thrust into any dish near them the bones which they had gnawed, and applied the decanter of wine to their greasy mouths. Perhaps the strongest proof which can be brought forward of the captivating manners of the Lewchewans is, that even our rough tars were won over by them, and forbore to behave with their usual contemptuous roughness. The English sailors and the natives were constantly mingled together, without the occurrence of a solitary quarrel or complaint.

The humanity also of the islanders is exemplary. It does not appear that they possess arms ; and when they saw the effect of our fowling-pieces, they begged that our officers would not kill the birds, which they were always glad to see flying about their houses ; to this they added, that if we wanted the birds to eat, they would send each day an additional number of fowls in their stead. Nor is their humanity of that sentimental kind which bewails a dead bird, while it looks with a dry eye on the misery of human beings. This has already been seen in the care which they took of the sick, and it was still further proved by the following circumstance. One of the sick having died, a grave was dug for him by the natives, after the English manner, in one of their own places of interment ; and, on the morning of the burial, a number of the principal inhabitants came, unexpectedly, clad in deep mourning, to attend the funeral. Observing that the order of rank was in this case inverted, the captain closing the rear, they, with that delicacy which seems inherent in them, sta-

tioned themselves in front of the coffin, as being the humblest place. The service was performed amidst the utmost silence and decorum ; and they then immediately began to erect a tomb over the grave, on which they cut an inscription, furnished by the British. On the day after the interment they appeared at the tomb, with their priests, and performed the funeral service according to the rites of their own religion ; thus extending their pious care even beyond the limits of our earthly state.

A short time previous to the departure of the *Alceste*, the nearest heir to the crown paid a visit on board to Captain Maxwell, and was received with every possible mark of respect and attention. In return, he invited the captain and officers to a feast, to be celebrated on the 25th of October, the anniversary of our monarch's accession. On this occasion, the prince met them at the gate, and conducted them into the hall. Three tables were spread, for the three different classes of guests, the prince doing the honours of his own, and occasionally directing his attention to the others, to each of which a man of some rank was added to pass the toasts, and see that the strangers were properly treated. Our king and royal family were heartily toasted ; and the king, queen, and royal family of Lewchew having been proposed by our party, the hosts returned the compliment by toasting "the wives and children of their friends, the Engalecs." The day was spent in the utmost harmony ; mutual tokens of friendship were exchanged ; and when the boats put off to the ship, the crews gave three cheers, which the natives returned in their own style of salutation ; and in this manner followed the boats along the pier to the mouth of the river. They had already sent a great number of coloured paper lanterns on board, to illuminate the ship in honour of our king. These were displayed after dark ; three volleys were fired, and fire works were discharged, to the infinite delight of thousands of people, who crowded the shore.

The king was never seen ; but he sent to Captain Maxwell a letter for our sovereign, stating "the happiness which he felt in having had an opportunity of affording an asylum to his ships, and expressing a hope

that the attentions which he had been able to show them might prove satisfactory to the King of the Engalees.

At length the period of departure arrived. The stores having been embarked, the ships unmoored on the morning of the 27th of October. While this operation was performing, "the Lewchewaus, as a mark of respect, arranged themselves in their best apparel, and proceeding to the temple, offered up to their gods a solemn sacrifice, invoking them to protect the Engalees, to avert every danger, and restore them in safety to their native land! In the manner of this adieu there was an air of sublimity and benevolence combined, by far more touching to the heart than the most refined compliment of a more civilized people. It was the genuine benignity of artless nature, and of primitive innocence. Immediately following this solemnity, our particular friends crowded on board to *shake hands*, and say, 'farewell!' whilst the tears which many of them shed evinced the sincerity of their attachment. As the ships got under weigh, they still lingered alongside in their canoes, displaying every sign of affectionate regard."

There is, we are certain, no reader of this sketch who will not heartily join us in the prayer, that these kind and worthy islanders may long preserve the purity of morals, the warmth of heart, and the peace and concord, by which, at the present moment, their hospitable shores are so peculiarly distinguished!

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TO THE

EDITOR OF THE POCKET MAGAZINE.

SIR. With due submission to the "Reasons" you publish "for believing Sir P. Francis to be the Author of the 'Letters of Junius,'" I beg to submit to your perusal, and that of the public, (should you think this deserving a place in your elegant publication) a few reasons in support of another candidate for that title.

I have in my possession a manuscript letter written by a relative of the late Dr. Wilmot, and intended to have been published in the "Gentleman's Magazine,"

but, for some reasons, with which I am unacquainted, it was never sent. From this letter it would appear that "the last letter of Dr. Wilmot, was opened by the Earl of Warwick, in the presence of two other gentlemen, which unquestionably *declares* the Letters of Junius to have been written by the said Dr. Wilmot, under the patronage of the great Lord Chatham; with other illustrations of the subject." Some printing paper, exactly similar in quality, size, water-mark, &c. to that on which Junius wrote, containing various memorandums alluding to the said Letters, crossed and blotted so as to be hardly perceptible; one of the seals (which I have seen, it is brass, and appears to be very old) used by Dr. Wilmot, and which exactly corresponds with the fac-simile published by Woodfall; some of Dr. Wilmot's manuscript remarks and memorandums, which were compared with the fac-similes of Junius's writing, by a gentlemen at the Post Office, who said he had no doubt they were both written by the same person; and various other MSS. &c. are in the possession of the writer.

I shall make no observations on the above *facts*, but let them speak for themselves, without taking up more of your valuable room.

Feb. 2, 1818.

R. F.

## NATURAL PHENOMENA.

### No. 1.—A SHOWER OF METEORS.

THE night of the 11th of November, at Cumana, says M. de Humboldt, was cool, and extremely beautiful. Towards the morning, from half after two, the most extraordinary luminous meteors were seen towards the east. Mr. Bonpland, who had risen to enjoy the freshness of the air in the gallery, perceived them first. Thousands of bolides (fire-balls) and falling stars, succeeded each other during four hours. Their direction was very regularly from north to south. They filled a space in the sky extending from the true east 30° toward the north and south. In an amplitude of 60° the meteors were seen to rise above the horizon E. N. E., describe arcs, more or less extended, and fall towards

the south, after having followed the direction of the meridian. Some of them attained a height of  $40^{\circ}$ , and all exceeded  $25^{\circ}$  or  $30^{\circ}$ . There was very little wind, and no trace of clouds was to be seen. Mr. Bonpland relates, that from the beginning of the phenomenon, there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon, that was not filled at every instant with bolides and falling stars. The first were fewer in number. They all left luminous traces of from five to ten degrees in length, the phosphorescence of which lasted seven or eight seconds. Many of the falling stars had a very distinct nucleus, as large as the disk of Jupiter, from which darted sparks of vivid light. The bolides seemed to burst as by explosion; but the largest disappeared without scintillation, leaving behind them phosphorescent bands, exceeding in breadth fifteen or twenty minutes. The light of these meteors was white. This phenomenon, which was witnessed with alarm by almost all the inhabitants of Cumana, ceased by degrees after four o'clock; but some of the meteors were still distinguished towards the north east, by their whitish light, and the rapidity of their movement, a quarter of an hour after sunrise. Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland did not fail, in their subsequent travels, to enquire every where whether the meteors had been observed by others. To their great surprise, they found that the phenomena had been perceived on an extent of the globe of 64 degrees of latitude, and ninety-one degrees of longitude; at the equator, in South America, in the Gulph of Florida, at Labrador, in Greenland, and in Germany. In some places the appearance was compared to the sheaves shot out by a beautiful fire-work; in another, the northern part of the sky was seen all on fire; in Florida, as many meteors as stars were moving in all directions; in Labrador the same was witnessed, and some of the bolides were described as being a foot broad; and at Weimar, in Germany, falling stars, of a whitish light, were first seen, which were followed by luminous reddish rays, from four to six feet long, resembling the track of a sky-rocket, and shortly afterwards, a part of the sky was strongly illuminated by white lightning, which ran in serpentine lines along the horizon. The distance

from Weimar to the Rio Negro, is 1800 sea leagues; and from Rio Negro to Herrenbut in Greenland, 1300 sea leagues. Admitting that the same fiery meteors were seen at points so distant from each other, we must also admit that their height was at least 411 leagues. It is probable that, on this occasion, numberless aerolites must have fallen into the sea, between Africa and South America, to the west of the Cape Verde islands.

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#### A CHANGEABLE FLOWER.

ON the island of Lewchew, says Mr. M<sup>r</sup>Leod, is found a remarkable production, about the size of a cherry-tree, bearing flowers, which, alternately, on the same day, assume the tint of the rose or lily, as they are exposed to the sunshine or the shade. The bark of this tree is of a dark green, and the flowers bear a resemblance to our common roses. Some of our party, whose powers of vision were strong (assisted by vigorous imaginations) fancied that, by attentive watching, the change of hue, from white to red, under the influence of the solar ray, was actually perceptible to the eye: that, however, they altered their colour in the course of a few hours, was very obvious.

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#### AN ACCOUNT OF THE ETON MONTEM.

BY MR HAKEWILL.

THE ancient custom celebrated at Eton every third year on Whit Tuesday, and which bears the title of the Montem, appears to have defied antiquarian research, as far as relates to its original institution. It consists of a procession to a small tumulus, on the southern side of the Bath road, which has given the name of Salt-hill to the spot, now better known by the splendid inns that are established there. The chief object of this celebration, however, is to collect money for salt, (according to the language of the day) from all persons who assemble to see the show, nor does it fail to be exacted from travellers on the road, and even at the private residences within a certain, but not inconsiderable range of the spot. The scholars, who collect the

Money, are called salt-bearers, who are arrayed in fancy dresses, and are attended by others called scouts, of a similar, but less showy appearance. Tickets are given to such persons as have paid their contributions to secure them from any further demand. This ceremony is always very numerously attended by Etonians, and has frequently been honoured by the presence of his Majesty, and the different branches of the royal family. The sum collected on the occasion has sometimes exceeded 800*l.* and is given to the senior scholar, who is called captain of the school. This procession appears to be coeval with the foundation, and it is the opinion of Mr. Lysons, who is the last writer on this subject, and whose industry in collecting, as well as judgment in deciding on matters of this character, are beyond all challenge, that it was a ceremonial of the Bairn, or Boy Bishop. He states, from information which he had received, that it originally took place on the 6th of December, the festival of St. Nicholas, the patron of children; being the day on which it was customary at Salisbury, and in other places, where the ceremony was observed, to elect the Boy Bishop, from among the children belonging to the cathedral, which mock dignity lasted till Innocents' Day; and during the intermediate time, the boy performed various episcopal functions; and if it happened that he died before the allotted period of this extraordinary munimery had expired, he was buried with all the ceremonials which were used at the funeral of a bishop. In the voluminous collections relating to antiquities, bequeathed by Mr. Cole, who was himself of Eton and King's College, to the British Museum, is a note which mentions, that the ceremony of the Bairn, or the Boy Bishop, was to be observed by charter; and that Geoffrey Blythe, Bishop of Litchfield, who died in 1530; bequeathed several ornaments to those colleges, for the dress of the Bairn Bishop. But on what authority this industrious antiquary gives the information, which if correct, would put an end to all doubts on the subject, does not appear. No documents are to be found in support of it at King's College, or at Eton; and the prerogative court of Canterbury, as well as the registries of the dioceses of London, Chester, and Litchfield,

where alone there is any probability of its being registered, do not repay the search after Bishop Blythe's will. But after all, why may not this custom be supposed to have originated in a procession to perform an annual mass at the altar of some saint, to whom a small chapel might have been dedicated on the mount called Salt-hill: a ceremony very common in Catholic countries; as such an altar is a frequent appendage to their towns and populous villages. As for the selling of salt, it may be considered as a natural accompaniment, when its emblematical character, as to its use in the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, is contemplated.

Till the time of Dr. Barnard, the procession of the Montem was every two years, and on the first and second Tuesday in February. It consisted of something of a military array. The boys in the Remove, fourth and inferior forms, marched in a long file of two and two, with white poles in their hands, while the sixth and fifth form boys, walked on their flanks, as officers, and habited in all the variety of dress which Monmouth-street could furnish, each of them having a boy of the inferior forms smartly dressed attending upon him as a footman. The second boy in the school led the procession, in a military dress, with a truncheon in his hand, and for the day, the title of Marshal; then followed the captain, supported by his chaplain; the head scholar of the fifth form, dressed in a suit of black, with a large bushy wig, and a broad beaver, decorated with a twisted silk hatband and rose, the fashionable distinction of the dignified clergy of that day. It was his office to read certain Latin prayers on the mount at Salt-hill. The third boy of the school brought up the rear as lieutenant. One of the higher classes, whose qualification was his activity, was chosen ensign, and carried the colours, which were emblazoned with the college arms, and the motto, "Pro More et Monte." This flag, before the procession left the college, he flourished in the school-yard with great dexterity, as displayed sometimes at Astley's, and pieces of similar exhibition. The same ceremony was repeated after prayers on the mount. The whole regiment dined at the inns at Salt-hill, and then returned to the college;

and its dismissal in the school-yard was announced by the universal drawing of all the swords. Those who bore the title of commissioned officers were exclusively on the foundation, and carried spontoons; the rest were considered as serjeants and corporals, and a most curious assemblage of figures it exhibited. The two principal salt-bearers consisted of an oppidan\* and a col-leger; the former was generally some nobleman, whose figure and personal connections might advance the interests of the collection. They were dressed like running footmen, and carried each of them a silk bag to receive the contributions, in which was a small quantity of salt. During Dr. Barnard's mastership, the ceremony was made triennial, the time changed from February to Whit Tuesday, and several of its absurdities retrenched. An ancient and savage custom of hunting a ram by the foundation scholars, on Saturday in the election week, was abolished in the earlier part of the last century. The curious twisted clubs, with which these collegiate hunters were armed on the occasion, are still to be seen in antiquarian collections.

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## AN ESSAY

ON THE

### ADVANTAGES OF PERIODICAL WORKS.

MAN is the only animal we know that possesses the power of *aggregate* existence. All other animals may be said to exist individually; that is to say, each individual, after it comes into the world, is directed only by its own instincts, observation and experience, to pursue the mode of conduct that is suited to its nature, and the circumstances in which it finds itself placed. Hence it happens, that the aggregate powers of any one class of animals remain without any change. Their numbers may increase or diminish; but their faculties are, upon the whole, for ever the same. The distinctive properties of the horse, the ass, the elephant, the

\* The oppidans are the independent scholars, who board in private houses in the vicinity of the village.

bee, and all other classes of animals we know, are precisely the same at the present moment as in the days of Moses and of Homer, and will continue unchanged till the end of time. But of *Man* the same thing cannot be said. Each *individual* of his species, like those of other animals, comes into the world endowed with certain instincts and perceptive faculties, which enable him to make observations and derive knowledge from experience as they do, and from reasoning. This experience, and the knowledge resulting from it, is not, however, in him confined to the individual alone: he is endowed with the faculty of communicating the knowledge he has individually acquired to others of his own species, and to derive from them in return the knowledge that other individuals who fall in his way have in the same manner acquired. The young derive information from the old; and thus are enabled, at their first entry into life, to set out with a greater share of *acquired* knowledge than any one individual of the human species ever could have attained during the course of the longest life, had he been left entirely to himself, like other animals. He does more. The experience of ages thus furnishes an accumulated stock of knowledge for every single person; and the individual who died a thousand years ago may become the instructor of those who are born in the present time. It is this faculty of accumulating knowledge in the aggregate which forms the distinctive character of the human species, when compared with every other class of animals, and which has conferred upon man that distinguished rank which he holds in the universe. It is this circumstance which gives to man, even of the lowest intellectual powers, that marked superiority which he holds above the most intelligent individuals of the most sagacious class of animals in the world: for there is scarcely room to doubt, that if the most sagacious animal in the order of the elephant, and the lowest individual as to intellectual powers among the human species, had been left entirely to themselves, as individuals, the elephant would have appeared the wisest animal of the two.

This progressive knowledge of man, considered as an aggregate body, though it has never that I know

of, been hitherto contrasted with that of other animals, has long been an object of human attention; and this state of advancement has been denoted by the name of the progress of human society--the advancement of man in civilization--the progress from rudeness to civilization, &c.--and to man considered in this *aggregate* capacity must be referred the words manners, habit, custom, fashion, and innumerable others of a similar nature, which it is not necessary here to enumerate.

Man has been distinguished as a *social* animal; but this is by no means a distinctive peculiarity. Many other animals feel the influence of the social principle in an equal, or perhaps superior, degree to man. All the gregarious animals seek society, and shun solitude, with an equal solicitude as man; and most of these, in cases of danger, unite with equal alacrity and firmness in their common defence, so as to derive, in this way, an aggregate power which they could not individually have possessed. The ox, the horse, the ass, do so; the sheep even, though unjustly characterized by naturalists as the most stupid of animals, when in a state of nature unite in a firm phalanx for common defence, and present an armed front to the enemy, so closely compacted, as to be impenetrable to the fox or wolf, who dare not attempt a direct attack, but must watch an opportunity of stealing upon them, when unprepared, to obtain their prey. And the economy of the bee, whose joint labours discover an aggregate effort of an immense number of individuals, conducted with the most unceasing assiduity, persevering industry, and exact order, towards one common end, has long furnished a subject of wonder and admiration to man, and discovers a much closer system of association for mutual defence and preservation, than ever yet has been found among the human species. It is not, therefore, by the social principle that man is essentially distinguished from other animals; nor by his sagacity in calling in the aid of multitudes to add to his individual strength: it is to the faculty of communicating ideas from one to another, and the accumulation of knowledge, that, in a course of ages, this necessarily produces, that he solely owes

the superiority he now so conspicuously holds over all other animals on this globe; and from this circumstance alone he derives that irresistible power by which all the animate objects in nature are subjected to his sway, and by which the elements themselves are made to minister to his will.

It follows from these premises, that whatever tends to facilitate the communication of ideas between man and man, must have a direct tendency to exalt the human species to a higher degree of eminence than it could otherwise have attained. This the art of printing has done in a very conspicuous manner. Men are thus brought, as it were, to converse together, who could never otherwise have known that such persons existed on the globe. The knowledge that has been acquired in one country is thus communicated to another, and the accumulated experience of former ages is preserved for the benefit of those that are to come. But the effects of this art would be greatly circumscribed, were not methods contrived for diffusing that knowledge very generally among mankind; and among all the modes that have been devised for that purpose, no one has been so effectual as periodical performances. Periodical performances, therefore, though apparently a humble kind of writings, are in effect the most proper means that ever yet have been contrived for raising human nature to its highest state of exaltation, and for conferring upon man a more conspicuous degree of dignity above all other animals, and a more extended power over the elements, and other objects of nature, than he could otherwise hope to obtain.

Men of all ranks, and of all nations, however widely disjoined from each other, may be said to be brought together here to converse at their ease, without ceremony or restraint, as at a masquerade, where, if propriety of dress and expression be observed, nothing else is required. A man, after the fatigues of the day are over, may thus sit down in his elbow chair, and, together with his wife and family, may be introduced, as it were, into a spacious coffee-house, which is frequented by men of all nations, who meet together for their mutual entertainment and improvement. The dead are even called back to their friends, and mix

once more in social converse with those who have regretted their departure. Could a Pliny or a Cicero have formed an idea of such a high degree of mental indulgence, what would have been the raptures they would have experienced! To them, this most exalted of all entertainments was forbid by fate: but what they could never enjoy, and what Cicero would have gladly purchased at the price of his beloved *Tusculum* itself, is now offered to every inhabitant of Britain, at a very small expense. Let us then enjoy with thankfulness the blessings that Heaven has bestowed, and make a proper use of those distinguished privileges that the progress of improvement in society has conferred upon us; nor let us fail to add our mite, as we pass, to the general store, that posterity may not have reason to reproach us for having hidden our talent in the earth, and allowed it there to remain without improvement or benefit to any one.

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### ANECDOTE AND WIT.

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No. 2.—DR. JOHNSON.

THE doctor sitting one evening at Sir Joshua Reynolds', in company with a number of ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance, the former by way of heightening the good humour of the company, agreed to toast ugly women, and to have them matched with ugly men. In this round, one of the ladies gave Mrs. Williams (the well-known inmate of Dr. Johnson, who was very plain in her person, and nearly blind), when another instantly paired her with Dr. Goldsmith. This whimsical union set the company laughing, and in particular so pleased the lady who gave the first toast, that though she had some pique with the lady who gave Dr. Goldsmith, she ran round the table, kissed her, and said she forgave her every thing for the *apropos* of the toast. Johnson, who did not half like to have two of his most intimate friends turned into ridicule, growled out, "Aye! this puts me in mind of an observation of Swift's, who truly remarks, that the quarrels of women are always made up like the quarrels of ancient kings: there is always an animal sacrificed on the occasion."

## THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

WHEN, in 1798, the French armies got possession of Switzerland, they gasconaded in their usual manner; and flushed with the insolence of victory, which they never had generosity to enjoy in the pure spirit of valour, some of their officers were parading in a coffee-room at Basle, kicking their iron heels, canistering their swords, and swaggering about with other offensive noises. At length one of them was heard to say, "This country is not fit for the Swiss; they are hiring soldiers, and fight for money, while we fight for glory." An old Swiss general mildly raised his head from his newspaper, and calmly replied, "Much of what you say, sir, is true; *we both fight for what we are short of.*"

## JAMES BOSWELL.

A MR. LOWE had requested Johnson to write him a letter, which Johnson did, and Boswell came in, while it was writing. His attention was immediately fixed. Lowe took the letter, retired, and was followed by Boswell. "Nothing," said Lowe, "could surprise me more. Till that moment he had so entirely overlooked me, that I did not imagine he knew there was such a creature in existence: and he now accosted me with the most overstrained and insinuating compliments possible." "How do you do, Mr. Lowe? I hope you are very well, Mr. Lowe. Pardon my freedom, Mr. Lowe, but I think I saw my dear friend, Dr. Johnson, writing a letter for you." "Yes, sir." "I hope you will not think me rude, but if it will not be too great a favour, you would infinitely oblige me, if you would just let me have a sight of it. Every thing from that hand, you know, is so inestimable." "Sir, it is on my own private affairs, but---" "I would not pry into a person's affairs, my dear Mr. Lowe, by any means. I am sure you would not accuse me of such a thing; only if it were no particular secret---" "Sir, you are welcome to read the letter." "I thank you, my dear Mr. Lowe, you are very obliging, I take it exceedingly kind." (Having read) "It is nothing, I believe, Mr. Lowe, that you would be ashamed of." "Certainly not."

“Why then, my dear sir, if you would do me another favour, you render the obligation eternal. If you would but step to Peele’s Coffee House with me, and just suffer me to take a copy of it, I would do any thing in my power to oblige you.” “I was overcome,” said Lowe, “by this sudden familiarity and condescension, accompanied with bows and grimaces. I had no power to refuse; we went to the coffee house, my letter was presently transcribed, and as soon as he had put the document in his pocket, Mr. Boswell walked away, as erect and as proud as he was half an hour before, and I ever afterwards was unnoticed; nay, I am not certain,” added he sarcastically, “whether the Scotchman did not leave me, poor as he knew I was, to pay for my own dish of coffee.”

### MANDEVILLE.

*A Tale, by William Godwin, continued.*

The mansion in which the young Mandeville was for the future to reside, was well calculated to inspire feelings of the most austere and melancholy nature. It was old and spacious, founded on a precipitous, peninsular rock, at whose foot the billows eternally beat and foamed, with a monotonous sound, throwing on shore vast quantities of sargasso and sea-weed, which rotted there, and joined their pestiferous exhalations to those of various neighbouring portions of bog and marshy ground. During a great part of the year, this dismal dwelling was also involved in such dense fogs and mists, as to render candles necessary even at noon. Only one wing was inhabited, the other having been long resigned to the bitterns and owls: even this wing was imperfectly tenanted. The main door was never opened; and the court-yard, overgrown with tall rank grass, of a peculiar species, intermingled with elder trees, nettles, and briars, never disturbed by the scythe or the spade, was a picture of the completest desolation. Nor did the surrounding country atone for the defects of the mansion. It presented an immense extent of sterile, uneven heath, interspersed with quags, marked here and there by the track of a rough and sandy road, and variegated only by patches of long grass, heath, and fern. A few scag-

tered flocks of sheep, with the shepherds' boy and dog, were the only signs of animal life which it presented to the view. The hut of a labourer was rarely to be seen, and the nearest market town was at a distance of seventeen miles. Such was the spot and such the dwelling where the representative of the Mandevilles, who possessed four or five splendid and delicious mansions, had chosen to fix his residence for the remainder of his days. It shall now be seen by what motive he was impelled to this choice.

Audley Mandeville, the uncle of young Mandeville, was the victim of parental tyranny. His father was a brutal and ignorant naval officer, despising refinement, of a violent temper, and a Herculean body. Audley was a seven months' child, was deformed, and of a delicate frame, with a still more delicate mind. But, though wholly unequal to corporeal exertions, his intellect was above the common standard. He was a scholar, and a man of taste. Always confined at home by the weakness of his health, he seldom saw his father, who considered him as an object of aversion, and whose sight, therefore, he justly dreaded. His seclusion was, however, enlivened by the presence of his orphan cousin, Amelia Montfort, whose mother had offended her family by an unequal match. Similarity of tastes, the power of sympathy, and constant attentions to each other, produced a mutual affection between Amelia and Audley. This attachment was maliciously made known by a maid servant to Mrs. Dorothy Mandeville, the commodore's sister, and manager of his household concerns, to whom it appeared an inexpiable offence that the heir of the Mandevilles should fix his views on a penniless girl, sprung from a degraded stock. The secret was communicated to the commodore, who immediately laid upon his son his positive injunction to think no more of Amelia. Gentle as a lamb on all other occasions, Audley now displayed a spirit which astonished his parent. He reproached him severely with his continued want of kindness and natural feelings, and peremptorily refused to part with the woman whom he loved. Foiled in the use of force, the commodore resolved to descend to stratagem. A distant relation had engaged to conduct Audley to London, and

the father of Audley determined to avail himself of his absence, to put an union with Amelia wholly out of his power. He, therefore, said nothing more upon the subject, and the lover willingly lulled himself into a belief that his resistance had been successful. As soon, however, as Audley was departed for London, the commodore and Miss Dorothy commenced their operations. At length, by dint of threats, remonstrances, and, above all, by representing the ruin of Audley as inevitable if he persisted in marrying her, Amelia was prevailed on to resign her lover, and to give her hand to Lieutenant Thomson, a humble friend and companion of the commodore.

Intelligence of the event was dispatched to Audley by his father; but the young man obstinately refused to give credit to it. That he could be deserted by the object of his attachment, did not appear to him to be within the verge of possibility. He instantly set off for Mandeville House. No Amelia was there. He sunk under his violent exertions of body and mind, and was put to bed in a state of fever, which was followed by delirium. Still he disbelieved that Amelia was married; and, when he was somewhat recovered, he with the most lively eloquence entreated those around him to restore her to him. A letter from Amelia at once convinced him of the fatal truth, and crushed all his earthly hopes. "All his agitation was now past. No more of violence, or raving, or impatience, was ever again discovered in Audley. The tears at first rolled in streams down his cheeks; but not a muscle of his face was moved. He remained the statue of despair. No smile from that day ever lighted his countenance; no accident ever raised up his head, or prompted him to look upon the heavens, or with a direct view to behold the sun or the stars. Narrow as had been the scene of his education, in this one event he had lost every thing. The society of Amelia, the being for ever united to her, was the only boon in the globe of the living world that he had ever desired. And now all things were the same to him, except that he had a preference for looking on desolation. All within him was a blank; and he was best pleased, or rather least shagrin'd, when all without was a blank too. There never perhaps was an example

of a human being so completely destroyed at once. He was the shadow of a man only."

The state of Audley's mind induced the commodore to wish to fix the inheritance upon the father of young Mandeville; but the high-souled Henry Mandeville steadily refused to lend himself to the perpetration of this injustice against his elder brother; and Audley, though he cared not for the goods of this world, felt the warmest gratitude to him for his conduct.

His father soon after died; and Amelia and her infant did not long survive. "Thus every thing was wound up with Audley at once." Years rolled over his head, during which he cherished his melancholy sadness till it became a part of his existence; and this deep sadness, this thorough abandonment of all the delights of life, it was that induced him to choose for his residence the lone and gloomy spot which has already been described. There no one was permitted to intrude himself on him uncalled for; and there even the servants themselves, by the force of example and habit, became in some sort assimilated to the character of their master. "From the steward to the scullion, they seemed to ape his manners. They had all and severally a solemn countenance, and a slow and measured step. When you spoke to them, they seemed to hesitate whether they should answer you; and if the final decision was in your favour, the answer was framed by the most concise and sententious model." There was, however, nothing of malignity in the spirit of Audley. No harsh word fell from his lips; no angry tone escaped him; and though his gestures sometimes showed that he suffered, he never appeared to indulge in a feeling of resentment.

In such a scene, and with such companions, did the young Mandeville pass his early years. His uncle he saw but once a month; and the visit, which seldom lasted more than two minutes, was made in company with his preceptor, and was remarkable only for the gravity and silence with which it was conducted. The butcher, the chimney-sweep, and sometimes a Jew pedlar, were almost all the strangers who ever visited Mandeville House. The youthful Mandeville was thus early formed to a habit of reverie, which, however, was

not employed upon cheerful ideas. "I loved," says he, "a hazy day better than a sunshiny one. My organs of vision, or the march of my spirits, gave me an aversion to whatever was dazzling and gaudy. I loved to listen to the pattering of the rain, the roaring of the waves, and the pelting of the storm. There was I know not what in the sight of a bare and sullen heath, that afforded me a much more cherished pleasure than I could ever find in the view of the most exuberant fertility, or the richest and most vivid parterre." With this frame of mind, it is no wonder that the scenes of blood and conflagration which he had viewed in Ireland were incessantly present to him; that they filled his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night, with a terrific vividness, perhaps more strong and appalling than reality itself.

The character of his preceptor, Mr. Bradford, was admirably calculated to foster into full growth such ideas in the breast of Mandeville. Inflexibly grave, he seemed to consider laughter and merriment as signs of reprobation. His delight was in declaiming against the scarlet lady of Babel, dwelling on her numerous crimes, labouring to fix on her the number of the beast, and inculcating the necessity of submitting even to martyrdom, rather than yielding to her tyranny. Nor good and mild of heart as he really was, did Mr. Hilkiah Bradford employ a proper moral discipline to form the mind of his pupil. Instead of cherishing in him high feelings, and enlisting even the passions on the side of virtue, his sole aim was to quell what he considered as the rebellious inward man, and to inspire a deep sense of unworthiness. To accomplish this purpose, he occasionally occupied Mandeville in tasks which seemed to be degrading, and used language which was humiliating; and when the proud spirit of the youth revolted, he assailed him with a bitterness of remark, or a dryness of irony, that excited feelings of disgust, and almost, indeed, of hatred. "His countenance, his figure, his gestures, the very tone of his voice, became subjects of aversion." At length, when Mandeville had attained his twelfth year, Mr. Bradford died, and, for a short time, the meditative boy became his own master.

TO BE RESUMED.

## FEBRUARY.

THIS month, dedicated to Neptune, was not in the calendar of Romulus ; it was added by Numa Pompilius, which was the reason that, during the early ages of Rome, it was the last month of the year. It preceded January till the time when the Decemvirs ordered that it should be the second month of the year, and should come immediately after January.

Its name is derived either from a latin word, signifying to purify, or from one of the denominations of Juno ; but most probably from the former, as the Romans were accustomed, during the last twelve days of the year, to make sacrifices of purification, and to intreat from the gods the repose of the shades of the departed. These sacrifices were called *februa*.

On the first of the month, sacrifices were offered to Juno, Jupiter, Hercules, and Diana ; and on the thirteenth to Faunus and to Jupiter. The genial games were held on the eleventh ; the Lupercalia, in honour of Pan, on the fifteenth ; the Quirinalia, in honour of Romulus, on the seventeenth ; the Fornicalia, and likewise the Feralia, to the gods Manes, on the eighteenth ; the Charistia, in honour of the goddess Concord, on the twenty-second ; the Terminalia, in honour of the god Terminus, on the twenty-third ; the festival in memory of the flight of Tarquin, on the twenty-fourth ; and the Equiria, or horse courses, in honour of Mars, in the Campus Martius, on the twenty-seventh.

The sun is, this month, in the signs Aquarius and Pisces.



DESCRIPTION OF THE PRATER, OR PUBLIC  
WALK, AT VIENNA.

BY MADAME DE STAEL.

THERE is no great city without its public building, its promenade, or some other wonder of art or nature, to which the recollections of infancy attach themselves; and I think, that the Prater must possess a charm of this description for the inhabitants of Vienna; no where do we find, so near the capital, a public walk so rich in the beauties, at once of rude and ornamented nature.

A majestic forest extends to the banks of the Danube; herds of deer are seen from afar passing through the meadow; they return every morning, and fly away every evening, when the influx of company disturbs their solitude.

A spectacle, seen at Paris only three times a year, on the road to Long Champ, is renewed every day, during the fine season, at Vienna. This is an Italian custom, the daily promenade at the same hour. Such regularity would be impracticable in a country where pleasures are so diversified as at Paris; but the Viennese, from whatever cause, would find it difficult to relinquish the habit of it. It must be agreed, that it forms a most striking *coup d'œil*, the sight of a whole nation assembled under the shade of magnificent trees, on a turf kept ever verdant by the waters of the Danube. The people of fashion in carriages, those of the lower orders on foot, meet there every evening. In this wise country even pleasures are looked upon in the light of duties, and they have this advantage, that they never grow tedious, however uniform. They preserve as much regularity in dissipation as in business, and waste their time as methodically as they employ it.

If you enter one of the redoubts where balls are given to the citizens on holy days, you will behold men and women gravely performing, opposite each other, the steps of a minuet, of which they have imposed on themselves the amusement; the crowd often separates a couple while dancing, and yet each persists, as if they were

dancing to acquit their consciences; each moves alone, to right and left, forwards and backwards, without caring about the other, who is figuring all the while with equal conscientiousness; now and then only they utter a little exclamation of joy, and then immediately return to the serious discharge of their pleasure.

It is above all on the Prater that one is struck with the ease and prosperity of the people of Vienna. This city has the reputation of consuming more victuals than any other place of an equal population; and this species of superiority, a little vulgar, is not contested. One sees whole families of citizens and artificers, setting off at five in the evening for the Prater, there to take a sort of rural refreshment, equally substantial with a dinner elsewhere; and the money which they can afford to lay out upon it, proves how laborious they are, and under how mild a government they live.

Tens of thousands return at night, leading by the hand their wives and children; no disorder, no quarrelling, disturbs all this multitude, whose voice is scarcely heard, so silent is their joy! This silence, nevertheless, does not proceed from any melancholy disposition of the soul; it is rather a certain physical happiness, which induces men in the south of Germany to ruminate on their sensations, as in the north on their ideas. The vegetative existence of the south of Germany bears some analogy to the contemplative existence of the north; in each there is repose, indolence, and reflection.

If you could imagine an equally numerous assemblage of Parisians met together in the same place, the air would sparkle with bon-mots, pleasantries, and disputes; never can a Frenchman enjoy any pleasure in which his self-love would not in some manner find itself a place.

Noblemen of rank take their promenade on horses, or in carriages of the greatest magnificence and good taste; all their amusement consists in bowing, in an alley of the Prater, to those whom they left in the drawing-room; but the diversity of objects renders it impossible to pursue any train of reflection, and the greater number of men take a pleasure in thus dissipating the reflections which trouble them.

These grandees of Vienna, the most illustrious and the most wealthy in Europe, abuse none of the advantages they possess; they allow the humblest hackney coaches to stop their brilliant equipages. The emperor and his brothers even quietly keep their place in the string, and choose to be considered in their amusements as private individuals; they make use of their privileges only when they fulfil their duties.

In the midst of the crowd, you often meet with Oriental, Hungarian, and Polish costumes, which enliven the imagination; and harmonious bands of music at intervals give to all this assemblage the air of a peaceful festival, in which every body enjoys himself without being troubled about his neighbour.

### THE POWER OF MUSIC.

ALESSANDRO STRADELLA flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a fine singer, and an excellent performer on the harp, an instrument in which he took much delight \*. For some years he held the situation of composer to the Opera at Venice, under an appointment from the magistrates of that republic.

He was likewise a teacher of music there, and, amongst others, of whose education he had the superintendance, there was a young lady of rank, named Hortensia, who lived in a criminal intercourse with a Venetian nobleman. His frequent access to the lady produced a mutual affection, and they agreed to elope together. They embarked for Rome on a fine night, and, aided by a favourable wind, effected their escape.

On discovering the lady's flight, the Venetian had recourse to the usual methods of the country, in obtaining

\* It is on the style of Stradella that our admirable countryman Purcell appears to have formed his own. On the monument of Purcell it is said, with much elegance of praise, that "he is gone to that place where only his own harmony can be exceeded." It cannot be doubted that he stands high among our native musicians. The anecdote of his master in style, Stradella, affords a happy proof that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

satisfaction for real or supposed injuries. He dispatched two assassins, with instructions to murder both Stradella and the lady, wherever they should be found, giving them a sum of money in hand, and making them the promise of a larger sum if they succeeded in the attempt. Being arrived at Naples, they were informed that those of whom they were in pursuit were at Rome, where the lady passed as Stradella's wife; on this intelligence, they wrote to their employer, requesting letters of recommendation to the Venetian ambassador at Rome, in order to secure an asylum to which they could fly as soon as the deed was perpetrated.

Having received these letters, they made the best of their way to Rome. At their arrival, they were informed, that on the evening of the succeeding day, Stradella was to give an oratorio in the church of San Giovanni Laterano. They attended the performance, determined to follow the composer and his mistress out of the church, and, seizing a convenient opportunity, to make the fatal blow. The music soon afterwards commenced; but so exquisitely pathetic was it in some parts, that, long before it was concluded, the suggestions of humanity had begun to operate upon them. They were seized with remorse, and reflected with horror upon the thought of depriving a man of life who could give to his auditors so much delight as they had felt. In short, they entirely desisted from their purpose, and determined, instead of taking away his life, to exert all their efforts to preserve it. They awaited his coming out of the church, and, after first thanking him for the pleasure they had received in hearing his music, informed him of the bloody errand on which they had been sent; expatiating on the irresistible charms, which, of savages, had made them men, and had rendered it impossible for them to effect their sanguinary purpose. They concluded, by earnestly advising that he and the lady should depart immediately from Rome, promising that they would forego the remainder of the reward, and would deceive their employer, by making him believe they had quitted that city on the morning of their arrival.

## LORD AMHERST'S MISSION TO CHINA.

*Resumed from page 41.*

THE anchor was scarcely dropt at Tien-sing, before a party of Mandarins came on board, to state that the Chin-chae, and Soo-to-jin, an officer of elevated rank, would pay Lord Amherst a visit. In this visit nothing was more remarkable than the unblushing effrontery with which a Chinese can utter the most gross falsehood. It was intimated that the ambassador would be required to perform the kon-tou, or nine prostrations, and on his firmly resisting this, and appealing to the precedent of Lord Macartney, they affirmed that Lord Macartney had complied with the custom more than once; and they had even the daring impudence to call on Sir George Staunton, to substantiate the truth of their assertions. The presents they denominated "tribute;" and they endeavoured to intimidate his lordship, by talking, in a haughty tone, of the "possible anger of his imperial majesty towards the King of England." Lord Amherst, nevertheless, positively refused to do more than bow to the picture of the emperor, and make his obeisance, kneeling on one knee, when he came into the presence. This discussion took place previous to a grand entertainment, which was given to his lordship. As the gentlemen of the embassy passed through the streets, they were particularly struck by the silence and regularity of the crowds assembled. Curiosity was expressed on every face, but scarcely an observation was made, and not a finger was pointed. The soldiers who lined the streets were only for parade, their interference to preserve order being evidently unnecessary. There was no appearance of poverty among the spectators; the majority of whom were clean, decently dressed, and apparently well fed.

The ambassador continued his voyage up the Pei-ho on the 14th of August, and the next day arrived at Yun-tsin. The river was covered for miles with innumerable junks. The party continued their voyage at the rate of about twenty miles per day, through a thickly peopled and not ill cultivated country. The time was spent in continual discussion respecting the

ceremonial and other points; and there evidently appeared, on the part of the Chinese, a disposition to cavil and irritate. They insisted on the band of music being left behind, and were exceedingly offended that the *Alceste* and *Lyra* had left the coast, without their departure having before hand been communicated to them. The supply of provisions to the embassy was never liberal, and at length it wholly failed in several essential articles.

A halt of the boat, opposite a party of soldiers, who were drawn out in honour of the ambassador, gave the party an opportunity of examining the Chinese soldiery. They were, to use the military phrase, of all arms. Matchlocks of the worst possible construction, kept in the worst possible order; swords, short and well-shaped, being slightly curved; bows, formed like the Persian bow, but requiring little strength to draw them; and arrows, deeply feathered, more than three feet long, with a pointed unbarbed blade at the end. They had quilted breast-plates, and capacious shields.

The ambassador was now informed that, on his reaching Tong-chow, he would be met by two Mandarins of higher rank, whose names were Ho and Moo, the former a koong-yay, or duke, connected with the emperor by marriage, a man of few words, great severity of manner, and an inflexible character; the latter, president of the Li-pou, or tribunal of ceremonies. The necessity of complying with the kou-tou was urged and re-urged; and, as an inducement to Lord Amherst to yield this point, the Mandarins hinted to him that he might make any report that he pleased on his return to England. This one fact is sufficient to shew in what utter contempt truth is held by the Chinese.

No favourable omens awaited them on their arrival at Tong-chow. The officers sent to them by Ho and Moo, to appoint the hour of conference, behaved with a brutal insolence which would have justified the English in throwing them into the Peiho. When the period of conference came, Ho himself behaved with an equal want of decorum. He spoke with abundant impertinence and folly, babbled about the "celestial empire," and about the emperor being "the sovereign of the universe, to whom all must pay homage," and put

himself into such a passion that his lips quivered with rage. In a second interview he repeated this disgusting nonsense; insisting on the "superior dignity of his emperor over our king," and declaring that "our king himself might get into an embarrassing situation" by the obstinacy of the ambassador; but he did not, on this occasion, give way to any burst of passion, or even display any rudeness of manner. After much debate, a resolution of Lord Amherst to return back, and a consequent reference to Peking, Kwang assured the ambassador that the whole was arranged; that the emperor would receive him; and that the ceremony would not again be mentioned. The ensuing Friday was the day appointed for the emperor to give him an audience.

The shops of Tong-chow were highly decorated with gilding and carved work; the signs had no connection with the merchandize sold within. On one tavern was the inscription, "Here come persons from a thousand lees distance." The butchers' shops were well supplied. The business of the eating-houses seemed to be principally carried on in the streets; tea and other liquors, soups and various preparations of meat, being divided into small portions, and ready for immediate consumption. Pawnbrokers' shops are as numerous in Chinese cities as in London; and this circumstance undoubtedly proves the existence of a very considerable degree of poverty in the lower classes of society. Streets imperfectly paved, narrow, and saturated with bad smells, small houses, and dirty ill-clothed inhabitants, are the leading features of Tong-chow, which is, in fact, the port of Peking.

The embassy reached Peking on the same day that they left Tong-chow, but they were not allowed to enter the city. They were carried through the suburbs to the village of Hai-teen, and the next morning proceeded to Yuen-nun-yuen, the residence of the emperor. Some broken victuals were provided for their refreshment on the way.

On their reaching the palace of the "celestial" ruler, the party were huddled into a small apartment, where Mandarins of all buttons, and among them several princes of the blood were in waiting. Scarcely had his lordship taken his seat, when Chang delivered a mes-

sage from Ho (koong-yay), informing him that the emperor wished to see the ambassador, his son, and the commissioners, immediately. Lord Amherst pleaded the previous arrangement for presenting him on the eighth of the Chinese month, his own fatigue, inanition, and deficiency of every necessary equipment, and the absence of his credentials, as bars to his compliance. To this it was replied, that the emperor merely wished to see the ambassador, and did not intend to enter upon business. "During this time the room," says Mr. Ellis, "had filled with spectators of all ages and ranks, who rudely pressed upon us to gratify their brutal curiosity, for such it may be called, as they seemed to regard us rather as wild beasts than as mere strangers of the same species with themselves." After several messages had passed between Lord Amherst and the koong-yay, it was proposed to his lordship to go over to the koong-yay's apartments, but, as he had pleaded illness as a reason for not receiving his audience of the emperor, he declined to accede to this proposal, which was evidently a snare. "This produced a visit from the koong-yay, who, too much interested and agitated to heed ceremony, stood by Lord Amherst, and used every argument to induce him to obey the emperor's commands. Among other topics he used that of being received with our own ceremony, using the Chinese words, 'ne muntihlee,' your own ceremony. All proving ineffectual, with some roughness, but under pretext of friendly violence, he laid hands upon Lord Amherst to take him from the room; another Mandarin followed his example. His lordship, with great firmness and dignity of manner, shook them off, declaring that nothing but the extremest violence should induce him to quit that room for any other place than the residence assigned to him; adding, that he was so overcome by fatigue and bodily illness, as absolutely to require repose. Lord Amherst further pointed out the gross insult he had already received, in having been exposed to the intrusion and indecent curiosity of crowds, who appeared to view him rather as a wild beast than as the representative of a powerful sovereign." The koong-yay now pressed Lord Amherst to come over to his apartments, as being cooler,

more convenient, and more private; but this his lordship once more declined, and he was at length informed that the emperor would dispense with his attendance, and had directed his physician to give him such assistance as his illness might require. Nothing could be more disagreeable and indecorous, during the whole of this period, than the conduct of the Chinese who were present.

The catastrophe of the drama of negotiation was now at hand. On their return to Hai-teen, they were placed in a pleasant house, and they flattered themselves that they should there enjoy a few days repose. "Such, however," says Mr. Ellis, "was not to be our fate; before two hours had elapsed a report was brought that opposition was made by the Chinese to unloading the carts; and soon after the Mandarins announced, that the emperor, incensed by the ambassador's refusal to attend him according to his commands, had given orders for our immediate departure. The order was so peremptory, that no alteration was proposed: in vain was the fatigue of every individual of the embassy pleaded; no consideration was allowed to weigh against the positive commands of the emperor. Chang at one time said that even compliance with the Tartar ceremony would now be unavailing; in the course of the day, however, he somewhat altered his language, saying all this annoyance had arisen from our pertinacity upon the point at issue, and hinted, that submission might still be of use: he had the audacity to deny that the emperor had ever signified his consent to receive us on our own terms."

TO BE RESUMED.

## PROGRESS OF SOCIETY

IN THE

NEWLY SETTLED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY MR. BIRKBECK.

ON any spot where a few settlers cluster together, attracted by ancient neighbourhood, or by the goodness of the soil, or vicinity to a mill, or by whatever cause, some enterprising proprietor finds in his section what

he deems a good scite for a town : he has it surveyed and laid out in lots, which he sells or offers for sale by auction.

The new town then assumes the name of its founder : a storekeeper builds a little framed store, and sends for a few cases of goods ; then a tavern starts up, which becomes the residence of a doctor and a lawyer, and the boarding-house of the storekeeper, as well as the resort of the weary traveller. Soon follow a blacksmith and other handicraftsmen, in useful succession. A school-master, who is also the minister of religion, becomes an important accession to this rising community. Thus the town proceeds, if it proceeds at all, with accumulating force, until it becomes the metropolis of the neighbourhood. Hundreds of these speculations may have failed, but hundreds prosper ; and thus trade begins and thrives as population grows around these lucky spots ; imports and exports maintaining their just proportion. One year ago the neighbourhood of this very town of Princeton was clad in " buckskin ;" now the men appear at church in good blue cloth, and the women in fine calicoes and straw bonnets.

The town being fairly established, a cluster of inhabitants, small as it may be, acts as a stimulus on the cultivation of the neighbourhood. Redundancy of supply is the consequence, and this demands a vent. Water-mills, or, in defect of water-power, steam-mills, rise on the nearest navigable stream, and thus an effectual and constant market is secured for the increasing surplus of produce. Such are the elements of that accumulating mass of commerce, in exports and consequent imports, which will render the Mississippi the greatest thoroughfare in the world.



SUBJECT OF THE PLATE,

FROM

*LORD BYRON'S FRAGMENT, "THE GLAOUR."*

YET still--'tis there---in silence stands,  
And beckons with beseeching hands!  
With braided hair, and bright-black eye---  
I knew 'twas false --she could not die!  
But he is dead---within the dell  
I saw him buried where he fell; \*  
He comes not---for he cannot break  
From earth---why then art thou awake?  
They told me, wild waves roll'd above  
The face I view, the form I love;  
They told me, 'twas a hideous tale!  
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail---  
If true---and from thine ocean-cave  
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave;  
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er  
This brow that then will burn no more;  
Or place them on my hopeless heart---  
But, shape or shade!---whate'er thou art,  
In mercy, ne'er again depart--  
Or farther with thee bear my soul,  
Than winds can waft, or waters roll!

TO HOPE.\*

SWEET Hope! whose beauteous ray  
Illumes the mourner's way,  
And shines amidst the gloom of saddest night;  
Thy cheering beams impart  
To this desponding heart,  
Which darkness shrouds, and boding fears affright.

\* All poetry not original, will be marked "Fugitive"

Thou art the nurse of love,  
 Commissioned from above,  
 To gild the future with thy glorious beams :  
 The magic of thy smiles  
 Of present woe beguiles,  
 And gives bewitching life to airy schemes.

In days of wily youth,  
 Confiding in thy truth,  
 Enchantment threw her spells around my feet ;  
 Till grave Experience came,  
 With Reason, awful dame !  
 And banish'd from my heart the fond deceit.

They told me hope is vain,  
 The sure presage of pain,  
 Which yields not homage to their wise behest ;  
 They chid my follies past,  
 And bade me seek, at last,  
 Their sober guidance to the port of rest.

Thus chasten'd, I obey ;  
 Yet hope must cheer my way,—  
 Not the illusive form which Fancy drew ;  
 But her Experience loves,  
 And Reason best approves,  
 Whose charms are real, and her promise true.

*Brighton.*

J. S.

◆◆◆  
 LINES,

*Written in Binstead Church Porch.*

A WANDERING stranger, through Quarr's woods  
 I stray,  
 Where pensive thought recurs to ages fled ;  
 And slow returning at declining day,  
 Beneath this sacred porch to rest am led.

Here in the calm of this sequestered spot,  
 Musing I listen to the murmuring main ;  
 Whose terrors now at distance are forgot,  
 Like distant troubles in this scene of pain.

But I must quit this solemn, still retreat,  
 And to the busy world again return;  
 Leave this seclusion with unwilling feet,  
 New cares to combat, and new sorrows mourn.

But why lament thy lot? dismiss thy fears,  
 Recal thy high original and end;  
 Discharge life's duties, and sustain its cares,  
 Thou'lt find eternal Providence thy friend.

† †.

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### THE MAN OF HONOUR.

---

Falsus honor juvat et mendax infamia terret  
 Quem, nisi mendosum et mendacem?

HORACE.

---

YES, 'tis he; mark where he goes,  
 The modern man of honour! of first rank  
 In fashion's catalogue. But why such haste?  
 One minute, pray. "No, 'pon his *honour!* no!  
 Can't stop a second; his best friend, Sir Charles,  
 Has done him so much *honour*, as to beg  
 The *honour* of his company at six,  
 To---" What! a turtle feast! "No: *to exchange*  
*A brace of bullets!* and for all the world  
 He would not fail the time." Now, this is he,  
 The *honourable* he, who at a call  
 To shoot his friend, or to debauch his wife,  
 Will never be found tardy. "*Burn it, no!*  
*His honour is at stake on such occasions.*"

To trample on divine and human laws,  
 This hero fears not; but should some foul chance  
 Detect him in an act of charity,  
 Or inside of a church, you'd see him blush  
 To be accounted so *unfashionable!*  
 Such is the man of whom the portrait's drawn,  
 Drawn from the very life. Behold the man,  
 The modern man of honour! yes, 'tis he!

ANTI-METAL.

## LINES,

*On seeing a Young Lady working a Purse for her Mother.*

SAY who could view that lovely maid,  
 In every gentle grace array'd,  
 Nor feel his bosom warm!  
 While she, unconscious of her power,  
 At duty's call, devotes the hour,  
 A filial gift to form.

Observe with what bewitching art  
 Each lily finger takes its part,  
 The glistening threads between:  
 Soon shall the silken tracery seem  
 To half reveal the yellow gleam  
 Of precious store within.

'Tis thus the countless charms we trace  
 In her fair form, and beauteous face,  
 Those eyes that darkly shine,  
 A mind more sterling far unfold,  
 Than finest, purest, virgin gold,  
 From fam'd Peruvian mine.

MILES.

## STANZAS,

*On seeing a little Boy playing near his Mother's Grave.*

WHILE lingering near the mournful tree,  
 That guards thy mother's ashes cold,  
 Sweet blooming boy! oh give to me  
 A ringlet from thy locks of gold.

With it a fairy harp I'll string,  
 And hang it on the rustling yew;  
 While rosy summer's breezy wing  
 Shall wake the notes to Pity true.

The spirit of the ocean-breeze,  
 Who pours the dirge of dying even,  
 Shall fly the blue unruffled seas,  
 And wake it with the breath of heaven.

And viewless forms of liquid light,  
Who mingle with the fluid air,  
Shall come when fall the tears of night,  
To smite those chords of golden hair.

The wild Eolian's plaintive sound,  
Soothing the scene of dreamless rest,  
Shall lure her child to the green mound,  
That shrouds in death *Louisa's* breast.

Ah! while he hears its airy strain,  
When darkens life's tumultuous dream,  
Pure infant joys shall warm again,  
Mingling with Memory's living beam.

Ah! sure the harp of magic sound,  
Hung o'er a mother's sacred grave,  
Shall charm the rude north whistling round,  
And bid the storm the greensward save.

Then, beauteous cherub, give to me  
A ringlet long, of sunny hue,  
To consecrate this hallowed tree!  
Know, sweetest boy! it waves for you.

Yes, 'tis for you the dark boughs wave,  
To shield the treasured dust so dear;  
To shade thy form, when o'er the grave  
You give to Virtue Nature's tear.

He smiles, alas! he does not know  
What pangs the heart maternal wrung,  
When sad she poured the notes of woe,  
As o'er thy cradled form she hung.

When on her sod thy head shall rest,  
While shrinking in some fateful hour,  
The quivering harp shall soothe thy breast,  
And o'er the soul its music pour.

But I, unconscious of thy woe,  
Shall join the slumberer in the tomb:  
Our tears for thee shall cease to flow,  
While thou must brave thy wayward doom.

*Edinburgh.*

ADELINE.

## SONNET, ON THE OAK OF FAIRLOP.

THIS was a mighty tree! a tree of note!  
 None other like it in the country round;  
 'Till jealous Time his growing rival smote,\*  
 And levell'd all its honours with the ground.

Ah! think ye see its ample branches spread  
 Wide o'er the joyous tenants of the plains;  
 Think that ye see a forest o'er your head,  
 And hear its inmates raise their heavenly strains!

Vain thought! it towers no more! a mass of wood,  
 A rock of wood, is all remains to see;  
 Full oft the wintry storms in envious mood  
 Have split against its naked majesty.

So the world wags! if any feel distress,  
 Millions incline to make their comforts less.

W. J. BLAND.

## EMMELINE SLEEPS.

TELL the soft breathing zephyrs that float round her  
 bowers,

My Emmeline sleeps on the down of the rose;  
 And I know that her eyes when awake have such power,  
 That I dread their effect should her eye-lids unclose.

Yet awake, when I view the blest bloom of her cheek,  
 And those bright orbs of vision their raptures disclose,  
 All language is feeble my feelings to speak,  
 And I dread the sad moment they sink to repose.

THOMAS JONES.

\* There is an oak nearly as large, now flourishing at Brentwood, in Essex.





CORSAIR



THE  
POCKET MAGAZINE  
OF  
Classic and Polite Literature.

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THE HEIRESS OF GLENALVON.

*A Tale, by Selina Darcourt, continued.*

“Oh, that is impossible!” exclaimed Mrs. Archdall, shuddering at the idea of parting from her infant.

The stranger smiled on her benevolently, and pressing her hand with friendly warmth, said, with a voice of affectionate encouragement-----

“Nothing is impossible, my dear friend. I do not ask you to forego the delight of *seeing* your child; I only condition that you should relinquish, for her sake and for my happiness, all the privileges and authority of a parent. To do this, you must consign her to me from the hour of her birth, and consent to her accompanying me to Glenalvon, where it is my intention she should remain until she is of a proper age to be introduced into the world. One thing I will promise, that she shall be brought up in the Protestant religion, but in every other respect you must leave the sole management of your child to my pleasure. You may see her as frequently as you like, my friends, but you must not attempt to interfere with any of my plans, or to influence the mind and feelings of my protégée. Should you do this, I should immediately consider our compact as broken, and return her to you as portionless as I received her. On the

contrary, if you agree to my proposal, I will instantly make over to her the fortune which I possess, and which I have already stated to be six thousand a-year. Do not reply to me now; take a few days to reflect upon my offer, and to-morrow you shall learn the events of my life, and my reasons for selecting a *female* to inherit the estate of Glenalvon."

Never had the feelings of Mrs. Archdall been so severely tried as in the present instance. It was in vain that she endeavoured to fix her thoughts upon the noble fortune which would devolve to her infant, should she consent to resign her to the care of the stranger: the splendour of rank and wealth but poorly compensated for the sacrifice of maternal affection. Captain Archdall, more firm than his wife, as well as more worldly-prudent, used all his influence to convince her that it was no more than her duty as a parent to give up all selfish gratification for the good of her offspring. But Captain Archdall was a stranger to the bodily sufferings of a mother, as well as to that excess of love which is the reward for all the agonies which every mother must endure in the course of nature. The firm hold which affection gave him over the mind of his wife was not diminished, although for the first time since their union his avowed wishes were in opposition to those of his Caroline. At length, he brought her to acknowledge the injustice which she would do her child, if she deprived her of such a fortune as that now offered to her by their guest.

The next morning after breakfast the stranger, without adverting to what had passed on the preceding evening, began to relate, as she had promised, the events of her life. "My father," said the lady, "was a gentleman of small fortune, who resided in the country, and whose principal source of happiness arose from the society of his wife and daughters. I was the youngest, and if the heart of my father felt a preference, it was for me, while that of my mother cherished an equal, though a secret one, for my sister Henrietta. Our educations were, perhaps, superior to our stations; but though my father had little or nothing to bestow on his children, yet he had a brother in America who was my godfather, and who promised to leave to me

the whole of whatever property he had to bequeath upon his return to England. This pleasing hope of future good made my parents anxious to bestow on me an education suitable to my prospects; and Henrietta, whom I had often assured should share with me the bounty of my uncle, derived as well as myself an equal advantage from the tuition of the best masters who could be provided for us.

My sister was beautiful in her person, graceful in her form, and pleasing in her manner; but her temper was unamiable, and her heart a sad, sad contrast to the loveliness of her exterior. At eighteen I was engaged to a gentleman, whose conduct gave me every reason to believe that he loved me from the most disinterested motives. He was all and every thing that I could wish, in person, understanding, and accomplishments. He was an ensign in the guards, and had his fortune to make; but this was of little moment to me, who was the acknowledged heiress of my uncle. My parents had no objection to the match, and our union was fixed on, even to the day, when a circumstance occurred which divided us for ever.

My father had received letters from America which evidently gave him great uneasiness; but as I was that day indisposed, and confined to my chamber, he deferred communicating the cause to me until another opportunity. My intended husband had dined with us, and his behaviour was, if possible, more than usually affectionate; but I would not suffer him to remain in my chamber, as he proposed, because I wished to be alone, and because I would not deprive him of the pleasure of my sister's accustomed performance every evening on the harp. Thinking that the family were all engaged in the drawing-room, I felt an inclination to breathe the fresh air of my father's garden, and for that purpose stole out unobserved, that I might enjoy one of the finest evenings I had ever beheld. At the termination of a small shrubbery stood my favourite bower, canopied over with honeysuckle and jasmine. I was on the point of entering, when the sound of my lover's voice made me pause. A deadly sickness came over me; I retreated behind the bower, and leaned for support against a tree. "Beloved Henrietta!" said the idol of

my soul, "this blessed news from America proves that we are the favourites of providence. The total loss of your uncle's property will give me a fair pretext to break my engagement with your sister, as my parents, who made up the match on account of her supposed fortune, will now be the first to render void my forced bond of fidelity. I esteem your sister, but it is you, beautiful Henrietta! whom I adore, and whom I thus on my knees entreat to become mine, mine for life." I heard not the reply of Henrietta: I became insensible to every thing around me; and when at length my reason returned, it was only to receive a fresh shock, by the intelligence that my sister, my better half, my confidant, my bosom's dearest friend, had eloped that very evening with my intended husband!

"Not to take up too much of your time, my dear friends," said the lady, "I will pass over the description of my feelings at being thus deceived, deserted, and degraded, by the two beings on whom my heart doated. My uncle returned to England; the report of his failure was untrue: he had heard of my situation from my parents, and of the treachery of Henrietta; he clasped me to his bosom with a fresh increase of tenderness, and declared that no one but myself should ever inherit or share the fortunes of Glenalvon.

"At the death of my parents I retired with my uncle to a large and beautiful estate, to which he had given the name of Glenalvon, and to which I was the declared heiress. Each had been mutually disappointed in the idol of our affections, and this bound us more firmly together. We lived but for each other's happiness; we saw no one; and the retirement and solitude of our habitation, and modes of life, were congenial to our feelings and our wishes. My poor uncle is no more, and his death obliged me to visit town, to which visit I am indebted for a happiness which I have long supposed myself incapable of feeling. The disinterestedness of your kindness has kindled anew within my soul those joyous emotions of philanthropy, benevolence, and love, which I deemed to be wholly extinguished in my nature. I am no longer the wretched misanthrope, who turned with disgust from the sound of a human voice, from a human smile: it is you who have wrought

this change; and it is to you alone that I am indebted for the revival of sentiments which hold out to me a prospect of future peace and tranquillity. Grant to my prayers the dear expected infant, and thus bestow on me the power of bequeathing my fortune to one, who from gratitude, affection, and habit, will cheerfully devote herself to my pleasure."

"My dear friend," said Captain Archdall, affectionately pressing her hand, "if I should yield to your generous wish of bestowing on a child of mine the property of Glenalvon, how shall I be convinced that by so doing I shall not draw down on her innocent head the curses of *those* who have a stronger claim to your kindness—the claim of relationship?"

The face of the lady betrayed immediately her internal agony.—"And who are they?" she cried, in a voice of extreme agitation: "not those who coolly and deliberately plunged a dagger into the heart that loved them; who wantonly burst asunder the dearest ties of kindred and affection; and whose treachery made the smiling world to me a desert. No! my friend, the only claim which I acknowledge is that of friendship and reciprocal acts of kindness. I make choice of a female to inherit my property, because of the two I could sooner find excuses for my sister than for my mercenary lover. Her heart, like mine, had yielded to the power of his fascination; but his was alone capable of projecting a scheme to blast for ever the hopes of her who adored him."

Interest more or less governs the actions of most individuals, and Mrs. Archdall at length yielded to the persuasions of her husband, and consented to resign her infant to the care of the owner of Glenalvon. The child was born; it was a girl; a wet nurse was in readiness, and the lady with her new-born treasure set out immediately for the castle of Glenalvon, to which she invited its parents to follow her, as soon as Mrs. Archdall was in health to bear the journey. Had the baby been heir-apparent to a throne its presence could not have created more lively interest, more genuine delight, than did the unexpected but welcome companion of the owner of Glenalvon. Her sedentary habits, her melancholy quietness of deportment, her dislike of

finding fault, had endeared her to all her numerous domestics; and the moment it was generally known that their mistress had adopted an infant, who was to succeed to all her immense property, that moment the child became the object of their love, and of their hopes. It was the object which had recalled the thoughts of their beloved lady to the world, which had awakened in her the love of existence, and which promised to diffuse universal joy and hilarity over the whole household.

Captain and Mrs. Archdall, with their little boy, arrived to grace the christening of their daughter. The infant was named Selina, after her adopted mother; open house was kept for a fortnight; and every thing that taste, elegance, and liberality could suggest, was displayed at the christening of the Heiress of Glenalvon.

TO BE RESUMED.

### SITUATION OF A BACK SETTLER IN AMERICA.

BY MR. BIRKBECK.

SINCE we left the Fox settlement, about fifteen miles north of the Big Prairie, cultivation has been very scanty, many miles intervening between the little "clearings." This may therefore be called a new country.

These lonely settlers are poorly off:—their bread corn must be ground thirty miles off, requiring three days to carry to the mill, and bring back, ~~the~~ small horse-load of three bushels. Articles of family manufacture are very scanty, and what they purchase is of the meanest quality, and excessively dear: yet they are friendly and willing to share their simple fare with you. It is surprising how comfortable they seem, wanting every thing. To struggle with privations has now become the habit of their lives, most of them having made several successive plunges into the wilderness: and they begin already to talk of selling their "improvements," and getting still farther "back," on finding

that emigrants of another description are thickening about them.

Our journey across the Little Wabash was a complete departure from all mark of civilization. We saw no bears, as they are now buried in the thickets, and seldom appear by day; but, at every few yards, we saw recent marks of their doings, "wallowing" in the long grass, or turning over the decayed logs in quest of beetles or worms, in which work the strength of this animal is equal to four men. Wandering without track, where even the sagacity of our hunter-guide had nearly failed us, we at length arrived at the cabin of another hunter, where we lodged.

This man and his family are remarkable instances of the effect on the complexion, produced by the perpetual incarceration of a thorough woodland life. Incarceration may seem to be a term less applicable to the condition of a roving back woodsman than to any other, and especially unsuitable to the habits of this individual and his family; for the cabin in which he entertained us is the third dwelling he has built within the last twelve months; and a very slender motive would place him in a fourth before the ensuing winter. In his general habits, the hunter ranges as freely as the beasts he pursues: labouring under no restraint, his activity is only bounded by his own physical powers: still he is incarcerated—"Shut from the common air." Buried in the depth of a boundless forest, the breeze of health never reaches these poor wanderers; the bright prospect of distant hills fading away into the semblance of clouds never cheered their sight. They are tall and pale, like vegetables that grow in a vault, pining for light.

The man, his preguant wife, his eldest son, a tall half-naked youth, just initiated in the hunter's arts, his three daughters, growing up into great rude girls, and a squalling tribe of dirty brats of both sexes, are of one pale yellow, without the slightest tint of healthful bloom.

In passing through a vast extent of the back woods, I have been so much struck with this effect, that I fancy I could determine the colour of the inhabitants, if I was apprized of the depth of their immersion;

and, *vice versa*, I could judge of the extent of the "clearing," if I saw the people. The blood, I fancy, is not supplied with its proper dose of oxygen from their gloomy atmosphere, crowded with vegetables growing almost in the dark, or decomposing; and, in either case, abstracting from the air this vital principle.

Our stock of provisions being nearly exhausted, we were anxious to provide ourselves with a supper, by means of our guns; but we could meet with neither deer nor turkey; however, in our utmost need, we shot three racoons, an old one to be roasted for our dogs, and the two young ones to be stewed daintily for ourselves. We soon lighted a fire, and cooked the old racoon for the dogs; but, famished as they were, they would not touch it; and that squeamishness so far abated our relish for the promised stew, that we did not press our complaining landlady to prepare it: and thus our supper consisted of the residue of our "corn bread, and no racoon. However, we laid our bearskins on the filthy earth (floor there was none), which they assured us was "too damp for fleas," and, wrapped in our blankets, slept soundly enough; though the collops of venison, hanging in comely rows in the smoky fire-place, and even the shoulders, put by for the dogs, and which were suspended over our heads, would have been an acceptable prelude to our night's rest, had we been invited to partake of them; but our hunter and our host were too deeply engaged in conversation to think of supper. In the morning, the latter kindly invited us to cook some of the collops, which we did by toasting them on a stick; and he also divided some shoulders among the dogs:—so we all fared sumptuously.

The cabin, which may serve as a specimen of these rudiments of houses, was formed of round logs, with apertures of three or four inches between. No chimney, but large intervals between the "clapboards," for the escape of the smoke. The roof was, however, a more effectual covering than we have generally experienced, as it protected us very tolerably from a drenching night. Two bedsteads of unhewn logs, and cleft boards laid across;—two chairs, one of them without a bottom, and a low stool, were all the furni-

ture required by this numerous family. A string of buffalo hide stretched across the hovel was a wardrobe for their rags; and their utensils, consisting of a large iron pot, some baskets, the effective rifle and two that were superannuated, stood about in corners, and the fiddle, which was only silent when we were asleep, hung by them.

Our racoons, though lost to us and our hungry dogs, furnished a new set of strings for this favourite instrument. Early in the morning the youth had made good progress in their preparation, as they were cleaned and stretched on a tree to dry.

Many were the tales of dangerous adventures, in their hunting expeditions, which kept us from our pallets till a late hour; and the gloomy morning allowed our hunters to resume their discourse, which no doubt would have been protracted to the evening, had not our impatience to depart caused us to interrupt it, which we effected, with some difficulty, by eleven in the forenoon.

These hunters are as persevering as savages, and as indolent. They cultivate indolence as a privilege;—"You English are very industrious, but we have freedom." And thus they exist in yawning indifference, surrounded with nuisances and petty wants, the first to be removed, and the latter supplied, by a tenth of the time loitered away in their innumerable idle days.

Indolence, under various modifications, seems to be the easily besetting sin of the Americans, where I have travelled. The Indian probably stands highest on the scale, as an example; the back woodsman the next; the new settler, who declines hunting, takes a lower degree, and so on. I have seen interesting exceptions even among the hunting tribe; but the malady is a prevailing one in all classes:—I note it again and again, not in the spirit of satire, but as a hint for reformation.

Proceeding still further on his journey, Mr. Birkbeck thus continues his narrative. "It is a dreadful country on each side of the Skillet-fork; flat and swampy; so that the water in many places, even at this season, renders travelling disagreeable. Yet here and there, at ten miles distance, perhaps, the very

solitude tempts some one of the family of Esau to pitch his tent for a season.

At one of these lone dwellings we found a neat, respectable looking female, spinning under the little piazza at one side of the cabin, which shaded her from the sun. Her husband was absent on business, which would detain him some weeks. She had no family, and no companion but her husband's faithful dog, which usually attended him in his bear-hunting in the winter. She was quite overcome with "lone," she said, and hoped we would tie our horses in the wood, and sit awhile with her, during the heat of the day. We did so, and she rewarded us with a bason of coffee. Her husband was kind and good to her, and never left her without necessity; but a true lover of bear-hunting, which he pursued alone, taking only his dog with him, though it is common for hunters to go in parties to attack this dangerous animal. He had killed a great number last winter, five, I think, in one week. The cabin of this hunter was neatly arranged, and the garden well stocked.

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OCCUPATIONS AND CEREMONIAL OBSERVANCES  
OF A  
GRIHASTHA BRAHMIN.

BY THE ABBE DUBOIS.

A GRIHASTHA Brahmin should rise in the morning an hour and a half before the sun. On getting up, his first thoughts should be directed to Vishnoo. About an hour before sun rise, he walks out of the village, intent upon a business of great importance to a man of his cast, that of attending to the calls of nature. The place is chosen with great circumspection, and decency requires of him to put off his clothes and slippers. The demands of nature being discharged, he washes himself with his left hand, which, on account of the impure use of it, is never employed in eating, nor allowed to touch the food. The number of times they must wash, and what particular parts of the body, with the kind of water

\* Or Brahmin, who is the head of a family.

and earth they must use in purifying, and many other observances which decency prevents us from enumerating, are detailed in the ritual of the Brahmins. After having attended to this business, the next use of the Grihastha is to wash his mouth. This to him is no trifling matter. The care with which he must select the small bit of wood with which he rubs his teeth; the choice of the tree he must cut it from; the prayer he must address to the deities of the wood for permission, and many other ceremonies prescribed for the occasion, make a part of the education of the Brahmins, and are explained at great length in their books of ceremonies. The scrupulous attention with which they perform this operation every morning, with a piece of wood, always cut fresh from the tree, leads them to make a comparison very unfavourable to Europeans, many of whom altogether neglect the practice; and those who most regularly adopt it, add to the horror of the Hindoo, when he sees them rubbing their teeth and gums with brushes made of the hair of animals, after being soiled with the pollution of the mouth and saliva. Happy is he, who, after cleansing his mouth, can wash himself in a running stream. It is more salutary to the soul and the body, than any water he could find at home, or in a standing pool. An affair of so much importance is necessarily accompanied with many rites, as frivolous in our eyes as they indispensable in their's. One of the most essential is, to think at that moment of the Ganges, the Indus, the Krishna, the Caverce, or any other of those sacred rivers, whose streams possess the virtue of effacing sin; and then to implore the gods that the bath they use may be no less available to their souls, than one of those nobler floods would be. While in the water, it is necessary to keep their thoughts steadfastly fixed upon Brahma and Vishnoo; and the bathing ends with the ceremonial of taking up handfuls of water three several times, and with their faces towards the sun, pouring it out in libations to that luminary.

“When he comes out of the water, the Grihastha Brahmin puts on his clothing, which consists of one piece of cloth, uncut, of about a yard in width, and three yards in length. It has been already soaked in the water, and thus made pure from all the stains it had con-

tracted. He then completes his dress by rubbing his forehead with a little of the ashes of cow-dung, or with the paste made of sandal wood. He then drinks a small quantity of the water which he has taken out of the river; and the remainder he sprinkles around three times, in honour of all the gods, mentioning several of them by name, with the addition of the earth, the fire, and the deities which preside over the eight cardinal points; and he concludes the whole with a profound reverence to the whole circle of the gods. It would be tedious to describe the variety of gestures and movements which the Brahmin exhibits in such cases; but we may select one particular, the signs of the cross which he distinctly makes as a salutation to his head, his belly, his right and left shoulders. For after saluting all external things, he commences with the particular salutation of himself in detail. Every member has its particular salutation; even his fingers are not forgotten, as he touches them all round with his thumb. All these actions are accompanied with prayers or mantras, solemnly appropriated to the occasion.

“It would now seem time for the Brahmin to go home, after his leisure has been so long occupied with ceremonies; but he has still a prayer to offer to the tree *Ravi*, consecrated to Vishnoo. He implores the tree to grant him remission of his sins; and then walks round it seven, or fourteen, or twenty-one times, always increasing by seven. He orders dinner about mid-day; this is provided by the women; though the ordinary Brahmins value themselves on their skill in cookery. The great object here is absolute cleanliness in the preparation. Many precautions are necessary for this. The clothes of the women employed must be newly washed, and their vessels fresh scoured. The place must be neat and free from dust, and the eyes of strangers must not preclude it. While dinner is preparing, the Brahmin returns a second time to the river. He bathes again, repeating almost all the ceremonies in the same order as in the morning. But the anxious care is in returning home, lest he should happen to touch any thing on the way that might defile him; such as, treading on a bone, or a bit of leather or skin, on an old rag, broken dish, or any thing of that nature. Upon these points,

however, it must be allowed, that they are not all equally scrupulous.

The Brahmin being seated on the ground, his wife lays before him a banana leaf, or some other leaves sewed together, and sprinkling them with a few drops of water, she serves the rice upon this simple cover, and close by it on the same leaf, the different things which have been provided, consisting of the simple productions of nature, or of cakes. The rice is seasoned with a little clarified butter, or a kind of sauce so highly spiced, that no European palate could endure its pungency. The manner of serving up all this would appear very disgusting to us, as it is entirely performed by the hand, unless where the woman, to save her fingers, is obliged to take a wooden spoon. But this rarely happens, as the Hindoos generally love their meat cold, and their drink hot. The viands being laid before him, the Brahmin, before he touches them, sprinkles some drops of water round his plate, but whether to attract the dust that might blow over his rice, or as a sacrificial libation to the gods, I know not. But before he puts a morsel into his mouth, he lays upon the ground a little of the rice, and the other things set before him; and this is an offering to his progenitors, and their portion of the meal. The repast is quickly finished, as in swallowing they have neither the bones of fish, nor of flesh to dread. He rises immediately, and washes both hands, although one only has been used, for the left being reserved for other purposes, as we have already mentioned, cannot even be employed in washing the right; and the lawful wife of the Brahmin can alone pour water over it for that purpose. After washing his hands, he rinses his mouth twelve times. He never uses a tooth-pick, at least he never uses one twice, thinking that none but such as are inured to filth and beastliness, could put up for another occasion a thing that had once touched their mouths, and been polluted with saliva. When the man has finished his repast, the wife begins her's, on the same leaf which had served him. As a mark of his attention and kindness, he is expected to leave her some fragments of his food; and she, on the other hand, must shew no repugnance to eat his leavings.

About half an hour before sun-set, he returns a third time to the river, and goes through nearly the same ceremonies as on the two preceding occasions of that day. He then goes home, offers the sacrifice of Homanin, and reads the Bhagavata (a book written in honour of Vishnoo, metamorphised into the person of Krishna) and other books of that nature.

## NATURAL PHENOMENA.

### No. 2.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT CAVE IN WARREN COUNTRY, KENTUCKY,

*In a Letter from Dr. Nahum Ward, dated at Marietta, (Ohio) April 4, 1816.*

THE country for a considerable distance round the cave is not mountainous, yet broken and rolling. It was seven in the evening when I reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Miller, (the overseer of Messrs. Wilkins and Gratz, in whose lands the cave opens) who met me at the gate, and, as he anticipated my object, bade me welcome to all his house afforded.

During the evening, Mr. Miller made arrangements for my visiting the cave next morning, by procuring me two guides, lamps, &c. I could hardly rest during the night, so much had my curiosity been excited by my host's account of the "regular confusions" in this subterraneous world.

At eight in the morning I left the house, in company with my guides, taking with us two large lamps, a compass, and something for refreshments, and entered the cave about sixty rods from the house, down through a pit forty feet deep, and one hundred and twenty in circumference, at the bottom of which is a fine spring of water. When at the bottom of this pit, you are at the entrance of the cave, which opens to the north, and is from forty to fifty feet high, and about thirty in width, for upwards of forty rods, when it is not more than ten feet wide and five feet high. However, this continues but a short distance, when it expands to thirty or forty feet in width, and is about twenty in

height for one mile, until you come to the first Hoppers, where saltpetre is manufactured. Thence it is about forty feet in width and sixty in height to the second Hoppers, two miles from the entrance. The loose limestone has been lain up into handsome walls, on either side, almost the whole distance from the entrance to the second Hoppers. The road is hard, and as smooth as a flag pavement. The walls of the cavern are perpendicular in every passage that I traversed; the arches are regular in every part, and have bid defiance even to earthquakes. One of my guides informed me, he was at the second Hoppers in 1812, with several workmen, when those heavy shocks came on which were so severely felt in this country. He said, that about five minutes before the shock, a heavy rumbling noise was heard coming out of the cave, like a mighty wind; that when that ceased, the rocks cracked, and all appeared to be going in a moment to final destruction. However, no one was injured, although large rocks fell in some parts of the cave.

As you advance into the cave, the avenue leads from the second Hoppers, west, one mile; then S.W. to the "chief city," which is six miles from the entrance. This avenue is from sixty to one hundred feet in height, and about the same in width, the whole distance, after you leave the second Hoppers until you come to the cross roads, or chief city, and is nearly upon a level, the floor or bottom being covered with loose limestone and saltpetre earth. When I reached this immense area (chief city), which contains upwards of eight acres, without a single pillar to support the arch, which is entire over the whole, I was struck dumb with astonishment.

I can give you but a faint idea of this chief city. Nothing under heaven can be more sublime and grand than this place, covered with one solid arch at least one hundred feet high, and to all appearance entire.

After entering the chief city, I perceived five large avenues leading out of it, from sixty to one hundred feet in width, and from forty to eighty in height. The walls, all of stone, are arched, and are from forty to eighty feet perpendicular height, before the arch commences.

The first which I traversed, after cutting arrows on the stones under our feet, pointing to the mouth of the cave (in fact we did this at the entrance of every avenue, that we should not be at any loss for the way out on our return) was one that led us in a southerly direction for more than two miles. We then left it and took another, that led us east, then north, for more than two miles further; and at last, in our windings, were brought by another avenue into the chief city again, after traversing different avenues for more than five miles.

We rested ourselves for a few minutes on some limestone slabs, near the centre of this gloomy area, and after having refreshed us and trimmed our lamps, we took our departure a second time, through an avenue almost north, and parallel with the avenue leading from the chief city to the mouth of the cave, which we continued for upwards of two miles, when we entered the second city. This is covered with one arch, nearly two hundred feet in the centre, and very similar to the chief city, except in the number of avenues leading from it, this having but two.

We passed through it over a very considerable rise in the centre, and descended through an avenue which bore to the east about three hundred rods, when we came upon a third area, about one hundred and fifty feet square, and fifty in height, which had a pure and delightful stream of water issuing from the side of the wall about thirty feet high, and which fell upon some broken stone, and was afterwards entirely lost to our view. After passing this beautiful sheet of water a few yards, we came to the end of this passage.

We then returned about one hundred yards, and entered a small avenue (over a considerable mass of stone) to our right, which carried us south, through an uncommonly black avenue, something more than a mile, when we ascended a very steep hill about sixty yards, which carried us within the walls of the fourth city, which is not inferior to the second, having an arch that covers at least six acres. In this last avenue, the further end of which must be four miles from the chief city, and ten from the mouth of the cave, are upwards of twenty large piles of saltpetre earth on one side of

the avenue, and broken limestones heaped up on the other, evidently the work of human hands.

I had expected, from the course of my needle, that this avenue would have carried us round to the chief city, but was sadly disappointed when I found the end a few hundred yards from the fourth city, which caused us to retrace our steps; and, not having been so particular in marking the entrances of the different avenues as I ought, we were much bewildered, and once completely lost for fifteen or twenty minutes.

At length we found our way, and, weary and faint, entered the chief city at ten at night; however, as much fatigued as I was, I determined to explore the cave as long as my lights held out.

We now entered the fifth and last avenue from the chief city, which carried us south-east about nine hundred yards, when we entered the fifth city, whose arch covers upwards of four acres of level ground strewn with broken limestone. Firebeds of uncommon size, with brands of cane lying around them, are interspersed throughout this city. We crossed over to the opposite side, and entered an avenue that carried us east about two hundred and fifty rods, when, finding nothing interesting in this passage, we turned back, and crossed a massy pile of stone in the mouth of a large avenue, which I noticed but a few yards from the last mentioned city, as I came out of it. After some difficulty in passing over this mass of limestone, we entered a large avenue, whose walls were the most perfect of any that we saw, running almost due south for five hundred yards, and very level and straight, with an elegant arch. When at the end of this avenue, and while I was sketching a plan of the cave, one of my guides, who had been some time groping among the broken stone, called out, requesting me to follow him.

I gathered up my papers and compass, and after giving my guide, who sat with me, orders to remain where he was till we returned, and moreover to keep his lamp in good order, I followed after the first, who had entered a vertical passage just large enough to admit his body. We continued to step from one stone to another, until at last, after much difficulty from the smallness of the passage, which is about forty feet in

height, we entered upon the side of a chamber, at least one thousand eight hundred feet in circumference, and whose arch is about one hundred and fifty feet high in the centre. After having marked arrows, pointing downwards, on the slabstones around the little passage through which we had ascended, we walked forward nearly to the centre of this area.

It was past midnight when I entered this chamber of eternal darkness, "where all things are hush'd, and nature's self lies dead." I must acknowledge that I felt a shivering horror at my situation, when I looked back upon the different avenues through which I had passed since I entered the cave at eight in the morning; and at that "time of night, when church-yards groan," to be buried several miles in the dark recesses of this awful cavern---the grave perhaps of thousands of human beings---gave me no very pleasant sensations. With the guide who was now with me I took the only avenue leading from this chamber, and traversed it for the distance of a mile in a southerly direction, when my lamps forbade my going further, as they were nearly exhausted. The avenue, or passage, was as large as any we had entered; and how far we might have travelled, had our lights held out, is unknown. It is supposed by all who have any knowledge of this cave, that Green River, a stream navigable several hundred miles, passes over three branches of this cave.

It was nearly one o'clock at night when we descended "the passage of the chimney," as it is called, to the guide whom I had left seated on the rocks. He was quite alarmed at our long absence, and was heard by us a long time before we reached the passage to descend to him, halloing with all his might, fearing we had lost our track in the ruins above.

Very near the vertical passage, and not far from where I had left my guide sitting, I found some very beautiful specimens of soda, which I brought out with me.

We returned over piles of saltpetre earth and fire-beds, out of one avenue into another, until at last, with great fatigue and a dim light, we entered the walls of the chief city, where, for the last time, we trimmed

our lamps, and entered the spacious avenue that carried us to the Second Hoppers.

I found, when in the last mentioned avenue or upper chamber, many curiosities, such as glauber salts, epsom salts, flints, yellow ochre, spar of different kinds, and some petrifications, which I brought out, together with the mummy that we found at the Second Hoppers. We happily arrived at the mouth of the cave about three in the morning, nearly exhausted and worn down with nineteen hours continued fatigue.

I was near fainting on leaving the cave and inhaling the rapid air of the atmosphere, after having so long breathed the pure air, which is occasioned by the nitre of the cave. The pulse beat stronger when in the cave but not so fast as when on the surface.

I have described to you hardly one half of the cave, as the avenues between the mouth of the cave and the second Hoppers have not been named. There is a passage in the main avenue, about sixty rods from the entrance, like that of a trap door. By sliding aside a large flat stone, you can descend sixteen or eighteen feet in a very narrow defile, where the passage comes upon a level, and winds about in such a manner as to pass under the main passage without having any communication with it, and at last opens into the main cave by two large passages, just beyond the second Hoppers. It is called the glauber salt room, from salts of that kind being found there. There is also the sick room, the bat room, and the flint room, all of which are large, and some of them quite long. The last that I shall mention is a very winding avenue, which branches off at the second Hoppers, and runs west and south west for more than two miles. This is called "the haunted chamber," from the echo of the sound made in it. The arch of this avenue is very beautifully encrusted with lime stone spar; and in many places the columns of spar are truly elegant, extending from the ceiling to the floor. I discovered in this avenue a very high dome, in or near the centre of the arch, apparently fifty feet high, hung in rich drapery, festooned in the most fanciful manner, for six or eight feet from the hangings, and in colours the most rich and brilliant.

The columns of spar and the stalactites in this cham-

ber are extremely romantic in their appearance, with the reflection of one or two lights. There is a cellar formed of this spar, called, "Wilkins' arm chair," which is very large and stands in the centre of the avenue, and is encircled with many smaller ones. Columns of spar, fluted and studded with knobs of spar and stalactites; drapery of various colours superbly festooned, and hung in the most graceful manner, are shown with the greatest brilliancy from the reflection with lamps.

A part of "the haunted chamber" is directly over the bat room, which passes under "the haunted chamber," without having any connection with it. My guide led me into a very narrow defile on the left side of this chamber, and about one hundred yards from "Wilkins' arm chair," over the side of a smooth limestone rock, ten or twelve feet, which we passed with much precaution; for, had we slipped from our hold, we had gone to "that bourne whence no traveller returns," if I may judge from a cataract of water, whose dismal sound we heard at a very considerable distance in this pit, and nearly under us. However, we crossed in safety, clinging fast to the wall, and winding down under "the haunted chamber," and through a very narrow passage for thirty or forty yards, when our course was west, and the passage twenty or thirty feet in width, and from ten to eighteen feet high, for more than a mile. The air was pure and delightful in this as well as in other parts of the cave. At the further part of this avenue we came upon a reservoir of water, very clear and delightful to the taste, apparently having neither inlet nor outlet.

Within a few yards of this reservoir of water, on the right hand of the cave, there is an avenue which leads to the north-west. We had entered it about forty feet, when we came to several columns of the most brilliant spar, sixty or seventy feet in height, and almost perpendicular, which stand in basins of water, that comes trickling down their sides, then passes off silently from the basins, and enters the cavities of stone without being seen again. These columns of spar, and the basins they rest in, for splendour and beauty, surpass every similar work of art I ever saw. We passed by these columns, and entered a small but beautiful chamber,

whose walls were about twenty feet apart, and the arch not more than seven feet high, white as white-wash would have made it; the floor was level as far as I explored it, which was not a great distance, as I found many pit-holes in my path that appeared to have been lately sunk, and which induced me to return.

We returned by the beautiful pool of water, which is called the "Pool of Clitorius," after the "Fons Clitorius" of the classics, which was so pure and delightful to the taste, that after drinking of it a person had no longer a taste for wine. On our way back to the narrow defile, I had some difficulty in keeping my lights, for the bats were so numerous and continually in our faces, that it was next to impossible to get along in safety. I brought this trouble on myself by my own want of forethought; for, as we were moving on, I noticed a large number of these bats hanging by their hind legs to the arch, which was not above twelve inches higher than my head. I took my cane, and gave a sweep the whole length of it, when down they fell; but soon, like so many imps, they tormented us until we reached the narrow defile, when they left us. We returned by "Wilkins' arm-chair," and back to the second Hoppers.

It was at this place I found the mummy which I before alluded to, where it had been placed by Mr. Wilkins, from another cave, for preservation. It is a female, about six feet in height, and so perfectly dry as to weigh but twenty pounds when I found it; the hair on the back part of the head is rather short, and of a sandy hue; the top of the head is bald; the eyes are sunk into the head; the nose, or that part which is cartilaginous, is dried down to the bones of the face; the lips are dried away, and discover a fine set of teeth, perfectly white as ivory; the hands and feet are perfect, even to the nails, and very delicate, like those of a young person; but the teeth are worn as much as a person's at the age of fifty.

She must have been a personage of high distinction, if we may judge from the order in which she was buried. Mr. Wilkins informed me she was found by some labourers, while digging saltpetre earth in a part of the cave about three miles from the entrance, buried

eight feet deep between four limestone slabs, and in the posture she is exhibited in the drawing I sent you: seated, the knees brought close to the body, which is erect, the hands clasped and laid upon the stomach, the head upright. She was muffled up, and covered with a number of garments made of a species of wild hemp and the bark of a willow, which formerly grew in Kentucky. The cloth is of a curious texture and fabric, made up in the form of blankets or winding-sheets, with very handsome borders. Bags of different sizes were found by her side, made of the same cloth, in which were deposited her jewels, beads, trinkets, and implements of industry, all which are very great curiosities, being different from any thing of the Indian kind ever exhibited in this country. Among the articles was a musical instrument, made in two pieces, of cane put together something like the double flageolet, and curiously interwoven with elegant feathers; she had likewise by her a bowl of uncommon workmanship, and a Vandyke made of feathers, very beautiful.—My friend, Mr. Wilkins, gave me the mummy, which I brought away, together with her apparel, jewels, music, &c.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE WORSHIP PAID TO JUGGERNAUT, BY THE HINDOOS.

BY THE LATE DR. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN.

Buddruck in Orissa, May 30, 1806.

“WE know that we are approaching Juggernaut (and yet we are more than fifty miles from it), by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the way. At this place we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, two thousand in number, who have come from various parts of Northern India. Some of them, with whom I have conversed, say that they have been two months on their march, travelling slowly in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons are among them who wish to die at Juggernaut. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road; and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river, near the pilgrim's caravansera 32

this place, there are more than a hundred skulls. The dogs, jackals, and vultures seem to live here on human prey. The vultures exhibit a shocking *lâcheté*. The obscene animals will not leave the body sometimes till we come close to them. This Buddruck is a horrid place. Whenever I turn my eyes, I meet death in some shape or other. Surely Juggernaut cannot be worse than Buddruck."

---

In sight of Juggernaut, 13th June.

" ---- MANY thousands of pilgrims have accompanied us for some days past. They cover the road before and behind, as far as the eye can reach. At nine o'clock this morning, the temple of Juggernaut appeared in view at a great distance. When the multitude first saw it, they gave a shout, and fell to the ground and worshipped. I have heard nothing to-day but shouts and acclamations by the successive bodies of pilgrims. From the place where I now stand, I have a view of a host of people like an army, encamped at the outer gate of the town of Juggernaut; where a guard of soldiers is posted, to prevent their entering the town, until they have paid the pilgrim's tax. I passed a devotee to-day, who laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to Juggernaut by the *length of his body*, as a penance of merit to please the god."

---

Juggernaut, 14th June.

" THE scene at Buddruck is but the vestibule to Juggernaut. No record of ancient or modern history can give, I think, an adequate idea of this valley of death; it may be truly compared with the valley of Hinnom. The idol called Juggernaut has been considered as the Moloch of the present age; and he is justly so named, for the sacrifices offered up to him by self-devotement are not less criminal, not less numerous, than those recorded of the Moloch of Canaan. Two other idols accompany Juggernaut, namely, Boloram and Shubadra, his brother and sister; for there are *three* deities worshipped here. They receive equal adoration, and sit on thrones of nearly equal height,

This morning I viewed the temple; a stupendous fabric, and truly commensurate with the extensive sway of "the horrid king." As other temples are usually adorned with figures emblematical of their religion; so Juggernaut has representations (numerous and various) of that vice, which constitutes the essence of *his* worship. The walls and gates are covered with indecent emblems, in massive and durable sculpture. I have also visited the sand plains by the sea, in some places whitened with the bones of the pilgrims; where dogs and vultures are ever seen, who sometimes begin their attacks before the pilgrim is quite dead!"

Juggernaut, 18th June.

"..... I HAVE returned home from witnessing a scene which I shall never forget. At twelve o'clock of this day, being the great day of the feast, the Moloch of Hindoostan was brought out of his temple amid the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. When the idol was placed on his throne, a shout was raised by the multitude, such as I had never heard before. It continued equable for a few minutes, and then gradually died away. After a short interval of silence, a murmur was heard at a distance; all eyes were turned towards the place, and, behold, a *grove* advancing! A body of men, having green branches, or palms, in their hands, approached with great celerity. The people opened a way for them; and when they had come up to the throne, they fell down before him that sat thereon, and worshipped. And the multitude again sent forth a voice 'like the sound of a great thunder.' But the voices I now heard were not those of melody or of joyful acclamation; for there is no harmony in the praise of Moloch's worshippers. Their number, indeed, brought to my mind the countless multitude of the Revelations; but their voices gave no tuneful Hosannah or Hallelujah; but rather a yell of approbation, united with a kind of *hissing* applause. I was at a loss how to account for this latter noise, until I was directed to notice the women, who remitted a sound like that of *whistling*, with the lips circular, and the tongue vibrating, as if a serpent would speak by their organs, uttering human sounds.

“The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car, or tower, about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground deeply, as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six cables, of the size and length of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Upon the tower were the priests and satellitès of the idol surrounding his throne. The idol is a block of wood, having a frightful visage painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody colour. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. The other two idols are of a white and yellow colour. Five elephants preceded the three towers, bearing towering flags, dressed in crimson caparisons, and having bells hanging to their caparisons, which sounded musically as they moved.

“I went on in the procession, close by the tower of Moloch, which, as it was drawn with difficulty, grated on its many wheels harsh thunder. After a few minutes it stopped; and now the worship of the god began. A high priest mounted the car in front of the idol, and pronounced his obscene stanzas in the ears of the people, who responded at intervals in the same strain. ‘These songs,’ said he, ‘are the delight of the god. His car can only move when he is pleased with the song.’—The car moved on a little way, and then stopped. A boy of about twelve years was then brought forth to attempt something yet more lascivious, if peradventure the god would move. The ‘child perfected the praise’ of his idol with such ardent expression and gesture, that the god was pleased; and the multitude emitting a sensual yell of delight, urged the car along. After a few minutes it stopped again. An ancient minister of the idol then stood up, and with a long rod in his hand, which he moved with indecent action, completed the variety of this indecent exhibition.—I felt a consciousness of doing wrong in witnessing it. I was also somewhat appalled at the magnitude and horror of the spectacle; I felt like a guilty person, on whom all eyes were fixed, and I was about to withdraw. But a scene of a different kind was now to be presented. The characteristics of Moloch's worship are obscenity and blood. We have seen the former. Now comes the blood.

“ After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road before the tower as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forward. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to *smile* when the libation of blood is made. The people threw cowries, or small money, on the body, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view a considerable time, and was then carried by the *Hurries* to the Golgotha, where I have just been viewing his remains. How much I wished that the proprietors of India stock could have attended the wheels of Juggernaut, and seen this peculiar source of their revenue.

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Juggernaut, 20th June.

Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood  
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears.

MILTON.

“ THE horrid solemnities still continue. Yesterday a woman devoted herself to the idol. She laid herself down on the road in an oblique direction, so that the wheel did not kill her instantaneously, as is generally the case; but she died in a few hours. This morning as I passed the Place of Skulls, nothing remained of her but her bones.

“ And this, thought I, is the worship of the Brahmins of Hindoostan! And their worship in the sublimest degree! What then shall we think of their private manners, and their moral principles! If you would know the state of the people, look at the state of the temple.”

---

Juggernaut, 21st June.

“ THE idolatrous processions continue for some days longer, but my spirits are so exhausted by the constant view of these enormities, that I mean to hasten away from this place sooner than I at first intended.---I beheld another distressing scene this morning at the Place of Skulls;---a poor woman lying dead, or nearly dead,

and her two children by her, looking at the dogs and vultures which were near. The people passed by without noticing the children. I asked them where was their home. They said, "they had no home but where their mother was." O, there is no pity at Jugger-naut! no mercy, no tenderness of heart in Moloch's kingdom! They who support *his* kingdom err, I trust, from ignorance: 'they know not what they do.'

"As to the number of worshippers assembled here at this time, no accurate calculation can be made. The natives themselves, when speaking of the numbers at particular festivals, usually say that a lack of people (one hundred thousand) would not be missed. I asked a Brahmin how many he supposed were present at the most numerous festival he had ever witnessed. 'How can I tell,' said he, 'how many grains there are in a handful of sand?'

"The languages spoken here are various, as there are Hindoos from every country in India."

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## MY PORTFOLIO;

*Or, ORIGINAL HINTS, SKETCHES, and ANECDOTES.*

---

"A thing of shreds and patches."

---

No. 3.—AUTHORS.

REAUMUR tells us, that good silk might be procured from some species of spiders, if they could be prevailed on to live in society. But, unluckily, they have an irresistible propensity to tear each other to pieces. It seems to be the same with authors. Would they only act in concert they might achieve wonders. It would, indeed, be difficult to say, what they could not accomplish. Combined intellectual exertions would produce as mighty an effect in the moral world, as combined corporeal exertions have produced in the physical. But, instead of directing their powers to great ends, authors waste more than half of their time and talent in miserable squabbles, to the no small delight of the malignant and the stupid.

## AN IRISH REPLY.

THERE is something exceedingly poetical in the following reply of an Irish servant. At a dinner party, where a friend of mine was present, a conversation took place on the circumstance of a man having recently remained for a week in what is commonly called a trance, on awaking from which his speech was irrecoverably lost. Each of the guests endeavoured to account for the dumbness of the lately entranced person. At last one of them turned to the Irish footman, and exclaimed laughingly, "Well, Pat, what is your opinion on the subject?"—"Please your honour," replied Pat, "I think that he did not go quite into the other world, but so near it as to see what they were about; and so they took away his speech, that he might not tell the secret when he came back."

## DR GOLDSMITH.

IN his minor pieces, Goldsmith has frequently borrowed from the French poets. His epitaph on Ned Purdon is imitated from the following epigram, by De Cailly:

"Il est au bout de ses travaux,  
Il est passé le sire Estienne;  
En ce monde il eut tant de maux,  
Qu'on ne croit pas qu'il y revienne."

The verses, miscalled a sonnet, which begin---

"Weeping, murmuring, complaining,  
Lost to every gay delight, &c."

are an indifferent translation from a Madrigal, by St. Pavin.

"The Gift, to Iris, in Bow Street, Covent Garden," is copied from some lively verses, called "Etrennes," which may be found in *Les Œuvres de Grecourt*, and from which I extract a few lines:

"Pour témoignage de ma flamme,  
Iris, du meilleur de mon ame,  
Je vous donne à ce nouvel an,  
Non pas dentelle, ni ruban,  
Non pas essence, ni pommade,  
Quelques boîtes de marmalade,

Un manchon, des gants, un bouquet,  
Non pas heures ni chapelet.

Fussiez vous cent fois plus aimable,  
Belle Iris, je vous donne—au Diable."

The last stanza of the "Elegy on the death of a mad dog," was probably suggested by an epigram from the pen of La Martiniere; but it wants the point of the epigram:

"Un gros serpent mordit Aurele:  
Que croya vous qu'il arriva?  
Qu'Aurele en mourut! Bagatelle!  
Ce fut le serpent qui creva."

In the burlesque "Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize," every fourth line gives a ridiculous turn to the three serious lines which precede it. This idea is taken from our Gallic neighbours. A poem in the same style is to be found in the French collection of "Ana," in nine volumes.

◆

#### MR. ENGLISH.

THE editor of the Annual Register was, for many years, Mr. Thomas English, a native of Ireland, and a friend of Edmund Burke, who often assisted him by his advice and corrections. He died in the year 1797, and was buried, if I remember right, in the church-yard of St. Martin's in the Fields. During the latter part of his life he resided in Orange Court, Leicester Square. The country he disliked; and habit had made his confined and smoky spot of residence a paradise to him. He was frequently invited down to Burke's pleasant seat, at Beaconsfield; but, notwithstanding his affection for its possessor, he was always anxious to depart. "I did all in my power," said Burke once to a friend, "to make his stay comfortable to Tom English, for a few days. In spite, however, of my efforts, he was all the while languishing for an alley in London." For some years previously to his death, English wrote little or nothing in the Annual Register. In the volume for 1792, published by the Rivingtons, there is a character of Gustavus III. King of Sweden. Of this character about two paragraphs were written

by English, and this was his last effort in composition. His death was probably accelerated by his suddenly relinquishing the use of laudanum, of which he had been accustomed to take large quantities. He latterly subsisted on a pension of 140*l.* per annum, which, I think, was obtained for him through the influence of Mr. Burke. It was his boast, and the boast is an honourable one, that "no bailiff had ever touched his shoulder."

\*\*D.

### THE LOUNGERS OF "GOOD QUEEN BESS'S" DAYS.

IT is the hackneyed cry of every age, that "vice and folly are daily becoming more prevalent," and that former days were the days of simplicity and virtue. Taking this assertion in its fullest extent, we think that its truth is something more than dubious. We have, however, neither time, space, nor inclination, to enter fully into the subject; and we shall, therefore, content ourselves with giving proof that at least one species of folly is perhaps less offensive at this moment than it was in the vaunted "golden days of good Queen Bess." We doubt, indeed, whether any Bond Street loungee would be *quite* as fantastical as the loungees of St. Paul's, described by Dr. Drake in his "Shakespeare and his Times,"\* and we have no doubt at all that none of the donkey-heeled fraternity would venture, or even be inclined, to behave with such gross impropriety in a place of worship.

"Among the amusements more peculiarly belonging to the metropolis, and which," says Dr. Drake, "better than any other, exhibits the fashionable mode at that time of disposing of the day, we may enumerate the custom of publicly parading in the middle aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral. During the reign of Elizabeth and James, Paul's Walk, as it was called, was daily frequented by the nobility, gentry, and professional

\* In the quotation given in the number for February, from Dr. Drake's Work (page 78, line 9 from the bottom), the word "*braude*," should be "*braudc*."

men; here, from ten till twelve in the forenoon, and from three to six in the afternoon, they met to converse on business, politics, or pleasure; and hither too, in order to acquire fashions, form assignations for the gaming-table, or shun the grasp of the bailiff, came the gallant, the gamester, and the debtor, the stale knight, and the captain out of service; and here it was that Falstaff purchased Bardolph: 'I bought him,' says the jolly knight, 'at St. Paul's.'

"Of the various purposes for which this temple was frequented by the loungers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Decker has left us a most entertaining account, and from his tract on this subject, published in 1609, we shall extract a few passages, which throw no incurious light on the follies and dissipations of the age.

"The supposed tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, but in reality that of Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, appears to have been a privileged part of the cathedral:---'The duke's tomb,' observes Decker, addressing the gallant, 'is a sanctuary; and will keep you alive from worms, and land rats, that long to be feeding on your carcase: there you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk any thing; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamp light, steal out: and so cozen a whole covey of abominable catch-polls.'

Such was the resort of the male fashionable world to this venerable Gothic pile, that it was customary for trades-people to frequent its aisles for the purpose of collecting the dresses of the day. "If you determine to enter into a new suit, warn your tailor to attend you in Paul's, who, with his hat in his hand, shall, like a spy, discover the stuff, colour, and fashion of any doublet or hose that dare be seen there, and, stepping behind a pillar to fill his table books with those notes, will presently send you into the world an accomplished man; by which means you shall wear your clothes in print with the first edition."

The author even condescends to instruct his beau, when he has obtained his suit, how best to exhibit it in St. Paul's, and concludes by pointing out other re-

sources for killing time, in withdrawing from the cathedral. "Bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the church may appear to be your's---where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloak from the one shoulder: and then you must, as 'twere in anger, suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside, if it be taffeta at the least; and so by that means your costly lining is betrayed, or else by the pretty advantage of compliment. But one note by the way do I especially woo you to, the neglect of which makes many of our gallants cheap and ordinary, that by no means you be seen above four turns; but in the fifth make yourself away, either in some of the semsters' shops, the new tobacco office, or amongst the booksellers, where, if you cannot read, exercise your smoke, and inquire who has writ against this divine weed, &c."

After dinner, it was necessary that the finished cockcomb should return to Paul's in a new dress:---"After dinner you may appear again, having translated yourself out of your English cloth into a light Turkey grogam, if you have that happiness of shifting; and then be seen, for a turn or two, to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gums with a wrought handkerchief: it skills not whether you dined, or no; that is best known to your stomach; or in what place you dined; though it were with cheese, of your own mother's making, in your chamber or study."

The fopperies exhibited in a place, which ought to have been closed against such unhallowed inmates, rival, if not exceed, all that modern puppyism can produce. The directions, which Decker gives to his gallant on quitting St. Paul's in the forenoon, clearly prove, that the loungers of Shakspeare's time are not surpassed, either in affectation or the assumption of petty consequence, by the same worthless class in the nineteenth century:---"in which departure," enjoins the satirist, "if by chance you either encounter, or aloof off, throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or squire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir such a one, or so; but call him Ned, or

Jack, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men: and if, though there be a dozen companies between you, 'tis the better he call aloud to you, for that is most genteel, to know where he shall find you at two o'clock; tell him at such an ordinary, or such; and be sure to name those that are dearest, and whither none but your gallants resort."

A still more offensive mode of displaying this ostentatious folly sprang from a custom then general, and even now not altogether obsolete, of demanding spur-money from any person entering the cathedral during divine service, with spurs on. This was done by the younger choristers, and, it seems, frequently gave birth to the following gross violation of decency. "Never be seen to mount the steps into the quire, but upon a high festival day, to prefer the fashion of your doublet, and especially if the singing boys seem to take note of you, for they are able to buz your praises above their anthems; but be sure your silver spurs dog your heels, and then the boys will swarm about you like so many white butterflies; when you in the open quire shall draw forth a perfumed embroidered purse, the glorious sight of which will entice many countrymen from their devotion to wondering: and quoit silver into the boy's hands, that it may be heard above the first lesson, although it be read in a voice as big as one of the great organs."

### CROSS READINGS,\*

FOR ARLISS'S POCKET MAGAZINE.

WE are authorized to state that the Lady Mayoress---wishes for a situation under a man cook in a small regular family.

Married yesterday at St. George's church, the Hon.

\* Since the invention of "Cross Readings," by the late Caleb Whitefoord, they have been so hackneyed, that we had originally almost resolved to exclude them from our pages. But those of our correspondent *Bustle* are certainly laughable ones; and, as we love a laugh ourselves, we have thought it right that our readers should participate in the pleasure.—EDITOR.

Mr. \*\*\*\* to Lady Sophia \*\*\*\*. After the ceremony, the happy couple set off for---Johnson's alamode beef-shop.

Great concern was yesterday excited at the west end of the town, in consequence of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent having---lost a shagreen spectacle case.

On Tuesday last the Lord Mayor (in consequence of the great interest he has recently taken in the relief of the poor)---was launched into eternity in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators; he acknowledged the justice of his sentence.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington has recently purchased---a large stock of the best cotton night-caps unusually cheap.

We are happy to state that His Royal Highness the Prince Regent's sprained ankle---will remain on view every morning from ten till three, previous to its being exported.

The Queen, it is said, intends spending a few days with---Romanis, hosier, 33, Cheapside.

Lord Castlereagh has been seriously indisposed, but we are happy to pronounce him---sound, free from vice, and perfectly safe in double or single harness.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was yesterday---committed for want of bail.

On Wednesday next Dr. Currie will commence his Course of Lectures on---the Art of Pickling, Preserving, and every species of domestic Cookery. Price 3s.

A desperate character was brought before the sitting magistrate, charged with---fifteen harrels of gunpowder, and other combustible matter.

A poor woman met her death last Tuesday, in consequence of having inadvertently swallowed---a huge male elephant, three royal Bengal tygers, &c. &c.

BUSTLE.

### GALLIC HUMANITY.

VOLTAIRE described the French as being a compound of the tyger and monkey. The following story affords one proof, out of innumerable others, that he did not characterize them unjustly. "I recollect," says a gen-

tleman, who communicated the facts to one of the British Reviewers, "that during my residence in Paris, an observation of Mr. Fox's, that appeared in a French paper, struck me, as shewing a profound knowledge of human nature. He was reported to have said in the House of Commons, 'that among many evils arising from wars and revolutions, one much to be feared was, that the frequency of battles and massacres would by degrees weaken our sympathy for each other, and render us indifferent about the shedding of blood.'

"Though I had but too frequent opportunities of seeing the truth of this observation confirmed by the experience and petty details of daily occurrences, I was resolved to observe this people on the first great occasion which might assemble a mob. I made known my intentions to a French gentleman with whom I was very intimate. 'Bon,' said he, 'nous irons demain à la Place de Greve, and nous surprendrons la nature sur le fait; et vous verrez que M. Fox savoit bien apprecier l'homme.' ('Good,' said he, 'we will go to-morrow to the Place de Greve, and catch nature in the very fact, and you will find that Mr. Fox knew how to form a correct judgment of man). The Parisians are so furnished for fêtes and public spectacles, that even the guillotine serves as an amusement. We went, and found an immense crowd. Whilst waiting for the appearance of the victims, an Irish gentleman, who was of the party, remarked near us a ragged boy, who was, in the literal sense of the word, a sans culotte. Struck by the lad's appearance, he told him to call at his lodgings, giving him the address, and he would give him some pantaloons. The boy told him it was too far off. Diverted by his nonchalance, he replied, 'Well, tell me where you live, and I will send my servant with a parcel for you.' 'I have no home.' 'Where do you sleep?' 'On stairs, or in a hay loft.' 'But have you no particular place where you may be found?' I shall never forget the little vagabond's answer. 'On me trouvera à toutes les fêtes.' 'Et vous appelez cela une fête?' 'Oui, certes.' (I am to be found at all the fêtes.) 'And do you call this a fête?' 'Yes, sure.' Our attention was at last roused by shouts of exultation; 'Les voila! les voila!' ('Here they are! here they

are !') which announced the arrival of the procession with the four victims, who were a father and three sons, chauffeurs,\* from La Vendée. Their presence was looked on as the rising of the curtain. 'Les voila, nous allons bientot voir ça !' ('Here they are ; now we shall soon see something ! now for it !') resounded every where. The youngest son was unable to mount the steps from the cart to the platform without assistance. Here some appearance of compassion might have been expected. The very reverse ;---his exhausted state was amusing to them. 'Ah la poule mouillée celui-la, c'est l'enfant gâté sans doute--il fait le mon, mais qu'il gobe la pillule comme ses camarades !' (Ah ! what a poor wet hen it is ! no doubt he's a spoiled child---he makes wry faces ; but let him gulp the pill like his comrades.) The father and his two other sons came next, quite undaunted, and full of courage ; their intrepidity delighted the Parisians. 'Ah ! c'est autre chose, ma foi ! voila des gens de cœur !' ('Ah ! this is quite another thing ; these are fellows of courage.) These victims looked boldly around them. 'Oh ! les braves gens !---ça va bien, ma foi, bravo !---vive les gens de cœur !' (Oh ! the brave fellows ! that's as it should be ! Faith, that's well done ! Men of courage for ever !)

"The youngest son appeared lifeless ; he was instantly laid hold of, and stretched on the fatal plank. It is well known that this work of death is nearly instantaneous ; short as it was, I heard his exit saluted by such exclamations as the following :--- 'Au diable le lache ! comment donc ! est ce qu'il craint la mort ? Quelle étoffe pour un brigand ; il avoit mal choisi son metier.' ('Devil take the coward ! what, is he afraid of dying ? A fine fellow indeed to be a robber ; he's chosen his trade badly !') The next youngest received peals of applause---he was a fine comely looking young man. 'Bravo ! voila ce qui va bien---vive les braves-gens ! vive les gens de cœur !' ('Well done ! that's the

\* Chauffeurs were men who broke into people's houses at night, and baked their feet before the fire in order to extort a confession of the place where treasure was supposed to be concealed. The crime was common over the northern and western departments of France, and in the Netherlands.

right thing! brave fellows for ever! men of courage for ever!) One of the executioner's assistants fell flat on his face, which was caused, as was supposed by those around me, by the planks being rendered slippery by the blood. Loud shouts and peals of laughter were the consequence. This accident occasioned a delay of a couple of minutes. The mob being in high spirits, the eldest son was uncommonly well received: he was vigorous and in the prime of life---he eyed the terrible scene around him with a stoicism that would have done honour to a better cause. His dignified appearance struck these cannibals with a kind of awe. 'Ma foi, c'est un bel homme; il a du cœur---celui-la fera bonne mine à la tête d'un battalion.' (Faith! this is a handsome fellow---he has got courage---he would look well at the head of a battalion.) When one of the executioners threw his trunk into the basket, from some accidental cause, it sat upright as on a seat, and the blood spouted in several streams, to the height of fifteen inches from the orifice of the arteries. 'Oh, le joli jet d'eau! le joli coup d'œil!' ('Oh, what a pretty fountain! what a pretty sight!') was every where repeated around me. They appeared so amused by the novelty of this phenomenon, that the father closed the scene without being at all remarked---nothing was talked of but the 'joli jet d'eau.' I heard not one expression of regret at the unusual circumstance of a father and three sons being cut off from existence. I shall never forget the heart-appalling scene. Whether it was owing to the ferocious disposition displayed by the people, or the emotions caused by this terrible scene, with the heat and pressure of the crowd, I know not, but I fainted. The Irish gentleman who was of our party told me afterwards, that the people around us, perceiving that we were Englishmen, were highly diverted that *un Anglais* should faint at the sight of the guillotine. 'Ah! pauvres diables, ces Anglais ne sont pas encore accoutumés à voir couler le sang! Ah! ma foi, pour cela ils n'ont que faire danser la carmagnole chez eux,--ils en auront bientôt assez. Pour cela, oui.' ('Ah, poor devils! these Englishmen are not yet used to see blood spilt! Faith! they have only to set the carmagnole a dancing among them, and they will soon have blood

enough, no doubt of it.) I was carried through the crowd to a wine merchant's shop, on the right hand side of the archway that leads from the Place de Greve to the Rue St. Antoine. My face was bathed with vinegar, which soon restored me. I found the shop full of people, talking on the subject of my fainting from the sight of blood. 'Ah! ces brave gens ne savent pas ce que c'est que la guillotine! Ma foi qu'ils y prennent bien garde, autrement vive la carmagnole!--Oh, pour cela oui, mais notre diable de revolution parait faire le tour du monde. Pour nous autres nous n'avons que trop.--C'est vrai, mais chacun à son tour.' ('Ah! these brave boys don't know what the guillotine is! By the Lord, let them take care---if they don't, they'll dance the carmagnole! Oh, no doubt, for our devil of a revolution seems as if it would travel round the world. As to ourselves, we have had rather too much of it. That's true, but each must have his turn.')

That this want of feeling is not confined to the lower orders, is proved by the following anecdote from Morris's View of Modern France. "I asked," says he, "a lady in Paris, who is under twenty years of age, and the mother of three children, what made her so indifferent to them, and unmoved by the adversity under which she was labouring. She replied, without hesitation, that she attributed it to the many scenes of horror which she had witnessed in Paris during the revolution, which had steeled her heart against the finer feelings, and rendered her proof against poverty, misery, and distress. She added, that when a child, she was often promised, as a reward for good behaviour, to go and see the victims of political fury guillotined, and had often witnessed the execution of seventy or eighty in the short space of an hour; the young and old scrambling for places to see well, as if they had been at a play. She also observed, that to see two or three cart loads of dead and perfectly naked bodies go by her window, in the course of a morning, was very usual."

## MANDEVILLE.

*A Tale, by William Godwin, continued.*

A short time before the death of Mr. Bradford, the young Mandeville was visited by his sister Henrietta, whom he had not seen for many years, and who resided in the New Forest, with an amiable family of the name of Willis. She was one year younger than himself, exquisitely beautiful, with a voice of music, captivating manners, and a mind which, though full of gaiety and animation, was purity itself. She stayed ten days in his uncle's mansion; and it was quite natural that her brother should become attached to her with an enthusiastic fondness.

Soon after the death of Mr. Bradford, his uncle resolved to send the young Maudeville to Winchester school. The will of his uncle he readily obeyed, only requesting that he might be allowed to spend a week with his sister--a request which was immediately granted. On his journey to Beaulieu, in the New Forest, every thing was novel and delightful to him; but the meeting with his sister was the consummation of his happiness. While with her, he seemed to exist in another world. Mrs. Willis, too, was a woman of superior accomplishments and an excellent heart. She was a thorough royalist, and all her connections, the principal of whom was the family of Lord Montague of Boughton, her neighbour, were of the same principles. The two sons of Lord Montague were models of youthful perfection. In this society, however, he remained too short a time to effect a change in the current of his feelings. "Had I," exclaimed he, at a subsequent period, "had I spent my early years at Beaulieu, had I passed a part of every day with Mrs. Willis, a woman whose every word was a spark detached from the storehouse of wisdom, whose every look was benevolence, who had that grace for ever attending her, that won your confidence, and with an irresistible power drew forth your soul.--Had I lived with my Henrietta; had I associated with the noble scions of the house of Montague, and the respectable family that dwelt at the Priory, I also should have been a human creature; I

should have been the member of a community; I should have lived with my fellow mortals on peaceful terms; I should have been as frank as I now was invincibly reserved, suspicious, and for ever disposed to regard my neighbour with thoughts of hostility; I should then have been amiable, and I should have been happy! But my fate was determined, and my character was fixed."

His arrival at Winchester, opened to Mandeville a scene which was entirely new. It was in August, 1650, that he was entered as a student. Parties at that time ran high in the nation, and not less so in the school. There was not a boy in the school that was not a royalist, yet the school was split into two factions, which cordially hated each other; for the one faction consisted of presbyterians, who wished restrictions on kingly power; the other was composed of thorough-paced friends of the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance to the Stuart authority. The latter hated the former far worse even than they hated those of their antagonists, who possessed decidedly republican principles.

First among the boys was one named Clifford, the son of a royalist who had fallen at the battle of Edgehill. Clifford might be said to be the phoenix of Winchester school. Beautiful in countenance, airy and graceful in his figure, there was music in his voice, and a charm in his eye. His fancy was inexhaustible, and so was his gaiety; his wit was sparkling and ready, yet free from all malignity; and, on every subject, he poured forth a copious stream of lively and splendid eloquence, that carried away the hearts of his hearers, even in spite of themselves. His other talents were equally great, and his good nature and kindness were not less conspicuous than his talents. The ruined fortunes of his family condemned him to poverty; but Clifford bore this with a noble equanimity of mind, and would frequently descant on the advantages of poverty, till his fascinated hearers were induced to believe that riches were nothing more than a curse and a snare.

In the train of Clifford, though diametrically opposite to him in disposition, was a boy of the name of Mallison. Dark and sallow in his complexion, and with a heart of a darker hue, it was the delight of Mallison

to make his companions writhe with mental pain. It was this which induced him to keep in the company of Clifford, whose harmless sallies of wit he constantly converted into bitter strokes of personal satire.

For a while Mandeville looked on Clifford with well merited admiration. But his character was too opposite to that of Clifford to suffer him long to regard the latter with complacency. Envy, too, found a place in his bosom, and envenomed his feelings. Taciturn himself, and ungifted with wit, yet nourishing a haughty consciousness of his own worth, he disliked Clifford for the homage which he received, and looked upon him as an odious rival, who unfairly held a sovereignty to which he himself had, in the eye of reason, a better claim. "Clifford," said he, "was the malicious wizard by which I was hag-ridden, and the night-mare under whose weight I lay at the last gasp of existence." The shaft which rankled in his breast was still further poisoned by the malignant skill of Mallison, who daily attributed the gravity and reservedness of Maudeville to a purse-proud contempt of his less fortunate school-fellows, ridiculed all his actions, and crowned the whole by bitter sarcasms on the peculiarities of the presbyterian sect, which he contrasted with the chivalric appearance and manners of the ancient Mandevilles.

The natural result of this was to draw down upon Maudeville the sneers, winks, gibes, and insults of his schoolfellows, who voted him to be a *prig*, a *frump*, and *fogram*, and lavished upon him every epithet which could be found in their vocabulary of abuse. At times he endeavoured to repel this by contempt; but nature could not always bear the pressure of contumely, and often endeavoured by force to cast it off. He fought, and after alternate victories and defeats, he at length taught his persecutors that aggression on him would be followed by punishment, and that those who were averse from paying the penalty of their insolence, would do well to treat him with a larger portion of respect. By this means he gained some relief from the injustice which pursued him. But even the triumph of Mandeville was a fresh source of pain to him. It was not obtained by any quality which he valued. It was not the effect of intellect, but of brute force alone; and

he therefore despised it, and considered it as a degradation.

At this period, the son of the great parliamentary general, Sir William Waller, was one of the scholars at Winchester school. The brilliancy of Sir William's services at one time gained him from his party the familiar appellation of *William the Conqueror*, and this appellation now became the nickname of his son among the Wykelamists, who fastened it upon him, in raillery and contempt of his degeneracy from so noble a stock. Young Waller was of a diminutive stature, somewhat deformed, and of a complexion deadly pale. His mind was in unison with his person. He loved no one but himself; when his eye sparkled it was not with kindness; and no smile but that of conceit ever lighted up his features. This boy was, however, the only familiar of Mandeville, and he became so from his very faults. Mandeville could "court and accommodate himself to the foibles of another, but not as an equal. At the time," says he, "that I descended to him, I must feel that it was the sport of my humour, not a necessity to which my inferiority impelled me. In a word, pride, a self-centered and untameable pride, was the inseparable concomitant of all my actions." Waller had nothing commanding or masculine in his turn of mind; he was, on the contrary, of a timid and pusillanimous nature; not likely to resist controul, to interrupt by any enthusiastic sallies, or, in short, to prevent Mandeville from enjoying, even in his society, the advantages of solitude. He was to Mandeville like the lay-figure which the painter puts into whatever attitude he pleases. The natural sense of Mandeville would certainly have led him to prefer Clifford, or some youth of similar character; but his false pride and his envy induced him to chuse Waller for his companion. He was, however, soon painfully taught that it is a service of danger to associate with meanness and cowardice.

TO BE RESUMED.

## MARCH.

MARCH was originally the first month of the year among the Romans. It took its name from Mars, but was under the protection of Minerva.

Several remarkable festivals occurred in this month. On the first, the new fire was lighted on the altar of Vesta, and, as Ovid tells us, the old branches of laurel, and the old horns, were taken away from the door of the king of the sacrifices, as well as from the houses of the flamens, and the fasces of the consuls, in order that new ones might be substituted. The Matronalia and the Ancilia were also celebrated on this day. The Matronalia was a festival held with great pomp, and by married people only—by the women, in remembrance of the peace made by their sex between the Sabines and Romans; and by the men, to obtain the favour of the Gods on their marriage. The women went to the temple of Juno, and presented the goddess with flowers, with which they were themselves crowned. On their return they received the felicitations of their husbands and friends. The men sacrificed, in the morning, at the temple of Janus. The day ended by a sumptuous entertainment. The women slaves had the same privilege during this festival, as the men had during the Saturnalia. The Ancilia was in honour of the sacred bucklers, which were this day carried in procession round Rome by the twelve priests who had the care of them. On the sixth the Vestalia were held, in honour of Vesta. On the fourteenth were the second Equiria, or horse courses. The next day was the festival of Anna Perenna, which was celebrated on the banks of the Tiber with all sorts of rejoicings by the people. The seventeenth was also a day of great festivity, it being the Liberalia, or feast of Bacchus. The ceremonies and the sacrifices were conducted by women, who were crowned with ivy. The greater Quinquatria, in honour of Minerva, began on the nineteenth, and lasted five days, on the first of which the combats were bloodless, because it was believed to be the birth-day of the goddess. On the four other days, combats of gladiators were given. This festival was a holiday for school-boys, who, during its continuance,

did not spare their tricks upon their tutors. The musical instruments and trumpets which served at the sacrifices were purified on the last day, and this ceremony was called *tubilustrium*. The Hilaria was the closing festival of this month. It was in honour of Cybele, the mother of the gods, and continued several days, during which all mourning and funeral ceremonies were suspended. The statue of the goddess was taken through the streets, and every one carried before her, as an offering, whatever he possessed that was most valuable.

The sun this month is in the signs Pisces and Aries.

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## ACCOUNT OF BLACK BEARD, THE PIRATE.

BY MR. M'KINNEN.

THE real name of Black Beard was John Teach, and he was the most notorious of that gang of pirates by which, at the beginning of the last century, the West Indian seas were infested. His residence was in New Providence, one of the Bahama islands. In person, as well as disposition, this desperado, who was a native of England, seems to have been qualified for the chief of a gang of thieves. The effect of his beard, which gave a natural ferocity to his countenance, he was always solicitous to heighten, by suffering it to grow to an immoderate length, and twisting it about in small tails, like a Ramillies wig; whence he derived the name of Black Beard. His portrait in time of action is described as that of a complete fury; with three brace of pistols in holsters, slung over his shoulders like bandeliers, and lighted matches under his hat, sticking out over each of his ears. All authority, as well as admiration, among the pirates, was conferred on those who, committing every outrage on humanity, displayed the greatest audacity and extravagance. Black Beard's pretensions to an elevated rank in the estimation of his associates, may be conceived from the character of his jokes. Having often exhibited himself before them as a demon, he determined once to shew them a hell of his own creation. For this purpose he collected a quantity of sulphur and combustible materials between

the decks of his vessel; when, kindling a flame, and shutting down the hatches upon his crew, he involved himself with them literally in fire and brimstone. With oaths and frantic gestures he then acted the part of the devil, as little affected by the smoke as if he had been born in the infernal regions, till his companions, nearly suffocated and fainting, compelled him to relieve them. His convivial humour was of a similar cast. In one of his extacies, whilst heated with liquor, and sitting in his cabin, he took a pistol in each hand; then, cocking them under the table, blew out the candles, and, crossing his hands, fired on each side on his companions: one of them received a shot which maimed him for life. His gallantry also was of the same complexion as his vein of humour. He had fourteen wives, if they may be so called. But his conduct towards one of them appears to have been too unfeeling and unmanly to admit of description.

The English government, having determined to clear the sea of these ruffians, directed some ships of war to effect that purpose in the early part of last century. Black Beard at that time was lurking in a small vessel in the creeks and shallows of an inlet near Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina. But the chief magistrate of that province having long connived at his robberies, the sufferers gave information to the governor of Virginia, and the naval force on that station was directed to assist in the extermination of the pirates. The intrepidity displayed in this service by a lieutenant of the name of Maynard, at least equal to that of the rover, and in a better cause, deserves a circumstantial relation.

From the nature of Black Beard's position, in a sloop of little draught of water, on a coast abounding with creeks, and remarkable for the number and intricacy of its shoals, with which he had made himself intimately acquainted, it was deemed impossible to approach him in vessels of any force. Two hired sloops were therefore manned from the Pearl and Lime frigates, in the Chesapeak, and put under the command of the gallant officer before named, with instructions to hunt down and destroy this pirate wherever he should be found. On the 17th of November, in the

year 1718, this force sailed from James River, and in the evening of the 25th came to an inlet in North Carolina, where Black Beard was discovered lying in wait for his prey. The sudden appearance of an enemy preparing to attack him occasioned some surprize; but his sloop mounting several guns, and being manned with twenty-five of his desperate followers, he determined to make a resolute defence; and, having prepared his vessel over night for action, sat down to his bottle, stimulating his spirits to that pitch of phrenzy by which only he could rescue himself in a contest for his life. The navigation of the inlet was so difficult, that Maynard's sloops were repeatedly grounded in the approach; and the pirate, with his experience of the soundings, possessed considerable advantage in manœuvring, which enabled him for some time to maintain a running fight. His vessel, however, in her turn, having at length grounded, and the close engagement becoming now inevitable, he reserved her guns to pour in a destructive fire on the sloops as they advanced to board him. This he so successfully executed, that twenty-nine men of Maynard's small number were either killed or wounded by the first broadside, and one of the sloops was for a time disabled. But notwithstanding this severe loss, the lieutenant persevered in his resolution to grapple with the enemy, or perish in the attempt. Observing that his own sloop, which was still fit for action, drew more water than the pirate's, he ordered all her ballast to be thrown out, and directing his men to conceal themselves between decks, he took the helm in person, and steered directly aboard of his antagonist, who continued inextricably fixed on the shoal. This desperate wretch, previously aware of his danger, and determined never to expiate his crimes in the hands of justice, had posted one of his banditti with a lighted match over his powder magazine, to blow up his vessel in the last extremity. Luckily, in this design, he was disappointed by his own ardour and want of circumspection: for, as Maynard approached, having begun the encounter at close quarters by throwing upon his antagonist a number of hand-grenadoes of his own composition, which produced only a thick smoke, and conceiving that from

their destructive agency the sloop's deck had been completely cleared, he leaped over her bows, followed by twelve of his men, and advanced upon the lieutenant, who was the only person then in view. But the men instantly springing up to the relief of their commander, who was now furiously heset, and in imminent danger of his life, a violent contest ensued. Black Beard, after seeing the greater part of his men destroyed at his side, and receiving himself repeated wounds, at length, stepping back to cock a pistol, fainted with the loss of blood, and expired on the spot. Maynard completed his victory by securing the remainder of these desperate wretches, who were compelled to sue for mercy, and a short respite from a less honourable death at the hands of the executioner.

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### ANECDOTE AND WIT.

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#### No. 3.—LEGAL WIT.

IN the lamented year of the rebellion in Ireland, the year 1798, a judge was notorious for his severity to all the prisoners who were tried, and for his gross partiality; one unfortunate wretch who was brought before him had met with some accident, in consequence of which, his jaw-bone on one side had become much enlarged. The judge, ambitious of sporting his wit, could not resist this opportunity, and remarked to the prisoner's counsel, that "his client would have made an excellent lawyer, as he had so much jaw." "I do not know," replied the facetious barrister, "whether he would have made a good lawyer, but I am sure he would have made a bad judge, for his jaw is all on one side."

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#### ACCOMMODATION.

THE following curious notice was affixed to the residence of a gentleman, whose premises had suffered by some nightly depredators. "Those persons who have been in the habit of stealing my fence for a considerable time past, are respectfully informed that, if equally

agreeable to them, it will be more convenient to me if they steal my wood, and leave the fence for the present;—and as it may be some little inconvenience getting over the palings, the gate is left open for their accommodation—Signed S. Swift.” There is, at this moment, a notice of a similar kind displayed in the window of an oil-shop in Walworth. It states that a pier-glass has been carried off through a window, in Surry Square, and promises that if the robber will return the glass, he shall be handsomely rewarded for his dexterity; otherwise he shall, if discovered, be rigorously prosecuted.

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#### VOLTAIRE AND POPE CLEMENT XIV.

AN English gentleman, who had visited Voltaire at Ferney, in his way to Rome, mentioned the circumstance in the course of an interview which he had with the Pope Ganganeli (Clement XIV.), and added that he had charge of a message from that philosopher to his holiness; and, if he pleased to permit him, he would deliver it in the words in which he had received it. The gentleman said that Voltaire had charged him with his very best respects to his holiness, and requested, as a great favour, that he would send him the eyes and ears of his inquisitor-general. “Ah!” replied the pope, “the old man has a mind to be pleasant; and, sir, if you return the same way, he pleased to assure him, if it had been practicable, I would readily have obliged him, but the inquisitor-general of Rome has had neither eyes nor ears since Ganganeli has been pope.”\*

◆

#### DR. SOUTH.

DR. SOUTH (“the witty South”) presenting an officer of note to the university of Oxford, for an honorary degree, began in the usual style of address to the vice-chancellors, proctors, &c. *Praesento vobis virum hunc bellicosissimum*—He was going on; but that moment

\* Ganganeli, from his liberal and tolerant spirit, was often called the Protestant pope.

some accident obliged the great warrior to turn about unexpectedly; the doctor, upon the sudden, subjoined —“ *qui nunquam antea tergiversatus est.*”

ARAB WAR SUMMONS.

WHENEVER his little domain was threatened, either by the government of Persia or by a neighbouring chief, Sheik Nasr flew to arms. According to the traditional accounts of the country, his summons to his followers in these emergencies was equally characteristic and effectual. He mounted two large braziers of *pillau* on a camel, and sent it to parade round the country. The rough pace of the animal put the ladles in motion, so that they struck the sides of the vessels at marked intervals, and produced a most sonorous clang. As it traversed the *Dahsistan*, it collected the mob of every district; every one had tasted the Arab hospitality of the *Sheik*, and every one remembered the appeal, and crowded round the ancient standard of their chief, till his camel returned to him, surrounded by a force sufficient to repel the threatened encroachments. In every new emergency the camel was again sent forth, and all was again quiet.

BISHOP HOUGH\*.

A YOUNG clergyman, curate of a neighbouring parish, taking his leave of him one day, and making many awkward bows, ran against, and threw down on the floor, a favourite barometer of the hishop's: the young man was frightened, and extremely concerned; but the good old prelate, with all the complacency possible, said to him, “Don't be uneasy, sir; I have observed this glass almost daily for upwards of seventy years, but I never saw it so low before.” This anecdote proves his placidity; another will prove his benevolence. He always kept 1000*l.* in the house for un-

\* Bishop Hough will always be revered for his noble resistance to the tyrannical mandate of James II. who wished to force a Roman Catholic president upon Magdalen College.

expected occurrences. One day the collectors of one of the noble charitable societies in this country came to him to apply for his contribution: the bishop told his steward to give them 500*l*. The steward made signs to his master, intimating that he did not know where to get so large a sum. He replied, "You are right, Harrison, I have not given enough: give the gentleman 1000*l*.---you will find it in such a place;" with which the old steward, though unwillingly, was forced to comply.

### LORD AMHERST'S MISSION TO CHINA.

*Resumed from page 113.*

HAVING resolved to oust the embassy, the Chinese were not a little urgent for its immediate departure. They seemed, indeed, as if they feared that its longer stay would contaminate the "celestial" empire. At the same time they did not fail to renew for their emperor his absurd claim of superiority over all other rulers; and, lest the anger of "the son of Heaven" should not sufficiently intimidate the refractory envoys, they menaced them with that of their own monarch. They were answered that no delay need to be apprehended on the part of the British, who could certainly have no wish to linger in a country where they had been so rudely treated; and that they had no doubt that their conduct would meet with the approbation of their sovereign. Accordingly, at four o'clock, Lord Amherst got into his chair, and the cavalcade was put in motion. On their route they had a good view of the walls of Peking. The foundation of them is stone; but the superstructure is of mud, faced with brick. At all the gates, and at certain intervals, there are towers of vast height, with four ranges of embrasures, on which were mounted wooden imitations of cannon. That part of the walls in sight of which they passed is encompassed by a wet ditch. The whole, however, would oppose but a feeble obstacle to a battering train and resolute troops. The journey was an extremely uncomfortable one. The carts were so clumsy, and the roads so bad, that every limb was in danger of dislocation; the rain

fell in torrents, and the spectators displayed the high politeness of their country by thrusting their lanterns into the wretched vehicles, to have a more convenient view of the dismissed envoys. It was not till three o'clock in the morning that they reached Tongchow, where they were compelled to go on board the boats, as their old quarters had been occupied. In the course of the day a message arrived from Peking, announcing that the emperor had condescended to receive a part of the presents, and had sent some articles in return. The degree of respect paid to the British ambassador may, however, easily be estimated from one circumstance. A beggar having stood up, when Lord Amherst passed him, he was immediately ordered by a Mandarin to sit down; the ambassador not being considered as deserving of respect even from the lowest class of society. It would not, perhaps, have been amiss to have informed this Mandarin, that another such insult would produce an order for the Alceste and Lyra to treat the city of Canton with a cannonade of a few hours continuance.

After breakfast, on the 2nd of September, the embassy continued its journey towards the coast, and reached Tieu-sing on the 6th. "Millet-fields, willow-groves, junks, half-clothed inhabitants with little eyes, and long tails, women with prettily dressed hair but ugly faces; these," says Mr. Ellis, "were the daily and unchanging objects during the progress." A salute which was fired in honour of Ching-ta-jin, afforded a fine opportunity to form a judgment of the courage of Chinese gunners. On applying the match they immediately retreated, squatting down at a short distance with their backs turned; and the iron tube was carefully placed upright, that no danger might be encountered from the wadding. Most of the Chinese matchlock men have two cross sticks, of about twenty inches in length, attached to their pieces, for the purpose of a rest. From this it must be sufficiently obvious with what little celerity they fire.

On the 8th of September they entered the river Euh-o, the boats being tracked against the stream. Up this river they continued their course till the 26th, when they entered the imperial canal, near the city of

Lin-tsin. During the voyage they learned from Chang that the Chinese commissioners were in disgrace for the blunders which they had committed with respect to the reception of the embassy.

The Imperial canal is one of the few things which do credit to the Chinese. Its name is Cha-kho, or the river with locks, and it is, in reality, a stream, the navigation of which has been directed and assisted by art. "On entering it," says Mr. Ellis, "our boatmen performed a sacrifice, either to the protecting deity of the boat, or to the god of the stream. A cock was killed early in the morning, and the bows of the boat sprinkled with the blood: it was afterwards roasted, and spread, with other eatables, consisting of boiled pork, salad, and pickles, upon the fore-castle, before a sheet of coloured paper; a pot of samshoo, (a spirit distilled from rice), with two small cups, and a pair of chopsticks, were placed near the provisions. The son of the master of the boat officiated as priest, and the ceremony consisted in throwing two cups of the liquor and a little of the provisions overboard; some gilt paper was then burnt, and two strings of crackers discharged: the remainder of the provisions was taken away to feast upon. While this ceremony was carrying on on the fore-castle, two women on board were burning paper and incense before the idol, which always stands in a shrine in the uppermost part of the boat."

The travellers had little opportunity of seeing the cities by which they passed, their conductors so arranging it, that they generally arrived at them late in the evening, and departed from them early in the morning. The scenery now began to improve; hills appearing in the distance, the villages being better situated, and the banks more variously wooded. Six miles from Kei-kho-chiu, they came to the junction of the river Wun-kho with the canal. This is the most elevated point of the canal, as from hence the stream takes opposite directions. At this spot the view is remarkably picturesque. On arriving at this place, the boatmen usually offer up some sacrifice in the Temple of the Dragon King. The idol is surrounded by dragons, and hence he acquires his name. A few copper coins is the fee of his priests. In proportion as the embassy receded from Peking, it was treated with greater

respect by the constituted authorities. Kwang, who attended it, behaved with a degree of good manners and conciliation not common among his countrymen.

The embassy reached the Yellow River on the 6th of October. The river is about two-thirds of a mile wide in this place; and as a stream, from the lake Hoong-tse-boo, falls into it immediately opposite to the canal; the passage is considered to be dangerous by the Chinese. No accident, however, occurred upon this occasion. From the Yellow River they entered the lake-stream, and from thence again passed into the Imperial Canal, on their way to Nankin. The most remarkable circumstance on their road thither, was their meeting with a military mandarin, who observed, that "in time of peace the supply of food became scanty, and that wars were absolutely necessary to maintain the proportion between the supply and the consumers." Mr. Ellis could not avoid expressing some surprise at meeting, on the Imperial Canal, a disciple of Mr. Malthus.

During this part of their course, the members of the embassy sometimes ~~continued~~ to indulge themselves with a walk, though much to the dissatisfaction of the Chinese escort. In one of these excursions they visited the gardens of Woo-yuen, the favourite resort of Kien-lung, whose dining-room and study were shown to them. In the latter was a marble slab, with a poem inscribed upon it, composed by his majesty, in praise of the gardens. The place is now much neglected, but is still pleasing. Mr. Ellis also obtained a peep at the city of Kwa-choo, which he describes as being very interesting, from a picturesque blending of complete desolation with bustling activity. A large portion of the ground within the walls is covered with tombs.

On the nineteenth of October, the travellers quitted the Imperial Canal, and entered the Yang-tse-kiang, one of the largest of the Chinese rivers. Between this place and Nankin, it is from three quarters of a mile to a mile and a quarter in width. In three days they reached one of the suburbs of Nankin, where they remained at anchor two days, during which they had an opportunity of making some observations on the present state of the city.

TO BE RESUMED.

CHARACTER OF THE ELOQUENCE OF  
MR. GRATTAN.

AS an orator, Mr. Grattan is certainly one *sui generis*. He forms, in some measure, his own class; and whatever may be his merits or defects, they seem in the aggregate peculiar to himself. He presents more points of contrast than of resemblance with the great orators of his day. He has not the scientific richness of Burke, nor that luxuriance of combination which arose from the copiousness of his literature, and the exhaustless variety of materials on which his mind had to work. He sometimes, however, bears close resemblance to his countryman in his extravagance. His speeches are not pervaded by the calm good sense, the philosophical gravity, and the historical information, which characterize those of Fox; nor have they the imposing rotundity and the lucid arrangement of those of Pitt. He is usually more antithetical than Burke; more declamatory than Fox; and more desultory than Pitt. In general excellence he certainly falls below these three great masters of the oratorical art; but a few passages might perhaps be selected from his happiest efforts, in which he exhibits a transient elevation of thought, which they never reach. But often when he has made the nearest approaches to the point of perfection, as if forsaken by genius, he falls suddenly down into the gulph of inanity, or takes his station over some flowery conceit. But with all his faults, no one can well read the least laboured speeches of Grattan without being convinced that he is a man of high endowments of mind, and of noble qualities of heart. His own feelings are quick and energetic; and he often communicates them to his audience with a sort of electric rapidity and force. He who hears him is convinced that there is something glowing in his breast which is at variance with all that is selfish and hypocritical. Nor ought it to be omitted, in appreciating his merits, that he seems occasionally endued with that sort of intuitive sagacity, which, in ancient times, passed for inspiration; and by the aid of which he seems to arrive at the highest abstractions, and the most sublime generalities, without the aid of intermediate propositions.

A. A. R.



SUBJECT OF THE PLATE,

FROM

LORD BYRON'S POEM, "THE CORSAIR."

"LIST!---'tis the bugle---Juan shrilly blew---  
One kiss---one more---another --Oh! Adieu!"  
She rose---she sprung---she clung to his embrace,  
Till his heart heav'd beneath her hidden face.  
He dar'd not raise to his that deep-blue eye,  
That downcast droop'd in tearless agony.  
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,  
In all the wildness of dishevell'd charms;  
Scarce beat that bosom---where his image dwelt---  
So full---*that* feeling seem'd almost unfelt.  
Hark!---peals the thunder of the signal-gun!  
It told 'twas sun-set---and he curs'd that sun.

EDWARD AND EVELINE.

THE wild blasts they are hush'd on the mountain's  
stern breast,  
And lovely's the night with the summer's warm glow;  
In the heaven's pure azure the moon seems to rest,  
While softly she smiles on the landscape below.  
By the light of her beauty young Edward is waiting  
The signal of love from Morven's high tower;  
And hark! on the breeze wildest music is floating,  
That tells his glad heart it is Love's hallow'd hour.  
Like a meteor's glance as it flames thro' the skies,  
O'er moat and o'er barriers undaunted he flies,  
And e'er that wild music is hush'd in the air,  
Young Edward he kneels at the feet of the fair.  
Oh, lovely and pure as a spirit above,  
Is the fair Eveline, his bright star of love!  
No maid of Circassia, in Beauty's soft wile,  
Can surpass Morven's daughter, the pride of our isle.

As the beam of the sun is the glance of her eeu,  
 Now sparkling with pleasure, now flashing disdain;  
 Her dark raven locks would adorn Beauty's queen,  
 Or be priz'd by the coral-deck'd maids of the main.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the silence of night what sweet sounds are stealing,  
 Like the music of heaven when a spirit reposes,  
 More plaintive than soft harp of Eolus breathing,  
 Or Zephyr, when sighing 'mid the fragrance of roses.  
 "Oh think not, dear youth, tho' my father, too proud,  
 Would rather than thine see me drest in my shroud;  
 Oh! think not that I shall be fickle and changing,  
 Or e'er thy fond thoughts from my bosom estranging!  
 No! firm as the mountain that rears its proud form,  
 'Mid the strife of the heavens, the rage of the storm!  
 Unalter'd my love thro' each danger shall be,  
 And the sun of affection beam brightly on thee."  
 "Oh! why should I doubt thee?" young Edward re-  
 turn'd,

"Deceit never dwelt in a form pure as thine;  
 The mazes of folly thy bosom has spurn'd,  
 For Sin cannot rest in so hallow'd a shrine.  
 Pure, pure as the fountain beside us that's flowing,  
 Is the bosom that throbs with affection for me;  
 And sweet as the rose on its mossy banks growing,  
 Is the soul-breathing love which I bear unto thee.  
 The mild Queen of Night now with splendor replete,  
 Shall glad Nature no more when I think thee untrue;  
 And the nightingale's lay shall no longer be sweet,  
 When this fond heart shall cease to beat solely for  
 you."

\* \* \* \* \*

With the death-dealing brand, in his sinewy hand,  
 Who comes lover's hopes to destroy?  
 It is Morven's high lord, and he's sworn a dread word,  
 To make woe of this sweet scene of joy.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is done! it is done! the deed of death's o'er,  
 And Morven the cruel lies bath'd in life's gore;  
 While the pure soul of Edward, devoted to love,  
 Has taken its flight to its mansion above.

\* \* \* \* \*

The moon's in her prime, but her glory is clouded,  
 In a dark misty veil her beauty is shrouded ;  
 The rough winds whistle shrill  
 On the heath and the hill,  
 And the torrent is falling fast still!  
 Who comes like a wandering spirit of light,  
 With looks gleaming madness, tho' dimm'd by deep  
 sadness,  
 While stream on the wild blast her tresses of night?---  
 It is Earl Morven's daughter, who mourns for the slain;  
 And the fell deed of slaughter has frenzied her brain.  
 " He sleeps 'mong the lilies, the lily's his bed,  
 And the sweetest of roses they pillow his head;  
 But the roses so sweet, and the lilies so fair,  
 Ah! they never with Edward, my love, can compare---  
 The moon it was bright, but the deed it was dark,  
 Oh! how could they spoil so sweet a young flower!  
 They spilt his blood, but I have 't in my heart,--  
 My father may rave, for he lies in his grave,  
 And they say that the dead have no power.  
 A spirit so lovely, oh why has it fled?  
 Sad Eveline mourns for her Edward away;  
 The rose is his pillow, the lily his bed,  
 But he never will wake at the dawning of day."

Feb. 18, 1818.

J. W. R.

## TO MISS \*\*\*\*.

Tria juncta in uno.

HADST thou, fair maid! in earlier time,  
 Adorn'd this earthly sphere,  
 When all the charms that win the soul  
 The Graces three did share,  
 Concenter'd all in one bright form  
 They had been seen to shine;  
 And their three names been told in one,  
 Which had, sweet girl, been thine!

Harvey's Buildings.

J. M.

## ON THE DEATH OF MISS M. C\*\*,

*Who died March, 1816, aged 19 Years.*

AND art thou laid, young Martha, low?  
Are all thy days so quickly told?

Hath pale consumption's withering blow  
Made that light heart as marble cold?

Oh! who that mark'd that bright dark eye,  
That cheek of health's enlivening hue,  
Could deem the spoiler's hand was nigh,  
Prepar'd to aim---alas, too true!

On thy young morning sweetly shone  
The fairest beams of rising day;  
And seem'd to say, when these are gone,  
Noon shall more glowing tints display.

For not a cloud obscur'd thy sky---  
Save but the eastern edg'd with gold,---  
How joyful beat thy heart, and high,  
Such glorious prospect to behold!

Fond hope's suggestions---dreams begun,  
And cherish'd with affection's ray---  
Are ravish'd all!---thy race is run!  
Thou as a shadow pass'd away!

And could not friendship's soothing power,  
Tender'd with all a sister's care,  
Avert the threatening tempest's lower?  
Not gain from heav'n its boon---to spare?

Yet, so resign'dly didst thou die,  
Humble and calm---thy hopes all clear---  
That, though for thee we heave the sigh,  
Ourselves more claim the pitying tear.

For what is life, that our vain grief  
Laments thee o'er an early bier?  
Why mourn we that the vernal leaf  
Staid not to droop and wither here?

Farewell!---from sin and sorrow free,  
In realms of light thy soul shall soar;  
No sever'd chain of hope to see,  
But dwell in peace for evermore.

M. S. A.

## TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

*On the Death of Her R. H. the Princess Charlotte.*

AH, hapless mother! ne'er again  
 Canst thou one hour of pleasure know---  
 Thy heart, before nigh rent in twain,  
 Will now be wholly fill'd with woe,  
 For that fond hope which sooth'd thy pain  
 Hath met a total overthrow.

'Mid Persecution's wildest rage,  
 And Calumny's infernal art,  
 That hope would still thy griefs assuage,  
 Would faintly whisper to thy heart,  
 That this was not thy final doom,  
 That thou hadst years of joy to come.

Thy hope expecting millions shar'd,  
 And bail'd the early promise given;  
 To their fond fancy she appear'd  
 The 'special messenger of Heaven,  
 Sent to relieve their former woes,  
 And War's yet bleeding wounds to close.

Alas! these visions are dispell'd  
 By ruthless Death's cuvenom'd stroke---  
 The tree of promise now is fell'd,  
 And all its lovely branches broke---  
 And that fair bud destroy'd, which, spar'd,  
 Its mother's loss might have repair'd.

But vain is lamentation now---  
 However much her death affects us,  
 By Heaven ordain'd, to Heaven we bow,  
 And bless the hand that thus corrects us;  
 And own our sins deserv'd the rod  
 Of a great, just, and long-offended God.

Dec. 1817.

R.

## EPIGRAM,

*On seeing a French Watch suspended upon the Breast of a Young Lady.*

MARK what we get from foreign lauds!  
 Time cannot now be said to linger,  
 Allow'd to lay his two rude hands  
 Where others dare not lay a finger.

A. R.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IT is the curse of ignorance to be generally attended by obstinacy and impudence; and, therefore, we are not surprised that "S. E. G—d, City," instead of taking our benevolent advice, thinks proper to abuse us for it. Many ages ago, Solomon told the world that to bray a fool in a mortar is but lost labour. This is the last notice that we shall take of S. E. G—d's trash. Before we part with him, however, we will make him a liberal offer. If he will put his name to his letters, and merely pay the advertisement duty, and the compositor's wages, we will print his admirable compositions on the wrapper of our Magazine.—Mr. Hatt's Poems want correctness, elegance, and spirit. We cannot insert Extracts from his "Epicidium." That Prince Leopold has thanked him for a copy of it we do not doubt: we know that Prince Leopold is a polite man.—We thank G. B. for communicating the "Fragment;" but it is not sufficiently interesting to gratify the Public.—We have not space for Theatricals and many other Subjects, which are pointed out by various correspondents. Whenever we can act upon any friendly suggestion, we will readily do it.—G. E. D. is informed that each volume will consist of six numbers.—The article on Climbing Boys shall appear in the next number.—The vignettes will be given only in the fine paper edition.—"Lines on the plate in No. 2," "Lines to Eliza," "Effusion by a Youth of sixteen," "Ode to Lord Byron," "Lines written in a Solitary Church-yard," and "Stanzas written on the Night of the Princess Charlotte's Burial," are not sufficiently poetical.—With some revision, Versificator's Poem, and Z. Y. X's, may obtain a place in the Pocket Magazine.—The "Epitaph on Mary Ashford," "Misery in State," and "The Tempest," will be inserted. "The Serenade to Rosalvina," is not without merit; but we must suggest to the author that the subject of the "Air" is injudiciously chosen. A serenade should be confined to an expression of the lover's passion, or of the praise of his mistress: it should never awaken ideas of extreme suffering and horror.—T. J. B., Perdita, and others, have thanked us for corrections in their pieces. We shall be always happy to assist modest merit. We do not quarrel even with stupidity, except when it is pert, vulgar, and intrusive.—In an early number we shall, probably, make use of the Anecdote respecting Puss.—We shall be glad to receive the "Papers" mentioned by Philopoesis, and T. F. A. The poem of the former has many pretty lines, but is imperfect as a whole.—H. J. and S. G. C—d are much too modest to have any reason to fear that we shall criticise their letters with severity.—We will look into the poem mentioned by S. G. C—d.—Correspondents are requested to send their contributions as early as possible, as, in consequence of the large number which we print, we are compelled to put our Magazine to press before the middle of the month.





CHILDE

HAROLD.



THE  
POCKET MAGAZINE  
OF  
Classic and Polite Literature.

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A VISIT TO THE ESCURIAL.

*FROM THE FRENCH.*

BEFORE I quitted, perhaps for ever, the capital of Spain, I determined to visit the ancient edifice where repose the kings of that beautiful country. The day was on the decline when I arrived within the walls of the Escorial. The last rays of the setting sun tinged its gothic windows with a melancholy hue. I wandered slowly through this gloomy abode, where lies wrecked the grandeur of those potentates; but it was above all at the tomb of the haughty raiser of this magnificent building, that I found ample food for my sadness. Here, said I to myself, I tread on the ashes of a tyrant, of an unnatural father. Here, in this pompous monument, rests the assassin of the graces and of virtue; the murderer of that charming Elizabeth, who was the idol and the hope of France. Unfortunate princess! what a destiny was thine! a fatal \* marriage tore from thee thy father, thy lover, and united thee to an odious monster, who punished thee because thou couldst not love him! While indulging in these sorrowful reflec-

\* It was on the occasion of the marriage of Elizabeth of France with Philip II. that Henry II. gave the tournament in which he was killed by Montgomery.

tions, I seemed to see the plaintive shade of the daughter of the race of Valois wander near me, and reproach the barbarous Philip for his cruel jealousy. My imagination carried me back to those calamitous days when the feeling Carlos and the beautiful Elizabeth cursed the brilliant yoke which enchained them, and envied the straw-roofed cot of the humble labourer. Alas! the diadem of kings could not check the tears of the luckless daughter of Henry. A life of trouble, a tragical death, such was the doom of the most virtuous of women! Indignation seized me at the sight of her persecutor's tomb; and, in spite of the respect which we owe to the remains of the dead, I was on the point of cursing his memory; but unwilling to profane the majesty of this awful place, I quitted the temple, and turned my steps towards the humble burial place, where rest the ashes of the hieronymite monks, who reside in the monastery.

My soul found a solace in contemplating the modest tombs of these pious recluses: unquiet and tumultuous thoughts, painful remembrances, keen regrets, all disappeared---the calmness of the spot was shared by my heart. To enjoy still more this state of tranquillity, I seated myself on one of the tombs by which I was surrounded; and there, in a softened voice, exclaimed:---“No illustrious names are engraven here in letters of gold; no marble, no porphyry retraces or perpetuates the image and the remembrance of these righteous solitaries: simple, like their lives, these monuments do not astound the eye, but they cover the remains of the virtuous. The flowers, which grow on these mouldering graves, have been watered by the tears of friendship. What feeling heart is there that would not prefer this touching picture to the pomp of those magnificent sepulchres, which the pride of the living delights in consecrating to the memory of the dead?” The expiring day, the hymn of the melancholy nightingale, the murmuring sounds from the cypresses, which seemed to me like the accents of the departed just whom I was now honouring, all united to plunge me deeper into meditation, when suddenly the silence which reigned around me was broken by a concert of voices, which sung the praises of the Most High.

Prompted by an irresistible impulse, I once more entered the church. Heavens! what an august spectacle met my sight! Two hundred hieronymites on their knees, their brows bent to the dust, offered up to the King of Kings the homage of an irreproachable life. Those long vaults, where rest the masters of Spain, now echoed with the sacred songs of the humble ministers of the Deity. This mixture of the obscure living and the illustrious dead; of the magnificence of the edifice, and the simplicity of manners of the worshippers in it; the astonishing contrast between the founder and the inhabitants of it; to what different reflections from those which I had lately made, did they not all give birth! The remembrance of guilty grandeur had driven me from this scene; the accents of humble virtue brought me back. Deeply affected by these angelic hymns, I joined my feeble voice to those of the good recluses, and our united prayers ascended to the eternal throne.

The service being ended, all was again silent. The hieronymites returned to their cells, and I was about to quit the Escorial, when I saw a monk, who was still on his knees at the tomb of Charles V. and lost in meditation. His aspect was calculated to inspire reverence. The mild serenity which was pictured on his venerable brow, his bald head, his trembling hands raised to heaven, his eyes closed to earthly objects, every thing in his person contributed, indeed, to make him an object of the profoundest respect. I did not dare to interrupt him, for I should have thought it a crime to place myself between him and the Divinity. Yet I could not bring myself to depart, without having obtained from this virtuous being, one look, which I figured to myself must be that of the angel of peace. Motionless, I was silently contemplating him, when the bell of the monastery roused him from his meditative posture. He rose, as if with reluctance, and slowly quitted the altar. As he passed by, he perceived me, and astonished to see a stranger so near him, he spoke to me a few obliging words, and was then going on his way; but I stopped him. "Oh, Father!" said I, "have the kindness to spare me a word or two more. Tell me, does happiness dwell here?" At this unexpected question,

the good old man cast on me a look of surprise, and seemed to hesitate whether he should reply; but at length taking me by the hand, "Stranger," he said, "behold this tomb. It encloses the dust of one of the most powerful monarchs of the earth. Charles V. gave laws to Europe, he made his subjects tremble, he overwhelmed with the weight of his pride the kings who were his allies, he trampled upon those who were his enemies, he knew the intoxication of power, the exultation of victory, the sweets of adulation---these were his---do you think then that he was happy? History answers, no! Undeceive yourself, therefore, with respect to the illusions of rank, the charms of opulence, the enjoyments of vanity, the vain pleasures of the world." "There is, then, no such a thing as happiness below?" "What! after the example which I have placed before you, are you not yet convinced of the nothingness of all earthly things? Come with me, and explore this pantheon, which contains our ancient sovereigns; question their ashes;---they will attest to you, more strongly than I can, how true were the words of the wise man, when he exclaimed, 'Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!'" "I think as you do; happiness, therefore, is nothing but an imaginary being, which hope shows to us afar off, but which we never must hope to reach."

At these words, my guide paused for a moment, then turning towards me, he said, "Mortal, so proud of thy being, what art thou in the eyes of him who knows how to estimate things at their real value? Nothing but a little organized dust, which a breath of the Creator has thrown upon this world of exile, and which another breath can make disappear from it. Like those brilliant congelations which we admire, and which a single beam of the sun can dissipate, thou vanishest in an instant, and in thy rapid progress art unable to seize that happiness which is still more fugitive than thyself. Aware as thou art of this sad truth, believe, O, my son! that this existence would not be a benefit, if it were not given us for the purpose of labouring to merit a better. If you are so fortunate as to be convinced of this last consoling truth, it will assist you to bear all the calamities which await you in your course. The true christian despises

the caprices of fate, the loss of fortune, the persecutions of the wicked, the shafts of calumny: strong in his innocence and the succour of his God, he dreads nothing, and resigns himself to all." "I have then," exclaimed I enthusiastically, "discovered a happy man; for with such principles, Father, you must be one." "Doubtless I am." "But how did you succeed in seizing this fugitive shadow?" "By consecrating myself to God, in making to him the sacrifice of my passions." "And is there no other way of obtaining felicity?" "I have proved to you that there is not." "But when our destiny has thrown us into the midst of the world, ought we to quit that world, and bury ourselves here?" "I am far from thinking so: God did not form us all for retirement; and it is a noble act to brave the contagion of vice, in order to rescue from its perils those weak minds who would perhaps fall, if they were not surrounded by examples of virtue." "Venerable recluse! you whom wisdom seems to inspire, tell me, I conjure you, by what means may be preserved, amidst the tumult of the world, that calm of heart which is your portion." "My son, we must perform our duties, destroy our illusions, and repel flattery." As he spoke these words, the old man departed; but those last words made a deep impression on my heart. This solemn lesson, the time, the place, the images around me, what a combination of awe-inspiring ideas! What a glorious moment was that in which, standing on the grave of one of the most powerful monarchs, an unknown recluse demonstrated to a presumptuous youth the frailty of his being. That simple voice, which blended with the eloquent voice of death; that sage counsel, sanctified by eighty years of virtue and knowledge, and given before the altar of the Omnipotent by one of his elect, now ready to appear in his presence—what heart of iron would not have been moved by them? What effect, then, must they not have produced on a tender mind, wounded by misfortune, and which felt the indispensable want of celestial support! Tired by the storms of life, I embraced, amidst the shade of tombs, the altar of Him in whom I hoped to find a sure asylum. When we have tasted the calm of solitude, how difficult it is to bring ourselves once

more to enter a world so frivolous, and so wicked! It was, however, necessary for me to quit this majestic temple; but, as I walked under its high arched roof, I could not help repeating to myself the last words of the monk, of that virtuous man whom I was never again to see, but whom I shall never forget. *To fulfil our duties, to destroy our illusions!* "This," said I, "is the advice which wisdom itself has dictated to me. Yes! I will be faithful to it. I swear it, before these formidable doors, which are closed for ever on their founder. As I pronounced this oath, I reached the western front of the Escorial. Then, leaning against the beautiful columns which decorate the entrance of it, I cast a long and last look on that gate which never opens but twice to its august masters;\* and I could not resist the melancholy ideas which crowded on me, when I thought of those kings, those princes, who, glowing with youth and hope, had entered these walls with a light step, without thinking, perhaps, that they should return within them no more till the mantle of death had taken on them the place of the royal purple.

Terrified by these gloomy ideas, I quitted the spot, and intended to take the road to Madrid; but, too absorbed in my own reflections, I lost myself in those vast mountains, the ramparts of Old Castile, on the brow of which the cruel Philip seated his monastery; as if he wished that this barren and precipitous situation should announce to the traveller the entrance of the temple of death. Nothing less than a storm which now arose, would I believe, have drawn me from my reverie. The noise of the tempest tore me from my reflections, and I found myself alone in nature. The thunder, which rolled majestically over my head, the night which spread its veil around me, the desert in which I wandered, the tone of my mind, all tended to make this awful scene. Unmoved by fear, but filled with reverence for Him who commands the storm, I raised my

\* The western front of the Escorial has a beautiful entrance, formed of columns of the Doric order, and on each side two large and fine gates. This principal entry is never opened for the kings of Spain and the princes of their house, but on two solemn occasions—their coming of age and their death.

suppliant hands to my creator, and from the bottom of my heart addressed to him a fervent prayer. Ardently do I hope that that prayer, mingled with the bursts of thunder, and poured forth on the summit of a mountain, was graciously heard. For temple, a desert rock; for torches, the lightning; for witness, the protecting angel of my steps; for offering, a contrite and submissive heart! Had the Eternal then thought fit to recal me to his bosom, I dare to cherish the belief that in his eyes I should have found grace. R\*\*.

### THE HEIRESS OF GLENALVON.

*A Tale, by Selina Davenport, continued.*

EACH succeeding year added to the happiness of the inmates of Glenalvon. Its infant heiress bloomed amidst its shades, while her laugh, which came from her very heart, and her arch smile, the fore-runner of some new-planned yet innocent mischief, gave life and spirits to all around her. The beauty of her intelligent countenance was heightened by the vivacity of her nature, and the sweetness of her temper. Her gaiety was as unclouded as her mind; no tear ever quenched the brilliant lustre of her laughing eyes, except when the voice of misery reached her ear. Then, as she paused to listen to the murmuring complaints of wretchedness, the drop of tender pity would glisten in her eyes, and as she gave the pittance which her purse contained, the gentle and mellow accents of her silvery voice stole into the heart of the unfortunate, and operated like a balm upon his care-worn frame.

The warm praises of grateful love followed the footsteps of the beautiful child wherever her buoyant spirits led her. She was alike the idol of her adopted mother, and of the surrounding tenantry; while those more immediately within the sphere of her presence looked up to her as their earthly divinity, for she was the being on whom all their happiness depended, and to whom nature had given all the rarest gifts of form and feature, of heart and mind. No longer did the mildly-pensive face of the owner of Glenalvon call forth the compassionate sigh of her faithful domes-

tics; like their own, it now wore the expression of satisfied happiness, of new-born joy; or, if for a moment the recollection of the *past* conjured up a fear for the *future*, the smile and carress of Selina never failed to dispel the transitory gloom of her benefactress. Time, which improved the luxuriant beauties of the young heiress of Glenalvon, unfolded with equal liberality the powers of her mind. A governess of the highest respectability was engaged, and a handsome salary allowed her, that she might devote the whole of her attention to the education of her pupil, whose gay and sportive humour, and light and frolicsome yet tender heart, soon gained possession of the entire affection of Miss Musgrove; and many an hour, which ought to have been given to reflections of a serious nature, were devoted to the wild but innocent trickeries of the lively Selina. Notwithstanding these occasional fits of idleness, the heiress of Glenalvon made a rapid progress in all the elegant accomplishments, of which Miss Musgrove was perfect mistress. She played and sung with taste and feeling, for music was the science which she loved best; and when she danced, it was with so much heart and soul, so much life and spirit, that it warmed the frozen limbs of age, and imparted to them some portion of the pliancy which belonged to their youth. Selina had also a talent, far above mediocrity, for painting. She spoke French and Italian with elegance and purity; but it was not so much the accomplishments of her mind, or the magic of her beauty, which triumphed over the hearts of her associates, as the certain nameless charm which dwelt in every look and action, the smile which, in her wildest moments, bespoke affection, and the warmest feelings of gratitude, of sympathy, and of love.

Mrs. Glenalvon, as she gazed with delight upon the sylph-like form of her adopted daughter, as she read in her bright and sparkling eye the playful language of innocent hilarity, or of pure and genuine tenderness, forgot her past misfortunes, her past privations; or, if she remembered them, it was only to draw from them consolation. Had I been united to my mercenary lover, thought Mrs. Glenalvon, still I should have

been miserable. I should have been his wife, but I should not have possessed his affections. I might have become a mother, and my children would perhaps have resembled their father. They might have been cold-hearted and selfish, and, like him, might have sacrificed all the finer emotions of their hearts to worldly interest. I have been abandoned by him whom I adored, but not by heaven. Providence has bestowed on me the means of giving to others that felicity which, until lately, I deemed lost for ever; and providence has blessed me with the knowledge of two kindred minds, two worthy and disinterested friends, in the parents of my Selina; but the best and dearest of his gifts is Selina herself.

Mrs. Glenalvon loved this beautiful child of her adoption with maternal fondness. She promised to realize all her sanguine expectations, and to grow up the very being that her desolated heart had so long pined to possess. Although disappointed in the object of her first and tenderest devotions, yet Mrs. Glenalvon felt no lurking fear, that this second idol of her heart would prove either ungrateful for her bounty, or unworthy of her unbounded partiality. She had watched over her with unceasing assiduity during the trying period of infancy, and was rewarded by the preference which her little favourite early evinced towards herself. She had next procured for her a governess, of well-known morality; but her care did not end here, it extended to all the wishes, all the hopes, all the plans of her adopted child. She felt assured that in the heart of Selina she had no rival; that it was all and every thing that she could wish; and she therefore lavished on the young heiress all the testimonies of her prodigal affection, allowing her an unlimited right to draw upon her purse for whatever sum she might require, well knowing that Miss Musgrove's prudence, and Selina's own goodness of disposition, would prevent her generosity from being ill applied.

Captain and Mrs. Archdall were frequent guests at Glenalvon castle; they beheld with pride and exultation the personal graces of its young heiress, they received with rapture the warm-hearted proofs of Selina's attachment to them and to their family, and mu-

tually felt and acknowledged that the grateful veneration, the filial love, with which she watched the looks and movements of Mrs. Glenalvon, was no more than what that lady deserved. With delicate exactness they adhered to the promise which they had made to their kind friend, and never in any instance interfered with her plan of educating their daughter; though, when alone, they could not help regretting that their beautiful child appeared to have become already her own mistress, at an age when she most wanted the guidance of experienced wisdom.

Mrs. Glenalvon, no longer dead to the pleasures of society, became anxious to secure to her darling, companions suited to her years and rank in life; but this was no easy task, as Glenalvon castle was distant many miles from the houses of the *neighbouring* nobility, as they were called, and, consequently, their younger inmates could only visit occasionally the lovely heiress of Glenalvon. That she might not, however, be wholly without playmates of her own age, Mrs. Glenalvon allowed her to invite as often as she pleased the daughters of the village curate; and thus an intimacy was formed between the young people, which at a more advanced period ripened into the firmest friendship.

Mr. Hammond, the father of Selina's amiable companions, had a large family to maintain out of a very small income. He had married a lady of great beauty, but no fortune, and had only taken possession of the curacy about two years before the owner of Glenalvon paid her visit to London and to the Archdalls. Her love of solitude, and dislike to society, prevented any intimacy between the Hammonds and the melancholy mistress of the castle, until her return from town, when Mr. Hammond was summoned to attend, that he might perform the ceremony of christening her adopted heiress. Mrs. Hammond was invited to partake of the festivities of the castle, but she excused herself, to the great surprize of her husband, under the plea of indisposition. It was evident that Mrs. Hammond had taken a dislike both to Mrs. Glenalvon and her adopted child, and when, at length, compelled to accept the invitations of the former, it was but too plain that she did so from mere inability to act otherwise. Neither

could she prevent her daughters from becoming the playmates of Selina, whose splendid fortune, exquisite beauty, and captivating vivacity, joined to a romantic tenderness of heart, had gained her the love of all the family, except of Mrs. Hammond.

To the warm eulogiums of her husband, and the disinterested praise of her children, Mrs. Hammond always replied by a remark that there were others who possessed a stronger claim to the fortune of Glenalvon than the child of a stranger; others who might one day have inherited the splendid possessions of which Selina was unjustly declared heiress. To this observation Mr. Hammond would mildly reply, that, though it was the duty of a christian to forget injuries, and to return even good for evil, yet it was expecting too much from human nature to suppose that the basest ingratitude should be repaid by one of the noblest acts of pardon and generosity. Mrs. Hammond was silent, but in her heart she continued to regard the lovely Selina with the jaundiced eye of prejudice, and, had it been possible, would have prevented, notwithstanding the advantages of the connection, all intimacy between her children and the heiress of Glenalvon.

Selina called one morning at the parsonage, and found Mrs. Hammond and her daughters weeping over the contents of a letter, which the former had just received from an only brother. At the entrance of their friend, the young ladies hastily wiped away their tears, and flew to meet her as usual with smiles of affection; while Mrs. Hammond, unable to conceal the keenness of her feelings, abruptly left the chamber, without even noticing as she passed the astonished heiress of Glenalvon, who, when alone with the Miss Hammonds, could not help remarking the singular conduct of their mother towards herself.

"You must excuse it, dearest Selina," said the eldest daughter of the curate, "for my poor mother has this morning met with a severe shock. That letter, which you saw her weeping over, came from my uncle in London, who with his family are plunged into the deepest sorrow by the baseness of a friend, for whom my uncle had been bail to the amount of a thousand

pounds. The gentleman absconded, and my uncle was immediately arrested for the money, and is now in prison, where he must remain, for it is quite out of his power to pay the debt; and what renders the circumstance more painful is, that he has a large family, who with their mother, who is in a bad state of health, are now totally unprovided for, as this unfortunate affair has lost him the situation which has hitherto supported them."

Selina felt the buoyancy of her spirits completely damped by this disagreeable intelligence. She had heard the Miss Hammonds occasionally speak of their London cousins as being lovely and amiable, and her heart, accustomed as it was to the most joyous emotions of pleasure, unchecked by misfortune or disappointment, now sympathized most truly with the distressed relatives of her young friends. She blushed and looked embarrassed as she drew from her pocket-book a ten pound note, and presenting it to Eliza Hammond, entreated her to convey that to her aunt, without mentioning from whom it came. "If your mama will permit me," said Selina, "I will entrust to Mrs. Glenalvon the sad misfortune which has befallen your uncle. You know that she is one of the best and kindest of human beings, and it may be in her power to serve both him and his family very essentially."

"Dearest Selina!" replied Miss Hammond, "I will not deny that this generous present would be most acceptable to my poor aunt, but I must decline it, because I fear Mrs. Glenalvon would be displeased at your disposing of so large a sum, and because I also fear that mamma will never consent to your making her acquainted with what has happened to my uncle. "Take the note, I beseech you," said the young heiress, "that is mine, and I can dispose of it as I please, without wounding the delicacy of your mother, by naming it to my beloved Mrs. Glenalvon."

Eliza took the note, half fearing lest she should offend her mother, and half resolved to send it to her aunt unknown to her parent. Yet, unwilling to conceal so great a proof of her dear Selina's benevolence, she on the departure of her friend hastened to commu-

nicate the pleasing intelligence to Mrs. Hammond, who, surprised as well as delighted by this unexpected addition to the trifle which she purposed sending to her brother, could not refrain from expressing, for the first time, her approbation of Selina's tenderness and humanity. "I will send it off immediately, my dear," said she to her husband, "as it may be of great use to them in their present distress; and I shall also invite my two eldest nieces to the parsonage, until their poor father is better able to provide for their wants."

"Do so, my love," replied Mr. Hammond; "for though I have ever condemned the early part of your brother's conduct, yet I do not feel inclined to remember any of his failings, now that he is labouring under afflictions, brought on him by the vices of a faithless friend."

Mrs. Hammond asked her husband if he could spare her a few minutes conversation in his study, before the post hour; and, upon his replying in the affirmative, the young ladies withdrew to their own room, half wild with delight at the prospect of having their cousins to reside with them, and praying that they might come in time to enjoy the splendid festivities which were to take place at Glenalvon castle on the birth-day of its lovely heiress, who would then complete her fourteenth year. The wishes of the Miss Hammonds were in this instance gratified, their cousins, accompanied by their eldest brother, a youth of seventeen, arrived at the parsonage the day preceding that on which was to be celebrated the birth of Selina.

TO BE RESUMED.

## AN ESSAY

ON

### THE DISADVANTAGES OF PRINTING.

THE benefits afforded by the art of printing to science, literature, morals, and freedom, have long been a favourite and fruitful theme of panegyric. To point out one of the disadvantages attending that celebrated invention is the purpose of the present essay.

When books could only be multiplied by means of

manuscript copies, it was indispensable to their reputation that they should be written with the greatest care. The labour of reading such volumes was to be overcome by the interest of the subject, or the charm of the style: and the expence of transcribing them was so great, that none but excellent works could obtain an extensive circulation. On this account, the writers of antiquity were frequently obliged to recite their own compositions in public. Those who were opulent could collect admiring audiences, while the others, especially the unfortunate bards, were sometimes unable to obtain either purchasers or auditors for their productions. But the publicity which many works acquired in this manner would enable their authors to improve them before they were published in volumes. The young authors too, who have seldom been rich in any age or country, were probably obliged for some time to copy their own works, and they would naturally endeavour, in order to diminish the labour of so disagreeable a task, to cultivate terseness and brevity of style. But whether a writer copied his manuscript, or employed an amanuensis for that purpose, each new copy became, as it were, a new edition of the work, susceptible of whatever amendment the author's own judgment, or the criticism of others, might suggest.

To these circumstances, we may, in a great degree, attribute the remarkable correctness of the classical writers. Their periods are finished to faultlessness. Their phrases are pregnant with meaning. They seem to have been studious of crowding the greatest possible quantity of thought into the smallest possible number of words; and hence their writings have acquired a monumental solidity that promises a duration beyond all the other works of man.

It is chiefly in this precision, terseness, and energy of style, that our modern authors are excelled by those of antiquity. How many historians have we, who in vigour and subtlety of intellect, in moral and political philosophy, in general knowledge, and perhaps in genius, are equal or superior to Herodotus, Sallust, Livy; or even to Tacitus himself; but how few of the former can we compare with them in the immaculate style of their language.

The ancient authors could employ their whole lives in perfecting their writings, whereas those whose works are circulated by the press, can only correct them after the first publication, when new editions are demanded. But the improvements we now find in a book which has gone through four or five editions, are not more than what might be expected, were printing unknown, after a hundred manuscript copies of it had been made.

Our writers may indeed correct their works while in the press, though this cannot be done without much annoyance. The bookseller complains of the increased expence; the printer is vexed at what he considers an unnecessary delay; the compositor grumbles at his additional labour, although he is paid for it; and even the printer's devil growls at being obliged to run backward and forward with the proof sheets. To avoid this persecution, the author is often induced to let his pages go to press in an imperfect state.

As a remedy for the evil in question, we beg leave to propose a rule, much less severe than the well known precept of Horace. Instead of bringing an author to the hard forbearance of keeping his piece from the public, and withholding his own name from celebrity for the long term of *nine years*, we recommend him to copy his piece *three times* at least; and if his taste be not vicious, or his vanity incorrigible, we venture to predict that the last copy would not contain many unnecessary expressions. The labour of copying is wonderfully efficacious in diminishing the length of one's periods.

The modern writers most distinguished for their style, have all been laborious correctors of their works. Hume spent years in improving and polishing his essays, which, nevertheless, would seem, from the perspicuous simplicity of their style, to have been written with very little effort. Robertson is said to have composed his histories on small slips of paper, and to have perfected each sentence before he proceeded to a new one. Rousseau tells us in his Confessions, that he always transcribed several times whatever he intended for the press; and that the *Nouvelle Heloise*, the most eloquent and beautiful of all his works, was frequently

copied by him for the perusal of his friends and patrons before it was published. Burke, too, the Cicero of our age, was careful, almost to fastidiousness, in the correction of his writings. His letter to the Duke of Bedford, consisting of only a few sheets, was three months in the press, and was so often altered by him during that time, that the expence of printing it amounted to ten times more than it would have cost, if it had been printed without alteration.

Let us suppose that printing were for ever abolished; how small a proportion of our literature would survive that noble art; how few, comparatively, would be the books we should be at the expence of purchasing and the pains of perusing in manuscript volumes. After the lapse of a few centuries from the destruction of the press, there probably would not remain in general circulation more than one out of a hundred of those works which are now found in every extensive library: but this remnant of our literature, would, like the productions of Greek and Roman genius now extant, be the admiration of all after ages.

It is not easy to account for the great difference between the impression made by the same thought when very well, and very poorly expressed. We are, however, made sensible of that difference by the publications we daily peruse, and even in our familiar conversations with each other. Style, indeed, seems as important to a writer, as elocution and action to an orator. A badly written book and a coldly delivered discourse, will equally fail of success, however valuable the matter which the one or the other may contain. On the other hand, how many productions, especially of the poetical kind, have obtained celebrity, without any other beauty than that of language to recommend them; and how many speeches are listened to with pleasure, when delivered with a fine elocution and animated gestures, which, when they appear in print, are insipid, or even nauseous.

These considerations we trust, will induce the writers of our own country to pay more attention than they have hitherto given to the attainment of a fine style, and not to disdain the humble, but very important task of correcting and copying their manuscripts,

They may thus overcome the inconvenience which it is the object of this essay to describe and provide against, and entertain the cheering hope that their names will be associated with those of the illustrious classic authors, and their works handed down to the remotest posterity, to instruct and delight the innumerable nations of our race, to whom our language is destined to convey the first lessons of religion, virtue, and freedom.

VESPUCIUS.

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## NATURAL PHENOMENA.

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### No. 3.—THE GEYSER.

THE Geyzer is a celebrated fountain of boiling water, which is situated in the Island of Iceland. By a gradual deposition of substances dissolved in its water for a long succession of years, perhaps of ages, a mound of considerable height has been formed, from which the Geyzer issues. It rises through a perpendicular and cylindrical pipe or shaft, seventy feet in depth, eight feet and a half in diameter, which opens into a bason or funnel, measuring fifty-nine feet from one edge of it to the other. The bason is circular, and the sides of it, as well as those of the pipe, are polished quite smooth by the continual friction of the water, and they are both formed with such mathematical truth, as to appear constructed by art. The declivity of the mounds begins immediately from the borders of the bason. The incrustations are in some places worn smooth by the overflowing of the waters; in most, however, they rise in numberless little tufts, which bear a resemblance to the heads of cauliflowers, except that they are rather more prominent, and are covered, by the falling of the finer particles of spray, with a crystalline efflorescence so delicate as scarcely to bear the slightest touch. Unmolested, the efflorescence gradually hardens, and although it loses its first delicacy, it still remains exceedingly beautiful. These incrustations are of a light brown colour, and extend a great way, in various directions, from the borders of the bason. To the northward, they reach the distance of eighty-two feet; to

the east of eighty-six; to the south of a hundred and eighteen; and of a hundred and twenty-four to the west. They are very hard, and do not appear in any part decaying or mouldering into soil. When our guides first led us to the Geyzer, the basin was filled to within a few feet of its edge. The water was transparent as crystal; a light steam only arose from it, and the surface was ruffled but by a few bubbles, which now and then came from the bottom of the pipe. We waited with anxiety for several minutes, expecting every instant some interruption to this tranquillity. On a sudden, another spring, immediately in front of the place on which we were standing, darted its waters above an hundred feet into the air with the velocity of an arrow; and the jets succeeding the first eruption, were still higher. This was the spring known under the name of the New Geyzer. While gazing in silence and wonder at this unexpected and beautiful display, we were alarmed by a sudden shock of the ground under our feet, accompanied with a hollow noise, not unlike the distant firing of cannon. Another shock soon followed, and we observed the water in the basin to be much agitated. The Icelanders hastily laid hold of us, and forced us to retreat some yards. The water in the mean time boiled violently, and heaved as if some expansive power were labouring beneath its weight, and some of it was thrown up a few feet above the basin. Again there were two or three shocks of the ground, and a repetition of the same noise. In an instant the surrounding atmosphere was filled with volumes of steam rolling over each other, as they ascended, in a manner inexpressibly beautiful, and through which columns of water, shivering into foam, darted in rapid succession to heights, which at the time we were little qualified to estimate. Indeed, the novelty and splendour of such a scene had affected our imaginations so forcibly, that we believed the extreme height of the jet to be much greater than it was afterwards determined to be. In a subsequent eruption, Mr. Bayne ascertained, by means of a quadrant, the greatest elevation to which the jets of water were thrown to be ninety-six feet.

The jets were made with inconceivable velocity; and those which escaped uninterrupted, terminated in sharp

points, and lost themselves in the air. The eruption, changing its form at every instant, and blending variously with the clouds of steam that surrounded it, continued for ten or twelve minutes; the water then subsided through the pipe, and disappeared.

The eruptions of the Geyzer succeed each other with some regularity, but they are not equally violent or of equal duration. Some lasted scarcely eight or ten, while others continued, with unabated violence, fifteen or eighteen minutes. Between the great eruptions, while the pipe and bason were filling, the water burst several times into the air to a considerable height. These partial jets, however, seldom exceeded a minute, and sometimes not a few seconds, in duration.

#### A MUD VOLCANO.

ON the 27th of February, 1794, at half past eight o'clock in the morning, the following extraordinary events took place at the hill situated on the northern isthmus of the peninsula of Kertsb, in the Black Sea, which, across the bay, is only twelve versts distant from Taman, but sixty versts by the circuitous road over land. First, a rustling in the air was perceived, with a very violent gust of wind, that did not continue above a minute; and then a noise, resembling thunder, was heard from the hill: soon after, a column of thick black smoke burst out from its summit, and was succeeded in about another minute by another of violent flame, which at that distance appeared to be at least fifty fathoms high, and thirty in circumference. This flame continued from a little after half past eight till within ten minutes of ten o'clock. An express was dispatched, as soon as the flame, the vapour, and the noise, had apparently subsided; but he returned with an account that the hill had rent, and presented an opening, the extent of which could not be ascertained, as every access to it was rendered impassable by the sudden and successive streams of hot mud that overflowed it in every direction, and were sometimes accompanied with flames and smoke. The eruption, however, was not attended with any shocks of an earthquake.

According to the collected testimonies of persons

who witnessed the awful scene from Taman and Yenikalé, and who visited the mountain immediately after the eruption, it commenced with a noise resembling a peal of thunder, both in its strength and direction. Prior to, and for some time after the report, the inhabitants perceived a whistling and rustling in the air. A white vapour ascended during the explosion, and was succeeded by a black sooty smoke, through which appeared a column of red and pale yellow flame, rising in a perpendicular line to double the height of the mountain, and spreading on the top not unlike a sheaf of corn, though a considerable wind agitated the atmosphere. The column of fire was visible for about twenty-five minutes, when it gradually vanished; but the smoke continued from four to five hours, dispersing itself in thick heavy clouds, which also subsided on the following day. During the first explosion, the hill threw up quantities of mud into the air, and scattered it about in every direction to the distance of a verst. The great mass of mud proceeded from the gulph, or crater, by raising and removing the argillaceous earth from the surface, which at that time was frozen to the depth of seven feet. At first it flowed rapidly, then gradually slower, on all sides of the hill; and, according to the information of credible witnesses, who, a few hours after the eruption, rode thither from the farm, it was not perceptibly warm, though a thick vapour arose from it, owing to the cold state of the atmosphere. Some Kozaks, dispatched to the place, assert, on the contrary, that the mud, when first disgorged, was hot. The confused whistling and bubbling noise were heard till a late hour of the night; and the mud was forced out sometimes to the height of twelve feet, even on the third day. It was of a deep blue colour and viscous consistence, containing in many places brilliant cubic crystals of pyrites. The crater was found in the next summer to be upwards of twelve feet in diameter, and a noise of boiling was heard at the bottom.

THE  
MISERIES OF THE CLIMBING BOYS.\*

ONE day, during a very severe frost, William and Henry took a walk, in company with their father; the ground seemed as hard as a marble pavement, and resounded with the trampling of horses and the rumbling of carriages passing along the roads in the neighbourhood; the fields, covered with snow, sparkled with the rays of the sun; the trees, whose branches were delicately fringed with the hoar-frost, appeared scarcely less beautiful than in summer; a river, which passed along the side of the road, on which they were walking, now bore on its frozen surface a number of young people, some of whom glided swiftly along on skates, or turned from side to side with graceful ease, not thinking of the depth below. The children stopped for a while to look at this lively scene, admiring the ease and rapidity with which the skaters moved, and they felt a strong desire to be mounted on a pair of skates. They pursued, however, their walk at the desire of their father, who entertained them by telling them that the river Thames, which they saw last summer covered with so many vessels, was once frozen so thick that carriages passed over it in safety---an ox was roasted upon it---and booths erected, where different articles were exposed for sale as on dry ground; and that at Petersburg, Peter the Great, then emperor of Russia, built a palace of large blocks of ice, wet with water, and so frozen together, which when illuminated by lamps presented a very beautiful sight, the sides and roof appearing tinged with all the colors of the rainbow. Henry eagerly asked his father if the palace of ice were standing yet; but his father told

\* The Author of this little piece evidently writes with a view to interest the feelings of the rising generation, and therefore adopts that familiar style which is suited to the capacity of his readers. It is hoped that no purchaser of the Pocket Magazine will think a few pages misemployed, in assisting to spread our benevolent correspondent's abhorrence of a practice which is as unnecessary as it is inhuman.---EDITOR.

him that at Petersburg, as in England, the ice always melted on the approach of spring, and that consequently the palace which had been built with so much labour, would then turn to water again.

When they had proceeded a little farther on their way, "look! father," said William, "at that poor little chimney-sweeper, how ragged his clothes are! how he trembles with cold! and what crooked legs he has!" "See how his feet bleed!" cries his brother Henry. "Is it not very cruel," asked William, "to suffer him to go about all in rags, and without shoes and stockings?" "Yes," replied his father, "it is very cruel indeed to neglect him in such a manner." "But why are little boys forced to sweep chimneys, father?" asked William; "why don't their masters sweep them? I am sure they are much stronger and better able to work than their boys are." "Well, but my dear," replied his father, "many chimneys are not wide enough for men to get up." "O!" cried Henry, "I should be so frightened that I am sure I durst not go up a chimney, they are so dark and dirty; and so very high too, that if I were to tumble down I think I should be killed."

"I hope," said William, "that I shall never be a chimney-sweeper--but perhaps some little boys like to climb up chimneys?" "No!" rejoined his father, "I believe that no little boy would climb chimneys if he were not forced to do it." "Do their masters force them to go up?" asked William, "what do they do to them, do they beat them?" "Yes," said his father, "and they are often very cruelly treated in many ways. Sometimes they prick their feet with pins, to make them go up; some have been suffocated by their inhuman masters thrusting up a bundle of straw, and setting fire to it while the boy was in the chimney; and in some instances they have been dreadfully burnt, so that in one case the skin of a boy's feet adhered to the floor of the room, after he had come down out of the chimney." "Do the poor little boys ever die in the chimneys?" asked Henry. "Yes," replied his father, "I have no doubt but hundreds of boys have ended their lives in chimneys by various accidents: some have been forced up chimneys so strait that they have

stuck fast, and have died before they could be got out ; some have been forced up them when on fire, and have there been as it were roasted alive. I have somewhere seen an account of a boy who had got to the top of a chimney, the pot of which being loose, fell with him to the ground, and he was killed upon the spot.

But even if they meet with no accident, nor experience any cruel treatment from their masters, their employment injures their health very much, checks their growth, makes their limbs crooked and their eyes sore, often produces very painful diseases,\* and so shortens their lives ; and in their first attempts to climb chimneys the skin is chafed off their shoulders and knees, which renders it a very painful task to them." "Please to tell me, father," said Henry, "where they get so many little boys to make chimney-sweepers of? do their fathers know?" "I am afraid," said his father, "that many fathers and mothers too are so wicked as to sell their sons to chimney-sweepers, when they are very young: sometimes, perhaps, the chimney-sweepers themselves steal children, or purchase those that have been stolen, in order to employ them in this way. Yes, my dear boys, children nursed with as much care as you have been---stolen from their parents by wicked people---have without pity or remorse, been compelled to toil in this loathsome employment, for the benefit of idle and hard-hearted masters, who paid no attention to the cries and tears of those poor destitute children." "But cannot chimneys be swept without boys?" asked William. "Yes," replied his father, "they can." "But how," rejoined William, "and why don't people sweep their chimneys without boys, since it is so very cruel to use them so?" "Well," said his father, "there are several ways of sweeping chimneys without sending boys up them, and some by which it may be done better, but then the masters would have to work themselves, and they find it so much easier to send up a little boy, that so long as they are suffered to do so, I am afraid that this

\* There is a cancerous disease, called "the Chimney-Sweepers' Cancer," to which none but climbing boys are liable.—EDITOR.

shameful practice will never be given up." "Why are the masters suffered to do it?" asked William. "Some," said his father, "do not think much about it, and others suffer themselves to be deceived by the idle masters, who have such an aversion to labour, that they tell them boys cannot be done without. At some suitable time I intend that you shall both see a chimney cleansed without forcing a boy up it. They had now reached home, and the conversation ended.

A few days after, Betty, the cook, gave notice to her mistress, the mother of William and Henry, that the kitchen chimney must be swept, for such a quantity of soot had fallen down it as nearly spoiled a joint of mutton, which was roasting for dinner. Next morning, by the order of their father, the two boys were roused at an early hour by Betty, who told them that a woman had come to sweep the kitchen chimney: though awaked out of a sound sleep, they both jumped out of bed, hurried on their clothes, and ran down stairs into the kitchen, where they saw the woman fastening up a cloth before the fire-place; in the cloth was a slit, through which she put a large brush, and then, by means of short sticks, through which a cord run lengthwise, and which were so contrived as to form one long rod, she thrust it up the chimney. Betty, who was stationed in the yard to watch, soon gave notice that the brush had got above the top of the chimney, upon which William and Henry eagerly ran to look at it, and were pleased to see it at the top of the chimney, appearing like an umbrella when spread out.

They then ran back into the kitchen, where they saw the woman take down stick after stick, till at length out came the brush, the cloth was removed, the soot cleared away, and Betty, surprised at the quickness of the woman, expressed her satisfaction with the new way of sweeping chimneys. The boys were quite delighted to think that there would soon be, as they thought, no such poor wretched looking boys as the one they saw the other day.

At breakfast time they gave their father and mother an account of all they had seen, and said that the woman had told them, that she had one morning before eight o'clock cleansed in the same way fifteen chim-

neys.\* Their father then told them that this woman was the wife of a chimney-sweeper, who had kept a number of little boys to climb chimneys; that he now had none; but that he had a son about five years old, whom he would soon, it is very likely, have forced up chimneys; but his mother says that she will work very hard rather than suffer her little Johnny (as she calls him) to climb a chimney. "And I can assure you that I have seen little Johnny playing about, with a clean shirt, like the son of a respectable tradesman.

"And my dear children," added he, "as you saw in the poor chimney-sweeper, the sad effects of unkind treatment, I hope you will always endeavour to promote, as far as you can, the happiness of every one about you: behave kindly even to the animals within your power; for they are sensible of pain, as well as yourselves; and never forget, that he who formed you, formed them, designing that all should be happy in their several stations; but, above all, regarding all mankind as one family—as the children of one parent—without whose knowledge not a hair of their heads can fall to the ground.

## ANECDOTE AND WIT.

### No. 4.—OTWAY.

IT is the common belief that Otway, the dramatic writer, was choked by a morsel of roll, which he was eagerly eating, after having long suffered from extreme hunger. This, however, is not the fact. He fell a victim to the warmth of his friendship. An intimate friend of his, a Mr. Blakiston, was murdered in the street. To revenge the deed, Otway pursued the assassin, who fled to France. Otway followed him on foot as far as Dover, where he was seized by a fever, occasioned by the fatigues he had undergone. On his arrival in London, in this state, he imprudently drank water, which accelerated his end on the 14th of April, 1685. He expired at an obscure public-house, the sign

\* This was done by a woman at Stockton-on-Tees.

of the Bull, on Tower Hill, at the early age of thirty-four.

#### BOABDIL.

BOABDIL was the last Moorish sovereign of the last Moorish kingdom that existed in Spain; namely, the beautiful and fertile kingdom of Granada. On his quitting the city of Granada, he took the road to the mountains of Alpuxarra, in which were situated the lands that were assigned to him by the treaty of capitulation. He stopped on a small eminence to take a last view of the towers and palaces which he had lost. At the sight of them he burst into tears, and several times exclaimed, "O supreme Lord! O God of battles!" His high-spirited mother looked on him with a bitter smile, and reproachfully said, "It well becomes you, my son, to weep like a woman the loss of that crown which you did not know how to preserve like a man and like a king."

#### CARDINAL CARAFFA.

CARDINAL CARAFFA was sent as legate by his uncle, Paul IV. in 1556, to persuade Henry II. of France, to break a truce which he had concluded with the emperor. The cardinal made a pompous entrance into Paris; and it is said that, on this occasion, when, according to the usual custom, he distributed his benedictions to the people, who were on their knees in the streets, instead of pronouncing the proper words, he only said, in a low voice, "Since these people wish to be cheated, let them be cheated."

#### THE CZAR PETER.

WHEN he was in a town of Poland, he heard a great deal of the miraculous image of the Virgin, which shed tears during mass, and he determined to examine closely this celebrated miracle. The image being at some height from the ground, he asked for a ladder, which he mounted; and perceiving, upon examination, two small holes near the eyes of the figure, he put his

hand upon the cap, and took off the wig, together with a part of the skull, while some monks, who were at the feet of the ladder, looking quietly at the Czar, and not imagining that he could so soon discover the fraud, trembled upon seeing the head of their miraculous virgin thus dishonoured. The czar found within the head a small reservoir of water, the top of which was on a level with the eyes; and which contained some very small fish, whose motion agitating the water, caused it to flow slowly and in small quantities to the holes made in the corners of the eyes. He descended from the ladder without endeavouring to undeceive the devotees, or any other person; and, turning to the monks, coolly said to them, "That is a very singular image."

GEORGE FREDERIC COOKE

FROM almost his childhood the late celebrated actor, Cooke, was fond of theatricals. When a boy he resided at Berwick on Tweed, which was sometimes visited by the Edinburgh actors. He and his companions were constantly on the alert to deceive those rigid centinels, the door-keepers, and finding by observation that the back door was left unguarded till near the hour of performance, they contrived to enter unperceived upon this forbidden ground, before the watch was set. Fairly in, the next consideration was how they should conceal themselves till the time of raising the curtain should arrive, when they might hope in the bustle and confusion behind the scenes to escape notice, and enjoy the wonders of the magic show. Cooke espied a harrel, and congratulating himself on this snug retreat, he crept in, like the hero of that immortal modern drama Tekeli, which has been the admiration of the polished populace of the British metropolis. Unfortunately, however, for our hero, as well as for the hero of Tekeli, there proved to be much lurking danger in his lurking place; a harrel being little less liable to untoward movements than a buck-basket. Cooke soon perceived that he had as companions, two twenty-four pound cannon balls; but not being yet initiated into the mysteries of the scene, he did not suspect that cannon balls assist in making

thunder in a barrel, as well as in a twenty-four pounder. Poor George Frederic was in the thunder barrel of the theatre. The play was Macbeth, and for the first scene, to give due effect to the *entrée* of the witches, the thunder was wanted. The Jupiter Tonans of the theatre, alias, the property man, approached, and seized the barrel. Judge the breathless fear of our hero: it was too great for words, and he only shrunk closer to the bottom of his hiding place. His tormentor proceeded to cover the open end of the barrel with a piece of old carpet, and tie it carefully to prevent the thunder from being spilt. Still George Frederic was most heroically silent; the machine was lifted by the Herculean property man, and carried carefully to the side scene, lest in rolling the thunder should rumble before its cue. It would be a hopeless task to paint the agitation of the contents of the barrel; the property man, swearing that the cannon bullets "were infernally heavy," placed the complicated machinery in readiness: the witches entered amidst flames of rosin; the thunder bell rang, the barrel received its impetus, and away rolled George Frederic and his ponderous companions. Silence would now have been no virtue, and he roared most manfully, to the surprise of the thunderer, who neglecting to stop the rolling machine, it entered on the stage, and George Frederic bursting off the carpet head of the barrel, appeared before the audience, just as the witches had agreed to meet again, when "the hurly burly's done."

### AFFECTION IN A BIRD.

BY JAMES FORBES, ESQ. F. R. S.

THE cullum, or large crane, similar to the demoiselle of Numidia, (*ardea virgo*. Linn.) is a majestic bird; some when erect are near six feet high; the sahras, or cyrus, a bird of the same genus, equals it in stature, and excels it in the beauty of its plumage, generally of an azure hue, with a crimson head. The mention of these birds induces me to transcribe a circumstance from my memoranda, which, if not otherwise interesting, affords an additional instance of the instinct and memory of birds, to those related by Buffon, Gold-

smith, and other naturalists. Riding out one evening in the Dhuboy district, I left my hackery and attendants at a village, and taking my book, retired as usual, with only one peon, to walk in the corn fields; where, amidst a crop of juarree (*holcus sorghum*. Linn.) I saw a large flock of cullums and sahrases, devouring their share of the harvest. On our approach they all flew away, except one young sahras, who, being too weak to escape, was caught by the peon. He very contentedly ate some juarree out of my hand, and we carried him to Dhuboy, where he became quite domesticated. At Baroche he was equally beloved and caressed by all the family. Our garden-house was about a mile from the west gate of that city; the sahras generally walked thither at the dinner-hour of the garrison; he was always a welcome guest, both with the Europeans and Sepoys, and ate as much of their rice and cutcheree as he chose. This bird, when he attained his full growth, was near six feet high; with beautiful plumage, an elegant form and stately air, blended with a pleasant familiarity. We were then preparing to leave India, and, however agreeable the sahras might be in the extensive precinct of a villa, I was fearful his size and appetite might cause him to be considered in a less favourable light as a passenger on board a crowded Indiaman: therefore, on embarking for England, I gave him to a friend, who went in another ship with fewer incumbrances.

On our arrival, the gentleman informed me the bird had made a pleasant voyage, was welcomed to every mess by the good-natured sailors, and, soon after landing, had been given to a friend, to oblige a nobleman from whom he had received particular favours.

Nine years afterwards I went with a party to Park-Place, near Henley, then belonging to General Conway. After we had been delighted with the pleasing variety of those lovely scenes, we visited the menagerie; among other birds a sahras, in a state of confinement, immediately brought my former friend to my recollection; nor could I help remarking with some emphasis the resemblance between them. On hearing my voice the bird flapped his wings, pushed his head through the bars of the inclosure, and showed signs of

joy and impatience, which surprised us all, especially the gardener, who declared he had never seen him in such a transport. On telling him I believed the sahras was an old acquaintance, he thought it impossible, as his lady had possessed it several years, and had been assured it was the only living bird of its species in England. The more I noticed it, the more affectionate and violent were its gestures; until a sentiment of feeling, a mutual sympathy, or mutual instinct, convinced me it was my sahras. Upon further investigation I found this bird had been given to the lady by the nobleman to whom it was presented on its arrival. This anecdote being related at Park-Place, procured us the kindest attentions from the hospitable owners, and gave rise to a correspondence between the general and myself. The bird died in the following winter.

### MANDEVILLE.

*A Tale, by William Godwin, continued.*

The event, which taught him this lesson, though trivial in itself, had a powerful influence on his future life. In his apartment was found a book, the possession of which could not fail to be regarded as a most heinous crime. It was a collection of prints, bitterly satirical against the late unfortunate monarch. The book was discovered by Mallison, and shewn to Clifford. A *concio* or assembly of the twelve head boys was called, to deliberate on the punishment of this act of delinquency, and Mandeville was cited to appear before it, in company with Waller. Mandeville was wholly ignorant of the book; but the real culprit, Waller, as might have been expected from his character, first hesitated, seemingly unwilling to betray his associate, and then openly charged him with being the owner of the book. Conscious of his own innocence, and neither able nor even disposed to defend himself with eloquence, Mandeville disdained to utter more than a bare denial of the fact, and felt indignant that his affirmation was not believed. He was ordered to withdraw with Waller, while the assembly debated; and, when along with him, Waller confessed that the book belonged to

himself, and that cowardice alone had induced him to throw the blame upon Mandeville. At first, Mandeville was justly irritated, but the prayers and the terrors of Waller, who represented the disgrace which, if this crime of his son were made known, would fall upon his gallant father, induced him to promise that he would save him by keeping his secret. On his return to the assembly, the malignant Mallison proposed that he should be sentenced to eat the book; and another more mildly voted that he should commit it to the flames. Wishing to save him from so degrading a task, Clifford snatched up the obnoxious book, and with a slight reproof to him, thrust it into the fire. The consequence of this trial was a dreadful fever, which lasted for several weeks. It left him emaciated in body, and still more perverted in mind than he had before been. All his hatred was concentrated on Clifford, whose really generous action his distorted judgment now considered as a studied insult. Waller and Mallison were forgotten; they were too despicable to be hated: but Clifford, whose lustre threw him into shade, was an object which could not be despised, and which he regarded with a deadly aversion.

From Winchester, Maudeville removed to Oxford. Here, too, his sinister fate pursued him. In the commencement of the year 1655, an extensive plan of insurrection was formed, which it was hoped would seat the exiled Charles on his throne. The kindness shewn at college by Mandeville to a dying kinsman of the famous Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, procured for him, from Sir Anthony, an invitation to his seat at Winbourn. While there, he obtained, from a royalist family, a knowledge of the projected insurrection, in which he instantly determined to join. Sir Anthony gave him a letter of introduction to the noble hearted Colonel Penruddock, who received him with distinguished kindness; and, after a vain attempt to dissuade him from embarking in the enterprise, afforded him reason to hope that he would obtain the post of secretary to the commander-in-chief, which Sir Anthony had solicited for him. Sir Joseph Wagstaffe, who was to take the command of the royal forces in the west, now arrived, and his arrival put an end to the hopes of Mandeville.

Of Sir Anthony he had suspicions, too well justified by that gentleman's character; of the presbyterians he had a deadly hatred, and he could not endure the idea of accepting their aid in the cause of royalty. Moreover, the secretaryship was already promised, by the royalist committee in London, to a youth, with whose name he was yet unacquainted. At the moment when they were conversing on the subject in an inner room, and Mandeville, in anxious expectation, was pacing the antichamber, the door opened, and the destined secretary entered.—It was Clifford.

Since he had been at Oxford, Mandeville had not seen Clifford. Now he once more appeared, and, as it had ever been, to thwart and to eclipse him. Every feeling of rage and hatred was again awakened in the breast of Mandeville. It seemed to him that Clifford was destined to be the blaster of his prospects, the bane of his peace. In vain Clifford expressed, in the most friendly terms, his regret for the disappointment which he had caused. Mandeville burst from him in a paroxysm of fury, and returned to Oxford. The result of the insurrection is well known. Sir Joseph Wagstaffe escaped to the continent; but the gallant Penruddock, and others, expiated on the scaffold their devoted loyalty to a prince too unworthy of it. Their fate was a fresh source of agony to Mandeville, who fondly dwelt on their virtues, and bitterly reproached himself, for having hastily abandoned so glorious a cause.

At Oxford, Mandeville had but one friend, and he was selected in consequence of a congeniality of sentiment and feeling. This friend was the son of that Sir George Lisle who was shot after the surrender of Colchester. From the moment of her husband's death, Lady Lisle never allowed herself to see the beams of the sun. Her apartment was hung with black, and lighted with tapers. Her sole conversation with her child was on the fate and the virtues of his father, and the sanctity of the cause in which he perished. Young Lisle loved these stories, and listened to them till his mind was thoroughly imbued with high but gloomy thoughts. His ideas became all sombre, his countenance always sad. In Mandeville he found a

companion of a similar disposition. There was, however, an essential difference in the characters of the two friends. "The misanthropy of Lisle had in it a strange mixture of the gallant and the *chevalresque*. He loved and hated like a gentleman. Love was in his bosom the main spring and vital principle of his hatred---he hated therefore with generosity and defiance, and whatever sentiment revelled in his bosom, it alike swelled with warmth, and panted with the frankness of enterprise. His misanthropy had an alloy of tenderness in it: and he felt like a lady; or like one of the *preux chevaliers* of old, who learned their principles and the rule of their actions from the bright eyes of the fair." The misanthropy of Mandeville, on the contrary, was deep, dark, unsoftened by any mixture of human affections, and might almost be said to be ferocious. Still there was a sufficient similarity of opinion to attach the two youths to each other; and, accordingly, they spent whole evenings together, frequently in silence for a long time, till at length they would burst out into exclamations and curses against the objects of their hatred, and into passionate descriptions of the sufferings of their parents and friends. All this while a boundless detestation of Clifford was rankling in the bosom of Mandeville, though he carefully forebore from ever uttering his name.

An event now occurred which rudely broke asunder the bonds of this strict friendship. In passing one day along the High Street, the eye of Mandeville happened to glance upon Mallison. The recollection of the past made the sight of Mallison give rise to an uneasy sensation. On enquiry, he was informed that his former school-mate had paid a visit of three days to a relation, and had then quitted the city. His fellow Oxonians now began to treat Mandeville with studied insolence and contempt. They either crossed the way when he came nigh, or they jostled him, and sneered, and muttered words evidently intended to insult. He had already determined upon singling out for chastisement one of the most offensive of his annoyers, when, after having not seen Lisle for some time, he chanced to perceive him advancing towards him, in a remote street. The instant that he saw Mandeville, Lisle suddenly

turned back, struck down an obscure alley, and thus evaded his wondering friend. Connected with the scorn manifested by his fellow collegians, this circumstance forcibly struck the mind of Mandeville, and he resolved to obtain from Lisle a clue to this new and painful mystery.

With every nerve and muscle strung to the utmost, Mandeville ascended the stairs to the apartment of his friend, whom he heard pacing up and down. He knocked thrice before he could obtain an entrance. At last the door was thrown open with passionate violence, and Lisle stood a few steps within it. "What do you come here for?" he exclaimed. "You saw that I was desirous to avoid you." Mandeville, with all the coolness that he could assume, enquired the reason of this change. His question brought down upon him a torrent of reproach, sarcasm, and invective from Lisle, who taunted him with his base desertion of Colonel Penruddock, and accused him of having joined the party for the sole purpose of betraying its secrets. "But fortunately," said he, "the gallant Clifford came just in the nick of time, and disclosed the reputation you had acquired at Winchester College. He told the story of the pictures, sir---the pictures." Lisle closed his bitter harangue by declaring that Mandeville must be either a coward or a traitor, and that his character was wholly and irretrievably blasted. Mandeville was for a while almost petrified with astonishment. At length a few sentences of vehement indignation broke from him against the injustice of Lisle, and he then rushed from the room, and hurried to his own home, in a state of distraction, imprecating curses on his wayward destiny, and on Clifford, whom he considered as his malignant genius. At the age of seventeen all his hopes were blighted, a sentence of proscription had gone forth against him, and on earth he was now nothing, or worse than nothing. Such were the reflections that crowded upon and tumultuated the soul of Mandeville.

By this mental tornado the reason of Mandeville was entirely overthrown. His brain burned, his veins throbbled, and he involuntarily uttered the most piercing shrieks and cries. Even the regularity and order of

his apartments stimulated his phrenzy. They reminded him of man--man, his persecutor; man, the object of his disgust and execration! With the rapidity of lightning he burst from his chamber, passed through the city, and plunged into the wildest recesses of the forest of Shotover.

TO BE RESUMED.

## THOUGHTS :

FROM

*THE GERMAN OF PROFESSOR LICHTENBERG.*

TRUTH has a thousand obstacles to surmount, before it can pass, in all its purity, from nature into books, and a hundred thousand others before it can pass from books into practice. Liars by profession do it the least evil; but the enthusiast, who raves on every kind of subject, with the audacity of a prophet; the pretended counsellor of the human heart, who judges men definitively and unmercifully from some one insulated action of their lives; and, above all, the *good* man, who preserves a profound respect for every thing that he has learned before the age of fifteen:-- these are certainly the most dangerous enemies to truth.

Astronomy is, perhaps, the only science, in which few discoveries have been made by chance. By it the human mind appears in all its grandeur; but, by it also, man learns how little he is.

Man necessarily becomes a sophist and a babler, when, while reasoning, he passes the bounds of his experience.

The epocha at which men begin to study the rules, by which the ancients attained so high a degree of perfection in the arts and sciences, is always that of their decline.

There exists a country, it is said, in which the following singular custom prevails. The sovereign as well as his ministers are obliged to sleep with a barrel of gunpowder under their heads during the whole continuance of a war. The barrel is not only sealed with

the seal of the national representatives, but it is likewise fastened to the floor with thongs, which are likewise sealed. Every morning and evening the seals are inspected. It is said that this country has not been engaged in any war for a very long period indeed.

There are not many commodities in the world of a more extraordinary nature than books. Printed by people who do not understand them, sold by people who do not understand them, bound, criticised, and read by people who do not understand them; they are even often written by people who do not understand them.

Of all the great discoveries made by the human understanding in modern times, the principal, in my opinion, is the art of judging of books without having read them.

If physiognomy were to become what Lavater expected, children would be hanged before they committed the actions which would otherwise bring them to the gallows. Thus it will be necessary to institute a new kind of annual confirmation, a physiognomic *auto da fê*.

I wish that I could construct canals in my head to promote the internal commerce with my ideas, but they remain there by hundreds in a heap, and are of no use to any body.

There are actually many people who read merely to keep themselves from thinking.

I was guilty of a fault when a student, in my youth: I framed the plan of the edifice on too extensive a scale. The consequence was, that I could not complete the superstructure, or even put a roof to it. At last I found myself obliged to be contented with a few garrets, which I arranged as well as I could; but in bad weather I could not prevent the rain from penetrating into them. How many more have been in a similar situation!

E. R.

## LORD AMHERST'S MISSION TO CHINA.

*Resumed from page 173.\**

The suburb of Nankin, near which the boats anchored, contains nothing interesting. The streets are paved; there seems to be more public eating-houses than private dwellings; great quantities of ready-drest and glazed ducks and geese are constantly exposed to sale, and vegetables are plentiful. Grapes and silks are the chief manufacture of the city.

Nankin, now called Kiang-ning-foo, appears to be rapidly on the decline. From a neighbouring hill, at a quarter of a mile distance, some of the embassy had a very complete view of the city, which has a triple wall, not, however, completely surrounding it. The part which is inhabited, is situated towards the angle of the mountains, twenty leas from the first gate, and even this part contains many gardens. Four principal streets are intersected at right angles by smaller ones: the streets are not spacious, but were more than usually clean. A narrow canal, crossed at intervals by bridges of a single arch, flows through one of the larger streets. The visitors were not able to penetrate as far as the Porcelain Tower, but it was near enough for them to make some observations on it. The building is octagonal, and of nine stories in height, the colour is white, and the cornices appear to be plain. On the summit is a ball, said to be of pure gold. Its erection cost 800,000*l.*, and occupied nineteen years.

In a temple, near the outer gate, are several figures of Chinese saints and philosophers, which are remarkable for their superior execution, and some metal vases of elegant form and workmanship; one of them much resembles the Etruscan. The vases are said to be the work of a sage, who lived two hundred and fifty years ago. "In the vicinity of this temple," says Mr. Ellis, "is a public vapour bath, called, or rather miscalled, the bath of fragrant water, where dirty Chinese may be stewed clean for ten cheus, or three farthings. The bath is a small room of one hundred feet area, divided

\* In page 173, line 21 for *continued*, read *contrived*.

into four compartments, and paved with coarse marble: the heat is considerable, and as the number admitted into the bath has no limits but the capacity of the area, the stench is excessive; altogether, I thought it the most disgusting cleansing apparatus I had ever seen, and worthy of this nasty nation."

The boats pursued their voyage, on the 24th of October, up the Yang-tse-kiang, which is from three to four miles in breadth, and seems not undeserving of its Chinese appellation of 'The Son of the Sea.' In their way up the river they passed the cities of Ho-chow, Woo-hoo-shien, and Gan-king-foo, and several populous towns and villages. In the first of these cities there is nothing at all worthy of note, save a temple dedicated to Choong-wang; the outer court of which is surrounded by ten shrines, representing the ten kings of hell in the act of punishing the guilty after death. Woo-hoo-shien is a place of considerable trade; the shops in which are well supplied, and would not disgrace the Strand or Oxford-street. Here Sir George Stanton heard of a late edict, which described the members of the embassy as persons in strange dresses, and prohibited them from stopping or going on shore. No very strict obedience was, however, paid to the edict by either party. Gan-king-foo is a respectable and flourishing place. Some of the women were handsome, and Mr. Ellis sarcastically observes, that, from their gesture and appearance, it was probable that they were prouder of their beauty than of their modesty. If such were the case, it is no wonder that an imperial edict forbade them to show themselves to the foreign visitors. Near Tsing-kya-chin, the English first saw the tallow tree, from the berries of which, about the size of a pea, tallow is obtained by compression in a mill. The tree is large, looks at a distance like a maple, and in its autumnal foliage, is particularly beautiful. At Ta-tung they also, for the first time, saw the tea plant, which is an elegant shrub, resembling a myrtle, with a yellow flower of extreme fragrance.

The travellers quitted the Yang-tse-kiang on the 14th of November, after having journeyed on its waters two hundred and eighty-five miles, through a fertile,

well cultivated, and highly picturesque country, in which every thing is praise-worthy, except the inhabitants. They now entered the Po-yang lake, the width of which, at this part, is about seven or eight miles. It is said to be subject to as violent typhoons as the Chinese seas. Fortunately, the English had no opportunity of witnessing the fact. In the vicinity of Nan-kang-foo they visited a pagoda of seven stories, situated on a rock, near which a cascade tumbles in a perpendicular fall of four hundred feet. Close at hand is a college or temple, served by priests, whose dwelling is beautifully situated in a small hollow, sheltered by a few trees from the wind. The cascade is overhung by a plantation of bamboo, which appears to be a sacred tree. The priests readily supplied the visitors with tea, salted ginger, and parings of dry fruit, which was all that their scanty stores could afford.

As the embassy stayed three days at Nan-kang-foo, one of those days was employed in an excursion to a college, where Choo-foo-tze, one of the commentators upon Confucius, and the author of a history from the earliest period to his own time, A. D. 1100, taught a numerous body of disciples. In this college the thing most worthy of attention, is a statue of Confucius, the complexion and features of which are decidedly African. A tree was shown, said to have been planted by the hand of Choo-foo-tze, and a wooden figure of a stag, which stag is asserted to have been employed by the sage, to purchase and bring home provisions from the neighbouring villages. The money was placed on the horns, and the animal always performed his marketing in a satisfactory manner.

In their course to Nan-chang-foo, they passed by several towns, the chief of which was Woo-chin, remarkable for two temples, decorated with carved work and gilding far more than any they had yet seen. One of these, the richest of them, is dedicated to Wang-shin-choo, the god of longevity, and was erected and is maintained by the voluntary contributions of the merchants of the town. The shops of the town were filled with articles of all kinds, including no inconsiderable proportion of European goods. Among the

articles were several small bronze vessels of ancient and modern workmanship, in forms not unlike the Etruscan and Grecian.

The Po-yang lake bends to the eastward near Woo-chin; and, after having sailed sixty miles on it, the travellers left it, and proceeded onward, towards Nan-chang-foo, up a river which bears the various names of Seaou-chah, Shan-chou-kho, and finally Shan-kho.

They reached Nan-chang-foo on the 23d of November, and anchored opposite to the suburb. Kwang had previously requested that none of the English would enter the city, as great crowds would be collected, in consequence of the public examination of students, and the celebration of the emperor's birth-day. From the pagoda, however, Mr. Ellis had an excellent view of the city. It is an irregular polygon, with six gates, the longest side towards the water, and contains few large or handsome buildings. The circumference of the walls is from five to six miles. The country around is low, and intersected with streams, and must, from these circumstances, be often completely inundated. In this part of China, wheelbarrows are used for conveying persons as well as goods. In his return from the pagoda, Mr. Ellis met two of them, the first with two well-dressed women, one on each side the wheel; and the other with a boy who apparently belonged to them. Here, still more than in other places, female curiosity sat at nought the edicts of the emperor. All the women, except the very poorest, were painted. Their style of painting is not like that of European female artists. It consists in giving a strong carnation tint to the whole complexion. Beggars are numerous, and not less importunate than in other countries; but they did not assail the embassy. "We saw," says Mr. Ellis, "several going about with a bell or horn, and a basket; establishing themselves in a shop, they ring the one, or blow the other, till the basket is filled."

In one of his walks round the walls, Mr. Ellis came to the place where the examination for the advancement in military rank was holding. It was the examination of bachelors for Licentiate's degree." The place might be called a stadium, of about two hundred

yards in length: at the upper end a temporary hall had been erected, with an elevated throne or seat; a row of mandarins, in their full dresses, occupied each side, but the distance at which I stood did not enable me to ascertain whether the raised part was occupied by some mandarins, or by a representation of the imperial presence. At the extremity opposite to the hall was a wall of masonry, intended as a butt for military practice, and, at a short distance in advance, a py-loo, from which the candidates, on horseback, armed with a bow and three arrows, started: the marks at which they fired, covered with white paper, were about the height of a man, and somewhat wider, placed at intervals of fifty yards; the object was to strike these marks successively with the arrows, the horses being kept at full speed. Although the bull's eye was not always hit, the target was never missed: the distance was trifling, not exceeding fifteen or twenty feet. It appeared to me that the skill was most displayed in charging the bow without checking the horse. The candidates were young mandarins, handsomely drest; their horses, trimmings, and accoutrements, were in good order; the arrows were merely pointed, without barbs, to prevent accidents, the spectators being within a few yards of the marks. On the whole, the sight was interesting."

TO BE RESUMED.

#### APRIL.

THIS was the second month of the old Roman year, but, on the reform of the calendar, it became the fourth. The name of it is derived by some from *aperio*, I open; because in this month the earth begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetables; and by others from *aphrodite*, the Greek appellation of Venus. It was, indeed, under the protection of Venus.

Several festivals occurred in this month. On the first, that of Venus took place. New flowers and myrtle were offered to the goddess, and the young females danced and sung for three nights, crowned with garlands. On the same day sacrifices were also offered to

*Fortuna virilis*; and, on the sixth, to *Fortuna primigenius*. On the eighth were the games for the victory of Cæsar. The Cerealia, in honour of Ceres, were held on the ninth. On the twelfth began the Megalesian games, which were instituted in remembrance of bringing the statue of Cybele from Pessinuntium to Rome. They lasted six days, and were held with great magnificence. On the thirteenth were sacrifices to Jupiter the Conqueror, and to Liberty. The Fordicides, or Fordicalia, occurred on the fifteenth, which were instituted by Numa, in a period of scarcity, and in which a cow with calf was offered to the earth. On the nineteenth the Palilia were celebrated, by the country people, in honour of the goddess Pales, whom they considered as the tutelary goddess of themselves, and of their flocks. The festival called the Parilia, in memory of the founding of Rome, was on the twenty-first; and, on this occasion, no sacrifices were made which required the shedding of blood. The second Agonalia took place on the twenty-second. On the twenty-third was the first Vinalia, consecrated to Jupiter, to obtain a favourable vintage. The Robigalia, or Rubigalia, instituted by Numa, in the eleventh year of his reign, occurred on the twenty-fifth. It was devoted to the rural god Rubigus, in order to obtain his succour, to prevent the grain from being mildewed. Ovid says the entrails of a dog and sheep were sacrificed to him; Columella affirms the sacrifice to have been a newly-littered puppy. The twenty-seventh was a great festival of the Latian people, on the Mons Sacer. The Floralia or Floral games began on the twenty-eighth, and continued for six days. This festival was of a nature the most abominably licentious. It did not become annual till the year of Rome 580, when, on account of a scarcity, which had lasted for several years, the senate commanded that it should be regularly observed, for the purpose of propitiating Flora. On the thirtieth was the first Larentalia, or Laurentalia, in honour of Jupiter. It was celebrated out of Rome, on the banks of the Tiber.

The sun is in the signs of Aries and Taurus during this month.

CHARACTER OF THE ELOQUENCE OF THE  
LATE MR. PITT.\*

AS an orator, Mr. Pitt ranks in the higher, but not in the highest forms of excellence. If one has a foreign guest, who wishes to hear the debates in parliament, one picks preferably the evening when Mr. Pitt is expected to speak. There is in his delivery an imposing majesty, in his verbiage an unrelenting fluency, which is sure to satisfy the spectator and hearer. He will return to his own country with an idea that the minister is worthy to represent the nation. Yet if the foreigner happen to be a critic, and to think over and analyze what he has heard, he will probably discover that he was more delighted by the form than by the matter of the harangue. The phrases were turned with the roundness of an author, and accumulated with alluring volubility. Repetition, which is a vice in a writer, is a virtue in a speaker, who can seldom, like Mirabeau, impress at a blow his opinion. The orator, therefore, ought to re-state his inferences in altered words, that the sentiment may have time to make its way. Mr. Pitt has eminently this power of amplification, but he accomplishes it rather by a change of phrase than of illustration, rather by multiplying his words than by varying his tropes, rather by dint of memory than of imagination; in the long list of his speeches there is scarcely a figure one recollects. The argumentative part is never exhaustive, and seldom pointed; but it has always the merit of embracing the leading topics in just proportion, and pressing those grounds especially, for the comprehension of which the public mind at the time is most prepared. This is the great secret of popularity and success in public speaking—to argue with the very data of the hearers, to exact no new efforts of thought or reflection from their indolence, and rather to lend expression than idea to them. It is the sure road to the approbation of ordinary minds and common capacities; because it flatters a vanity which instruction would humiliate. Some persons (the foible is common in the speculative world) are too prospective, too

\* Written in 1803.

far sighted in their views and schemes, and consider every question by universal principles and remote contingencies, rather than by its specific pressure and immediate operation. Mr. Pitt, on the contrary, is somewhat too near-sighted, if the metaphor may be allowed, and is remarkable for the locality and momentaneity, and consequently for the transientness, of his grounds of advice. Speeches which usually seem to win the victory in the newspaper, have already, in the parliamentary register, lost their superiority, and when recorded by the historian, have faded into very insufficient defences of his proceedings. Much irrelevant, though really active motive was adduced : actual conduct was indeed accounted for ; but the idea of perfect conduct should have been evolved and recommended. There is but too much reason to suspect that this narrow mode of arguing is not merely exoteric, but is in fact the faithful and honest transcript of Mr. Pitt's mode of deciding business, for he is commonly found to modify his measures by the criticism of his adversaries, as if their observations were new to him, and had not been anticipated.

A. A. R.

#### CHARACTER OF MR. BRUCE, THE TRAVELLER IN ABYSSINIA.

NO traveller ever left Europe better qualified to travel in safety, and to keep up the honour of his country. Well acquainted with the language of the people among whom he was adventuring, he took with him recommendations and safe conducts from the chiefs of their religion, and the different powers whom they most respected, or with whom they were most connected. Without incurring the dangerous suspicion of being wealthy, he appeared as a noble, and was accordingly valued by others as he valued himself. His person and his personal qualities were such as to obtain and to secure respect ; tall and powerful beyond the ordinary strength and stature of man, he excelled the barbarians of Abyssinia in their own accomplishments : his excellence in horsemanship delighted them, and his skill in the management of a double-barrelled rifle astonished

people who did not fire the clumsy muskets of the Arabians without fear and trembling. Wherever human courage or human prudence can be of any avail, Bruce might have travelled safely,---never offering an insult, never submitting to one,---not ambitiously exalting himself, not meanly self-abased, conferring favours instead of soliciting them;---fearless in times of danger, yet never losing sight of caution when in most security;---a soldier in the camp, and courtier in the city,---the friend of the great, the healer of the sick, the favourite of the women. Long will it be before another so qualified shall undertake such a journey,---and any one less qualified would have perished in the attempt.

A. A. R.

### THE RECENTLY-DISCOVERED REGALIA OF SCOTLAND.\*

THE crown is of a very elegant form, measures nine inches over, and weighs, with the cap, about four pounds. The bonnet is of crimson velvet, bound with ermine, which has suffered wonderfully little from being so long shut up. The lower part of the crown, as described in the instrument of deposition, is a circlet, richly ornamented with precious stones, as emeralds, rubies, hyacinths, and the like. Above this rises a second circle, composed of fleurs-de-lis, tipped with large pearls, and alternated with figures termed by heralds crosses fleurces, the points of the cross being marked with pearls. These two circles, forming the diadem, are of pure gold, and supposed to be very ancient, and may perhaps have been the same which the Countess of Buchan placed upon the head of Robert the Bruce when crowned at Scoon. The circlet, or "golden round of sovereignty," is surmounted by four arches, which meet and close at the top in a globe again surmounted by a cross. They appear to have been tacked on to the circle at a later period, probably

\* This account is said to be from the pen of Walter Scott, Esq. who was one of the commissioners appointed to examine the crown room, in search of the regalia.

by James V. whose initials appear on the cross. The crown rests on a square and tasselled cushion of crimson velvet. The real value of the jewels may be perhaps less than they were estimated when the lapidary's art was not generally understood; and being set plain without facets, they do not make the brilliant show, which fancy is apt to anticipate. Some stones, however, are said to be extremely curious, and the oriental pearls are of the most extraordinary quality and size.

It is not, however, according to the art of the goldsmith or lapidary that this monument of Caledonian Independent Sovereignty is to be estimated. The thousand solemn remembrances which crowd on the mind when we gaze on them, are of a far deeper and more awful interest. The virtues, the vices, the misfortunes of a long line of monarchs, many of whom fell sacrifices in various ways to the cares depending on this golden circle, arise in the mind as we gaze upon the visible symbol of the power which they exercised. The crown—the very crown, now recovered from a sort of oblivion—was worn by James V. who broke his heart when its lustre was tarnished at the rout of Solway—it bound the lovely forehead of the unhappy Mary, whose name is in itself a tragedy—it was early placed on the head of James, whose birth-place is not many yards distant from the place where it is now deposited, and sate

— upon his baby-brow, the round  
And top of sovereignty.

And from that hour, till he took possession of a more peaceful diadem, his life was one continued story of plots, open treasons, and private conspiracies against his authority and person. It was also worn by his yet more unhappy son Charles I. upon his two several visits to Edinburgh, in 1636 and 1639, with what omen let history speak. Charles II. was crowned with it at Scoon, previous to the bloody defeats at Dunbar and Inverkeithing, and the final catastrophe at Worcester. Such were the fates of the monarchs who wore this symbol of royalty since it was altered by James V.

If we look back to former times, we view a dim

scene of strife and violence, like the back-ground of a battle-piece, where all things intimate deeds of violence, though their circumstances are rather indicated than detailed. On the whole, the moral of Shakspeare's Henry rushes on our remembrance, that the monarchs who owned this "golden care," must have slumbered,—

Not half so sound, or half so deeply sweet,  
As he whose brow, with homely biggin bound,  
Snores out the watch of night.

The sceptre is described as an elegant and well-executed piece of workmanship. It is of a hexagon form, divided by three buttons or knosps, and adorned with curious antique embellishments. At the top of the stalk there is a small capital, on which are three images placed close together, being those of the Virgin and Child, of St. Andrew, and of St. James. They are about three inches high. The figures of three dolphins, uniting at the top so as to form an arch, form an open shrine in which the images stand. The whole is surmounted by a crystal ball or globe, above which is a small globe tipped with a large oriental pearl. There are no jewels on the sceptre. The top is said to be bent a little awry, probably in the course of its being used to touch the Scottish laws in token of the royal assent.

In this capacity we cannot help saying with honest pride, that the sceptre has ratified as many profoundly just and wise laws as ever were passed in any country; since it must be allowed, that if Scotland was unhappy and disturbed in former times, it was for want of vigour in the administration of justice, not for lack of wisdom in her legislature. To take one instance out of many; if it is true, as reported in our law books, that the Scottish statute passed in the year 1449, declaring that tacks are real rights affecting the land let, and consequently that the tenants cannot be affected either by sales or debts entered into by the landlord, is the earliest law in modern Europe, by which the fruits of the husbandman's toil and expense were thus effectually secured to him, it is plain that our ancestors had the honour of leading the way in a measure equally recommended by justice and by sound policy.

The sword of state is about five feet in length, the

pommel constituting about fifteen inches of that measurement. The handle is of silver gilt, with space for placing the two hands. The traverse of a cross where the blade issues from the hilt is fantastically, yet beautifully, wrought into the representation of two dolphins. The blade is of polished steel, and very little rusted. The scabbard is of crimson velvet, gorgeously adorned with rich fillagree chasing of silver gilded, representing oak leaves and acorns. The name of the donor, Pope Julius II. and the emblems of the papal dignity, are also represented on the scabbard. The whole is executed in a taste worthy of the revival of the arts, which had then taken place in Italy.

While on this interesting topic, we cannot but notice the feelings of national importance and dignity, which our ancestors connected with these symbols of monarchy: they were usually deposited in the custody of the Earl Mareschal of Scotland, a high officer, co-ordinate with the constable of the kingdom. In times of trouble they were deposited in his strong castle of Dunnottar, built on a rock overhanging the sea near Stonehaven.

In the fatal year 1652, the Earl Mareschal having taken the field to assist Charles II. was made prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and detained in the Tower of London. The castle of Dunnottar was in the meantime commanded by George Ogilvie, of Barras, lieutenant-governor, by commission of the Earl Mareschal. The alarming progress of Cromwell's arms, and the impossibility of maintaining a defence which should be ultimately successful, alarmed Ogilvie for the safety of the honours or regalia of the kingdom: he consulted with the Lord Chancellor Loudoun, who could only reply to him, by suggesting, that the regalia should be delivered up to Lord Balcarras, and transported to some strong and inaccessible fort in the remote Highlands. "It will be an irreparable loss and shame," said the chancellor's letter, "if they are taken by the enemy, and very dishonourable to yourself."

It appears that Ogilvie did not think it prudent to take the chancellor's advice, which indeed would have only served to protract the fate of the regalia. In these circumstances, he listened to the advice of his lady,

descended of the house of Douglas, and possessed of their hereditary spirit and love of independence; her intervention was used, in order that when the castle must necessarily be surrendered, her husband might safely say, he knew not where the regalia had been conveyed. They were wrapped in hards of lint, carried out of the castle of Dunnottar, upon a woman's back, and delivered to the charge of the Rev. James Grainger, minister of Kineff, whose wife (a friend of Mrs. Ogilvie) was also intrusted with the important secret: by this faithful couple, they were buried under the pulpit, in the church of Kineff, no person being made acquainted with the circumstance, except the Countess Mareschal, to whom it was communicated by Mr. Grainger.

In the meantime, the castle of Dunnottar, after an honourable resistance, was compelled to surrender, and the lieutenant-governor and his lady were examined with the utmost strictness and severity concerning the fate of the regalia; they were even threatened with torture; his lady, however, obstinately maintained that she had delivered the honours to Mr. John Keith, the Earl Mareschal's younger son, and that he had carried them abroad. And the Countess Mareschal procured a letter from her son, to the same purpose and effect, which she contrived should fall into the hands of the Commonwealth general.

Mrs. Ogilvie's health sunk under the hardships to which she was subjected; but her fortitude never gave way, nor was it until on her death-bed, that she communicated to her husband how she had actually disposed of the regalia, exhorting him at the same time sooner to lay his head on the block, than betray the secret.

Upon the restoration, the regalia, after a slumber as dark, and which left their existence as doubtful, as that of one hundred and ten years which they have more lately undergone, were produced and re-delivered to the sovereign. In memory of which event, Mr. John Keith was created knight-mareschal, and afterwards earl of Kintore, and Lieutenant-governor Ogilvie, knight baronet.

As the honours of Scotland are now discovered, a

sentinel is placed beneath the window of the room, as a measure both of honour and additional precaution, although the uncommonly strong defences of the Crown Room might be almost supposed to render it superfluous in the latter point of view.

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### MY PORTFOLIO;

Or, ORIGINAL HINTS, SKETCHES, and ANECDOTES.

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“ A thing of shreds and patches.”

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No. 4.—WARREN HASTINGS.

A PUN may be tolerated when it is a neat one, and comes unforced, and almost unsought. I think the following is not a bad one. Some years ago, Mr. Warren Hastings was at Epsom, during the races, in company with a relation. The course was thronged with that sort of gentry usually known under the denomination of Black Legs. “What a wretched set is here!” said the relative of Mr. Hastings. “Who would believe that any gentleman could bear to associate with such disgraceful company?” “And yet,” replied Mr. Hastings, “they are your *bettors*.”

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DR. JOHNSON.

THE charge of plagiarism is, probably, very often made without there being any solid foundation for it. Every observant man must have remarked how often the same thoughts, and even the same modes of expression, are used by persons who never were acquainted with each other. There is a celebrated sarcasm of Dr. Johnson's, which seems almost a copy from some lines by Joachim du Bellay, and yet, it is very likely that the formidable lexicographer and moralist had never read, or entirely forgotten, the works of the old French poet. In speaking of Lord Chesterfield, Johnson said, “Sir! he may be a wit among lords, but he is only a lord among wits!” In “La

Poete Courtisan," by du Bellay, who died in 1559, are the following lines:—

"Bref, pour estre en cest art des premiers de tonage,  
Si tu veulx finement jouer ton personnage,  
Entre les courtesans du scavant tu feras,  
Et entre les scavans courtisan tu seras."

IRISH TRANSLATION.

IN the beautiful episode of Olindo and Sophronia, in the second canto of "The Jerusalem Delivered," Tasso describes the cheeks of Sophronia, at the moment of her death being decreed, as not pale, but of dazzling whiteness: he says,

"E smarrissea il bel volto in un colore,  
Che non è pallidezza, ma candore."

Fairfax, one of the most poetical of our translators, has not quite caught the idea of his original, but has approached it very nearly. His version of the passage is,

"And for some-deale perplexed was her sprite,  
Her damask late now changed to purest white."

Hoole, in his sometimes elegant, but generally tame, translation of the Italian poet, has completely failed. Nothing can be more insipid than his two lines, the last of which contains a truly despicable attempt at prettyness.

"Her modest cheeks a transient blush disclose  
Where lilies soon succeed the fading rose."

The last translator, the Rev. Mr. Hunt, has succeeded in conveying the idea, but has amplified and ornamented it in the most unmerciful manner:—

"———— her cheeks' bright roses fled,  
And purest white replaced the lively red;  
So soft, so brilliant, glowed the whiteness there,  
Not pallid did she seem, but wond'rous fair."

All these gentlemen must certainly yield the palm to a Mr. Doyne, who published, at Dublin, about half a century ago, a blank verse attempt to render Tasso into English. Thus singeth Mr. Doyne:—

"Not pale her red cheeks were, but lily white,"

Had Mr. Doyne, however, not inserted the unfortunate epithet, "red," he would not have been unfaithful to the meaning of his author. To his poetry he never, in any one instance, does justice. Yet he has the impudence to depreciate the talents of Fairfax.

\*\* D.

### OBSERVATIONS ON MUSIC.

THAT music is most useful of which the rhythm is most marked, which assists the half-skilled to dance, to march, to row, in time and in concert. Music is also well employed in public worship to detain the attention on those moral hymns whose sentiments ought to be engraven on the memory; and in what may be called the worship of the country, to render audible and intelligible to vast crowds, the Rule Britannia of patriotism, or the God save the King of royalism. Music too is a source of much private and personal domestic delight. It affects both as a sensual pleasure directly, and by association indirectly; the greatest effects of music seem to depend on the latter principle. The air which revives a recollection of the tones of *Mara*; the march which fills the imagination with moving pictures of military parade and pageantry; the chorus which was first heard exquisitely executed among the splendid crowds so pompously arranged beneath the high gothic arches of the abbey; these are the pieces of music which become favourite.

The lover cares for those tunes which his mistress was practising when he wooed; the wine bibber for those songs which accompanied and consecrated the feast, when the cellar of hospitality was rifled of its tawniest hoard of wine.

There is perhaps a danger in naturalizing, and in carrying to much refinement, the taste for music. Adam Smith observes, that cowards excel in the sense of hearing. From Vienna to Naples singing enchants, and cannon terrifies. Shakspeare makes his fribble Lorenzo a panegyrist of music; but his Portia is so dull of ear, she thinks the nightingale no better a musician than the wren. Orpheus was killed by a woman; The-

mistocles could not fiddle; Nero was a great musician. Polybius relates of two contiguous nations in Arcadia, that the one which cultivated music was voluptuous, mild, effeminate; and the other, which neglected music, was active, harsh, and courageous. Women care more for music than men.

The cultivation of music must, by the nature of the attention which it requires, gradually perfect and quicken the hearing; the organs of sense descend to children, with traces of the improved sensibility acquired by parents: it is not unlikely, that some tendency to startle and be alarmed should, as Adam Smith thinks, accompany or follow musicalness.

Music is liable to another charge. The love of song is, in some degree, a cure for genius. By causing the mind to dwell agreeably on one idea for the longest possible time, it gradually retards the process of thinking. Now it is in rapidity of combination that genius consists. There are persons to whom the slow enunciation of thought, which takes place in song, ought to be recommended: to all those, for instance, whose powers of intellectual combination are too rapid for their organs of speech, who hesitate, or who stammer.

It is strange that Desault, who is for curing every thing by music, who is for singing away pulmonary consumption, as well as hypochondriacs, and the bites of venomous reptiles, as well as the languors of lethargy, should never have classed singing among the remedies for defects of utterance.

A. A. R.

### FURZE FIRING IN MERIONETHSHIRE.

*Extract from a Letter, dated Tanybolch, 2nd Dec. 1809.*

"IT is customary in Merionethshire, at a certain period of the year, generally about October or November, to clear the hills of the furze and heath, with which they are covered, to make room for a pasture more salutary, and acceptable to the cattle. The method of destroying it is by fire; and as, in many places, it extends in an uninterrupted line to a consider-

able distance, the effect produced by such a conflagration is at once beautiful and awful. I spent, in company with some English ladies and gentlemen, a very pleasant day, with our old friend Mr. Owen, of Garth, about a week ago, where I witnessed a scene of "furze firing," which I will attempt to describe to you. After dinner, it was proposed by our host, that the gentlemen, of whom there were five besides myself, should go after tea, to see the range of hills at the back of his house, cleared of the furze with which they were encumbered: we gladly assented to his proposal; and leaving the ladies (rather ungallantly, I must confess) to keep each other company, we repaired to the top of a neighbouring hill, which commanded an unimpeded prospect of the surrounding scenery, and from which we witnessed this beautiful spectacle to great advantage. The hills destined for execution were situated a short distance from Cader Idris, and separated from that mountain by a broad and fertile valley. The firing had already commenced, spreading before the wind with amazing rapidity, and in a short time an extensive track was in one continued flame. The black and barren rocks of Cader

————— O'ertopping us  
In sullen majesty,

reflected the blaze, and appeared a huge mass of red hot coal; the affrighted game flew screaming over our heads, for refuge in the less frequented passes of the neighbouring mountain; and the persons of the incendiaries, bronzed by the red glare, and diminished in the distance, looked any thing but human, as they flitted through the flames, and suddenly disappeared; in short, I never beheld so grand, so awful a spectacle—a spectacle impossible to describe adequately.

We remained till the conflagration began to fade; and returned, mutually pleased, from the cold and cheerless region of a Welsh mountain-top, to the quiet and hospitable warmth of a Welsh fire-side."





SUBJECT OF THE PLATE,

FROM

LORD BYRON'S ROMANCE, "CHILDE HAROLD."

SONG TO INEZ.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow,  
Alas! I cannot smile again;  
Yet heaven avert that ever thou  
Should weep, and haply weep in vain.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe  
I bear, corroding joy and youth?  
And wilt thou vainly seek to know  
A pang even thou must fail to soothe?

It is not love, it is not hate,  
Nor low ambition's honours lost,  
That bids me loathe my present state,  
And fly from all I priz'd the most.

ANSWER

TO O NANNIE WILT THOU GANG WI' ME.

O DONALD I will gang wi' thee,  
Wi' thee to silent glens repair;  
The lowly cot has charms for me,  
For cheerfulness and peace are there.  
No more to shine in silken sheen,  
Nor deck'd in gems which fortune gave,  
Wi' thee I'll quit this husy scene,  
Where thou art bravest of the brave.

O Donald, when thou'rt far awa',  
Thou art not absent from my mind,  
For thee I'll face the mountain snaw,  
Nor shrink before the wintry wind.

And can that form and noble mien,  
 That arm so strong th' oppress'd to save ;  
 Can'st thou too quit this courtly scene,  
 Where thou art bravest of the brave.

O I can love, and love so true,  
 That perils keen with thee I'll share ;  
 What hardships can thy Nannie rue,  
 If love and Donald be but there ?  
 And should disease or pain befall,  
 Thy wounds with care should Nannie lave ;  
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recal,  
 Where thou wert bravest of the brave.

But Nannie's grief no eye could see,  
 Should fate decree that we must part ;  
 Donald, the shaft that's death to thee,  
 Can find no home but Nannie's heart.  
 In joy or sorrow, bond or free,  
 In sunny calm, or tempest's wave,  
 In life, in death, shall Nannie be  
 Wi' thee the bravest of the brave. M. H.

#### EPITAPH ON MARY ASHFORD.

THERE grew a lily in the vale,  
 Bedeck'd in robes of snowy white ;  
 Long did its balmy scent exhale,  
 Long did its modest hue delight.

At length, enraged, the tempest came,  
 And soon its fell destructive power  
 Before it swept the fragile frame,  
 And laid in dust the beauteous flower.

That flower, alas ! untimely doom !  
 Now here reclines its withered head,  
 Divested of its virgin bloom,  
 Its leaves despoil'd, its fragrance fled.

Yet, from the dust its faded form  
 In fairer vestments shall arise,  
 To sink no more amidst the storm,  
 But bloom immortal in the skies.

D. H. N.

## STANZAS,

*Addressed to the Village of Higham, Suffolk.*

DEAR tranquil seat of innocence and ease,  
 Where nature's hand her fairest hues hath spread;  
 Here once again I court the autumnal breeze,  
 Yet once again the wonted path I tread.

Still as the varied landscape meets my view,  
 Some well-known object strikes my wandering eye;  
 The stile where oft I've sat, yon church-yard yew,  
 Yon rustic porch alternate claim a sigh.

How does fond memory's busy pencil trace  
 The times when midst thy groves my \*\*\*\*\* stray'd;  
 The happy times when oft with loitering pace,  
 Together we have sought thy evening shade.

Oh! lovelier still, still dearer have thy groves  
 E'er since been held by James's grateful heart:  
 Sacred to \*\*\*\*\*, whom he fondly loves,  
 A radiant gleam of joy thy scenes impart.

And when kind heaven at length shall make me blest,  
 And give my \*\*\*\*\* to my faithful arms,  
 Oft hand in hand we'll seek these scenes of rest,  
 And fondly pause to contemplate thy charms.

JAMES STUBBIN.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A GROTTTO.

YE that doat on pride and power,  
 Shun this low-roofed mossy cell;  
 Here, to 'scape the fervid hour,  
 Genius loves with Peace to dwell.

Musing Solitude delights  
 Near this placid stream to rove;  
 Contemplation calm, delights  
 Her votarics near this hallow'd grove.

Welcome here the liberal mind,  
 Welcome here the breast that glows,  
 By tender sympathy refin'd,  
 To sooth each sorrow to repose.

J. S.

## MISERY IN STATE.

WHEN the winds of rough winter howl over the heath,  
 And the fast-driven snow threatens horror and death;  
 If unfriended, and exiled afar from her home,  
 The outcast of virtue unsheltered should roam;  
 If the child of her error should raise its faint cries,  
 For that food, which stern fate to its parent denies;  
 If heart-broken, by conscience, distracted with woe,  
 She calls upon death from her bed of cold snow;  
 Oh, happier her doom, though her couch the hard  
 ground,  
 Though despair in its fetters her brain should have  
 bound,  
 When compared to the heart, which is doom'd by sad  
 fate,  
 To weep o'er the splendour of Misery in State!

FRANCIS LATHOM.

## THE NEGRO'S RETORT.

AS lately return'd from the Isles of the West,  
 Lorenzo with health and prosperity blest,  
 And surrounded by friends, at his table presided,  
 Where all the good things of this world were provided,  
 A domestic, with Africa's hue on his skin,  
 A basket of apples and chesnuts brought in.  
 Lorenzo with wine and good fellowship warm,  
 To laugh at poor Mungo conceiv'd it no harm;  
 And exclaim'd, as he held up the fruit to his view,  
 "This apple's a white man; this chesnut is you."  
 "Ah! massa," said Mungo, "acknowledge I must,  
 The connection is good, the comparison just;  
 But Negro, like chesnut, tho' dark in his skin,  
 Is *white*, firm and sound at the *kernel* within,  
 While, tho' beauteous like apples is Buckra\* so smart,  
 He has oft many little black grains at his heart."

*Fugitive.*

\* The Negro's name for a white man.

To \*\*\*\* \*

'TIS past, the veil is torn away  
That hid the idol from my sight;  
And mocking reason's sober ray,  
Enfolded thee in fairy light.—  
With bitter agony I start,  
While flashing truth dissolves the spell,  
And ask my chill'd and sinking heart  
If this be what it lov'd so well.

Oh! worse than sorrow, worse than shame,  
When stern conviction points the dart,  
That pierces thro' her lover's fane  
The thousand veins of woman's heart.—  
When sinks the blaze of fancied worth,  
Whose lustre fed the fire of love,  
Its fall for ever darkens earth,  
And dims the hope that rests above.

Alas! that passion's clouds should rise,  
That mind's pure mirror to defile!  
Why was his heart unlike his eyes?  
Why was his love unlike his smile?  
Vain are those tears that wildly gush,  
While scorn is busy with his name;  
They cannot quench the burning blush,  
The proof and penance of his shame.

If from my lip the bolt of wrath  
Had dash'd the sparkling cup of bliss;  
Had shame and sorrow cross'd my path  
In any other form than this;—  
Still, trusting love, and tender pride,  
Had liv'd thro' every change of ill—  
Oh! \*\*\*\*, would that thou hadst died,  
For then I might have lov'd thee still:

Dear are the tears that gently flow,  
By fond and parted lovers shed;  
And blessed is the mourner's woe,  
Who weeps and watches o'er the dead.  
'Twere joy to change my bosom's pain  
For all that other hearts deplore;  
They weep because they love in vain,  
I mourn, that I can love no more.

*Fugitive.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "Lines on the Habeas Corpus Act," and the long nameless poem, (about Eve, &c.) sent with them, are deficient in every thing that constitutes poetry.—Plantagenet's verses are in the same predicament.—C. N. W.'s communications will be acceptable.—Acrostics are bad things, and the Acrostic on Wellington is the worst of the kind.—"The Pilgrim" gives promise of something better at a future time, but is not correct enough for insertion.—We hope for the sake of the author of lines "To Della," and two or three other poems, that his mistress, his "ever-pleasant girl," as he calls her, is no judge of poetry; as he very probably may dislike being laughed at.—B. L. has, we fear, more presumption than taste, or he would not predict, that Lord Byron's poems will be sold "to wrap up a penny-worth of cheese in a chandler's shop."—We shall be glad to see the Memoirs offered to us by X.—Rebuses are not admissible.—We cannot act on the suggestion of J. A. S.—"The Dream" has nothing striking in it.—The "Lines on Magazines" are deficient in spirit.—Juvénis's anecdote and Dutch proverb will not do for the Pocket Magazine.—L.'s outrageous humanity might certainly have found a better object of sympathy than Vizier Ali. To the practice of imprisoning men in an iron cage, the Editor is no friend; but assuredly Vizier Ali deserved severe punishment.—Ophelia's Monody, as the production of a young person, does her no discredit; but is not sufficiently poetical to be given to the public. It is left for her, as she desires.—We return thanks to J. M., Video, A Constant Reader, and numerous other correspondents, for their friendly hints. Our Ormskirk correspondent has thrown away his labour and postage.—We should be pointed at for our credulity, were we to insert the Extract of a Letter from Derbyshire.—Mrs. Robinson's poem has been repeatedly printed.—"Hercules and Omphale," "The Classing of Mankind," "The Prisoner's Lament," and Sonnets by Palemon and G. E., will not suit us.—We do not wish to prevent J. R. from being pleased with the story to which he alludes, but we must be allowed to retain our opinion of it.—More Cross Readings in our next.—Some of the "Anecdotes" will probably be inserted.—Three poems by Z., Lines on Freedom, Letter to Chloe, J. W. R.'s verses, A Soliloquy, Lines by U. U. L., The Modern Buck, Lines on Miss McLean, and the Extempore Grace by Burns, will be inserted as soon as possible.—Those correspondents who are not answered now, will attribute it to their contributions not having been forwarded to the Editor.





LARA

CHRYSTIAN



THE  
POCKET MAGAZINE

OF

Classic and Polite Literature.

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A VISIT TO FUERTEVENTURA.

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*Port Cabras, Fuerteventura, Nov. 10, 1814.*

DEAR S.

WELL! here I am once again in the land of famine and fire; famine, if you will admit that having nothing but bread and goat's flesh to eat comes under that denomination, there being here neither butter, cheese, nor milk, sheep nor oxen, very few poultry, and no pigs, no wine, and what is worse than any thing else, *no water!* Here it never rains, unless you call it raining to have half a dozen showers in as many *years!* The ground is one mass of parched soil, with neither marsh nor moisture, and yet there is much corn produced; it being sufficient for a good crop, if there happens but one soaking shower at the necessary time for the seed; when this island becomes the granary of the other seven. This last year they have supplied them all, and are even now shipping grain for Cadiz: but next year's prospect looks very gloomy. The inhabitants are all bigotted fools, and downright savages withal. The island is nearly one hundred miles in length, by twenty or thirty broad, and contains about twelve thousand souls. The years 1810, 11 and 12, were years of famine:

the two first having no rain nor crops, and in the latter no seed; yet, though the people were dying by scores, they suffered the granaries of the priests to remain secure; while the priests, in return, let them die in peace, while they gorged in plenty. During this time the fever prevailed in the other islands, which prevented all intercourse.

In fact, this Fuerteventura appears a place marked out for desolation and distress, since it is only a few years ago that the whole island was rendered desolate by the locusts, which the wind brought from the coasts of Barbary, distant forty miles. These monsters came over in clouds, that even obscured the face of day; and on the sea in shoals, which looked like a floating island: in one night so many had arrived, that Mr. Miller assures me, there was not a blade of corn to be seen, nor a shrub, nor even a stone, throughout the whole island, that was not covered with them; and in less than three days the whole land was rendered desolate, and displayed a phenomenon at once sublime and horrible; the ground seemed covered with a scarlet mantle in every part, even to the summit of the barren mountains, and which from the sea seemed like a vast body of fire floating on the water, and more especially through a glass, when it then appeared to be all in motion. The people say, they lay three or four inches thick, and took them many mouths to destroy them; this they did by kindling fires, and choking them with the smoke, others drove them before them to the sea-shore, and watching the opportunity of the wind, hustled them out to sea, whence they never returned: while others, (*mirabile dictu!*) from necessity, fell to devouring them; they roasted, boiled, stewed, and even pickled them! what will not distress drive us to!

In this island are no houses; they are all hovels, miserable wretched hovels, with an earth roof and an earth floor: Port Cahras (*i. e.* the place of goats) has seven hovels and a halt; and contains in all about fifty people: Mr. Miller's habitation is the only house in the island, and may pass for a good building enough. He and his family are the only rational beings to be found; his house is open to all, where there is always a bed and a blessing. He is vice-consul, surgeon,

doctor, and apothecary, rector, curate, clerk, and chronicler; surveyor of all the ports and harbours, president of the board of health and of the admiralty, inspector-general and particular of the customs, paymaster of all the barilla-boats (viz. two, one large and one small), controller of the markets (viz. the regulation of the price of barilla and goat's flesh), the patron and sole director of all improvements in the country or on the coasts, the founder of a neat little chapel for divine worship, all the decent ornaments for which are the work of his wife and her sisters, the comforter and protector of all the unfortunates who inhabit the place, and the common father of the whole race of savages, whom he has for fifteen years been endeavouring to civilize and improve!

Such is Mr. James Miller, vice-consul of Fuerteventura, who, with nothing more than a gun, a few shot, and a stout heart, fifteen years ago, separated himself from a man he was serving in Lanzarote, and resolved to find a subsistence among the barren mountains that now surround me.

Fowling and fishing procured him a little cash and credit with the natives; he inclosed a bit of land, harilla grew spontaneously, he knew where it would grow best; the barilla he bartered to advantage, and enclosed more land, became the neighbour to a family, whom he civilized, and who in return assisted him: he freighted his harilla, and came with it to England, while his crops were improving under the eye of his neighbour, whom he taught to improve his own: he sold well, and established an agent in Liverpool to receive his barilla; this friend advised him to take back goods, which unfortunately did not sell here, and which he determined to take to America in a Spanish vessel; when near his port, she was taken by an English privateer, we being then at war with Spain, and his property once more brought back to Liverpool, while himself was kept on board the privateer, who was seven months at sea cruising between the capes; but at length placed him on board an English brig, and he once more arrived at Liverpool; after a long process, he recovered a part of his property, which he augmented through the interest of his friend, and he once

again set sail for America, where he sold to advantage, and returned to Fuerteventura; freighted a vessel with barilla, his own stock being greatly augmented in his absence, and thus began the world again.

In a little time after, he married his neighbour's daughter, with whom he had a large portion of barilla land, and has arrived at a point, whence he thinks he sees a distant prospect of visiting his native land, with a sufficiency for the remainder of his days!

During the last year of the famine, his case was very critical: his family consisted of himself and wife, a son of four years, two sisters and three brothers of his wife (all men and women), a poor French prisoner, and a maid servant, together with the maid's mother and younger sister, who must have perished but for his support; to which must be added forty men, whom he employed, to do nothing, or little better, about his lands, only that they might procure a little subsistence—in all, upwards of fifty souls.

Well! says he, I began to get melancholy and alarmed; my fowls were all gone, my goats, my ducks, and even my old camel; and my last hope, my pig, must at last go; the bread had long been out, and the last barrel of biscuit was near the bottom, when providence brought a British brig laden with flour! She had been to Teneriffe and Canary, but the sickness being there, she had no other port than this or Lanzarote, and she came here first. He bought the flour for four thousand five hundred hard dollars; and the whole country soon came down upon him; when the mayor had the impudence to command the flour should be sent up to the capital, and that they would see to the payment of the captain. Miller told them the flour was already bought and paid for, and that it should be sold at a reasonable rate, and in small quantities for the benefit of the poorer sort, while he was willing also to let the mayor or any others purchase to a certain extent, but that there should be no monopoly; upon which they sent down a guard of soldiers, with camels and camel drivers, to take him and his flour, and bear them up the country. But Miller armed his family, and taking his blunderbuss in his hand, stood at his door to receive them, and, as he says, determined

to have perished on the spot rather than have submitted; when, seeing him resolute, they desisted from their demand, but complied with his terms, and loaded the camels with what they bought.

He is one of the most mild and patient beings on earth, but can also be the most resolute; a perfect philosopher, according to our idea of the term; he has not an atom of pride beyond that of acting rightly, and is no boaster: his wife is, I think, the pleasantest and most agreeable woman I ever knew, and a pattern for all married women; with no beauty, she soars far above those that have such pretensions, and every action has a grace peculiarly her own, adapted to the matron and the mistress of a family: two minds so adapted to each other, so congenial, and so united in will and wish, serves to prove the true intent and design of matrimony. Here is no attractive quality but in each other's mind; at least on the part of Miller, who is a very plain man; but so it is.

In the month of August last, he took his passage in the *Duck*, Captain Stevenson, to go to Teneriffe to settle some accounts, he being the agent here for barrilla to many houses there. After being one day at sea, they were boarded and taken by the *Peacock*, American privateer, who after plundering, sunk the *Duck*.

The captain proposed to put Miller on shore, finding him to be the chief man in Fuerteventura, and then asked him what he thought was the value of the *Duck*, and whether he would have bought her, as he owned that they were greatly in want of money; but Miller told him he would have had nothing to do with her: the captain then asked him, if he could have water at Port Cabras; Miller told him yes; but that it would take a week or ten days, to bring it down from the country: this he said, in the hope of detaining him while he skipped over to the other side of the island, where he could dispatch a boat to Teneriffe, in case any British cruizers should be fortunately there: the fellow, however, would not wait. How dreadful is this scarcity of water!

There is a tradition in the island of nearly three hundred years date, which indicates, that these barren

mountains were then covered with trees, like those of Teneriffe and Canary, which served to attract the clouds, and produce those streams of water that are necessary for the land; while now there is neither tree nor shrub, nor any thing to relieve the eye from one extended view of barren rock. It is said, that the Spaniards improvidently cut down the whole, and never took the pains to plant others; the same was done at Lanzarote; so that these two islands wear the appearance of perfect deserts.\*

In Lanzarote, the moving sands render it like the deserts of Africa or Arabia; whole columns of sand, resembling the monument in size and appearance, being seen continually stalking across the island, covering and smothering whatever happens to lie in their way; fortunately, the wind in general either directs them to the sea, or a certain part of the island, where nothing exists to take any damage. The tops of the mountains are almost all of fiery appearance, of red ashes, though few are still burning.

We have this day been a journey of two or three miles along the parched plains in search of water for the ship's use, the captain, four or five sailors, and myself, there having been a fortunate shower the night before; here we found it in a hollow, and dipped it with tin pots out of the little dams the people make to receive such blessed drops; each dam containing, perhaps, a quart or a gallon! It is truly vexations to observe the heavy clouds roll over the hills; and, as if in enmity to the land, leave it, and at a little distance discharge all their water in the sea!!!

W.

\* It is highly probable that the Spaniards are correct in their opinion, that the denudation of the land has produced the injurious consequences under which they suffer. In North America, it has been observed that many streams have dwindled in size since the clearing of the woods.—EDITOR.

## THE HEIRESS OF GLENALVON.

*A Tale, by Selina Davenport, continued.*

The Miss Hammonds, though delighted at the arrival of their cousins, were not unmindful of the claim which their young friend had upon their friendship. They described, with the warm colouring of youth, all the beauty and elegance of her person; yet they dwelt chiefly upon the tenderness of her heart, and the kindness of her disposition; which they asserted was unspoiled either by the knowledge of her wealth, or the unbounded indulgence of her adopted mother. The Miss Hammonds naturally expected that their cousins would express some desire to be acquainted with one to whom they assigned so many good qualities; instead of which, they listened with a degree of coldness and seeming incredulity, which astonished and disappointed the friends of Selina. In the midst of their discourse, the carriage of Mrs. Glenalvon stopped at the parsonage, and the young heiress and her eldest brother Henry alighted.

"I am come," said Selina, still holding the hand of the youngest Miss Westbrook, to whom she had just been introduced, "to run away with you and your cousins, my dear Eliza, if your mamma will permit me. Captain and Mrs. Archdall, with my brothers and sisters, came down this morning. The castle is full of company, and my dear adopted parent is all life and spirits; but I felt that something was wanting to complete my happiness, and that was your presence. Mrs. Glenalvon proposed sending the carriage to fetch you; and I, who feared lest the arrival of your cousins might induce you to frame an excuse, whispered my wishes to Henry, who instantly agreed to my proposal. We stole from the dining table, hoping, my dear Eliza, that you would be able to persuade your cousins and your worthy parents to return with us to the castle."

The Miss Westbrooks though, like their Aunt Hammond, secretly prejudiced against the heiress of Glenalvon, could not withstand the effect which her appearance and manners immediately had upon them.

They had expected to meet with one elated by the consciousness of immense wealth, that accumulated every year, the possession of which they had imagined could not fail to render the owner purse-proud and overbearing. Nothing of this anticipated haughtiness of demeanour was visible in the conduct of Selina; her countenance, animated and beautiful, was expressive of the tenderest feelings; her voice, sweetly melodious, stole into the ravished hearts of her hearers, at once assuring them of her desire to please and to be pleased. Henry Archdall seconded the request of his sister, and, with the consent of Mrs. Hammond, the whole party returned with Selina to Glenalvon, as soon as they had made the necessary alterations in their dress.

In the course of the evening, the Miss Westbrooks were obliged to acknowledge to their cousin Eliza, that the fortunate heiress of Glenalvon appeared to merit even her warmest encomiums. Surrounded by her nearest and dearest connections, by superior rank, by splendid fortune, and by the voice of studied flattery, Selina evidently gave the preference to the society of the Miss Hammonds and their cousins. She knew that the latter were secretly smarting under the pressure of domestic misfortunes; she saw that they were amiable, she felt that their smile and their laugh were forced, and she determined to do all in her power to divert their attention from the calamity which had slighted their opening prospects. With delicate and generous kindness, Selina purposely distinguished the Miss Westbrooks from among the crowd of noble guests which filled the castle; while her brother Henry, though from a different cause, as he was ignorant of their misfortunes, had singled out Frederic Westbrook to be his more immediate companion.

Nor were these young people less the objects of Mrs. Glenalvon's attention than of that of her adopted daughter. She received them with flattering kindness, as being the relations of Mrs. Hammond. She seemed unusually struck with their persons, with that of Frederic in particular; and, though the duties of hospitality obliged her to divide her courtesies among her numerous visitors, yet her eyes would frequently wan-

der towards the spot were her soul's idol and the Westbrooks were seated, and a sigh, deep as it was bitter, would then escape her. It was a sigh to the memory of former years of blissful delusion, a sigh to the memory of early tenderness, which the appearance of these young people had called forth. Mrs. Glenalvon imagined that in their features, particularly in those of Frederic, she could trace out a resemblance to those of her mercenary lover; yet this must be imaginary, as she never remembered hearing him mention any relatives of the name of Westbrook.

Early next morning, Selina rose and hastened to the chamber of her adopted parent. Mrs. Glenalvon pressed her in unutterable fondness to her breast, as she besought of heaven to crown with fresh blessings every return of her natal day. "Selina, best and dearest gift of providence!" exclaimed Mrs. Glenalvon, "whose filial love and filial attentions have restored me once again to all the enjoyments of domestic happiness, speak, dearest of all earthly beings! Speak, and if at this joyous moment, you have one wish ungratified, impart it to your mother with fearless confidence. Ask, my Selina! and your wish shall be immediately gratified."

"My more than mother!" replied the grateful girl, returning the embrace of Mrs. Glenalvon, "who from my earliest years watched over me with ceaseless care and affection, and whose boundless liberality has until this hour left not a wish of mine unsatisfied! Yes, dear, revered, adored mother! the child of your adoption will fearlessly confide to you the earnest desire of her heart, confident that it will not only meet your approbation, but that it will receive your countenance and support." Selina then communicated to the attentive Mrs. Glenalvon, the circumstance entrusted to her by Eliza Hammond, concealing only the relationship which the amiable unfortunates had to the Hammonds. Mrs. Glenalvon listened with more than her accustomed interest. She looked thoughtful for a moment, then, kissing affectionately the blooming face of her favourite, she said, could my love for you admit of any increase, it would do so now, my Selina, now, while I hear you sweetly plead the cause of merit

in distress. The friends of Mrs. Hammond must not pine in misery, while you possess the means of sweetening the bitter cup of adversity. I know not why, but I suspect that the cousins of your friend, Eliza Hammond, form a part of the afflicted family for whom you now feel so warm an interest. If my suspicions are just, something more than present relief must be done for them. Here, my dearest girl, is two hundred pounds, which I present you as a birth-day gift. Henceforward, you will receive the same on the return of this blissful morning. Dispose of it as you think proper, and never, my Selina, when similar feelings of philanthropy and benevolence swell your bosom, hesitate to gratify the generous impulse of relieving a fellow creature in distress."

The delighted girl now hastened back to her own apartment, and, with a beating heart and trembling hand, enclosed to Mrs. Hammond the bank notes for two hundred pounds, with these few lines :

"I have heard, my dear madam, that a friend, in whose happiness you are interested, is, through the generosity of confidence misplaced, now suffering under pecuniary vexations. Accept, therefore, I beseech you, the birth-day gift of one who is too warmly attached to you and to your family, to feel happy herself, unless you are happy likewise.

SELINA."

Mrs. Hammond was at breakfast when the letter of Selina was brought by one of Mrs. Glenalvon's domestics. Her surprise may readily be conceived, and her admiration of the benevolent young heiress would not permit of her concealing from those who were present the letter and its enclosure.

"My prejudices are conquered," cried Mrs. Hammond; "they yield to the virtues of this lovely young creature, and even I must declare that she is worthy to be heiress of Glenalvon. My sanguine mind already anticipates, through her means, the accomplishment of all my hopes."

"But, dearest aunt," cried Frederic, hastily interrupting her, "you do not, I hope, intend to accept the generous gift of Miss Glenalvon. The sum is large,

and her adopted parent will certainly expect some account of its expenditure. Not for the universe would I draw down the anger of Mrs. Glenalvon upon the lovely and warm-hearted Selina, who is every way deserving the fortune which the bounty and affection of her injured friend has bestowed on her."

"The ardency of your feelings, my dear Frederic, and the loveliness of the youthful heiress, have led you to forget the important service which her kind donation may render to those who are most dear to us, and who, in some degree, have a sort of claim upon her assistance. A claim which I am ready to believe Selina would joyfully acknowledge, were she made acquainted with its extent."

"That I trust she will never be," said Frederic warmly. "In spite of prejudice, which I have imbibed from my infancy, I esteem and admire the charming heiress of Glenalvon; and, though duty and filial love plead as strongly in my bosom as ever they did, yet I cannot in conscience regret the disposal of Mrs. Glenalvon's property, since it is fallen to one who possesses a heart capable of feeling most warmly the misfortunes of others. A heart at once tender and animated, and a disposition so truly amiable, that it seems heaven to be in her society."

Mrs. Hamford looked at her nephew with a scrutinizing glance, but no expression of anger was visible in her quick-searching eye. "I cannot blame you, my dear boy," said she, tenderly embracing him, "for thus yielding to the power of beauty, sense, and humanity. Of all beings in the world the Heiress of Glenalvon was most the object of my aversion. You start incredulously, but it is true, Frederic. Until very very lately the sight of her was painful to me, and the sound of her name actually hateful. But when the genuine benevolence of her nature was proved to me, by the ready assistance which she bestowed on your dear but imprudent father,—when I felt convinced that, notwithstanding the extreme indulgence of her education, her heart was true to the native feelings of heaven-born sympathy, I gladly recanted my opinions, confessed the injustice of my dislike, and, but for one circum-

stance, could almost rejoice, like yourself, that Selina Archdall is Heiress of Glenalvon."

"Banish that one circumstance, dear aunt, from your mind," cried Frederic. "The ways of Providence are just. I am no longer disposed to murmur at its decrees. The misfortunes which have befallen my family, and crushed its fairest hopes, must be borne with patience and humility. Time may effect a change in our present prospects, but do not, dearest aunt, accept the liberal gift of Miss Glenalvon."

"I will consider it," replied Mrs. Hammond. "Tomorrow will be quite time enough to decide upon the propriety of returning the money. Let us not damp the joy of to-day, by dis-appointing the delighted girl in her friendly intentions of imparting a share of her own pleasure to the penitent and the captive. Go, my children, and dress yourselves, that we may not seem dilatory in congratulating the young heiress upon the return of her natal day. I will just pass a few minutes with Mr. Hammond in his study, before I attend you to the castle."

The young people were not slow in executing the orders of Mrs. Hammond. All were anxious to behold the warm-hearted girl, who, in the midst of feasting, revelry, and unbounded luxury, could abstract her mind from the joyous scenes around her to meditate upon the woes of a stranger, and who could part with so large a sum as 200*l.* to alleviate the distress of those whom she had never seen, and of whom she had heard but little, except that they were in affliction. Frederic, in particular, could with difficulty repress his feelings, which bordered on veneration, as he addressed her. It was not the brilliancy of her beauty, heightened as it now was by the splendour of her attire and the glitter of the various jewels with which Mrs. Glenalvon had adorned her person; it was the consciousness of her heart's inestimable treasures, which, to the ardent mind of young Westbrook, gave the finished charm to Selina's attractions. Mrs. Glenalvon smiled most graciously on him and his sisters, and to his inexpressible joy, proposed that he should open the ball in the evening with her adopted daughter; a wish which was

heard with pleasure by Selina, and accepted with rapture by Frederic, who appeared equally to have interested Captain and Mrs. Archdale; while their son Henry, who had already claimed the hand of the youngest Miss Hammond, made no scruple in confessing openly the partiality which he felt towards him.

The munificence of Mrs. Glenalvon was as unbounded as her affection, and the castle now exhibited all that wealth, combined with taste, could procure, to celebrate the natal day of its lovely heiress. Many of the neighbouring nobility were present, and many a prudent parent looked with a longing eye towards the splendid fortune of which Selina was the acknowledged heiress. To obtain this, they scrupled not to direct the attention of their sons to secure the favour of Mrs. Glenalvon, while they made a second attempt to gain the preference of her adopted daughter; but the same feelings appeared to govern both Mrs. Glenalvon and Selina, the same contempt of flattery, the same indifference to rank, while mutual sympathy, mutual generosity, made Frederic and his sisters the peculiar objects of their care and of their kindness.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NO. VI.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE CAPUCHINS, AT ROME.

BY AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

I WENT into the church of the Capuchins, to see a painting of Guido, representing the archangel Michael holding one of the devils by a chain. My pleasure was greatly interrupted by the capuchins assembled here. A lay brother, the valet of Cardinal Bernis, had just died, leaving a considerable property. The monks, after having put the body into a *capouche*, and carried it hither, stood now round the bier, with a number of ridiculous ceremonies.

My guide having mentioned the burial place of the capuchins as something very extraordinary, this raised my curiosity. Yet I never thought of meeting with a scene like that which struck me there. I shall never forget the impression which it made on me. The

reader must expect neither churchyard, nor vault, nor cellar, nor cavern. In a lower story of the convent, not quite underground, there is a range of arched chambers, with several windows looking into the garden of the convent, and all opened. I never breathed a purer air, than here; and certainly I was in need of it, for the aspect was itself sufficiently oppressive. A passage running down close under the windows, is allotted for the living that may wander here; and is separated by a small balustrade from the lower vaults, the quiet regions of death. Every arched room beyond this balustrade appears like a grotto; and each is laid out with human bones, and provided with niches. In every one of these niches we discover a dead capuchin, dressed in his capouche, and with a long beard; for the dead bodies buried here do not suffer putrefaction, but only dry up. The best preserved are placed in these niches. On each of the skinny carcasses there is attached a ticket, bearing the name, and the hour of death, of its possessor.

The apartments for this purpose are very small, yet harbour hundreds of such tenants. They lie here till they are dried up; when they are brought to light again, in order to yield their former spaces to their successors. A small plain black cross marks every grave. The ceiling is ornamented with arabesques, consisting of human bones. A pretty large cross is composed entirely of the small bones under the throat. Several girandoles with long branches, and lamps of different sizes, all hang down. Sconces of the same composition decorate the passage running along these places.

These chambers are all set out in different styles. One was decorated with skulls only, another with hip bones, and so on. We raised the *capouche* of one of the corpses, and discovered underneath it a skin very much like yellow parchment. Each of these holds a light in its hand, and every girandole and sconce is provided in the same manner; which must have a strange and solemn effect at night. No foreigner should neglect to visit these last retreats of humanity, where thousands of his fellow creatures peacefully dwell near or above each other. The Emperor Joseph

has been here ; and I wish every prince in Europe would do the same.

From the fourth grotto a door opens into a small chapel, where mass for the dead is said. It is laid out like the other rooms, but with a more sparing hand. The reflections of the stranger here are interrupted by the discovery of some very indifferent sonnets on human life, inscribed on the walls.

On leaving the chambers of the dead, we may cast a look on some fine paintings by Pietro di Cortona and Dominicho Lanfranco in the church, to dispel our gloom ; and may view the altar containing the remains of Justinus, a saint who is reported to have been at once a christian martyr and a philosopher.

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## MAN, AS UNCONNECTED WITH SOCIETY, COMPARED WITH OTHER ANIMALS.

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*To the Editor of the Pocket Magazine.*

SIR.—WE generally read with pleasure any thing written by another which favours any of our own opinions. I felt something of this upon reading your essay on periodical performances, in which you shew how much man is indebted to instruction for his present superiority to other animals.

I differ from you only in this : instead of thinking, that if an elephant, and the lowest individual as to intellectual powers among the human species, had been left entirely to themselves as individuals, that the elephant would have been the wisest, I am persuaded that a man possessed of the most extensive intellectual powers would not have excelled the elephant, and in many cases would have been in much worse circumstances than the elephant, and than many other of the brutes far inferior to him in sagacity, if left entirely to himself.

The powers of the mind must have some object to act upon as well as the senses of the body ; and the mind of a man left entirely to himself, could be furnished with objects only from things in nature which fell under his own observation, and of these he could

judge only by the manner in which they affected his senses. But how contracted man's knowledge arising from this source must have been, appears from that of those who, beside possessing great mental powers, enjoy the benefit of education. And who knows how very absurd notions might have arisen from the fertile imaginations of a Plato or an Aristotle, had they been left entirely to themselves.

The extent of mental powers, possessed by the ancient philosophers, it will be universally allowed, did not secure to them the discovery of truth. And from the great extent to which many of them possessed these, had they been left wholly to themselves, (in which case, as is above said, they could judge of nothing but by the manner in which it affected their outward senses, which certainly are the only channels in which instruction is conveyed to the mind) their minds would probably have been filled with ideas worse than total ignorance. The human mind is framed to receive instruction; but being, in its natural state, incapable of judging betwixt truth and error, it is susceptible of either.

Such considerations as these, have frequently led me to think, that those nations who worship the sun and moon are, of all other idolators, most excusable, if I may speak so. The sun's appearance being so glorious, and the happy influences of it, both in diffusing light, and producing vegetation, being so sensibly felt by them, no wonder that their minds rested, and continue to rest there. It is observable, at the same time, that worshipping these heavenly bodies, and the manner in which this is to be performed, does not arise from the effect which these bodies make upon their minds, but is as much a matter of instruction among them, as the sciences are among us.

Man's knowledge being so limited and corrupted, he could not be said to be in reality wiser than the elephant; for wrong opinions are certainly worse than none. But further, he must as an animal have been in much worse circumstances than the elephant, and than many other, if not all the other animals. Being destitute of those instincts which the brutes possess, he is incapable of knowing what is useful or hurtful

to him so much as to approach with indifference the most hurtful objects.

This indeed would, in some measure, be overcome by experience; but against this the brutes are secured by their instincts. An instance of this, and of man's ignorance, we have in the history of the Polar bear, as written by some anonymous authors, and published at Newcastle last year. "The Kamtschadales," say they, "acknowledge infinite obligations to the bears, for all the little progress they have hitherto made, as well in the sciences as the polite arts. They confess themselves indebted wholly to those animals for all their knowledge in physic and surgery; that by observing what herbs they have applied to the wounds they have received, and what methods they have pursued when they were languid and out of order, they have acquired a knowledge of most of those simples, which they have now recourse to, either as external or internal applications."

An instance of the sagacity of another animal, is given us by Vaillant in his account of his travels, which, though it is now published in an abridgement of that work, yet, as many of your readers may not see it perhaps, I shall transcribe it: "An animal," says he, "which rendered me still more essential service than my cook, was a monkey, of that kind known at the Cape under the name of Bowians. I made him my taster. Whenever we found any fruits or roots, unknown to my Hottentots, we presented them to Kees; if rejected by him, we concluded them noxious." From this it appears, that they never found any thing hurtful which Kees accepted.

This defect in natural knowledge in man, is amply compensated for by the communicative faculty, as you justly observe. Man possesses powers which enable him to receive instruction to a much greater extent than the most sagacious brutes; but without instruction, these would have been nearly, if not entirely lost.

This observation is supported by a well known fact, viz. that the extent and progress of knowledge in a state, bear a proportion to the freedom of its government, and its intercourse with other nations. Where

a government prevents its subjects from communicating their ideas to each other with freedom, and from communicating with other countries in their respective discoveries, their knowledge must be limited, and its progress prevented. The same may be said of that nation, which, though not under such a government, yet excludes itself by prejudice from intercourse with other nations.

This leads to another reflection, which, though obvious, is too seldom thought of, viz. that the superiority of one country to another, is wholly owing to the advantages of superior means of instruction, and the freedom of conversation. We too often consider the uncivilized part of mankind as creatures of an inferior rank to us, as it is expressed by a poet.

“Thoughtless these, scarce men accounted.”

Their minds, however, are certainly as capable of being improved as ours. They only want that which gives us the superiority—instruction, and freedom of communication with other nations. Of this last they are, I apprehend, deprived by their prejudices, not by their form of government. In their present state, however, they are instances of what we would have been had we laboured under the same disadvantages.

*Queries.* Do the proprietors of slaves instruct them, or do they find it most for their advantage to keep them in ignorance; if so, can any practice be vindicated which tends to keep any of the human race in ignorance, while we have an opportunity of instructing them? And whether is the amassing wealth by the ignorance of our fellow creatures, most worthy the enlightened mind, or the sharing the profits of a lucrative business with them, and storing their minds with useful knowledge? \* But to return.

I think you have given us a striking proof of the equality of the powers of the human mind in every nation, which I wish you to continue.

In a consistency with these my sentiments, I heartily wish success to your laudable attempt to promote usc-

\* I allude to giving them their liberty, and paying them wages.

ful knowledge; and if you think these remarks may have any tendency this way, though it can be but very little I acknowledge, they are at your service.

I would only add this reflection: As man's knowledge of the things of this world would be so very contracted, if left wholly to himself, he certainly could never have conceived of such an infinite exertion as creating power, nor of a future state. For the knowledge of both these truths, we are, I am persuaded, wholly indebted to divine Revelation.

To acknowledge an incapacity to discover these, is not unworthy of the greatest philosopher, as it is only acknowledging his obligations for instruction to the great Creator of these objects of his wonder and admiration,—the heavens and the earth,—to that Being who hath raised him superior to the rest of mankind, by a more enlarged degree of mental powers.

I am, Sir,

A READER.

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## ESSAY ON SELF-DECEPTION.

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*Decipimur specie recti. Horace.*

THERE is not so much wickedness in the world as is believed. The hand of nature has engraven the love of truth and justice on the heart, in such forcible lines, that they are never wholly erased: besides, a little reflection will show, if we consult our interest, that honesty is the best policy, and that knavery is folly and stupidity.

But there is a species of honesty, which unfortunately is more uncommon. I mean that discernment which prevents us from deceiving ourselves, and keeps a watchful eye over our passions and thoughts. The secret approbation which insensibly steals into the heart, when we reflect on the performance of a good action, would render the consciousness of vice almost insupportable. For this reason, our pernicious inclinations always seek, from our own ingenuity, some specious and imposing attire. A cunning pretext, or

a sophistical reason is found, and we persuade ourselves, by degrees, that a crime is not only free from guilt, but that it is a laudable action. Thus many who would shrink, with all the horror of an ingenuous mind, from deceiving others, are in the daily practice of deceiving themselves. They are honest, honourable, and, if you please, high-minded men, in one sense; but it is not less true, that in some of the most important parts of duty, they become downright knaves and hypocrites.

Aristus is a judge. He is an upright man. He has, to use the language of Tribouaou, the constant desire to do right; at least he believes so. He is far above the suspicion of corruption. But of two parties who come before him, let one be a friend to whom he is under great obligations, a man who has all his respect and confidence. Without being conscious of it, all his leaning is on this side: the arguments of the opponent are weak and impertinent to the issue; while those of the friend carry conviction in every word. What he wishes, he believes; and the honest Aristus, from the best intentions, becomes his own dupe, and pronounces an unjust decision, without the slightest violation of his conscience.

Clairville is a man of honour; he has good parts and an honest heart. But he wished to make a dash. He had a taste for luxury and expense. He had no fortune, and he had an ardent desire to acquire one, because he was sure that he should employ it nobly. He cherished an exalted opinion of the female sex, and believed that the happiness of his life depended upon a prudent marriage. Nothing, however, was more revolting to his feelings, than the idea of marrying from motives of interest. When he offered his hand, he resolved that he would be governed only by motives of the most pure and tender affection. In this temper of mind, he met Leonora at a ball. It is true, report had spoken goldenly of her wealth. But he thought not of so trivial a circumstance. He listened only to the music of her voice; he saw only the charms of her face, and the elegance of her manners. He became restless and impatient. He confided to his friends the secret of his heart, and fatigued them with impas-

sioned eulogiums on the perfection of his mistress. In the glowing language of a lover, his fancy depicted a glittering rainbow of future felicity, and he was surprised that none of them could participate in his enthusiasm.

Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,  
By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,  
The first, the fairest in a young man's eye,  
Is woman's captive heart.

So sung the poet, and Clairville soon realized that triumph. He was received as a favoured suitor, and he thought himself the most fortunate of men. Sinister circumstances intervened; and the fidelity of the impatient lover was put to the test. The failure of an extensive banking-house swept into the hands of a crowd of creditors, the patrimony of the opulent heiress. But what then? The eye of Leonora sparkled with as bright a lustre as it did when she saw herself surrounded by all that wealth can procure. The smile of soft serenity played upon her lips: melody yet hung upon her voice, and good nature still regulated her thoughts and actions. Young, beautiful, and generous, she had no sordid cares to disturb her reflections, and she confided in the fond affection of an honorable mind. But how was Clairville affected by this sudden revolution? With such sentiments as he professed, it was not to be supposed, that he would hesitate an instant between opulence and felicity, interest and affection. He loved Leonora for the patrimony which nature had allotted, not for that which she derived from her ancestry. It was not the reverse of fortune which had befallen his mistress, but a prudent regard to his own happiness, which suggested the propriety of more deliberate reflection. He began to apprehend a want of similarity in their tempers and taste; the veil which had hitherto obscured his vision was suddenly removed; he discovered a plaintive expression in her countenance, indicative of something which he feared would not assort with his own liveliness of disposition. In a word, importunity soon became indifference, and Leonora saw a respectful visitor instead of an ardent lover. His mistress dismissed him with contempt, and

when he resorted to his friends, they laughed at his complaints.

Clairville hastened to his lodgings, and took himself to task.

The advocate contends feebly who accuses himself. Clairville was found guilty of no higher crime than inconstancy, and he could not govern his inclinations. By this self-deception he escaped the shame of mercenary motives; an imputation which would have wrung his heart with the most poignant mortification.

In the fine fable of Cebes, which Dr. Johnson has given to the English reader, deceit is called, by the Greek philosopher, the miscader of man. She holds a cup, and her followers are said to be so blinded by a draught of it, that they are incapable of distinguishing the true way of life. This vessel is not yet exhausted, and we continue to drink from it with eagerness, though its mischievous influence is so manifest. Thus we go on in self-delusion from day to day, and we are summoned to die before we have learned how to live.

SEDLEY.

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### MORE CROSS READINGS.

*To the Editor of the Pocket Magazine.*

SIR—I heartily hope we shall have more Cross Readings in your next. I beg your insertion of two or three that have met my view lately.

*Croydon, April 8, 1818.*

A CORRESPONDENT.

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LAST week a flash of lightning struck a house—the villain is in custody.

The health of Sir F. Burdett was then drank in—pint bottles of Day and Martin's Liquid Blacking.

Yesterday a violent thunder-storm—was bound over to keep the peace for two years.

Last week a poor woman was safely delivered of—one serjeant, two corporals, and thirteen rank and file.

## NATURAL PHENOMENA.

## No. 4.—THE INDIAN ICHNEUMON.

THE Indian Ichneumon is a small creature, in appearance between a weasel and a mongoose. It is of infinite use to the natives, from its inveterate enmity to snakes, which would otherwise render every footstep of the traveller dangerous. The proofs of the sagacity which I have seen in this little animal, says Mr. Percival, are truly surprising, and afford a beautiful instance of the wisdom with which providence has fitted the powers of every animal to its particular situation on the globe. This diminutive creature, on seeing a snake ever so large, will instantly dart on it, and seize it by the throat, provided he finds himself in an open place, where he has an opportunity of running to a certain herb, which he knows instinctively to be an antidote against the poison of the bite, if he should happen to receive one. I was present at an experiment tried, at Columbo, to ascertain the reality of this circumstance. The ichneumon procured for the purpose, was first shewn the snake in a close room. On being let down to the ground, he did not discover any inclination whatever to attack his enemy, but ran about the room to discover if there was any hole or aperture by which he might get out. On finding none, he returned hastily to his master, and placing himself in his bosom, could not by any means be induced to quit it, or face the snake. On being carried out of the house, however, and laid down near his antagonist in an open place, he instantly flew at the snake, and soon destroyed it. He then suddenly disappeared for a few minutes, and again returned, as soon as he had found the herb and cat of it. This useful instinct impels the animal to have recourse to the herb on all occasions, where it is engaged with a snake, whether poisonous or not. The one employed in this experiment was of the harmless kind, and procured for the purpose.

## THE TALIPOT TREE.

THIS tree grows in Ceylon. Its leaf is completely circular, terminating in the most beautiful rays; it folds up into plaits, like a fan, which in figure it nearly resembles. In size and thickness it completely surpasses almost all other leaves. The breadth of the diameter is from three to four feet, and the length and thickness in proportion: it is large enough to cover ten men from the inclemency of the weather. It is made into umbrellas of all sizes, and serves equally to protect the natives against the intolerable rays of the sun, and the rains, which at particular seasons deluge their country. As it is of such an impenetrable texture, as to defy both the sun and the monsoon, it affords a shelter even more secure than their huts. During the violent rains, it is not unusual to see the natives prop up one end of a talipot leaf with a stick two or three feet long, and then creep under it for protection. These leaves, being smooth, are also employed for writing upon. They are cut into long slips, on which the Arabic characters are traced by means of a fine pointed steel pencil, like a bodkin.

## FOSSIL SWINE.

AN extraordinary discovery was some years ago made in a courtlage, on a rising ground belonging to Chapel Farm, in the parish of Cruwys Morchard, near Tiverton. The house and estate are the property of Mr. Brooks, a wealthy and respectable farmer residing there. It was formerly a monastery belonging to the Augustine friars; and at the dissolution of the religious houses, fell into the hands of the Cruwys's, from whom, by various alienations, it came to the present possessor. In order to convert a very fine spring into a pond, to water the meadows below, and also for the use of the cattle, Mr. Brooks dismantled the courtlage, the lincays, sheds, &c. and began to sink an extensive pond. When the workmen had sunk about ten feet from the surface, the strata appearing in a natural state, they came to a spongy matter; it ap-

peared to be a very thick cuticle of a brown colour. They soon found bits of bones, and lumps of solid fat, of the same colour. Astonished at this discovery, one of them ran for his master, who upon viewing the place, sent for Mr. Sharland, a person of great experience and practice as a farrier in the neighbourhood. It was then resolved to work cautiously round the carcase; and at last the complete body of a hog was found, reduced to the colour and substance of an Egyptian mummy;\* the flesh was six inches thick, and the hair upon the skin very long and elastic. As the workmen went on further, a considerable number of hogs, of various sizes, were found in different positions; in some places, two or three together; in other places singly, at a short distance. Upon the bodies being exposed in contact with the open air, they did not macerate nor reduce to powder, as is usually the case with the animal economy after lying two or three centuries divested of air: perhaps this may be occasioned by the mucilage of the bacon. This piggery continued to the depth of twelve feet, when the workmen stopped for the season, and the pond was filled with water.

The oldest man in the parish had never heard that the ground had ever been broken; and, indeed, the several strata being entire, renders it impossible to conjecture from what causes this extraordinary phenomenon can be accounted for. The family of Cruwys have a complete journal of remarkable events which have happened in the parish for three centuries; and not the least mention is made of any disorder which could occasion such a number of swine to be buried in such a situation.

\* The name of this wax-like substance is Adipocere. The substance is produced by the action of water on flesh, with the exclusion of air. It appears even that the change will, under some circumstances, take place without the presence of water. Several years ago, many bodies in the burying ground of "The Innocents," at Paris, were found converted into this substance. If I remember right, Dr. Gibbes, of Oxford, some years since established a manufactory, for the conversion of animal muscle into Adipocere, by the action of water, but the manufacture was soon discontinued.—EDITOR.

## THE GYMNOTUS ELECTRICUS.

THE peculiar species of electricity, or galvanism, exerted at pleasure by this extraordinary animal, is such as greatly to surpass that of the torpedo, so long the subject of admiration, both in ancient and modern times. The electric gymnotus is a native of the warmer regions of Africa and America, where it inhabits the larger rivers, and is particular found in those of Surinam: in Africa it is said chiefly to occur in the branches of the river Senegal. It is a fish of a disagreeable appearance, bearing a general resemblance to a large eel, though somewhat thicker in proportion, and of a much darker colour, being commonly of an uniform blackish brown. It is usually seen of the length of three or four feet, but is said to arrive at a far larger size, specimens occasionally occurring of six, seven, and even of ten feet in length.

It was first made known to the philosophers of Europe about the year 1671, when its wonderful properties were announced to the French Academy by M. Richer, one of the gentlemen sent out by the academy to conduct some mathematical observations in Cayenne. This account, however, seems to have been received with a degree of cautious scepticism by the major part of European naturalists, and it was not till towards the middle of the late century, that a full and general conviction appears to have taken place; the observations of Mons. Condamine, Mr. Ingram, Mr. Gravesand, and others, then conspiring to prove that the power of this animal consists in a species of real electricity, being conducted by similar conducting substances, and intercepted by others of an opposite nature. Thus, on touching the fish with the fingers, the same sensation is perceived as on touching a charged vial; being sometimes felt as far as the elbows; and if touched by both hands, an electric shock is conveyed through the breast in the usual manner. Fermin, in particular, who, during his residence in Surinam, had frequent opportunities of examining the animal, demonstrated by experiment, that fourteen slaves holding each other by the hands, received the shock at the same instant; the first touching the fish with a stick,

and the last dipping his hand into the water in which it was kept. The experiments of Dr. Baneröft were equally satisfactory. After this, viz. about the year 1773, Mr. Williamson, in a letter from Philadelphia to Mr. Walsh, so celebrated for his observations relative to the electricity of the torpedo, communicated his own highly satisfactory experiments on the gymnotus. On touching the animal with one hand, in such a manner as to irritate it considerably, while the other was held at a small distance from it in the water, he experienced as strong a shock as from a charged Leyden vial. The shock was also readily communicated through a circle formed by eight or ten persons at once; the person at one extremity putting his hand in the water, near the fish, while the other touched the animal. It is by this extraordinary faculty that the gymnotus supports its existence: the smaller fishes and other animals which happen to approach it, being instantly stupified, and thus falling an easy prey to the electrical tyrant. So powerful is the shock which this fish in its native waters is capable of exerting, that it is said to deprive almost entirely of sense and motion those who are exposed to its approach, and is therefore much dreaded by those who bathe in the rivers which it inhabits.

#### LOSS OF THE RUECCA.

THIS river runs between rocks of a considerable height, whose ruggedness is insurmountable, even by the most adventurous herdsman: above these rocks appear the antique and dismantled towers of Novo Scoglio, (in Dalmatia), exhibiting the vestiges of savage feudality, in the bosom of more savage nature. Not far from this spot is the village of San Canciano, or Saint Kasiun, which is likewise situate on the summit of the rocks. At the foot of this village, the Ruecca affords to those who take delight in the phenomena of nature, a spectacle, the like of which is seldom to be found in the world: in this part the fissure in the rocks is so vertical, that they appear to have been cut by the hand of man, and this steepness is every where alike, however various may be the lines

which they follow in their super-position; but what adds more to their singularity, is their summits, which are cut with a sort of symmetry, and appear like so many square towers, that command, and seem to defend those gigantic walls, or they might rather be taken for battlements. At the base, that is to say, in the almost unfathomable abyss formed by these natural ramparts, the Rucecca winds and runs with a sort of majestic slowness, seeming to disdain the opposition of the blocks with which its bed is every where interspersed, till it suddenly arrives at an immense cavity, the frightful and sombre peristyle of a subterraneous gallery, of which the terrified imagination can neither guess, nor measure the depth. In fact, this gulph may be described as an enormous and inconceivable precipice, into which the waters of the Rucecca fall, with a tremendous noise, and are lost from the observance of man; but whither they go, to what depth they may fall, or how long they have disappeared in this receptacle, he has never been able to ascertain, and many ages will yet pass away, before this mystery will be discovered. No one can conceive the dreadful and incessant roaring of the waves, in the deep cavities of this impenetrable abyss, nor the terror which seizes on the spectâtor, at his first view of the gulph.

But this is not all; for the traveller, if he proceed no further, will have but an incomplete idea of the singular destiny of the Rucecca; he must, if possible, pass this mountain, or rather this gigantic wall, the fractured sides of which absorb the river. The other side affords a spectacle not less extraordinary, and perhaps still more wild; the same ruggedness and nudity in the rocks, but more disorder and confusion: the masses, which are equally vertical here, obstruct, intersect, and pass each other in various directions, while the summits frequently come in contact, and at other times appear at a considerable distance from each other; in short, the whole presents the most shapeless and terrific chaos.

It is in the midst of these numerous blocks, that the Rucecca, after meandering through the bowels of the mountain, issues violently from a deep and narrow fissure, and disgorges itself into a large basin, six hun-

dred feet below the level of San Canciano, which is so shaded by the elevation of the rocks, that it is constantly inaccessible to the rays of the sun. It is even pretended, that all attempts to ascertain its depth by sounding have proved ineffectual.

In fact, this may be considered as the tomb of a river so remarkable for its adventures; the threads of water which trickle from the overflowing of the basin, after having run for some time across the rocks that lie dispersed below this kind of crater, diminish till they become imperceptible, and thus the Ruecca disappears for ever.

TO THE  
EDITOR OF THE POCKET MAGAZINE.

REMARKS ON SECURITY.

SIR,—As an admirer of your widely-circulated Magazine, I cannot refrain from *attempting* to be of some little service to its Editor, by offering the following.

IF there is one being more unintelligible than another, it is a—Watchman.

If there is one being older, and more helpless than another, it is a—Watchman.

If there is one being more paid for doing nothing that is really useful than another, it is a—Watchman.

The scripture says, “If the Lord keepeth not the city, the watchman waketh but in vain!” I am sure, that none but the Lord keepeth *our streets*. For,

If there is one being more sleepy than another, it is the—Watchman.

And yet, if there is one being more inclined to raise a racket than another, it is the—Watchman.

And some recent events prove, that,

If there is one being possessed of less humanity than another, it is a—Watchman.

And *perhaps* if there is one being more connected with thieves and house-breakers than another, it is a—Watchman.

From yours, a wakeful Inhabitant of — street,

T. B.

## MANDEVILLE.

*A Tale, by William Godwin, continued.*

In the forest of Shotover, Mandeville wandered distractedly about, penetrating into thickets, climbing up rocks, and meditating upon his cruel destiny, till reason entirely lost its empire over his mind. He was found the next morning at the bottom of a pit, in a state of complete insanity, and was conveyed to a receptacle for lunatics, at the neighbouring village of Cowley. In this place he passed several weeks without manifesting the possession of a single ray of intellect. All was tumult, rage, unbounded phrenzy. The horrid sights of his infancy, and the execution of Penruddock and his royalist friends, were for ever present to his disordered imagination. Violence was employed to restrain his fury, and this violence aggravated his sufferings. When reason at length returned, his beloved Henrietta was watching over him. She had been with him for several weeks, acting the part of a ministering angel, but he had been wholly unconscious of her presence. From this time his health and sanity of mind acquired strength, and he was soon in a condition to be removed to Beaulieu, the residence of his sister.

In this calm retreat, far from all that could agitate him, or revive unpleasant ideas, it was the constant endeavour of Henrietta to render his passions controllable, and to conquer that misanthropic spirit, which was the bane of his existence. Every argument that a noble and well-cultivated mind could suggest was clothed by her, for this purpose, in the most elegant language, and uttered with a tenderness of manner, and sweetness of voice, which had irresistible charms. His heart softened as he listened to her; and the doctrine itself gained something of that love which he felt for the being who taught it.

There remained yet one task, a delicate task, for Henrietta to perform, before her work could be considered to be perfect. It was necessary to reconcile Mandeville with Clifford, whom Lord Montague had

invited to spend a few days at Beaulieu, for this very purpose. Clifford had been spared by Cromwell, and was now patronized by a distant relation, who was a catholic, and of whom, it was probable, he would become the heir. The subject of the interview was skilfully introduced by Henrietta in a favourable moment, and Mandeville, won by her reasoning, consented to extend once more the hand of friendship to the long-detested Clifford.

The meeting took place, and the two youths interchanged expressions of kindness, and hopes of future good-will. Mandeville at first behaved with firmness and liberality. Soon, however, his latent feelings began to act, and he caught himself brooding over those ideas which he had promised to himself to discard for ever. Ashamed of his weakness, he rallied his powers, and once more put envy and hatred to flight. At this critical moment, one of the company pressed Clifford to relate to them the means by which, after the miscarriage of the royalists at Salisbury, he had succeeded in covering the flight of Sir Joseph Wagstaffe. Clifford would fain have avoided this dangerous subject; he cast on Mandeville a look of supplication and distress; and Mandeville, anxious to obtain a triumph over the worst part of his own nature, expressed his wish that the story might be told. It was related by Clifford with the most becoming modesty; but the share which he bore in it was too prominent and too honourable to be overlooked, and he was accordingly loaded with the praises of all who heard him. This was enough for Mandeville. It roused, into all its wonted malignity, the demon which slept in his bosom. Clifford was regarded as vain, insidious, eager to humiliate him; and he once more became the innocent object of a rooted and deadly aversion.

To avoid the sight of his hated enemy, he quitted Beaulieu, leaving behind him a letter, to apprize Henrietta that he was gone for a few days on a visit to a franklin, at whose house he had formerly hoarded, near Winchester. Change of scene, and of society, calmed him for a while; but a dream, in which Clifford was the principal actor, again agitated his mind. He went back to Beaulieu, and there the presence and sisterly

attentions of Henrietta produced, as they generally had done, a transient serenity.

But it was the fate of Mandeville, for ever to meet with something which tore open the wound that had scarcely ceased from bleeding. He was one day invited by Lord Montague, to dine with the young Marquis de Gevres, who had just arrived from France, and was looked upon as the ornament of the court of Louis the Fourteenth. The conversation at table turned on the exiled family of England; and the Marquis described their characters, and narrated the sufferings to which they were exposed. He next adverted to Cromwell, and lamented the success which had crowned the attempts of the usurper, to corrupt the fidelity of some of the partisans of the royal cause. This naturally led him to speak of the failure of Colonel Penruddock's enterprize; and, while he was descanting on this head, he said, "it was well known, that a youth of seventeen, of one of the first families of Great Britain, though he could not recollect his name, had had the baseness to submit to be made a tool for this purpose. He had been introduced to the commander of the western army, for the purpose of being appointed secretary to the expedition; and had it not been for the vigilance and caution of Sir Joseph Wagstaffe and Lord Bellasis, this infernal design would have succeeded."

It may easily be imagined what was the agony of Mandeville at this instant. Lord Montague, however, immediately and warmly undertook his vindication: assuring the marquis that the story was wholly groundless, that it was a mere question of priority of appointment, and that there was no individual who cherished more than Mandeville an unshaken fidelity and generous devotion to the royal cause; and he entreated the marquis to clear up the mistake to King Charles, and thus remove from the mind of his majesty any unfavourable impressions which it might have hastily received. The marquis, shocked at the injustice which he had unknowingly committed, expressed his deep regret to Mandeville, entreated his friendship, and assured him, that he would lose no time in setting him right in the opinion of his sovereign.

It was, nevertheless, in vain that Lord Montague reminded Mandeville, that he ought to rejoice at the circumstance which had happened, as it had afforded an opportunity to refute calumny, and do justice to his character. The shaft had pierced deep into the heart of Mandeville. He had been traduced; he had been looked on as a traitor by his king; and though he had, indeed, now been vindicated, the slander had probably spread where the refutation would never reach, and thus he must live, and descend to after times, a branded and degraded being. However innocent, it was shame and disgrace even to be accused. His haughty spirit rebelled, and his heart sickened, at the thought. And who was the cause of all this? Was it not Clifford; Clifford who had always impeded and eclipsed him, who had driven him mad, and through whom he had undergone whips and chains, a dark chamber, and ignominious cords? This last stroke was the crowning one. It gave him wholly to rage and revenge. "Hatred," said he, "bitter and implacable hatred, became now more than ever the inmate of my bosom. I lived but for one purpose, the extinction of Clifford. This was the first object of my existence, the preliminary, the *sine qua non*, of all my other pursuits: I devoted myself to this end, as Hannibal, by the instigation of his father, at nine years of age, swore upon the altar of his country, deadly and eternal enmity to the Romans. If, from this time forward, any creature that lived addressed to me one syllable in favour of Clifford, that creature, be his claims upon me in other respects what they might, entered into the fief of my abhorrence, and became included in the savage sentence of his extermination. On other subjects I might have a heart of flesh, I might be accessible to tender and humane feelings; but on this, I was the iron man, with ribs of steel, described by Spenser: no relenting, no-intreaty, no supplication could approach me: I was deaf as the uproar of conflicting elements, and unmelting as the eternal snows that crown the summit of Caucasus."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NO. VI.

## ANECDOTE AND WIT.

## No. 5.—HANDEL.

DURING the latter part of Haudel's Life, says Dr. Miller, when a boy, I used to perform on a German flute, in London, at his oratorios. About the year 1753, in the Lent season, a minor canon, from the cathedral of Gloucester, offered his service to Mr. Handel to sing. His offer was accepted, and he was employed in the chorusses. Not satisfied with this department, he requested leave to sing a solo air, that his voice might appear to more advantage. This request also was granted; but he executed his solo so little to the satisfaction of the audience, that he was, to his great mortification, violently hissed. When the performance was over, by way of consolation, Handel made him the following speech: "I am sorry, very sorry, for you indeed, my dear sir! but go back to your church in de country; God will forgive you for your bad singing; dese wicked people in London, dey will not forgive you."

## ADMIRAL HOPSON.

ADMIRAL HOPSON was born at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. Having been left an orphan at an early age, he was apprenticed to a taylor; but disliking his situation, and inspired by the sight of a squadron of men of war coming round Dunnose, he suddenly quitted his work, ran to the beach, jumped into the first boat he saw, and plied his oars so skilfully, that he quickly reached the admiral's ship, where he entered as a sea-boy. Within a day or two afterwards, they met a French squadron; and during the action that ensued, while the admiral and his antagonist were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm, young Hopson contrived to get on board the enemy's ship unperceived, and struck and carried off the French flag: at the moment when he regained his own vessel, the British tars shouted "victory," without any other cause than that the enemy's colours had disappeared. The French

crew, thrown into confusion by this event, ran from their guns, and while their officers were ineffectually endeavouring to rally them, the British seamen boarded their ship, and forced them to surrender. At this juncture, Hopson descended from the shrouds, with the French flag wrapped round his arm; and, after triumphantly exhibiting his prize to the seamen on the main-deck, he was ordered to the quarter-deck, where the admiral complimented him on his bravery, and assured him of his protection.

◆

QUAKER WIT.

A REVEREND sportsman was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding a hare. "If," said a quaker who was present, "I were a hare, I would take my seat in a place where I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee from the first of January to the last of December." "Why, where would you go?" "Into thy study."

◆

DR. WARTON.

DR. WARTON was invited, while master of Winchester school, to meet a relative of Pope, who, from her connection with the family, he was taught to believe could furnish him with much valuable and private information. Incited by all that eagerness which so strongly characterized him, he, on his introduction, sat immediately close to the lady, and, by inquiring her consanguinity to Pope, entered at once on the subject, when the following dialogue took place: "Pray, sir, did you not write a book about my cousin Pope?"—"Yes, madam."—"They tell me 'twas vastly clever. He wrote a great many plays, did'nt he?"—"I have heard only of one attempt, madam."—"Oh, no! I beg your pardon, that was Mr. Shakspeare; I always confound them." This was too much even for the doctor's gallantry; he replied, "certainly, madam!" and with a bow changed his seat to the opposite side of the room, where he sat, to the amusement of a large party, with such a mingled countenance of archness and chagrin; such a struggle between his taste for the ridiculous, and his natural politeness, as could be pourtrayed but by his speaking and expressive face.

## MR. CUMBERLAND.

ONCE on a time, Mr. Cumberland, it is said, invited himself to read to Lord North, and the ladies of the family, a piece which he had been preparing for the stage. His lordship parried the proposal, as long as it was consistent with good manners so to do. An author's charity, in communicating such pleasure as his works are capable of affording, is not easily to be frustrated. An evening was fixed, and the reading was commenced. My lord availed himself of his constitutional infirmity, to drop asleep; but awake almost instantaneously, with a profusion of courtly excuses, and many a dire anathema against his lethargic tendency. The poet admitted the plea, himself in turn apologizing for the mere explanatory dullness of a first act. Yet he could not help flattering himself that the attention of the company would be awakened and their interest excited, by the progress and developement of the plot. The drowsy fit still returned at intervals; but, unfortunately, in one of the most important scenes on which the whole seemed to hinge, his lordship took it into his head to dream. He fancied himself in his place in the house, and most provokingly vociferated, "Question, question, question!" with such pertinacity and strength of lungs, as completely to overpower the argument of the play, and the gravity of the little audience.

## AN ENGLISH AMBASSADOR.

JEROME BOWES was sent by Elizabeth, queen of England, in quality of minister, to the Czar of Russia. To conform to the etiquette of the times, and the prerogatives of his place, he remained covered at the first audience. Some one represented to him the danger of such a conduct, and the evils he might bring on himself by it. "I am not unacquainted with them," said he, "but I am the ambassador of a queen who will revenge any affront offered to her in the person of her minister."

The prince, far from being offended at such a declaration, presented him to the assembly, and recom-

mended the boyars (nobles), to imitate his example. "Behold," said he to them, "a brave man, who has the courage to uphold the honour of his sovereign with dignity. Who among you would do as much for me?"

◆

### CHARLES XII.

APROPOS of Gustavus, (says Lady Hertford, in reply to a letter of Lady Pomfret's) I must tell you a particular of Charles XII. of Sweden, which I had from Sir William Wyndham, and which I think is not mentioned in any of the accounts of his life.

He dreamed one night, that he was upon a large plain, about the middle of which there was an extremely high hill, of a round form, its ascent prodigiously difficult, being almost perpendicular; and at the top of it was a rock *escarpée*, of great height; whilst he was looking upon this, he saw a man climbing up it, whom he knew to be Gustavus Vasa: this person got to the top of the hill, but then disappeared, without getting on the rock. He then saw a second man, who not only climbed up the hill, but got a little way on the rock, when his foot slipt, and he fell to the bottom: the king went nearer, and found him to be Charles Vasa; a third person came, and got up the hill, and very near to the top of the rock, but he likewise, missing his foot, fell down; the king knew this to be Gustavus Adolphus. Surprised at the ill success of these three heroes, he resolved to try whether he could not himself have better fortune. He accordingly attempted it; and not only climbed up the hill, but to the very summit of the rock, where he planted the standard of Sweden. I own that this sounds very like a vision invented *à plaisir*;\* but Sir William Wyndham assures me that it was told him by a person whom he knew very well, and who was a very unlikely man to contrive such a fiction: this person says, that Charles constantly affirmed it.

\* It is not at all improbable, that Charles, whose head was filled with ideas of military glory, did really have such a dream. If, as is probable, it stimulated him to persist in the career of arms, it was a fatal dream to his country, and a deluding one to himself.—EDITOR.

## ACCOUNT OF A SOLITARY INDIAN FEMALE.

*BY MR. HEARNE.*

ON the 11th of January, as some of my companions were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snowshoe, which they followed; and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found that she understood their language, they brought her with them to the tents. On examination, she proved to be one of the Western Dog-ribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow-Indians in the summer of 1770; and in the following summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had eloped from them, with an intent to return to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous, that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall.

From her account of the moons past since her elopement, it appeared that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed two or three beavers, and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered; and was in good health and condition, and I think one of the finest women, of a real Indian, that I have seen in any part of North America.

The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admirable, and are great proofs that necessity is the mother of invention. When the few deer sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were all expended in making snares, and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbits' legs and feet; these she twisted together for that purpose with great dexterity and success. The rabbits, &c. which she

caught in those snares, not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much farther, as all her clothing, beside being calculated for real service, shewed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed, as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing, though rather romantic appearance.

Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like net-twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she intended to make a fishing-net as soon as the spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of willows, twisted in this manner, that the dog-ribbed Indians make their fishing-nets; and they are much preferable to those made by the Northern Indians.

Five or six inches of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and the blank of an arrow-head of iron, which served her as an awl, were all the metals this poor woman had with her when she eloped; and with these implements she had made herself complete snow-shoes, and several other useful articles.

Her method of making fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphurous stones. These, by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few sparks, which at length communicated to some touchwood; but as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter. Hence we may conclude that she had no idea of producing fire by friction in the manner practised by the Esquimaux, and many other uncivilized nations; because, if she had, the above-mentioned precaution would have been unnecessary.

The singularity of the circumstance, the comeliness of her person, and her approved accomplishments,

occasioned a strong contest between several of the Indians of my party, who should have her for a wife; and the poor girl was actually won and lost at wrestling by near half a score different men the same evening. My guide, Matonabee, who at that time had no less than seven wives, all women grown, besides a young girl of eleven or twelve years old, would have put in for the prize also, had not one of his wives made him ashamed of it, by her sarcastical observations.

When the Athapuscow Indians took the above dog-ribbed Indian woman prisoner, they, according to the universal custom of those savages, surprised her and her party in the night, and killed every soul in the tent, except herself and three other young women. Among those whom they killed, were her father, mother, and husband. Her young child, four or five months old, she concealed in a bundle of clothing, and took with her undiscovered in the night; but when she arrived at the place where the Athapuscow Indians had left their wives (which was not far distant), they began to examine her bundle, and finding the child, one of the women took it from her, and killed it on the spot.

This last piece of barbarity gave her such a disgust to those Indians, that notwithstanding the man who took care of her treated her in every respect as his wife, and was, she said, remarkably kind to, and even fond of her, so far was she from being able to reconcile herself to any of the tribe, that she rather chose to expose herself to misery and want, than live in ease and affluence among persons who had so cruelly murdered her infant. The poor woman's relation of this shocking story, which she delivered in a very affecting manner, only excited laughter among the savages of my party.

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#### MAY.

THIS month was under the protection of Apollo. It was called *Maius*, by Romulus, in honour of the Roman senators and nobles, who were denominated *maiores*: as the next month was named June, in honour of the youth of Rome, in *honorem juniorum*. Some, however, derive the name of May from *Maia*, the mo-

ther of Mercury. This month was deemed by the Romans to be unlucky for marriage, because the celebration of the Lemuria occurred in it.

On the first of the month, the sacred rites of the mysterious goddess, the Bona Dea, were performed with great pomp and solemnity. None but women were allowed to be present at these rites, and so rigid was the exclusion of every thing masculine, that even pictures of the male sex were covered with the utmost care. It was believed, that if these mysteries were looked upon by a man, he would be struck blind. This day also was a festival in remembrance of the erection of an altar to the Lares, by the Sabines. On the second, a festival was held, in honour of the Lares, by the freedmen and slaves. The Lemuria took place on the ninth. It was intended to propitiate the manes of the dead, and is said to have been instituted by Romulus, to free himself from the phantom of his brother Remus, by which he was haunted. He who sacrificed had his feet naked, and having his thumb and his fingers joined, he made a particular sign, by which he imagined that he should prevent the Lemures, or spirits, from coming near him. He then washed his hands in spring water, and put some black beans in his mouth, which he next threw behind him, exclaiming, "by these beans I deliver myself and mine." While this was performing, a loud noise was made with pans and brazen vessels, and prayers were addressed to the spirits, beseeching them to retire and leave the living in peace. On the twelfth was the festival of Mars the avenger. On the fifteenth, the shop-keepers of Rome held a festival in honour of Mercury. They sacrificed to him a sow with pig, washed themselves with the water of a fountain dedicated to the god, and entreated him to favor their trade, and to pardon the little frauds which they might commit in it. The Agonalia, devoted to Janus, was on the twenty-first. Sacrifices were offered to Jupiter the avenger, on the next day. The twenty-third was a holy day consecrated to Vulcan; and the twenty-sixth was the second celebration of the expulsion of kings.

The sun is in the signs Taurus and Gemini during this month.

## LORD AMHERST'S MISSION TO CHINA.

*Resumed from page 221.*

The travellers quitted Nang-chang-foo on the 27th of November, and proceeded up the Kan-kho, through a country of a pleasant aspect, but not presenting any objects of particular interest. The waters of the river are clear, and its course is so winding, that the vessels often seemed to be on a lake, surrounded by mountains.

The travellers passed several towns, and their appearance, and that of the adjacent country, increased the doubts which Mr. Ellis had before entertained, respecting the universally cultivated state of the soil, and the exuberance of population, which have so often been ascribed to China. During this part of the route, the labour of the boatmen, in poling and tracking, was very great, and was endured with remarkable perseverance and patience. There was scarcely any remission to their exertions, and with the thermometer as low as forty-five or fifty degrees, they were in the water several times in the course of the day.

Near Wan-gan-shien, Mr. Ellis saw two temples, one of which was worthy of notice, as being the most complete hall of ancestors or worthies, with which they had yet met. "The space in the front of the temple, usually occupied by the idol, contained a number of oblong tablets, inscribed with the names of those persons whose virtuous lives had entitled them to this pre-eminence in honour. The compartments on each side of the hall were filled with similar tables; of which many appeared to be ancient."

The passage of the Shi-pa-tan, or eighteen cataracts, was effected without any accident. There is, in truth, very little to be apprehended from these nominal cataracts, which are formed by reefs of rocks, and are many of them so insignificant, that in some there is merely a strong rippling in the water, and in others trifling breakers. It is, however, certainly not prudent to attempt to pass them in the night. As the boats advanced, the river became more contracted, and so shallow, that it was necessary to scrape away the sand

to obtain a passage. At Kan-choo-foo the boats were changed, and this gave the passengers an opportunity to examine the city, which stands on the banks of the Chang-kho and Kang-kho, and is extensive, and tolerably populous. It has a hexagonal pagoda, of nine stories, three hundred years old, but in good condition.

On quitting Kan-choo-foo, the villages became more frequent, and the population more abundant. The women also were improved in beauty. "A few," says Mr. Ellis, "would have scarcely yielded to the prettiest of our country-women: though the peculiarities of Chinese features were still to be traced, they were so harmonized by general beauty, that so far from displeasing they added novelty to the other charms of the countenance: these objects of our hopeless admiration were all of the lower orders, and a majority had their feet uncramped by the tyranny of custom. A ready disposition to laugh, even though they themselves or their manners be the subject of the joke, is the best quality I have observed among the Chinese." It appears, indeed, that, bad as they are, the Chinese are a somewhat better race than their Tartar masters; and such is their own opinion. Chang frequently excused the pertinacity of his government upon the point of ceremony, from the influence of barbarous Tartar habits; the Tartars, however, are accustomed to return the compliment, and it would, perhaps, be difficult to settle exactly their respective quantum of demerit.

At length, on the 18th of December, the travellers arrived at Nan-kang-foo, where the river ceases to be any longer navigable. This city is situated at the foot of those mountains which divide the province of Kiang-sec from that of Quang-tung, or Canton. The road from the one province to the other is through the famous pass of Mce-ling. The baggage, stores, and presents, were now landed, and no less than three thousand persons were employed in carrying the various packages through the mountain pass.

Here we must leave the embassy for a while, in order that we may trace the proceedings of the Alceste and Lyra, after that departure from the Yellow Sea, which had given so much offence to the Chinese government. On their quitting the mouth of the Pciho

they first examined the gulph of Leo-tong, hitherto unvisited by European navigators; then ran down the coast of Corea, where they discovered an extensive Archipelago, and ascertained the real geography of the Corean coast; and, finally, steered for the Lewchew islands, where they remained for a considerable time. The result of their remarks on the Lewchew islands, we have already communicated to our readers in two former numbers.

On the 2d of November, they anchored off Lintin, at the entrance of the river leading to Canton; and, after having waited there unnoticed for several days, were informed by a mandarin, that a pass and a pilot should be sent to enable them to proceed up the river. They soon, however, were convinced that the viceroy of Canton cherished a feeling of deadly hostility towards the British.

The General Hewit Indiaman had already been refused a lading, under pretence, that she was not a trader, but a tribute ship; and she was also carefully guarded by war junks, and her officers were treated with indignity, and even made prisoners. The first attempt to annoy the newly-arrived king's ships, was to dam up the water at Liutin, to prevent their filling their casks. This was followed by the coming on board of a mandarin, in company with an interpreter, a man of some rank, both of whom evidently delighted to gail the feelings of Englishmen. The interpreter informed them, that the preceding mandarin had been making fools of them on the subject of a pass, that the embassy was dismissed with disgrace, that the ships must not dare to stir from their anchorage, and that, even while they stayed there, they must procure a security merchant, to answer for their good behaviour. To this insolent language, Captain Maxwell, of the *Alceste*, replied, with the proper spirit of a Briton, that the speaker would do well to forbear repeating the nonsense about a security merchant, unless they both wished to be thrown overboard, and that if a pass was not sent down within a certain time, he should consider the omission as being an implied leave for the ship to proceed to Canton.

The time, however, elapsed without any pass being

received, and the pilot who, in expectation of it, had been taken on board, now sneaked off in the dark, saying, that it was dangerous for him to have any connection with the British. Determined not to remain in an open and dangerous road at this season of the year, Captain Maxwell got under weigh on the 12th; at the same time ordering the locks and flints of the carro-nades to be examined, and taking other precautions, which sufficiently manifested in what manner he meant to act in case of necessity. Mr. Mayne, the master, volunteered to carry the vessel as far as she could swim. Having anchored at night, off Lankeet-flat, the Alceste made sail about two the next day, for the Bocca Tigris, where some islands contract the navigable passage to about the breadth of the Thames at London. On the shore, and on one of the islands, were batteries, mounting a hundred and ten guns, able to keep up a cross fire within half cannon shot. As the Alceste proceeded, seventeen or eighteen war junks, each mounting six guns, also ranged themselves in a line, off Chumpee, to second the batteries. The impertinent interpreter now again came on board, and, with additional sauciness of language, warned the captain to drop his anchor, under pain of being sunk by the batteries. Captain Maxwell ordered him to be taken into custody, and his boat cut adrift, and then told him that he would first pass the batteries, and then hang him at the yard-arm, for daring to bring so impudent a message on board a British man of war.

Blank cartridge now began to be fired by the junks. Captain Maxwell affected to consider this as a salute, and accordingly returned it with three guns. The junks then, in conjunction with all the batteries, opened with shot. At this moment the wind became light and baffling, and the Alceste was obliged to drop anchor, in order to hold the ground which she had gained. While doing this, she fired a single shot at the junks, by way of hint, upon which, they and the batteries were immediately silent.

The wind having sprung up, the Alceste weighed at eight. The junks instantly made signals, the batteries were completely illuminated with lanterns, and a heavy but ill-directed fire was opened upon the English

vessel, which was slowly and regularly returned. At length, on coming abreast of the largest battery, she poured into it a whole broadside, accompanied by three roaring cheers. The lights disappeared in a moment, and the battery was silenced. The ship then passed without further molestation, and pursued her course up the river.

“The Chinese linguist, who had crawled below when he saw matters taking a serious turn, and having observed there was no joking in the case, began in real earnest to think, as one part of the promise had been fulfilled, that *his* time had now arrived. Coming, trembling, upon deck, he prostrated himself, and, kissing the captain’s feet, begged for mercy. At that moment, hearing the order given to “stand by the larboard guns for Tiger island” (on which we then supposed there was a battery), he said, with a rueful countenance, “What! no *hab* done yet?” “Not half done,” was the reply. “How many guns have you got on Tiger island?”—but, without waiting to answer this question, (or, indeed, reflecting in his perturbation that there were none at all), he wrung his hands, groaned heavily, and dived again below.”

On the morning of the fifteenth, the *Alceste*, followed respectfully by the Chinese grand fleet, anchored at second bar, among the *Indiamen*; and, in the evening, Captain Maxwell went to Canton, to demand satisfaction for the insult which had been offered in firing upon his majesty’s ship. The viceroy, as cowardly as insolent, had, however, already given orders to load the *General Hewit*, and had dispatched a mandarin to welcome the captain to the river.

To satisfy Captain Maxwell, the whole business was attributed to a mistake in sending down the chop or pass; and, at the same time, to cover the disgrace from the eyes of the people, the cannonade was represented to them as merely a reciprocity of saluting. The populace, however, in the neighbourhood of Canton, could not forbear from showing their ill will to the English, by opprobrious language, throwing large stones, and using other means of annoyance. This was soon put a stop to by the firmness of Captain Maxwell, who apprized the viceroy, that if such conduct

were persisted in, he would adopt severe measures to avenge the outraged dignity of the British crown. This hint had a proper effect. An order was issued, prohibiting any further attacks upon the English; and they were thenceforth suffered to remain in quiet, till the arrival of the embassy.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NO. VI.

### MY PORTFOLIO;

*Or, ORIGINAL HINTS, SKETCHES, and ANECDOTES.*

"A thing of shreds and patches."

No. 5.—THE IRISH UNION.

AT the time when the British ministers were taking measures to bring about an union between England and Ireland, a small pamphlet, of which I forget the title, was extensively circulated, to reconcile the Irish to the renunciation of their national independence. It was generally attributed to Mr. Cooke, who then held an office of subordinate rank, but had great influence, in the government of Ireland. My friend, the late Dr. F. L. was hostile to the project of an union. The pamphlet was brought to him, one day, while I was at dinner with him; and we amused ourselves, for a part of the afternoon, by making numerous marginal notes, upon the errors which we discovered in Mr. Cooke's arguments and statements. When we had done, the doctor said, "I think, D—, that we will draw up a pamphlet from these notes, and the motto shall be, "God sends meat, but the devil sends Cooks."

SIR B\*\*\*\* R\*\*\*\*.

THIS gentleman, as I have already said in No. 2, was celebrated for his bulls. While the Irish parliament was still in existence, Irish ladies were indulged in a privilege, which in England has always been denied to females; they were allowed admission to the gallery of

the House of Commons. On some particular occasion, a great debate was expected, and the gallery was crowded with female auditors. The question was, however, postponed till the next day. As soon as the postponement took place, Sir B. R. turned to the gallery, and exclaimed, "Ladies! upon my soul, I wish you had come to-morrow!"

#### FRENCH FORTITUDE.

THE French are said to bear misfortunes better than any other European people. I admit that they do so. Praise has frequently been given to them for this. I deny that they merit it. Their patience is neither the result of philosophy, nor of a pious submission to the divine will. The cause of it may be found in that levity which is a striking feature in the character of the French. There can be no doubt that Frenchmen, in general, are incapable of any permanent feeling of a serious nature. They may feel acutely for a moment; but the slightest circumstance will change their tears into bursts of laughter. I have had an opportunity of being convinced of the truth of this opinion, by an intimate acquaintance with many of those who were driven from France, and exposed to the severest calamities, by the fury of the revolution. I have seen them bewailing, with tears in their eyes, the loss of fortune, parents, and children; and, while they were thus occupied, and appeared as if nothing could ever give them comfort, I have seen the tricks of a kitten, or some equally trifling thing, throw them almost into convulsions of laughter. I contend, therefore, that they are entitled to no applause for what is miscalled their fortitude. It is only he who feels his misfortunes, who has a claim to our admiration for bearing them with calmness. When Macduff, on being told of the murder of his family, is advised to bear his sorrows like a man, Shakspeare, that great master of human nature, makes him beautifully reply, "but I must also feel them like a man."

## AN AMERICAN JUDGE.

A FRIEND of mine was present, about twenty-two years ago, in an American court of justice, when the following ludicrous circumstance took place. A blacksmith had been hastily summoned into the court, to give evidence in a cause which was then pending. In his hurry he washed his hands, but forgot to perform the same operation on his face. The judge, who was a notoriously corrupt one, was displeased with the blacksmith's testimony, which happened to be adverse to the party whose cause the judge had espoused, and he vented his anger upon the son of Vulcan, by interrupting him, and exclaiming angrily, "Fellow! how dare you come into court with such a dirty face as that?" "I beg your pardon for it, sir," replied the blacksmith, "but though my face is dirty, *I have clean hands!*" and, in proof of this, he held them up to the view of the court. In reality, he meant nothing more than to plead his clean hands as a set-off against his dirty face; but the known corruptness of the judge caused the words to be applied in another sense, and the auditors immediately burst out into a roar of laughter.

\*\* D.

## EARLY AMUSEMENTS OF SIR I. NEWTON.

*From a Letter, by Dr. Stukeley.*

A NEW windmill was set up near Grantham, in the way to Gummerby, which is now demolished, this country chiefly using water mills. Our lad's imitating spirit was soon excited, and by frequently prying into the fabric of it, as they were making it, he became master enough to make a very perfect model thereof, and it was said to be as clean and curious a piece of workmanship as the original.

This sometimes he would set upon the house-top, where he lodged, and clothing it with sail-cloth, the wind would readily turn it; but what was most extraordinary in its composition was, that he put a mouse into it, which he called the miller, and that the mouse made the mill turn round when he pleased; and he

would joke too upon the miller eating the corn that was put in. Some say that he tied a string to the mouse's tail, which was put into a wheel, like that of turnspit dogs, so that pulling the string made the mouse go forward by way of resistance, and this turned the mill. Others suppose there was some corn placed above the wheel, this the mouse endeavouring to get to, made it turn.

Moreover Sir Isaac's water clock is much talked of. This he made out of a box he begged of Mr. Clarke's (his landlord) wife's brother. As described to me, it resembled pretty much our common clocks and clock-cases, but less; for it was not above four feet in height, and of a proportionable breadth. There was a dial-plate at top, with figures of the hours. The index was turned by a piece of wood, which either fell or rose by water dropping. This stood in the room where he lay, and he took care every morning to supply it with its proper quantity of water; and the family, upon occasion, would go to see what was the hour by it. It was left in the house long after he went away to the University.

These fancies sometimes engrossed so much of his thoughts, that he was apt to neglect his book, and dull boys were now and then put over him in form. But this made him redouble his pains to overtake them, and such was his capacity that he could soon do it, and outstrip them when he pleased; and it was taken notice of by his master. Still nothing could induce him to lay by his mechanical experiments; but all holidays, and what time the boys had allowed to play, he spent entirely in knocking and hammering in his lodging-room, pursuing that strong bent of his inclination not only in things serious, but ludicrous too, and what would please his school-fellows, as well as himself; yet it was in order to bring them off from trifling sports, and teach them, as we may call it, to play philosophically, and in which he might willingly bear a part, and he was particularly ingenious at inventing diversions for them, above the vulgar kind. As for instance, in making paper kites, which he first introduced here. He took pains, they say, in finding out their proportions and figures, and whereabouts the string should be

fastened to the greatest advantage, and in how many places. Likewise he first made lanterns of paper crumpled, which he used to go to school by, in winter mornings, with a candle, and tied them to the tails of the kites in a dark night, which at first affrighted the country people exceedingly, thinking they were comets. It is thought that he first invented this method; I can't tell how true.

They tell us too how diligent he was in observing the motion of the sun, especially in the yard of the house where he lived, against the walls and roofs, wherein he would drive pegs, to mark the hours and half hours made by the shade,\* which by degrees from some years observations, he had made very exact, and any body knew what o'clock it was by Isaac's dial, as they ordinarily called it; thus in his youngest years did that immense genius discover his sublime imagination, that since has filled, or rather comprehended, the world.

The lad was not only very expert with his mechanical tools, but he was equally so with his pen. For he busied himself very much in drawing, which I suppose he learnt from his own inclination, and observation of nature. By inquiry, I was informed, that one old Barley (as he was called) was his writing master, who lived where now is the Millstone alehouse, in Castle-street; but they don't remember that he (Barley) had any knack in drawing. However, by this means Sir Isaac furnished his whole room with pictures of his own making, which probably he copied from prints, as well as from life. They mention several of the kings' heads, Dr. Donne, and likewise his Master Stokes. Under the picture of King Charles I. he wrote these verses, which I had from Mrs. Vincent by memory, who fancies he made them; if that be true, it is most probable he designed the print too, which is common to this day.

A secret art my soul requires to try,  
If prayers can give me, what the wars deny,

\* Several of these dials are to be seen on the wall of the manor-house at Woolsthorpe.

Three crowns distinguished here in order do  
 Present their objects to my knowing view.  
 Earth's crown, thus at my feet, I can disdain,  
 Which heavy is, and, at the best, but vain.  
 But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet,  
 Sharp is this crown, but not so sharp as sweet,  
 The crown of glory that I yonder see  
 Is full of bliss and of eternity.

These pictures he made frames to himself, and coloured them over in a workmanlike manner.

Mrs. Vincent is a widow gentlewoman living here, aged 82. Her maiden name was Storey, sister to Dr. Storey, a physician of Buckminster, near Colsterworth. Her mother, who was a handsome woman, was second wife to Mr. Clark, the apothecary where Sir Isaac lodged; so that she lived with him in the same house all the time of his being at Grantham, which was about seven years. Her mother and Sir Isaac's mother were intimately acquainted, which was the reason of his lodging at Mr. Clark's. She gave me much of the foregoing account. She says Sir Isaac was always a sober, silent, thinking lad, and was never known scarce to play with the boys abroad, at their silly amusements; but would rather choose to be at home, even among the girls, and would frequently make little tables, cupboards, and other utensils for her and her play-fellows, to set their babies and trinkets on. She mentions likewise a cart he made with four wheels, wherein he would sit, and by turning a windlass about, he could make it carry him around the house where he pleased. Sir Isaac and she being thus brought up together, 'tis said that he entertained a love for her; nor does she deny it: but her portion being not considerable, and he being a fellow of a college, it was incompatible with his fortunes to marry; perhaps his studies too. 'Tis certain he always had a kindness for her, visited her whenever in the country, in both her husband's days, and gave her forty shillings, upon a time, whenever it was of service to her. She is a little woman, but we may with ease discern that she has been very handsome.

Mr. Clark tells me that the room where Sir Isaac lodged, was his lodging room too when a lad, and that

the whole wall was still full of the drawings he had made upon it with charcoal, and so remained till pulled down about sixteen years ago, as I said before. There were birds, beasts, men, ships, and mathematical schemes, and very well designed.

We must understand all this while that his mother had left Wolsthorp and lived with her second husband at North-Witham. But upon his death, after she had three children by him, she returned to her own house, which likewise, it ought to be remembered, was rebuilt by him. She upon this was for saving expences as much as she could, and recalled her son Isaac from school, intending to make him serviceable in managing the farm and country business at Wolsthorp, and I doubt not but she thought it would turn more to his own account, than being a scholar. Accordingly we must suppose him attending the tillage, grazing, and the like. And they tell us, that he frequently came on Saturdays to Grantham market, with corn and other commodities to sell, and to carry home what necessaries were proper to be bought at a market town for a family; but being young, his mother usually sent a trusty old servant along with him, to put him into the way of business. Their inn was at the Saracen's head at Westgate, where, as soon as they had set up their horses, Isaac generally left the man to manage the marketings, and retired instantly to Mr. Clark's garret, where he used to lodge, near where lay a parcel of old books of Mr. Clark's, which he entertained himself with, whilst it was time to go home again; or else he would stop by the way between home and Grantham, and lie under a hedge studying whilst the man went to town, and did the business, and called upon him in his return. No doubt the man made remonstrances of this to his mother. Likewise, when at home, if his mother ordered him into the fields, to look after the sheep, the corn, or upon any other rural employment, it went on very heavily through his manage. His chief delight was to sit under a tree, with a book in his hands, or to busy himself with his knife in cutting wood for models of somewhat or other that struck his fancy: or he would get to a stream and make mill wheels.

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**Part. Book.**

- |     |  |
|-----|--|
| 1.  | 1. Religious. Part 1.  |
| 2.  | 2. Ditto. Part 2.  |
| 3.  | 3. Preceptive: as relating to Morals and Education.            |
| 4.  | 4. Classical: as relating to the higher branches of Education. |
| 5.  | 5. Orations and Harangues.                                     |
| 6.  | 6. Parliamentary Speeches.                                     |
| 7.  | 7. Historical: consisting chiefly of Characters.               |
| 8.  | 8. Dialogues.  |
| 9.  | 9. Narrative Pieces.   |
| 10. | 10. Humorous and Satirical.                                    |
| 11. | 11. Miscellaneous.   |
| 12. | 12. Detached Sentences, Thoughts, Maxims, and Proverbs.        |

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SUBJECT OF THE PLATE,

FROM

LORD BYRON'S LARA.

“ — WHY sudden droops that plumed crest?  
The shaft is sped,—the arrow's in his breast!  
That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,  
And Death hath stricken down that arm of pride.  
The word of triumph fainted from his tongue;  
That hand, so rais'd, how droopingly it hung!”

STANZAS,

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

Non e sempre il morir, come altri crede,  
grave. ERCOLE TASSO.

O, STRANGER! let no ill-timed tear  
Be shed for those who slumber here;  
But, rather envy them the sleep,  
From which they ne'er can wake—to weep!

Why mourn?—since freed from human ill—  
The throbbing bosom cold and still?  
Why mourn—since death presents us peace,  
And in the grave our sorrows cease?

The shatter'd bark, from adverse winds,  
Here her last anchor drops, and finds—  
Safe, where life's storms no more molest—  
A haven of untroubled rest!

Then, stranger! let no ill-timed tear  
 Be shed for those who slumber here;  
 But rather envy them the sleep  
 From which they ne'er can wake—to weep!  
 Yet, oh! if thou hast learn'd to scan  
 With feeling eye the fate of man;  
 Go weep for those still doom'd to sorrow,  
 Who mourn the past—nor hope the morrow!  
 For those, whose tears must ceaseless flow!  
 Whose round of pain each morn renew;  
 Who—if they dream—but dream of woe,  
 And wake—to find their visions true!

1817.

W\*\*\*\*.

—◆—  
 ODE,  
 TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

Cecedit velut prati  
 Ultimi flos prætereunte postquam  
 Tactus aratro est! CATULLUS.

FAIR was thy thread of life, thou gentle maid,  
 But quickly by the envious sisters shorn;  
 E'en as the rose-bud from its stem  
 Is cropped—to bloom no more!

And, like that floweret too—which, though it fade,  
 Preserves a vestige of its former worth;—  
 Is fragrant in decay,  
 And odorous in death;

So, though on earth thy form no more can wear  
 The wonted semblance of its winning grace,  
 Yet, shall thy virtues live,  
 And Time's rude hand defy.

Vanish'd are now thy flattering dreams of bliss;  
 Alike insensible to joy or pain,  
 A wakeless sleep thou sleep'st—  
 Thy bed—the cold damp grave!

Still, we may envy thee that peaceful rest,  
 Since ne'er again by human ills assailed,  
 Shall thy too yielding soul,  
 In fruitless sorrow pine.

1816.

A. A. W.

## STANZAS.\*

THE soul that was shrouded in sorrow's dark night,  
 A peace-promising beam woke to gladness and light;  
 And the lute that so long, lorn and tuneless had hung,  
 Once more with the wild notes of harmony rung!

Ah! why did that beam only shine to beguile?  
 Ah! why did it teach the fond mourner to smile?  
 Why faithlessly grant him a seeming reprieve;  
 Then leave him in sadness still deeper to grieve?

The light is gone by, and the music is o'er,  
 And the feelings so lovely, are lovely no more;  
 That soul once again its dark vigils is keeping,  
 And the lute 'neath the cold chain of silence is sleeping.

A. A. W.

## ON FREEDOM.

FREEDOM is the boon of Heaven,  
 Unto every one 'tis given;  
 Base the wretch who dare destroy  
 What to life alone gives joy!  
 'Gainst his breast each freeman's hand  
 Fierce will point the direful brand;  
 To his heart each freeman's arm,  
 Strung with death, will sound alarm.  
 Wretched o'er the earth he'll wander,  
 Torn from every tie asunder:  
 Death would welcome seem to be  
 To an alien wretch like he;  
 But death to him brings no relief,  
 (Death, who soothes other wretches' grief),  
 The scorn, the outcast of the world,  
 When dead, he's to perdition hurl'd,  
 And groans beneath the punishment  
 By retributive justice sent,  
 For (so our ancient authors tell  
 He waits the vilest slave in hell.

April, 1818.

\* From an unfinished poem.

## LINES,

*Written in the morning of the 19th Nov. 1817, on the  
Funeral of Her late R. H. the Princess Charlotte.*

THE sun, slow rising from the eastern world,  
In clouded majesty reluctant seems  
To shine, and usher in the mournful morn!  
With chequer'd front he slowly marches on,  
Celestial mourner of departed worth,  
While from the alembic of the restless sea,  
Dense vapours mantle o'er his pallid face,  
And on her sacred relics fall in tears.  
Now sear'd within the sad funereal urn,  
With sable blazonry they bear the corse  
Of lov'd Augusta to the mould'ring tomb;  
The bell (dire harbinger of Albion's loss),  
Responsive thrills through every Briton's heart,  
And tells in solemn strains our princess dead.  
Britannia weeps, and o'er the hallow'd spot  
In pensive anguish heaves the bitter sigh.  
E'en the wild Negro on the Afric shore,  
Could he but know the virtues she possess,  
Would at the sound of her departing knell,  
Fall prostrate on his native barren sand,  
And bathe with sorrow's drops his ebon cheeks.  
Oh! holy vault, who hold'st in thy embrace  
The faded blossoms of a nation's hopes,  
Keep them secure within thy massive walls!  
And thou, bless'd cherub! soar to realms above,  
And give thy parent a celestial crown!  
Soon as thy welcome spirit shall approach,  
The lofty portals of thy native heaven  
Shall open wide, while angel choirs shall chaunt  
Eternal requiems, to your sainted shades.

*Woolwich, 1818.*

U. U. L.

## ON THE BEAUTIFUL MISS MAC LEAN.

COULD angels leave their seats on high,  
And deign to visit man on earth,  
Mac Lean would strike each mortal eye,  
As seraph pure of heavenly birth.

*Edinburgh.*

J. M.

## POETICAL LETTER TO CHLOE.

TO Chloe, at her lodge, so sweet-in  
His lordship's park, G. H. sends greeting.

Whereas on the sixteenth day of May,  
In 17— (that's year and day),  
Your letter safe was brought by Peter,  
(Your's was in prose, but mine's in metre)  
Wherein you order to be sent ye,  
From London (mind they are but lent ye),  
Tasso, Orlando Furioso;  
Hervey, (which by the bye's but so—so)  
With Dodsley's volumes four; and also  
The Book which the Reviews do maul so.  
This my fair saint goes post from town,  
To let you know they're all sent down,  
With t'other order there so puzzling,  
Of ribbons, pins, tape, shoes, and muslin.

As to the ladies' dress in fashion,  
I've yet observ'd no alteration.  
Naked before, and eke behind,  
The pretty creatures wear a kind  
Of a gauze-cloud or fine spun wind.

I called last night at Mrs. Lynch's,  
Who says the stays are fallen two inches;  
And at the same time begs I'll let ye  
Know, with her duty, that the petti-  
Coats are, at least, four inches rais'd,  
For which be Cytherea prais'd!  
For now I hope, and hope is sweet,  
Ere August to see both ends meet.

I've news to tell you (not in rhyme).  
For which I'll take some other time.  
I'm for Vauxhall; so rest your fervent  
Admirer, and ——— devoted servant,

---

 EXTEMPORE GRACE.

*Said to be by Robert Burns.*

SOME have meat, but cannot eat,  
And some would eat that want it;  
But we have meat, and we can eat.  
And so the Lord be thanked.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE really think that the friends of "S. E. G—d, City," are incurring a heavy responsibility, by suffering him to go at large. Persons in his unfortunate situation may be the cause of serious injury to married ladies. His last letter affords sufficient evidence that he is in a state of spiteful, roaring idiotism. Poor creature! we hope that his friends will take care of him.—Serena has our thanks for her kind wishes. It would give us pleasure were her compositions correct enough for our magazine.—We cannot make out the whole of the Essay on History, but what we can make out is good for nothing.—I. A. is informed, that the plagiarist, not the preacher, was satirized: his verses will be inserted.—The Visit to Merionethshire, Letter 1, will appear next month, and we shall be glad to receive the continuation.—"The Poor Little Sweep," has neither "originality" nor "pathos."—Emma, we dare say, deserves a better "Valentine:" a worse she could not receive.—The arrangement to which Francis and J. C. object, was adopted at the request of many of our correspondents.—Each volume will consist of six numbers; every story will be completed, and an Index will be given.—Celadon's verses are tame.—Epitaph on Gobble will have a place next month.—Petros's Anecdote is not sufficiently interesting.—We are neither convinced by the reasoning, nor charmed by the style, of W. M.'s Essay on Animal Food. Oswald, whose rhapsody he quotes, could not bear to see the blood of animals, but he could readily spill the blood of man.—I. S.'s verses indicate some talent, but are not sufficiently correct.—We must say the same to Simplex.—We dare say that H. W. C. means well, but we cannot congratulate him either on his taste or his accuracy. We can assure him, that those who participate in his opinions form a very small minority of our readers.—The Song in answer to "O Nannie;" Poems by U. U. L.; the Soldier's Reply; Lyra; a Song by S. G. C.; Lines on the Death of an Infant; a Bagatelle; Crispinus's Lines; and Characters; will be inserted.—Poems by R. I.; Stanzas on Health; Stanzas on a Robin; Lines on the Plate in No. 3; Lines to a Brother in India; and a Song by W. C. J.; are not correct enough for our Magazine.—Walter's Lines have spirit, but they are rather obscure.—Good prose contributions *will* be very "acceptable."—Any correspondents not answered this month, must attribute it to their pieces not having yet reached the Editor.







THE  
POCKET MAGAZINE  
OF  
Classic and Polite Literature.

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A VISIT TO MERIONETHSHIRE, IN 1809.

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LETTER I.

TO C. N. W. ESQ.

*Dolgelley, 10th July, 1809.*

AT length, my dear Charles, I am snugly quartered at the Golden Lion, Dolgelley, Merionethshire, where I arrived five days ago, after a delightful ride from Mallwyd. As I purpose making some stay here, I wrote to Mr. E. the worthy landlord of this inn, from Shrewsbury, requesting he would reserve an apartment for me, and send a guide, with horses to Mallwyd, on the evening of the 5th, to meet me, so that I might lose no time in proceeding. I found these precautions extremely necessary, for this town is so much frequented during the summer months, that apartments are not easily procured unless previously engaged; and a post-chaise, or any other mode of conveyance, is with difficulty obtained at Mallwyd.

I arrived at Mallwyd, per coach, about five o'clock, on the 5th, and found my guide waiting with the horses: after a slight refreshment we set off, mounted

on stout Welsh ponies, whose sure-footedness is admirably adapted to this rough and hilly region. The evening was remarkably fine, and warm; and the setting sun, tinging the rocks of Cader Idris, (which we saw on our right), with his declining rays, was gradually sinking into "the place of his rest."

The road at first winds between two mountains, upon whose summit some sheep and a few goats were cropping the scanty herbage they afforded. This prospect continues, with little variation, to Dinas y Mwddwy, once a city of no mean importance, but now exhibiting no marks of wealth or grandeur but the Bishop's Palace (which is transformed into a farm-house), and possessing no claim to observation, but its situation on the declivity of a mountain, at once romantic, singular, and beautiful. It is watered by the river Dovey, which washes the base of the mountain it is built upon, and pursuing its course, through woods and meadows, empties itself into the main ocean, at Cardigan bay.

A short distance from Dinas y Mwddwy, the country assumes a new face; before us was a long extent of dreary slope, bounded by huge rocks, among which, those of the Cader soared pre-eminently, presenting a variety of fantastic shapes. This bold and terrific landscape continues for five or six miles, when a greater degree of fertility and cultivation is perceptible; we gradually lose this rude and barren view, and meet with woods and meadows, bounded by green hills, and watered by murmuring rivulets.

We had performed nearly half of our journey, when we reached a solitary hovel (I can give it no better name) on the road-side, where my companion intimated we might procure a can of excellent Cwrrw, or (as we Saxons call it) Welsh ale. A ride of six miles, in a mountainous country, and on a poney, not a very smooth trotting one, had rather fatigued me, and I gladly availed myself of the means of refreshment, however humble. We alighted, and, entering the hovel, beheld a scene, to me novel and entertaining. A large table covered with beef, mutton, vegetables, &c. &c. appeared at one end, round which was seated a group of hungry farmers, who voraciously devoured the good things before them. Opposite to these were

a party of waggoners, or cattle drovers, waiting for their evening meal, which Caddy Howell (the good woman of the house) was busily preparing over a flaming fire, of turf, and cord-wood,\* the ordinary fuel of the country: a strapping Cambrian damsel who was attending the farmers, upon my companion making known our business, placed before us a foaming tankard of the very best, and hoped "ta shentlemans would like it." My guide's information was correct; the *ewrrw* was good, and proved very grateful and refreshing after a warm ride of six miles.

The sun had completely set, when we recommenced our journey; and a star or two was dimly seen to twinkle in the sky; a gentle breeze sprang up, and the moon, which now began to appear, shed a soft and partial light upon the surrounding scenery. I never witnessed so beautiful an effect of moonlight; at one time it shone full upon us; at another, it was entirely hidden from our view by an intervening rock, though we could still see, in perspective, its light falling upon the woods. At intervals we could hear the splashing of a river, as it wandered over its rocky bed. The placidity of the scene was heightened by the hooting of the owl, which "ever and anon poured out her tale unto the wind," and only disturbed by the barking of the sheep-dog, or the greeting of the passing traveller, several of whom we met returning from the fair at Dolgelley.

We came at last in sight of Dolgelley, situated beneath us, in a valley, fertile, well wooded, and embellished with a number of pretty seats; the moon shone with an unclouded ray direct upon it, and exhibited its delightful vicinity, in all the charms of rural and picturesque beauty. We descended a steep hill, and entering the town over a bridge of one arch, proceeded in a direction to the right, and reached the Golden Lion, where I was cordially welcomed by Mr. E. and concluded my adventures for the day, with a delicious supper, and a comfortable bed.

\* Cordwood.—The branches of trees; which are too slender for any other purpose but fuel.

Dolgelley is surrounded on all sides by hills, some of which are well-wooded, and watered by the river Wion, which proceeding in a western direction, joins the Mwddach, and falls into the sea at Barmouth, a distance of about ten miles. The vallies around are interspersed with decent houses, and the mountains bound every prospect by irregular distances. To the south is seen the majestic Cader Idris, "rearing its lofty head to heaven;" it is separated from the town, by a ridge of hills,\* called the Clegwyna, stretching to a considerable extent, partially wooded, and in some parts covered with gorse and heather.

The town itself is respectable, though the streets can boast of no great regularity, nor the houses of any of the beauties of architecture; they are built of rough stone, procured from the neighbouring mountains, and slated. The bank is by far the best house in external appearance; the interior is divided into several apartments, some occupied as offices, and some as private lodgings. The town-hall, and occasionally the theatre, is a wretched edifice, indeed so much so, that I wonder in a place where the inhabitants are far from poor, some plan is not adopted to erect a building for the transaction of legal, and county business. The new jail, which, as its name implies, is a new building, is situated on a hill, a short distance from the town, on the road to Cader Idris: its shape is an imperfect quadrangle, appearing, at first sight, nearly round. The prisoners have every attention, in respect to cleanliness and comfort, paid them; the cells are furnished with good mattresses, and are more roomy than those of the London prisons. It has a neat little chapel, and reflects great credit upon its founders and conductors. The present inhabitants are four prisoners, to be tried at the ensuing assizes, and six debtors. One of the four malefactors is accused of stealing part of the machinery belonging to a fulling mill; a crime almost unprecedented in these regions; and consequently exciting no little interest. Robbery in any form is a stranger to the inhabitants of Merionethshire. There

\* Part of these hills has since been enclosed, and is now transformed into corn-fields.

has been only one person executed here during a period of fourteen years, and that was for the unpardonable crime of forgery! The church is a dull, heavy-looking building, and from its appearance I should think possesses some claim to antiquity: "Within (says a modern topographer) is an antique monument of an armed knight, with a dog at his feet, and a lion passant guardant on his shield; on it is inscribed: "Hic jacet Mauric, filius Ynyr\* Vychan." This monument is now much defaced—the inscription hardly legible. The church is destitute of pews, in lieu of which it is furnished with benches, with the occupier's name painted on them. The service is performed in the Welch language, and the psalms and hymns—sung by the Sunday school—which has been lately established) in Welch and English. The congregation is numerous and respectable. The steeple is soon to be ornamented with a set of bells, purchased by a subscription raised for that purpose.†

Dolgelley receives some importance from being a market for Welch flannels, which are manufactured in the neighbouring villages, and brought here to be disposed of at the fairs, of which there are no less than six in the year. The famous Owen Glendower too, at whose nativity

"The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
And burning cressets;————"

conferred no small dignity upon it, by assembling his parliament here, in the year 1404, when he formed an alliance with Charles, King of France.

This is all the information I can, at present, glean, respecting this picturesque little town; and having exceeded the limits of my sheet, and perhaps pretty well exercised your patience, I shall reserve a description of the neighbouring seats to a future opportunity.

Mine host of the Lion is as civil and good-humoured

\* This monument probably covers the remains of one of the Vaughan family, the head of whom is now the member for the county, and has a seat in the neighbourhood.

† Mr. R——, one of the wealthiest parishioners, beneficently contributed to this subscription, the enormous sum of *one penny!!!*

as ever: the house is very full: here is only one English party, besides myself, consisting of a gentleman, and his lady, with their son and daughter. We take our meals at a kind of *table d'Hôte*; well furnished with excellent provisions; and the fares are moderate.

I have seen our friend Mr. Owen twice: I spend the day with him to-morrow. I have not yet seen Gorth, but hear from every body that it is a "sweet pretty place." I may, perhaps, in my next, trouble you with a description of it.

The judges come to town to-day, and the assizes commence to-morrow, or the day after: there will be three balls: one given by the Sheriff, one by Sir Robert Vaughan, the member for the county, and another by subscription. I understand they are very gaily attended, and afford a good specimen of Cambriau beauty; the fashion and beauty of Merionethshire usually gracing them with their presence.

Adieu! my dear friend, and believe me yours, &c.  
D. G.

## THE HEIRESS OF GLENALVON.

*A Tale, by Selina Davenport, concluded.*

Mrs. Hammond and Mrs. Archdall had frequently met, during the visits of the latter at the castle, but the former had always checked the warmth of Mrs. Archdall, by the coldness of her general manners. A coldness which was not natural to her, for, independent of her aversion to the heiress of Glenalvon, and her family, which of course influenced her conduct when in their presence, the deportment of Mrs. Hammond was such as to gain the good opinion of all her husband's parishioners. Mrs. Archdall now beheld with pleasure the altered air of Mrs. Hammond, and, good-naturedly forgetting her past hauteur, met her friendly advances with a kindness of heart, which sensibly affected that lady. They conversed freely upon the subject of the present joyous festivities, and expatiated largely upon the virtues and noble munificence of the owner of the castle; nor was Mrs. Hammond any longer backward in bestowing the just tri-

bute of praise due to both Mrs. Glenalvon and the child of her adoption.

The delighted mother of Selina listened with rapture to the encomiums thus unexpectedly passed on her lovely daughter; and, as her own heart expanded towards the speaker, she in her turn expressed her satisfaction at the affectionate intimacy, which subsisted between Selina and the Miss Hammonds, an intimacy which she hoped would ripen into the firmest friendship as they grew up in life. Mrs. Archdall next commented upon the pleasing manners and handsome persons of the Westbrooks. Frederic seemed particularly to have gained her affection. She inquired if he intended to make any long stay in the country, as it was her wish that her son Henry should cultivate as much as possible his acquaintance. This friendly conversation ended by a promise of Mrs. Archdall to call the next morning at the parsonage, at the request of Mrs. Hammond, who intimated that she had something which she wished to communicate to the mother of the young heiress.

Although it was late before the company separated for the night, Mrs. Archdall did not forget, the next morning, her engagement to call at the parsonage-house, where she was received with every demonstration of kindness, by its amiable inmates. On Mrs. Hammond signifying her wish to be left alone with her visitor, the young people retired to their separate pursuits, with a cheerfulness which displayed a willingness to comply with the most trivial request of their revered parent. Turning towards Mrs. Archdall, Mrs. Hammond thus addressed her.

"After the liberality of mind which you last night displayed, my dear madam," said she, "I feel myself bound, both in conscience and in justice, to account to you for the apparent singularity of my repulsive manners towards yourself and family. It was not that I was insensible to its superior merits, or to your condescending affability, and sweet forbearance, even when provoked to anger by my cold and haughty demeanour. I now blush at the selfishness of my feelings, at the narrow-minded and illiberal jealousy which occasioned me to adopt a mode of conduct foreign to my natural

disposition; and I take a pride in acknowledging that it is to your daughter alone that I am indebted for this change in my sentiments. To those who know her, it may appear next to an impossibility, that she should ever have been the object of any other sentiment than that of affection; but to me, who viewed her with the jaundiced eye of prejudice, it is a matter of wonder, that I should so readily have become a convert to the opinion of my nephew Frederic, and that, like him, I am now willing to allow, that the being who, at the joyous age of Selina, and surrounded by every luxury of life, can feel for the distresses of a stranger's family, and can relieve those distresses in the most delicate and liberal manner, is worthy to enjoy the ample fortune which the tenderness of Mrs. Glenalvon has bequeathed to her."

"I am sincerely happy, my dear madam," replied Mrs. Archdall, "that any action of my daughter should have met with so great a reward as that of your approbation. Believe me, I have ever regretted the coldness which subsisted between our families; and, though it has occasioned me at times considerable uneasiness, yet I have always conceived that your conduct did not originate from caprice, or any personal dislike to me or to my children, but from some secret reason, some hidden cause, which operated unfortunately against all my overtures towards a friendly intercourse. That Selina was ever made heiress of Glenalvon was owing to the firm conviction of her father and myself, that Mrs. Glenalvon would never be induced to adopt as her heir a child of that unfortunate marriage, which had so fatally blasted all the fond hopes of her early years, and which had at once deprived her of a sister, whom she tenderly loved, and of a friend, a lover, still more fondly idolized than the weak and misguided Henrietta. It was with painful reluctance, that I yielded to the entreaties, the persuasions of Mrs. Glenalvon, and gave up my child, that she might educate and rear her as her own; that she might lavish upon her all the long slumbering tenderness of her chilled and blighted affections; and that in her declining years she might still possess the blessing of filial and dutiful attentions; a blessing which ingratitude and unkind-

ness had nearly wrested from her for ever. It depended upon me and Captain Archdall to gratify the ardent and generous wishes of one of the most amiable of women, to restore her to society, and the innocent amusements of life, from which she had so long been estranged. It depended upon us to call into action all the rich treasures of her heart, to confer upon her new born happiness, and to make life once more desirable. It was this motive, my dear madam, more than the fortune to which our child would be the declared heiress, that induced Captain Archdall and myself to resign Selina to the care of Mrs. Glenalvon."

"The motives of your conduct are highly honorable to your feelings," said Mrs. Hammond, visibly agitated; "happy should I be, could I as easily exonerate my own from all selfish considerations; but, when I tell you in confidence how nearly I am connected to the dear imprudent cause of all Mrs. Glenalvon's misfortunes, you will, perhaps, in tenderness to the weak fondness of a sister's feelings, find some excuse for my past coldness, prejudice and hauteur."

"A sister!" exclaimed Mrs. Archdall, in astonishment. "Surely, my dear Mrs. Hammond, you are not the sister of that unkind man who so cruelly sported with the peace of my highly valued friend?"

"I am indeed his sister," replied Mrs. Hammond; "and though I have ever considered that one act of his life as reflecting on his moral character, as well as on the goodness of his heart, yet I have never been able to wean myself from his cause, or to forget for a moment that he was my brother, and that his fault originated in his filial duties, which made him yield to parental advice and parental persuasion, though, in fact, his whole soul was secretly devoted to Henrietta. I do not attempt to excuse my brother," continued Mrs. Hammond, as she read in the intelligent countenance of her attentive listener marks of strong disapprobation. "I only repeat to you with candour the state of my unfortunate brother's situation. In order to obey the will of his being, he strove to combat with his tenderest inclinations, and resolved to sacrifice himself to the will of his parents, and to the welfare of his family. That he acted contrary to his intentions was

the result of the intelligence which arrived from Mrs. Glenalvon's uncle. In a moment, dangerous to the repose of both sisters, and to his honor, he met Henrietta alone in her father's garden. Her beauty, and his long-stifed affection, overcame the barrier which had hitherto preserved him true to his plighted word. Of the consequences of this interview you are but too well aware; but the undeviating tenderness of conjugal love cannot heal the wounds which memory continues to inflict on the minds of my brother and his wife. The recollection of her whom they have so deeply injured, of her whose confidence and affection they so cruelly betrayed, of her whom in the trying hour of disappointment and misfortune they so selfishly abandoned to the triple loss of fortune, of kindred, and of friends, has been the ceaseless vulture which for so many years has preyed upon their vitals. It has sensibly affected their health, and poisoned their sweetest hours of blissful endearments. I have witnessed their vain regrets, their sincere repentance; and, if I have ungenerously allowed my sentiments of commiseration and affection for them and their offspring to influence my behaviour towards you and your lovely child, I flatter myself that my present confession, and my willingness to recant my past opinions, and to acknowledge the innumerable virtues of the heiress of Glenalvon, will in some measure atone for my fault."

"Mention it no more," my friend, "exclaimed the mother of Selina, warmly pressing the hand of Mrs. Hammond in her own. "I can readily make every allowance for a mode of conduct which sprung from sisterly affection. The ties of kindred are so closely interwoven with our existence, that to break those ties is to take from life its sweetest, dearest charms! Well, therefore, can I excuse your prejudices against me and my family, whom you must have regarded as mercenary intruders into that house which you very naturally wished to see become the home of your brother's children. Your confidence, my dear Mrs. Hammond, shall not be misplaced. Let it be full and entire. If, through my means, you can attain but one wish connected with the welfare of those you love so

ardently, I shall consider myself supremely happy.—Tell me, therefore, can I in any way be of service to them or to you?”

“To do ample justice to the merits of your daughter,” replied Mrs. Hammond, “I must necessarily betray to you the occasion which called forth her benevolence, and which made an immediate change in my opinions respecting her.” Mrs. Hammond now entered into a detail of the origin of Selina’s generous donations, dwelling with the warmest admiration on the delicacy of the manner by which the relief was conveyed to her hands. “I will not conceal from you, my dear madam, that Westbrook is only an assumed name, which I myself forced Frederick and his sisters to assume, when they arrived at the parsonage; well knowing that, had they gone by their own, they could not have been received at the castle of Glenalvon. I confess that it was with extreme difficulty that I persuaded Frederic Desmond to conceal his name; neither was it with his consent that I retained for an hour the noble donation of the amiable young heiress. The necessities of his family are great, and his own prospects with those of his father seem crushed for ever; yet he strongly adjured me to return the present of your daughter, as being by far too large a sum for her to dispose of, without the sanction of Mrs. Glenalvon. To you, therefore, my dear madam, I consign this proof of genuine feeling and humanity; trusting that you will have the goodness to return it to Selina, in a manner which will not wound her feelings, or mortify her pride.”

Mrs. Archdall looked for a moment irresolute; then, taking the note, placed it silently in her purse, without making any comment either on her daughter’s liberality, or the disinterestedness of Frederic. Rising rather suddenly, she apologized to Mrs. Hammond for leaving her so soon; “but,” said she, “if you are disengaged this evening, I and my daughter will come and take our tea with you, if you will promise to receive us without any of that useless ceremony which in general is the signal of banishment to all ease and friendly familiarity.” Upon Mrs. Hammond assuring her that she should be rejoiced to receive them upon

the footing of long friendship, Mrs. Archdall took leave, and returned to the castle.

Fortunately for the benevolent feelings of this amiable woman, which were never more warmly excited than at this moment, she on entering the private apartment of Mrs. Glenalvon found, as she had wished, that lady alone. She, without hesitation, communicated to her the generous donation of Selina, which she said Mrs. Hammond, at the earnest desire of her nephew Frederic, had that morning requested her to return, lest the warm-hearted giver should incur the displeasure of her adopted parent, by disposing of so large a sum without her knowledge or consent.

“I cannot but approve of Mrs. Hammond’s conduct in this affair,” replied Mrs. Glenalvon, “and though, from her general deportment, and singular reserve of manners, I have never been able to regard her in the same friendly light as I do her worthy husband, yet this instance of propriety and candour pleases me much; and I shall, therefore, enclose the gift of my dear Selina in a few lines from myself, which will assure her that I perfectly approve of my sweet girl’s manner of appropriating her birth-day present; since, to confer happiness on others is the surest way of securing her own.”

Mrs. Glenalvon immediately dispatched a servant to Mrs. Hammond, with a note, which she trusted would be perfectly satisfactory to both the aunt and nephew, and then, reseating herself by Mrs. Archdall, she entered into conversation respecting the misfortunes which had befallen Mr. Westbrook, and lamented their consequent effect upon the prospects of his children, in terms which proved to her attentive hearer that the latter had gained no trifling share of her attention and regard.

“I cannot help feeling most acutely,” said she, “for Frederic in particular. He is now of an age when the altered situation of his family, from comparative affluence to certain poverty, must be a severe and mortifying reflection. I see, or imagine that I see, the canker worm of secret anguish already preying upon the bright tint of his cheek, and sapping the foundation of his bodily and mental faculties. He seems to pos-

ness powers of mind equal to the promise given by his intelligent countenance, and he must not be suffered to fall a sacrifice to the afflictions of his parents. Help me, therefore, my dear Mrs. Archdall, with your counsel in this delicate affair; and tell me what would be the best means of relieving permanently this unfortunate family, and of providing for Frederic."

"Oh, best and kindest of friends," exclaimed Mrs. Archdall, pressing her hand with warm admiration of her virtues, "do not apply to me, when your own noble and generous heart is ever ready to point the way to active benevolence."

"Praise undeserved is censure in disguise," replied Mrs. Glenalvon, colouring deeply, "and in this instance, my dearest Caroline, I deserve no eulogiums for my benevolence, since it is not so disinterested as you are inclined to believe; and I cannot bear that any merit should be ascribed to my actions which they do not possess. To deal with that candour which has ever marked our attachment for each other, I must betray to you the latent weakness of my heart, which has only discovered itself since my knowledge of the young Westbrooks. That I should compassionate the misfortunes of their parents, and feel anxious to relieve them, is only natural; but that I should take so warm an interest in the future welfare and establishment of Frederic is owing, my dearest Caroline, to the blended likeness which I have imagined to exist between his features and those of my once dear Henrietta and my mercenary lover.

Until now, I had believed that my heart was dead to every emotion connected with their remembrance, save that of indignation at being the dupe of their treacherous artifices; but this youth has awakened in my soul sweeter and better feelings, and when I watch the varying changes of his handsome countenance, when I behold the pensive tenderness of his eyes, as they rest on his sisters, they recal most forcibly to my mind those of the cruel Desmond. Again, when Selina appears, when she smiles or speaks, the brilliant animation which sparkles within them, and which adds a charm to his whole form, brings back to my busy fancy the beloved Henrietta, the once idolized sister and friend of my

bosom.—Oh, Caroline! with sentiments like these, what praise is due to me for my wish to assist and serve the relations of Mrs. Hammond?"

"Dearest madam!" replied Mrs. Archdall, "your own confession has, in my opinion, only created for your conduct a higher eulogium than that which I attempted to bestow. The noblest feelings which can warm a human bosom, are those of mercy and forgiveness; and, if I might dare to plead the cause of remorse and penitence, I would now venture to implore you to cherish the generous yearnings of your present tenderness, and to receive once more to your affection those unhappy beings, whose baseness towards yourself must ever have been to them a subject of the most bitter and heart-rending reproaches."

"No! Caroline, no!" cried Mrs. Glenalvon, rising hastily to conceal her emotion; "that request, so often urged by you with the most noble disinterestedness of soul, cannot ever be granted. Nay, I do not tell you, that were Frederic Westbrook the son of Desmond and Henrietta, I should feel as much for him as I do now."

At this moment, Selina, followed by young Westbrook, entered the room. "You must forgive me, if I have interrupted your discourse, my dear, dear parents," said she, embracing each of them affectionately, "but Mr. Westbrook expressed a wish to speak to you, so I brought him to your chamber, without any ceremony, as I felt assured that he must always be a welcome visitor."

Mrs. Glenalvon held out her hand to Frederic, who raised it to his lips in evident confusion, while Mrs. Archdall and Selina motioned to withdraw; but, Frederic, hastily catching the arm of the former, respectfully besought her to remain, and intercede with him for the pardon of Mrs. Glenalvon.

"My pardon!" exclaimed that lady, at the same time smiling on him with engaging sweetness. "In what can you have offended me, my dear young friend, since I am so unconscious of the nature of your fault?"

"It is one which I despise myself for having committed," said Frederic, with painful embarrassment; "but, which I will now endeavour to atone for, by

acknowledging my contrition. To gratify the wishes of my affectionate aunt, I, with my sisters, consented to appear before you under a borrowed name, but I cannot consent that the generous benevolence of the heiress of Glenalvon should be bestowed upon an unworthy object. Pardon, therefore, dearest madam, that I returned the kind donation of Miss Glenalvon. My own heart upbraids me for having abused your goodness by courting your attention under a borrowed name; and, though my father's misfortunes have reduced him and his family to their present painful situation, yet I am assured that both he and my mother will approve of my returning the money, under the circumstances in which I am now placed; yet while I live I shall not forget either your condescending kindness, or this dear angel's benevolent humanity, and if I am never again blest by the sight of this castle's revered and beloved inmates, still my grateful heart"—Here his emotions became too violent to be concealed, and he was hastily quitting the room, when Selina flew forward, and laying her hand on his arm, burst into tears. Frederic stopped irresolute: he tremblingly imprinted a kiss of grateful thankfulness, but the consciousness of having acted improperly would have overcome his tenderer feelings, and induced him to leave the apartment, had not the gentle voice of Mrs. Glenalvon stayed his flight.

Equally agitated as her adopted daughter, she had risen from her seat, and taking a hand of each, she led them back to the couch which she had quitted. "Frederic," said she, as she placed him by her side, "you must not leave me without some further explanations. I have suffered myself to feel for you that affectionate interest which has led me to think seriously of your future establishment in life. I have formed so high an opinion of your principles, that I will not allow myself to believe you capable of a willing act of deception; neither can I relinquish the pleasing hopes which I had formed, that your society would add to the happiness of my domestic circle. If my friendship, and that of Selina, holds out any charm worthy your acceptance, do not, I conjure you, disappoint us in our expectations; but, tell me with sincerity the name of your

family, and the motives of your aunt in wishing you to assume a borrowed one."

"To possess your friendship and that of Miss Glenalvon," modestly replied Frederic, "would be the summit of my proudest hopes; but the knowledge of my real name will only for ever deprive me of your favour. This painful conviction shall not, however, induce me to shrink from my fate, and though I may become the object of your scorn and aversion, as being the son of parents, who have mutually wounded one of the best and kindest of hearts, yet, like them, I must be content to bear the consequences of their crime; like them, unceasingly lament the influence of that fatal passion which too often proves our direst foe."

Mrs. Glenalvon, pale and breathless, had sunk upon the throbbing bosom of Selina. She now hastily interrupted Frederic, whose hand she grasped within her own. "I could not be mistaken! In spite of past injuries, and a feigned name, my soul, as if by instinct, claimed kindred with thine, dearest Frederic! Yes, thou art the son of Desmond and Henrietta, and should I take thee to my bosom, should I place thee next my heart, next to my beloved Selina, wilt thou, like her, repay me for past misery? like her, sweeten the hours of my existence, and prove to me that human nature, with all its failings, has still some glorious exceptions to the rule I had formerly laid down as positive?"

Frederic flung himself on one knee before Mrs. Glenalvon; he endeavoured to give utterance to his feelings, but they were too powerful, while Mrs. Glenalvon and Mrs. Archdall both embraced him, and Selina sobbed aloud for joy. "Oh, I am so happy! so happy!" said she, weeping as she spoke. "Frederic Desmond will now become the heir of Glenalvon, but I shall still live and die with my dear adopted parent." "Not for the universe!" exclaimed Frederic, warmly. "No, angelic Selina! never will I consent to rob you of your rightful inheritance. You must continue heiress of Glenalvon, or I instantly resign the blissful tenderness of my noble aunt."

Mrs. Glenalvon flung an arm round each. "Child-

dren of my love and of my fondest hopes!" said she, "rest satisfied with my provident affection, as well as with my justice. Selina continues heiress of Glenalvon; but if, at a future time, she voluntarily transfers her right to the care of him for whose welfare and happiness she has betrayed so kind an interest, she will have my free consent, with this proviso, that he assume the name of Glenalvon, and with it all that vast fund of affection which I have ever manifested towards the child of my adoption. Should this be the case, Frederic, and you think that I am entitled to your gratitude, repay me by lavishing on Selina, if ever she becomes your wife, that tenderness which, from her earliest infancy, she has been accustomed to receive."

The young people were too much confused, and too much overjoyed, to reply to this unexpected proposal of Mrs. Glenalvon; and Mrs. Archdall, pitying their embarrassment, proposed sending for Mrs. Hammond and her family, that they might participate in the general felicity of the scene. The summons was immediately obeyed, and the Miss Westbrooks were received with great kindness by their aunt, who that evening wrote to her solicitor, empowering him to settle the affairs of Mr. Desmond, and assist him in recovering the situation which he had lost. Mrs. Glenalvon next wrote to her sister a letter, expressive of her forgiveness, in which she requested that Frederic and his two eldest sisters might finish their education at the castle. This proposal was too advantageous to be refused by the repentant parents of the young Desmonds, and they accordingly continued under the roof with their aunt and Selina, whom they loved with the warmest affection.

Frederic, by the sweetness of his manners, and the goodness of his principles, has so completely won upon the hearts of the tenantry and the domestics, that they look forward with delight to the time when he shall receive the hand of their beloved young mistress, and Harry Archdall, sensible of his merits, feels confident that he is truly deserving to become the husband of his sister, and to share with her the noble fortune which belongs to her as heiress of Glenalvon.

## NATURAL PHENOMENA.

## No. 5.—THE SPECTRE OF THE BROKEN.

IN the course of my repeated tours through the Harz,\* says M. Jordan, I ascended the Broken twelve different times; but I had the good fortune only twice (both times about Whitsuntide) to see that atmospheric phenomenon, called the Spectre of the Broken, which appears to me worthy of particular attention, as it must, no doubt, be observed on other high mountains which have a situation favourable for producing it.

The first time I was deceived by this extraordinary phenomenon, I had clambered up to the summit of the Broken, very early in the morning, in order to wait there for the inexpressibly beautiful view of the sun rising in the east. The heavens were already streaked with red; the sun was just appearing above the horizon in full majesty, and the most perfect serenity prevailed throughout the surrounding country, when the other Harz mountains in the south-west, towards the Worm mountains, &c. lying under the Broken, began to be covered by thick clouds. Ascending at that moment the granite rocks, called the Teufelskanzel, there appeared before me, though at a great distance, towards the Worm mountains and the Achtermanshohë, the gigantic figure of a man, as if standing on a large pedestal. But scarcely had I discovered it when it began to disappear; the clouds sunk down speedily, and expanded, and I saw the phenomenon no more.

The second time, however, I saw this spectre somewhat more distinctly, a little below the summit of the Broken, and near the Heinrichshohë, as I was looking at the sun rising about four o'clock in the morning. The weather was rather tempestuous; the sky towards the level country was pretty clear, but the Harz mountains had attracted several thick clouds, which had been hovering around them, and which beginning to settle on the Broken, confined the prospect. In these

\* The Harz mountains are situated in Hanover.

clouds, soon after the rising of the sun, I saw my own shadow, of a monstrous size, move itself for a couple of seconds exactly as I moved; but I was soon involved in clouds, and the phenomenon disappeared.

It is impossible to see this phenomenon, except when the sun is at such an altitude as to throw his rays upon the body in an horizontal direction; for, if he is higher, the shadow is thrown rather under the body than before it.

In the month of September last year, as I was making a tour through the Harz with a very agreeable party, and ascended the Broken, I found an excellent account and explanation of this phenomenon, as seen by M. Hauc, on the 23d of May, 1797, and narrated in his diary of an excursion to that mountain. I shall, therefore, take the liberty of transcribing it. "After having been here for the thirtieth time," says M. Haue, "and, besides other objects of my attention, having procured information respecting the above mentioned atmospheric phenomenon, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing it; and perhaps my description may afford satisfaction to others who visit the Broken through curiosity. The sun rose about four o'clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene towards the east, his rays could pass without any obstruction over the Heinrichshöhe. In the south-west, however, towards Achtermannshöhe, a brisk west wind carried before it thin transparent vapours, which were not yet condensed into thick heavy clouds.

About a quarter past four I went towards the inn, and looked round to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the south-west; when I observed, at a very great distance towards Achtermannshöhe, a human figure of a monstrous size. A violent gust of wind having almost carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it by moving my arm towards my head, and the colossal figure did the same.

The pleasure which I felt on this discovery can hardly be described, for I had already walked many a weary step in the hopes of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity. I immediately made another movement by bending my body,

and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more; but my colossus had vanished: I remained in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return, and in a few minutes it again made its appearance on the Achtermannshöhe. I paid my respects to it a second time, and it did the same to me. I then called the landlord of the Broken; and having both taken the same position, which I had taken alone, we looked towards the Achtermannshöhe, but saw nothing. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, which repeated our compliments by bending their bodies as we did; after which they vanished. We retained our position, kept our eyes fixed upon the same spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third. Every movement that we made by bending our bodies these figures imitated; but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined. Having thus had an opportunity of discovering the whole secret of this phenomenon, I can give the following information to such of my readers as may be desirous of seeing it themselves. When the rising sun, and, according to analogy, the case will be the same at the setting sun, throws his rays over the Broken upon the body of a man standing opposite to fine light clouds, floating around or hovering past him, he needs only fix his eyes stedfastly upon them, and, in all probability, he will see the singular spectacle of his own shadow extending the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles before him. This is one of the most agreeable phenomena I ever had an opportunity of remarking on the great observatory of Germany.

#### THE GASTROBRANCHUS.

THE fish which constitutes this genus has long since been described by Linnæus and others, under the title of *myxine glutinosa*, and considered as belonging to the tribe of *vermes*, in which situation it ranks in the

latest editions of the *Systema Natura*. Dr. Bloch, however, from accurate examination both of its external and internal structure, has very justly considered it as a legitimate cartilaginous fish. The usual length of the European specimens is from four to six inches; but in the Indian ocean it appears to arrive at a far superior size, nearly equalling in this respect the common eel. In its general appearance it bears a near resemblance to the lampreys, with which by Kalm, its first describer, it has been associated.

It is remarkable, for the total want of eyes, not the least vestige of any such organs being discoverable by the most attentive examination. The general colour of the animal is whitish, with a dusky bluish cast above, and reddish towards the head and tail; the fin surrounding the tail part is yellowish brown. The manners of this fish are represented as highly singular. It is said to enter the bodies of such fishes as it happens to find on the fishermen's hooks, and which consequently have not the power of escaping its attacks, and by gnawing its way through the skin, to devour all the internal parts, leaving only the bones and skin remaining. Another particularity in this animal consists in its uncommonly glutinous nature. If put into a large vessel of sea water, it is said, in a very short space to render the whole so glutinous, as easily to be drawn out in the form of threads. When taken out of the water, the gastrobranchus is said to be incapable of living more than three or four hours.

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## ANECDOTE AND WIT.

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No. 6.

GEORGE MORLAND.

A MEMORABLE circumstance occurred to him during his retreat to Hackney, and altogether an unfortunate one; for, in his retirement here, he applied closely to his profession, remained singularly sober, and seemed about to recover that composure and serenity of mind, to which he had long been a stranger.

All the pictures sent from his easel, while at Hackney, are very carefully finished; his drawings also evinced a minuteness of attention, which was wanting in many others, produced under the pressure of immediate necessities. His works, in consequence of this great and obvious improvement, now rose very highly in value; and although, through the craft of picture dealers, the artist himself derived from his paintings a small part only of the price which they produced, still Morland received such sums of money in his extreme privacy, as produced a suspicion that he was connected with a gang of coiners or forgers! Information was accordingly communicated to the Bank of England, and a party of officers was dispatched to the harmless dwelling of poor Morland, in order to secure the suspected criminal. He had notice of their approach, and having no doubt that they were coming to arrest him for debt, made his escape over the garden wall, and effected his retreat undiscovered into London. The officers, after rummaging all his boxes, drawers, &c. discovered their error, and the directors, when the affair was represented to them, sent the terrified artist, as an indemnification for the inconvenience he had suffered, a paltry present of twenty guineas. The mischief to Morland, however, was irreparable; the spot which had afforded him an asylum was no longer secure, and the tranquillity he had begun to enjoy was destroyed. He took shelter at a carver and gilder's, in Leadenhall-street; thence he wandered from place to place in dreadful apprehension of discovery, till he received an invitation from Mr. Lynn, to pass a few weeks with him at his house at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. His retreat was discovered within three days, and he was compelled to fly to Yarmouth, accompanied by a faithful friend, his servant George Sympson, where, after having remained in quiet for a few days, he was arrested as a spy, by a silly military officer, who commanded in that quarter.

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SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WHEN he was only a boy, at Harrow School, he invented a political play, in which Dr. William Bennet,

bishop of Cloyne, and the celebrated Dr. Parr, were his principal associates. They divided the fields in the neighbourhood of Harrow, according to a map of Greece, into states and kingdoms; each fixed upon one as his dominion, and assumed an ancient name. Some of their schoolfellows consented to be styled barbarians, who were to invade their territories, and attack their billocks, which were denominated fortresses. The chiefs vigorously defended their respective domains against the incursions of the enemy; and in these imitative wars, the young statesmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and composed memorials, all doubtless very boyish, but calculated to fill their minds with ideas of legislation and civil government. In these unusual amusements Jones was ever the leader.



## PASWAN OGLOU.

IN 1798, the Porte, which had been long set at defiance by Paswan Oglou, determined to make one great effort to reduce the rebel. Hussein, the high-general, was ordered to march against him with all the forces of Europe and Asia that could be raised.

Paswan, on the approach of the enemy, disbanded the greatest part of his troops, and shut himself up in Widdin, with 12,000 chosen men. After having reconnoitred the environs of the town, after having assigned to the different chiefs all the posts which they were to occupy, and having made all the dispositions which he judged necessary for the siege, Hussein summoned Paswan to lay down his arms, promising him his life, liberty, and a distinguished rank, if he would spare mussulman blood. 'In vain wilt thou oppose to me,' said he to him, 'a momentary resistance; I have a hundred thousand men with me; a hundred thousand others would come to their assistance, were it necessary; acknowledge thy errors; prostrate thyself before the majesty of the imperial throne, and deliver up to me thy town and thy army.' Paswan received the envoy of the pacha on the most lofty tower of his palace, whence he was observing with a glass the movements of his enemy, and with that disdain which the

idea of the superiority of one's own strength and talent naturally produces, 'Go, and tell thy master,' replied he, 'that it depended on me to have a hundred thousand men to oppose him; I preferred conquering him with ten.' The result of the contest sufficiently justified the haughty boast of Paswan.

#### A VALUABLE REWARD.

WHEN a man of singular humour, a few years since, had rendered a personal service to the king, he was asked by Mr. Dundas, what could be done for him? "Make me a Scotchman, sir!" was his reply, "and every thing else will follow of course."

#### SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

THIS old Scotch poet was a man of both courage and wit. The king being one day surrounded by a numerous train of nobility and prelates, Lindsay approached him with due reverence, and began to prefer a humble petition, that he would instal him in an office which was then vacant. "I have," said he, "servit your grace lang, and luik to be rewardit as others are: and now your maister taylor, at the pleasure of God, is departit; wherefore I would desire of your grace, to bestow this little benefite upon me." The king replied, that he was amazed at such a request from a man who could neither shape nor sew." "Sir," rejoined the poet, "that maks nae matter; for you have given bishopricks and benefices to mony standing here about you, and yet they can nouthier teach nor preach; and why may not I as weil be your taylor, thocht I can nouthier shape nor sew; seeing teaching and preaching are nae less requisite to their vocation, than shaping and sewing to ane taylor."

#### THE ABBE DE VILLEROI.

WHEN the Abbe de Villeroi, who, at an earlier period, had made many unsuccessful attempts to become one of the canons of Lyons, was appointed by the king to

the archbishopric of that city, the canons waited upon him with the usual tribute of respectful compliments. While he received them with courtesy, he could not help remarking, that the stone which the builders rejected was become the head of the corner. Their spokesman instantly replied, "This is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes."

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#### A PARROT.

A PARROT of no mean parts, by frequently hanging out from one of the houses facing St. George's dock in Liverpool, had acquired a variety of human language, and more especially that particular part which so frequently requires the horse to hack his load, to discharge it into the ship in the dock. A carter having unfortunately left his cart, with the tail to the dock, Poll, in a garrulous mood, unluckily happened to cry, *back, back, back*, several times, so distinctly and loudly, that the well-tutored beast, obeying the word of command, actually hacked the cart, so as to precipitate it and himself into the dock. The poor animal, however, was saved.

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#### STERNE.

STERNE, like many other people, did not pay much attention to truth, when he had an opportunity of displaying his wit. At the table of Lord Tavistock, in Paris, he met Mr. Dutens, and was seated next to him, without knowing him. The party consisted principally of gentlemen, who were on the point of visiting Turin, whence Dutens was just arrived, and of gentlemen who had just returned from it. Sterne, addressing himself to his neighbour, asked him if he knew Mr. Dutens? 'Yes, very intimately,' replied the latter. The whole company began to laugh; and Sterne, perfectly ignorant of the person he was addressing, but conceiving that there must be something very whimsical in the character of a man whose name alone was sufficient to excite merriment and laughter, began drawing a portrait of Dutens, which the latter affected

to consider vastly like the original. As the company became more and more amused, the satirist invented many stories, which he related in his dry way, to the great diversion of the table.

When Mr. Dutens had retired, and Sterne was made acquainted with the grossness of his blunder, he was not a little alarmed, and called the following morning, with a hundred apologies for his indiscretion on Mr. Dutens, who had all along enjoyed the joke as much as any one in the room, and who received the humiliated satirist with admirable good humour.

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## AN ESSAY

ON

### THE MISERIES COMMONLY ATTENDANT ON GENIUS.

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 "Here mark what ills the *Poet's* life assail,  
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."—*Johnson*.

—  
 THAT Genius has a greater tendency to render the life of the individual on whom she sheds her rays, unhappy than felicitous, is an observation which has frequently been made, and which is, unfortunately, verified by experience.

Did this remark require confirmation, we might mention, in our own country and within the last century, the names of Savage, Chatterton, Shaw, Dermody, Burns, Cowper, and many others, which, as they are generally known, it would be an idle waste of time to repeat.

It may, perhaps, be objected, that several of these persons were of dissolute character, and therefore deserved to be, and, indeed, must have been, unhappy, whatever their abilities or acquirements. But this objection cannot apply to the virtuous and amiable Cowper, Græme, and others, whose talents were equalled by their virtues, and who yet lived and died most unhappily. And in favour even of those whom the censorious have stigmatized with the appellations of unprincipled and debauched, many circumstances

may be urged, and many allowances should be made. They were mostly persons born in the lower ranks of life, and altogether unused to mingle with the great, till introduced to notice by some fortunate (or, more properly speaking, unfortunate) incident; by some great man, ambitious of the honour (to be purchased at a trifling expence) of ushering a genius into the world, and of having his name prefixed to a book, which is admired and quoted, while it is fashionable, by the rich, the beautiful, and the gay.

Let us picture to ourselves a young man of lively imagination, sanguine disposition, and simplicity of heart, thus introduced to the world: what visions of future greatness will fill his mind! what intoxicating notions of the excellence of human nature will be the consequence of the flattering attentions paid to him by those whom he has been taught to consider almost as beings of a superior order! But the mist which novelty had spread before his eyes is soon dispelled, and he sees mankind as they are. He had expected to meet with nothing but friendship, honesty, and liberality—how greatly is he deceived! instead of honesty, he finds fraud; instead of friendship, dissimulation; instead of liberality, low-minded, over-reaching cunning.

Meanwhile his patron (as he is styled) enjoys the pleasure of showing him about for a season, and of receiving the compliments of his friends, on his *taste* and *liberality*. The poet is, during this time, hurried into the vortex of dissipation, whose blandishments being unacquainted with, he is the less able to resist, and which have for him the additional charm of novelty to recommend them. But, alas! his season of distinction is short; some new meteor arises in the horizon of taste, some new idol claims the devotions of the giddy and ever-varying crowd, and our unhappy bard finds himself deserted by his former admirers. As no further honour is to be obtained by patronizing him, an excuse is easily found for his dismissal, with abundance of *good advice*, and a very small portion of earthly treasure. Doubly keen are the blasts of adversity to him who has basked in the sunshine of prosperity. Forlorn creature! where shall

he turn for refuge, where seek comfort? Happy for him had he been allowed to creep on in his former obscurity! then had he known no wants beyond what his labours could supply. But now, unused, unwilling, and probably unable, to labour---his appetites debauched by the indulgencies of fashionable life---his plain and simple habits vitiated or destroyed---his former pleasures rendered loathsome and disgusting to his now-depraved taste, he experiences a ceaseless longing for objects beyond his reach, and at last finds a substitute for these pleasures, or one which at least enables him to forget or despise them, in that destructive but too frequent resource of misery---the bottle. His *debauchery* (as they are pleased to term it) affords a plausible pretext for his fashionable friends to decline any further patronage or encouragement of him: they now make those vices and failings which he has imbibed from his residence; among them, a reason for deserting him in his distress; and attempt to justify their want of generosity towards him by the observation, that it would be highly improper in them to give countenance to a person of so bad a character, or to afford the means of dissipation to one so willing to make use of them. Drinking affords him but a temporary refuge from the miseries which now press heavily on him. Like the *ignis fatuus*, it allures him with the prospect of relief, but in the end leads him to destruction. To his other calamities is now added that most dreadful one---sickness. His thoughtless extravagance has most probably led him to contract debts which he is unable to discharge. He who is in want, must not expect to find his creditors indulgent. He is thrown into a prison, among a heap of wretches, the dregs of mankind; and there, the victim of disease and of famine, stung into madness by reflections on his own conduct, and on that of others, what wonder if he cannot wait the slow approaches of death, but indignantly casting away that existence which is so grievous a burden to him, rushes unbidden into the presence of his creator?

This may appear too terrible to be true; but, let it be recollected, that more than one of our English poets have experienced a fate nearly similar. How-

ever, it must be confessed, that the destiny of men of genius is now much improved, and is not frequently so deplorable as what is here stated: indeed, most of the *celebrated* poets of the present day are known to be placed far above want; but

“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

There may be many persons, of the most exalted genius, unknown to fame, who are even now pining in misery and neglect; and, if report be true, one whose talents and virtues have been, and must ever be, acknowledged by every reader of “*The Farmer’s Boy*,” is at this moment in this lamentable situation, while the profit arising from the sale of his works enriches those who ought, in justice, to assist him; this was stated in the London Newspapers some time back, and, as I have seen no contradiction of it, I presume it to be true; I should very gladly find it otherwise.

But, allowing that such extreme bodily suffering cannot be said to be the general lot of men of genius, it may with truth be affirmed, that the greatest degree of mental anguish, very frequently combined with most of the ills which afflict humanity, has been the lot of the greater number of those highly-gifted beings, in all ages, whose works have procured for them the precious meed of immortality.

Among poets in particular, to whom I more especially allude, we shall find very few who were not as remarkable for their misfortunes as for their talents. Who has not heard of the blindness of Milton; the wretched life, and still more unhappy death, of Otway; the long sufferings and unrequited services of Cowley and of Butler; the struggles against poverty and malice which occupied the life of Dryden; the constitutional infirmities which embittered the existence of Pope; the lamentable idiocy and madness of Swift; the almost unparalleled miseries and unhappy end of Savage; the frenzy of Collins; the indigence of Goldsmith; the morbid melancholy and sullen discontent of Johnson; the hypochondriacism of Gray and of Beattie; the tragical catastrophe of Chatterton; the disappointed hopes and premature death of Burns;

and the sickness, despondency, and madness, of Cowper?

To this deplorable list many additions might be made; but enough has been done to justify the assertion made in the commencement of this essay; to say more is unnecessary, to say less would be unjust.

May 1, 1818.

J. R.

### LORD AMHERST'S MISSION TO CHINA.

*Concluded, from page 287.*

We must now return to the embassy, the members of which we left, in our last number, preparing to enter the province of Canton, by the pass of Mee-ling. This pass opposes no obstacle of any consequence to the traveller. "The ascent of the mountain is not particularly steep, and is rendered easy by a pavement composed of broad steps: the depth to which the rock is cut down did not seem to exceed twenty-five feet, and the breadth might be something less."

After quitting the pass, the travellers arrived on the 20th of December at the city of Nan-hiung-foo, where they embarked on the river, down which their voyage was to be continued to Canton. The river here is shallow, and consequently the navigation is exceedingly difficult. The country which they traversed was pleasant, but presented no object of much interest, except the Kwan-yin-shan, which is a perpendicular rock, from four to five hundred feet in height, with a temple of two stories in a fissure of the rock, dedicated to Kwan-yin. "The first story is near one hundred feet above the level of the river, and the other forty feet higher: the steps, walls, and larger divisions, are all cut out of the solid rock, which is a compact limestone, dark coloured, and therefore giving a gloomy solemnity to the whole."

The approach to Canton was marked by the increasing impudence of the peasantry, who saluted the travellers by the appellations of Foreign and Red-head Devils. When they were at some distance from the city, they were met by the Hong or Security merchants, who had come out to see Sir George Staunton.

About seven miles from Canton, they were joined on the 1st of January, 1817, by Captain Maxwell and Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, in the ambassador's barge, who had left behind them, at a pagoda two miles below, the other boats, belonging to the *Alceste*, the *Lyra*, and the *Indiamen*, which had formed a procession to welcome back the ambassador and his colleagues. On this occasion, Mr. Wilcox, the American consul, acted in a manner which was highly creditable to his nation and his feelings, and the more so, as no other foreign representative had the courage to do the same. Having been informed of the compliment intended to be paid to Lord Amherst, he volunteered to attend the ambassador on his entrance. He considered it right, he said, for nations in amity with each other to show a mutual respect in all countries, but more especially in one like this. The honourable station which his conduct claimed for it was, therefore, assigned to his barge in the procession.

The embassy remained three weeks at Canton. During this time the Chinese in authority made several attempts to carry points disagreeable to the feelings of the British. In these, however, they were constantly defeated. It was fortunate that the members of the embassy received information that the viceroy had it in charge, whenever he delivered the emperor's letter addressed to our sovereign, to make a speech, containing an abundance of absurdities and impertinencies, according to the Chinese custom. This speech had been in rehearsal for some time, and was publicly known through the medium of a Portuguese translation. As this charming composition was far too insulting to be tolerated, a gentle hint was given to the viceroy, that it would be proper for him to avoid all allusion to the late events, unless he wished to be answered in a manner which could not fail to be disagreeable to him. The ambassador likewise declined to perform any genuflexion on receiving the letter; a ceremony which the Mandarins had foolishly wished to impose upon his lordship.

The interview with the viceroy took place on the 7th of January. The viceroy delivered the letter, and made an effort to be impertinent, by affecting to consider the

English nation as much indebted to the emperor, for suffering a trade with the Chinese; but Lord Amherst firmly put an end to this, by asserting that the Chinese received an equal advantage from the commerce between the two countries. Finding that he could not with impunity give vent to his sentiments of dislike, he put an end to the conversation. His behaviour throughout was "cold, haughty, and hostile." The letter was, as usual, styled a mandate to the King of Great Britain, and of course contained a very false statement of the occurrences which produced the dismissal of the embassy. One Chinese, however, it is but justice to except from the censure which must fall upon Chinese insolence. Kwang, the chin-chaë, or imperial commissioner, who accompanied the embassy back, uniformly acted in the most candid and friendly manner, and did all that lay in his power to contribute to the comfort of those who were travelling under his care.

During their stay at Canton, the members of the embassy visited the gardens of two of the Hong merchants, partook of entertainments, had their ears and eyes tormented by the performance of a Chinese drama, and visited every thing within their reach that was worthy of notice. Two things alone deserve any mention. The first are the sacred pigs, of remarkable size and age, who are kept in a paved sty near the temple, where they wallow in the filth and stench of years. The other is an inscription, on a pavillion in the gardens of Puan-he-qua, one of the Hong merchants. It "calls upon the rich to recollect and appreciate the agricultural labours of the poor:" a lesson which it would be well to give to the rich in all countries, and to which they would do well to attend.

Lord Amherst and his suite departed from Canton on the 20th of January; quitting without regret a country where they had been treated with gross incivility, and where they had met with no natural or artificial objects of sufficient beauty or sublimity to compensate them for the fatigues and insults to which they had been exposed. Mr. Ellis concludes his observations upon the country by two emphatic sentences, which give a strong idea of the mental weariness that

an European must feel in journeying through "the celestial empire" of China. "Were it not," says he, "for the trifling gratification arising from being one of the few Europeans who have visited the interior of China, I should consider the time that has elapsed as wholly without return. I have neither experienced the refinements and comforts of civilized life; nor the wild interest of most semi-barbarous countries, but have found my own mind and spirit influenced by the surrounding atmosphere of dulness and constraint."

On the 3rd of February they reached Manilla, where they were hospitably received by the governor. The colony of which this is the capital, might be rendered valuable; but, under the present management, it is a burthen to the mother country. The natives are hostile to their Spanish masters, who dare not travel into the interior without an escort, or even walk out singly after dark about the suburbs of Manilla. The population of the Philippine islands is estimated at three millions, of which number Laconia contains about one third.

The *Alceste* left Manilla on the 9th of February, and had a prosperous voyage till the 18th, when, on entering the Straits of Gaspar, in her way to Java, she struck upon a sunken rock, which so completely penetrated her bottom, that there was no chance of saving her. Fortunately the small island of Pulo Leat was at hand, and on this the gentlemen of the embassy and the crew were safely landed. A sufficient quantity of provisions was also got on shore, to supply their wants till assistance could be obtained from Batavia.

In this emergency it was resolved that the members of the embassy should proceed immediately to Batavia, with a picked crew, in the ship's barge. This was accordingly done. Two hundred men and boys remained on the island of Pulo Leat. The barge safely reached Batavia on the fourth day, and Lord Amherst lost not a moment in taking measures to afford relief to his companions in misfortune. The Ternate, one of the East India Company's cruizers, was dispatched to bring them off. She could not, however, arrive at Pulo Leat till the 3rd of March. The British there had, in the mean time, been in constant expectation of an attack from the swarms of Malays by whom they

were surrounded, and who, busily employed in plundering the wreck, seemed only waiting till this work was completed, and they had been reinforced by as many as possible of their savage comrades. Had they ventured on an attack, it is probable that their temerity would have been severely punished, as Captain Maxwell had taken the most judicious measures for the protection of his naturally strong position, and his men were animated by an undaunted spirit. Such was their confidence in, and their regard for, their commander, that they had not the smallest fears as to the result of an assault on Fort Maxwell, which was the appellation laughably given to their place of refuge.

The crew of the *Alceste* anchored at Batavia on the 9th of March. The colony of Java, while under the British dominion, was greatly improved; and perhaps on more than one account we ought to regret that it was restored by us to the Dutch. From Batavia, the members of the embassy proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope, next touched at St. Helena, and arrived at Spithcad on the 17th of August, 1817. At St. Helena they had an interview with Napoleon; but of this interview we have already, in our first number, given Mr. M'Leod's account.

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## JUNE.

THIS month was under the protection of Mercury. Its name is said by some to have been given to it in honour of the youth of Rome, *in honorem juniorum*. Others derive it from Juno, *à Junone*, and this is the opinion of Ovid.

There were four festivals on the 1st of June. One to Mars, which was held out of the city, because on this day a temple, on the outside of the gates, was dedicated to him by F. Quintius. The second festival was consecrated to Carna, whose office it was to keep healthy the interior of the body, and to drive troublesome spirits from the cradles of children. The third was to Juno, surnamed *moneta*, to accomplish a vow which Camillus had made of building her a temple. The fourth was to the Tempests; for among the bea-

thens every thing was an object of worship. A temple was raised to them during the second Punic war, in consequence of a Roman fleet having been nearly lost in a storm. The 3rd of June was dedicated to Bellona; the 4th to Hercules; and on the 5th, sacrifices were offered to the Deity Fidius. The Piscatorian games took place on the 7th. They were celebrated on the other side of the Tiber by the fishermen. On the 8th was the festival of the goddess Mens, or understanding, to whom sacrifices were solemnly offered in the capitol; and on the 9th, the Vestal virgins paid honours to Vesta. The festival of the goddess Matuta was celebrated on the 10th. Among the ceremonies employed on this occasion, one was the bringing of a slave into the temple by the Roman women, who gave him several blows, and then drove him out. The next day was dedicated to Concord. On the 12th was the festival of Jupiter the Invincible; to whom Augustus dedicated a temple, in memory of the victories which he had gained. The festival of Minerva, called *quatuor minores*, was also held on this day. On the 15th, the filth and dirt of the Temple of Vesta were conveyed to the Tiber; and this also was the subject of a festival. On the 18th was celebrated the dedication of the Temple of Pallas, on the Aventine hill. The festival of Summanus was held on the 20th, in memory of the dedication of a temple to him, during the war with Pyrrhus. Two black sheep, adorned with black fillets, were sacrificed to him. Summanus is believed to have been another name for Pluto. The 22nd was accounted an unlucky day, because on that day Flaminius was defeated by the Carthagenians. The 24th was devoted to Fortuna fortis, on which day the artisans and slaves, crowned with flowers, regaled and diverted themselves in boats upon the Tiber. Syphax was defeated by Masinissa on this day. The 26th was consecrated to Jupiter Stator; the 28th was the festival of the Lares; the 29th was devoted to Quirinus, or Romulus; and the 30th to Hercules and the muses.

The sun is in the signs Gemini and Cancer during this month.

## MANDEVILLE.

*A Tale, by William Godwin, concluded.*

Deadly as was the hatred which Mandeville cherished against Clifford, its operation was for a while suspended by circumstances which called for his undivided attention. From the steward of his uncle he received a letter, which rendered it necessary that he should lose no time in visiting the mansion of Audley Mandeville. His uncle's health was now in a declining state, and, by a series of the most artful manœuvres, a stranger had contrived to insinuate himself into the old man's confidence, and to become a resident at Mandeville House.

This stranger was an attorney, the most knavish of that knavish tribe, and his name was Holloway. In the mode which he adopted to obtain access to Audley Mandeville, he displayed the most consummate generalship. He well knew the deep seclusion in which that gentleman lived, and the horror which he felt of every thing that could interrupt it. His first step was to write a letter, as agent of one Josiah Hampole, a vulgar roundhead in the neighbourhood, claiming the right of fishery on the coast, and stating a determination to avail himself of that right. The letter was, as usual, opened by the steward, who immediately consulted the family attorney upon this disagreeable subject. The result of their deliberation was, that the letter should not be communicated to their superior, to whom it could only give pain, but that Mr. Hampole should be waited upon, that the matter might be amicably accommodated. Mr. Hampole was, however, gone into Scotland; thus the field was left clear for the tricks of the scheming lawyer, who had, in truth, never been instructed to take any such step as he had now taken. Holloway next visited Mandeville House, and peremptorily insisted on seeing its owner, but he was cavalierly dismissed by the steward, who had learned his character, and was little disposed to treat him with respect. Foiled, but no wise discouraged, Holloway retired, assuring the steward that a fortnight should not pass before he would both see and converse with his master.

He was faithful to his promise. On the following morning, a number of boats arrived off the coast, with a considerable quantity of planks and workmen, and landed their freight as near as possible to the windows of Mandeville House. Their apparent purpose was to erect huts for the fishermen; their real one, Mr. Holloway best knew. All the din and clatter that they could possibly make was immediately raised. It had the desired effect on the sensitive nerves of Audley Mandeville, who was driven almost to madness and despair by this violation of his quiet. The next morning a new fleet of boats and a new gang of workmen arrived, and the din was renewed and increased ten-fold. Audley Mandeville had almost resolved on taking flight, when Holloway arrived at the postern gate, and was joyfully welcomed by the servants, who looked on him almost as an angel of light, sent to deliver their revered master from his tormentors.

Audley had been so completely roused into life by this annoyance, that, far from shunning, as he usually did, the sight of a stranger, he was eager to have an interview with Holloway. The cunning lawyer turned his fears and agitation to good account. He lamented that a moment's uneasiness had been given to him; he pledged himself to induce Mr. Hampole to relinquish the right of fishery; he put an instant stop to the further proceedings of the workmen; and, with well-feigned disinterestedness, he refused to hear of Audley's making any pecuniary sacrifice for this restoration of tranquillity.

From this moment Audley considered Holloway as a benefactor, and conceived for him a singular affection. The lawyer contrived, too, to gain a still further hold upon him, by making him believe that he was, by his mother's side, of the family of Montfort, a name rendered dear by the remembrance of his early and only love. He thus fixed himself in his confidence, became his agent, and in some sort his companion, and succeeded in every scheme which he formed, with the exception of one of them, which, however, was the master one---the scheme of cheating Audley into the signing of a will, by which the property would be transferred from the natural heir. Audley perceived the snare,

but did not think that it was purposely spread; and though he rejected the will, he did not come to a rupture with its designing author. His health, however, suffered from the constant intrusion and incessant volubility of his new friend; and, in a short time, it became obvious that he was declining to the tomb.

Holloway had by this time established himself as an inmate in Mandeville House. He was accompanied by a nephew; and this nephew was Mallison, whom we have already noticed. While at school, the sole delight of Mallison was to give pain; and his impartial malignity spared neither friend nor foe. Since that period he had not reformed; the wickedness of his heart was still the same; but his uncle had taught him to conceal his nature, to fawn, to cringe, and to flatter, and to render even his hateful propensities subservient to the furtherance of his interested views. Mallison was in every respect a pupil well worthy of such a master.

Such was the state of affairs at Mandeville House, when young Mandeville was called thither by the letter of the steward. Holloway would fain have excluded so unwelcome and dangerous an intruder. He endeavoured to prevent him from seeing his uncle, and strove to intimidate him by his looks and words, but the nephew of Audley behaved with a dignified firmness, which convinced the pettifogging Holloway that it would be more prudent to have him for a friend than for an enemy. He, therefore, changed his tone, and assumed the appearance of being his obsequious servant.

Audley Mandeville did not live long after the return of his nephew. He expired without a groan, or a sigh; and "Amelia" was the last word which fell from his lips. He was buried by the side of the being whom he had loved so well. By his will his nephew succeeded to the family estate; thirty thousand pounds were bequeathed to Henrietta, and ten thousand to Holloway, on condition that he should take the name of Montfort. This villainous attorney was left guardian to Mandeville and Henrietta, and he had contrived to introduce a clause, providing that the latter should not marry without the consent of her guardian.

Mandeville, who had just completed his eighteenth year, was now become his own master. His first step,

after the death of his uncle, was to invite Henrietta to Mandeville House. She was now on earth the sole object which he could regard with the eyes of affection. His fondness for her was, indeed, almost idolatrous. They talked over their wishes, their hopes, their projects, and Mandeville once more enjoyed a momentary calm.

Among the subjects of their discussion was the spot which should be the future residence of Mandeville, till his coming of age. It was at length settled that he should reside in Derbyshire, near the best of the mansions which had descended to him. Holloway volunteered to find out a proper dwelling. He visited Derbyshire, whence he soon returned with intelligence, that, within two short miles of Mandeville Place, there was a house which had once been tenanted by an unfortunate cavalier, but was now occupied by a farmer, who offered to let the best part of it, and to give the assistance of his wife and the females of his family to conduct the domestic concerns of his inmate. This offer was accepted. Henrietta went back to the New Forest; and Mandeville, with his books and implements of study, established himself in the house of the farmer. He read, he studied, he walked, and rode, but he was not happy. At times, the idea would come across his mind that he could never hold his proper rank in society, and this idea gave him insufferable anguish. To shut himself out from the world seemed to him to be his only refuge from being pointed at by the finger of malignant scorn. In this state of his mind, he naturally called Clifford to memory; but though he still loathed him, his revengeful purposes were for a while suspended by his better feelings.

Holloway had been foiled in his attempt to possess himself of the Mandeville estate, by means of a will. He did not, however, relinquish the pursuit of his object. He hoped to attain the same end by other means. His scheme was, to wind himself into Mandeville's confidence; to make himself absolutely necessary to him; to insulate him as much as possible from society; and, by long acting the part of his slave, to become ultimately his uncontrollable master. Mallison was his coadjutor in the execution of this admirable plan.

Holloway began his operations by waiting upon Mandeville, for the purpose, as he said, of making him acquainted with the present situation of his property. He brought with him an endless quantity of accounts, inventories, leases, bonds, and other documents, which he emptied from all his pockets, and from five or six large bags, and piled in formidable array upon a table. Mallison was with him, to assist in the work of *elucidating* the business into profound darkness. Though Mandeville shuddered at this "dreadful note of preparation," he, nevertheless, resolved to investigate the papers, and to gain an understanding of his own affairs. For three days he persevered; but, at length, wearied and confounded by the barbarous jargon of the law, the inextricable intricacy of the accounts, and the cunning obscurity of Holloway and Mallison, he threw up the examination, confessed his inability to manage the details of his estate, and requested that Holloway would take upon himself all that kind of trouble. To this he was the more easily induced by a belief that Holloway, though selfish, was not absolutely dishonest; for his guardian had artfully contrived that a portion of the accounts should be clear enough to raise an idea that the person who presented them was an accurate and trust-worthy man.

In the solitude in which he now lived, the mind of Mandeville became daily more diseased. His days were melancholy, and his nights were restless. While in this state, he received, by the post, a packet, which contained nothing more than a number of the *Mercurius Politicus*, a newspaper of that period. On opening the paper, the first thing which met his eye was the name of "Lionel Clifford." The paragraph contained an account, that the Earl of Bristol, and six young gentlemen, had apostatised to papacy, and that Clifford was one of the six. This news was, indeed, true. Misled at once by the arguments of a learned Catholic, and his grateful feelings to the relative who doated on him, Clifford had quitted the Protestant faith, and adopted that of Rome. To Mandeville, rigidly presbyterian as he was, this seemed to be the darkest of crimes. He could conceive nothing on earth so detestable as an apostate. Accordingly, his hatred

of Clifford was now carried to its utmost pitch. Yet the event afforded him one powerful consolation. Clifford was no longer a rival, on whom he must at least look as an equal, perhaps as a superior; Clifford had fallen from his bright eminence, and might justly be despised as well as hated.

Holloway, meanwhile, was steadily proceeding with his plan. After the lapse of a few months, he established himself and his nephew in the same house with Mandeville, under pretext of devoting himself wholly to the comfort and convenience of his ward. He wished, he said, to be at hand for consultation, to relieve him from all the fatigue of business, and he hoped also, that he and his nephew would be more pleasant, as they were more attached, inmates, than the farmer and his family.

This unauthorised intrusion at first irritated Mandeville, and he meditated on the means of escaping from the intruders. An accident, however, soon occurred, which threw him wholly into their power. He loved rapid riding, because the violence of the exercise tended to dissipate his thoughts, and he was, therefore, frequently on horseback. In one of his excursions he was thrown, and his leg was broken. A long confinement was the consequence, and during this confinement, Mallison, by his pity, his constant attentions, and his flattery, contrived to win the confidence of Mandeville, who regarded him with gratitude, as a being who had solaced those hours which would otherwise have been devoted to loneliness and pain.

The flattery of Mallison had reconciled Mandeville with himself; the apostacy of Clifford had apparently degraded a dangerous rival; and Mandeville, therefore, began to hope that he might yet act a great part on the theatre of the world. But this hope was soon dashed by the malignant and artful Mallison. Clifford, he said, had cast upon him a stain which no time could efface, had for ever precluded him from assuming his proper station in life; and consequently there was nothing left for Mandeville but the pleasure of hatred and revenge; and to the full indulgence of revenge, Mallison took especial care to direct the thoughts of Mandeville. It was in vain that the latter urged that

Clifford was now devoted to contempt by his apostacy. Mallison informed him that this supposed despicable being had been recently received with open arms by King Charles, and that he was still the idol of all who knew him. This was sufficient for Mandeville. He could no longer despise Clifford; and his hatred of him blazed forth with augmented fury.

He did not even yet, however, know all the bitterness of his destiny; all that he had to suffer from Clifford. There was but one on earth whom he loved; this was Henrietta. The severest blow, therefore, which he could receive from fate was, that the heart of Henrietta should be possessed by Clifford. This was, however, the case. In the interval between Mandeville's leaving Winchester and the expedition of Penruddock, Clifford met with Henrietta, while she was on a visit to Petersfield; they were frequently together; and the consequence was an ardent mutual affection. It was, nevertheless, long before Clifford, then poor, revealed his secret to the woman whom he adored. At length he made his passion known, and was heard with smiles of encouragement. When fortune, through the medium of his kinsman, bestowed her favours on him, he wrote to Henrietta to offer his hand, and it was willingly accepted. It may, therefore, easily be supposed how strong an interest she felt in reconciling her brother to Clifford, and what must have been her grief when Mandeville once more relapsed into all his former inveterate hatred. But all this was as yet unknown to the sickly-minded Mandeville.

Holloway and Mallison were now the constant companions of Mandeville, on whose feelings they played with consummate art. They lavished boundless praise upon his talents and qualities, and lamented that those talents and qualities were rendered of no avail. Thus by turns they soothed, and by turns they irritated him. His hatred to Clifford they especially nursed with a demoniacal care. Under their influence, his mind grew more dark, his health decayed, and his frame wasted away.

It was a part of their system to induce in his friends and relations a belief that he was incapable of attending to his own affairs; that he was, indeed, in a state

bordering upon insanity; and that, from their affection and rectitude, they were the properest persons to watch over his interests and his safety. With this view they had contrived to win the confidence of Henrietta and Mrs. Willis, and to draw them into an epistolary correspondence. It was in the course of a visit to the New Forest, that Mallison, who, unknown to her, aspired to the hand of Henrietta, became acquainted with her affection for Clifford. Fraught with this intelligence, he returned to Derbysbire, but Mandeville at first refused to give credence to it. No long time, however, elapsed, before he was fatally convinced of its truth.

Mandeville's mind was in the irritated state which we have mentioned, when the two sons of Lord Montague paid him a visit. Lord Montague was by no means satisfied with Mandeville being under the influence of persons like Holloway and Mallison, and he more than doubted the truth of the representations which had been made to him of the disordered situation of Mandeville's intellects. It was to satisfy himself, especially on the latter point, that he now sent his two sons on a visit to Derbyshire. At first, they were unable to discover any thing which justified the language of Holloway; but having touched upon the Earl of Bristol's apostacy, and consequently brought Clifford to his recollection, Mandeville broke forth into exclamations of such inconceivable violence, and declaimed about the scarlet lady of Babylon, and the beast in the Revelations, with such fury of gesture, that his auditors were convinced of the truth of all that they had heard with respect to his derangement. While he "spoke, his face blackened with rage, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, the saliva gathered on his lips in an abundant foam, and he poured forth a stream of maniac eloquence that knew neither suspension nor end," till he sunk, from exhaustion, into almost total insensibility.

Henrietta had not hitherto believed that her brother's mind was alienated. She considered it as being only in an irritable state, from which it might be recovered by her constant attentions. She could not endure the thought of entering into an alliance which, perhaps,

might drive her brother into real madness. With these feelings, she had resolved not to give her hand to Clifford, but to devote herself to the care of Mandeville. Clifford himself, ever generous, had yielded to the sacrifice, though with a breaking heart. Their friends, however, Lord Montague in particular, were averse from allowing them to throw away their happiness, with so little prospect of contributing to that of the person for whom they were to become the victims. It was with the purpose of discovering what might be hoped from Mandeville, that the young Montagues had been dispatched to Derbyshire. The result of the interview naturally was, that he was past the power of sisterly soothing, and, consequently, that Henrietta ought not to destroy her own peace, and that of her lover, in the vain expectation of restoring her brother to sanity.

Convinced as Lord Montague now was of Mandeville's insanity, he was equally convinced that Holloway was not a proper person to be his guardian. Besides this, Henrietta could not marry without the consent of Holloway, while he retained his authority. To remove him would not, his lordship thought, be difficult. He had collected abundant evidence as to the horrible malpractices of Holloway, in a former case where he had been guardian; and with this evidence in his hand, he, under the denomination of *prochain ami*, applied to the Court of Chancery to displace Holloway, and appoint a different person to act in behalf of the minor.

The notice of the process in chancery was a thunderbolt to Holloway. He did not, however, lose his presence of mind. He first contrived to make Mandeville consider the proceeding as an insult to himself; and he then, though with seeming reluctance, ventured to tell him that it was instituted for the purpose of bringing together Henrietta and Clifford. Mandeville now believed that to which he had formerly refused to listen. His whole soul was immediately in arms. As soon as he recovered from his convulsions of fury, he mounted his horse, and rode incessantly till he reached the habitation of his sister. He saw her, he spoke to her with the most pathetic eloquence; he conjured her by her love for religion, by her regard for her own soul, not

to throw herself into the arms of a base apostate. She was on the point of yielding to his prayers and remonstrances, when, all at once, he began to rave, mistook Henrietta for the wife of the Duke of Savoy, the pretender to the English throne, and gave other signs of boundless phrenzy. Just at this moment the young Montagues came in sight; upon which he took horse, and hurried back into Derbyshire. This interview was decisive. The friends of Henrietta now represented to her that she ought no longer to hesitate about accepting the hand of Clifford; and she yielded to their wishes.

Holloway had believed that the marriage would be delayed till after his removal. He, however, learned that it was immediately to take place at Barking Church; Henrietta and Lord Montague's family being then on a visit in that neighbourhood. This news drove Mandeville to desperation. No violence seemed unjustifiable to prevent this hated match. He accordingly hired six troopers from General Lambert's regiment, with whom he determined to waylay his sister on the evening preceding her marriage, and carry her off by force. With his assistants he stopped the coach; a desperate combat ensued; he was defeated, and received from the hand of Clifford a dreadful wound across the face, by which he lost the sight of his left eye, and was horribly disfigured for life. Clifford, the detested Clifford, who had that morning been married to Henrietta, remained unhurt.

The history, as we have before said, breaks off abruptly at this epoch, Mr. Godwin leaving the future destiny of Clifford and Henrietta to the imagination of his readers.

R\*.\*.

### MY PORTFOLIO;

*Or, ORIGINAL HINTS, SKETCHES, and ANECDOTES.*

"A thing of shreds and patches."

No. 6.—ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.

THOSE who have attained at the bar a high reputation for eloquence, have scarcely ever had the same reputation in the senate. There is one powerful reason,

among others, why this should be the case. It is the business of a counsel to dwell upon minute points of proof or vindication, and to make the most of whatever comes within his reach. This must be so; for it not seldom happens that an almost imperceptible difference of time, place, or action, decides the question as to guilt or innocence. The arguments and illustrations too of a counsel are frequently wire-drawn, as it were, to suit the comprehension of those who are to give their verdict upon the cause. Every thing must be made clear, or at least must be made to seem clear, even at the expence of elegance and vigour. Hence arises in the orator a habit of marshalling and enlarging upon a host of minor circumstances. But that which is a merit at the bar, is a fault in the senate. Senatorial hearers soon become tired of listening to arguments upon subordinate parts of the subject, however ingenious in themselves those arguments may be. They will not suffer a speaker "to bestow all his tediousness" upon them. In an harangue there must be something striking to catch and rivet their attention, or they will speedily be seized with fits of coughing. They are like those amateurs of painting who despise the Dutch finishing of a hair, a wart, a nail, or the thrums of a mop; and demand of the painter the higher requisites of vigour of conception, boldness of outline, and freedom of pencil.

  
ANA.

I AM much gratified by those works, the French have numbers of them, under the denomination of *Aua*, which give the good sayings of men of talent, just as they dropped from the lips of the speakers. There is a grace, a sparkling vivacity, in these unpremeditated speeches, which is generally wanting in laboured compositions. There appears to be the same sort of difference between the one and the other, that there is between the honey which drops spontaneously from the comb, and that which is obtained from it by pressure.



## SUBJECT OF THE PLATE,

FROM

LORD BYRON'S ROMANCE, "CHILDE HAROLD."

HERE woman's voice is never heard : apart,  
And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,  
She yields to one her person, and her heart,  
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove.  
For, not unhappy in her master's love,  
And joyful in a mother's fondest cares,  
Blest cares! all other feelings far above!  
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,  
Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion shares.

## THE DEATH OF LEILA.

*From the Spanish of Luis de Blachaelo.*

YES, oft I attended with pensive delight  
The couch where in sickness my Leila reclin'd ;  
And oft by the aid of the Lady of Night  
In her beautiful eye---still unfadingly bright,---  
Mark'd each image that dwelt on her mind :  
There, affection and sorrow together were blended---  
The tears of regret, with the glances of love ;---  
Regret---that so soon she must leave unbefriended  
The brother, and lord of her bosom, to rove.  
One eve as she rested her head on her breast,---  
Can I cease to remember that moment ? no, never!---  
On my lips with wild fervor a kiss she imprest,  
Then sank to repose on my bosom for ever !  
For scarce had I tasted the sorrowful bliss,  
When her heart ceas'd its throbbing, and dim grew  
her eye---  
And I found that my lips had entomb'd her last sigh;---  
That her spirit had fled with the kiss!

1814.

A. A. W.

## STANZAS.

IF the rose e'er was blooming--the lily was fair,  
Or the zephyrs of Spring breath'd their perfumes  
around,

If the violet e'er for its sweetness was rare,  
United in *thee* all their beauties were found!

Ah! why didst thou leave me all lonely, to brood  
On joys wither'd by death in the morn of their bloom;  
Now hope's pleasing phantoms have ceas'd to delude,  
Since the source that they sprang from hath sought  
the dark tomb!

Yet for ever this heart, whilst it beats, shall regret thee,  
For could the famed waters of Lethe bestow  
The power of oblivion, I'd scorn to forget thee,  
And dash them to earth in the pride of my woe!

W.

## SONNET.

*From the Italian.*

AS o'er her harp she bent her angel form  
And graceful touch'd its all harmonious wires,  
Sounds, science-fraught, she drew, of power to charm  
Susceptive breasts with rapture's purest fires:  
Such the sweet force my grief-lull'd soul confest,---  
Such the bright glow my answering frame that  
thrill'd,---

While yet, in sportive maze the strings she prest,  
And echo's bowers with gladdening measures fill'd:  
But, ah! when ceasing every joyful sound---

When softest melody, diffusing round---  
To plaintive strains she tuned each dulcet chord;  
'Twas then I mark'd the sigh that swell'd her breast---  
The tearful sympathy her eyes-exprest;  
And lost---entranced, I gazed---I loved---adored!

W.

## SONG, IN ANSWER TO "O NANNIE."

*By Lady Charlotte Campbell.*

YES, I will go with thee, my love,  
And leave all else without a sigh;  
Thro' the wide world with thee I'll rove,  
Nor feel one pang, if thou art nigh.  
No costly gems, nor courtly scenes,  
Have now the smallest charms for me;  
My heart alone to pleasure leans,  
And all its joys depend on thee.

When far away from natal shores,  
And seas divide me from each friend,  
One look from him my soul adores,  
Will courage and fresh vigour lend.  
The parching ray and wintery wind  
Even woman's softness knows to scorn;  
True passion leaves all fears behind—  
And from the rose it plucks the thorn.

Then can you doubt my constant love?  
Or can you think I'd fly thy arms?  
Ah! give me but the power to prove  
That these are vain unjust alarms;  
For sure the flame that gently fanned  
At first beneath a summer's sky,  
Will with redoubled force expand,  
When ruder winds approach it nigh.

The lonely cot in desert drear,  
The russet gown and frugal board,  
Will greater pleasures far appear  
Than all that luxuries here afford.  
The gay, the busy, glittering throng,  
And baneful flattery, I'll resign;  
To courts and cities these belong—  
But not to truth and love like thine.

And when at last this life is o'er,  
When sickness baffles all my care,  
When fairy hope can cheer no more,  
Then Cupid hear thy votary's prayer:—  
My weeping eyes in pity close,  
Ere they behold my lover's death:  
Ah! spare my tears, my hopeless woes,  
And join with his my parting breath!

## WOMAN.

LET topers praise the flowing bowl,  
 And drown in wine their fiery soul;  
 I reckon not these while I can sip  
 The nectar from sweet woman's lip.  
 Let misers save their treasure hold,  
 And batten on their dear lov'd gold;  
 I reckon not these while free am I  
 To bask i' the glance of woman's eye—  
 Let Izan hoard its sweet perfume,  
 Nor Flora yield the rose's bloom:  
 How sweet the voice of woman meek;  
 How rich the hue on beauty's cheek;  
 The frown of life is nought to me,  
 While woman I've the smile of thee.

J. W. R.

## STANZAS.

THE setting sun has shed his latest ray,  
 As down the western slope he slow retires;  
 And pensive eve now spreads her mantle grey,  
 Tinged with the glory of day's parting fires.

On eager wing upsprings the cawing rook,  
 And loudly clamours as he homeward flies;  
 The whirling bat now leaves his hidden nook,  
 While the dull owlet wakes his startling cries.

How sweet to scan the soft approach of night,  
 As from the east she slowly wends her way;  
 At every step fast fades the glimmering light,  
 Till sleeps the landscape 'neath her ebon sway.

Now faintly gleaming o'er the dark blue sky,  
 The glittering stars their twinkling radiance throw,  
 Piercing the veil that shuts them from the eye,  
 'Till heaven's high arch is one refulgent glow.

Mark with what lustre o'er th' ethereal sea,  
 The full-orb'd moon, mild empress of the scene,  
 Sails in the pomp of cloudless majesty,  
 Silvering the prospect with her dazzling sheen.

And hark ! soft music wakes upon the gale,  
 Some sighing lover breathes a plaintive strain ;  
 Telling in saddest guise his simple tale  
 Of one he truly loves, but loves in vain.

How sweet does music speak unto the soul,  
 When in the silence of an hour like this  
 On the rapt ear its richest warblings roll,  
 And lap the spirit in a trance of bliss.

Oh ! who that owns the passion-moving power  
 Would not exclaim, while joying in the scene,  
 " Hence, gaudy day ! to me the loveliest hour  
 " Is the soft solitude of the moonlight'en.

J. W. R.

SONG.

THE rain down the hills  
 In torrents is pouring ;  
 The valley it fills,  
 While the thunder is roaring.  
 The lightning's blue flash  
 On the mountain is bright ;  
 Oh, be not so rash  
 As to travel to night :

I pray thee depart not, but stay, traveller, stay,  
 For lonely and dark through the mountains thy way.

The robbers are prowling  
 For prey thro' the wood ;  
 The wolves they are howling,  
 And roaming for food.  
 When morning's bright beams  
 Thro' the clouds shall appear,  
 Then awake from thy dreams,  
 And no more linger here :

But till past are the gloom and the danger, O stay ;  
 For lonely and dark through the mountains thy way.

S. G. C—d.

END OF FIRST VOLUME.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE must request that our correspondents will send their contributions *early* in the month, as the Magazine goes to press before the middle of it.—We cannot insert *parts* of contributions. We must see the whole at once.—It was too late even to make the alteration of title suggested by C. N. W. We hope that his friend will change his determination.—Letters must be post paid, or they will not be received. It is a curious circumstance, that all our good correspondents pay their postage; almost all our bad ones forget to do it.—The person who writes under the signature of Amicus Literis and A Reader, will do well to lay down the pen till he understands the meaning of common words.—We shall give more pages of poetry next month, in order to bring up our arrears with several of our poetical friends.—The part of a letter by J. A. will not do for our prose department. His argument goes too far. If preachers must not be reprehended, because to chastise the person may bring the doctrine into contempt, preachers may commit any crime with impunity. Dr. Dodd, for instance, ought not to have been hanged for forgery.—Essay on Oratory next month.—B. H. C.'s anecdote will be inserted.—The Acrostic on Prose is a sorry composition.—Theatricals cannot be noticed.—Due notice of the next series of embellishments will be given before the closing of the second volume.—“On the Powers of Reflection,” is not correct enough for publication.—Poetry once printed, must be very good to find a place in our Magazine.—Blank verse is, as we before stated, admissible. It would be strange if it were not.—The Lines from Chatham unfortunately came too late for this month, but will appear in our next number.—Evol's story we shall probably make use of.—The Valentine to Dick is very well between friend and friend, but is not good enough to meet the public eye.—Cross Readings will appear next month.—The idea of the Tear of Sympathy is better than the expression.—The letter of Pope Innocent will not suit us, but we are obliged to the transcriber.—We must give the same reply to Zosima.—“A Fragment,” wants interest, and the style is too inflated.—Lines to Betsy, &c. &c. are not sufficiently spirited and correct.—We thank Humilis, but we cannot insert his Life of Shakspeare, there being already so many lives of that admirable dramatist. His lines are not sufficiently animated.—Poems by F. R. S.; the Rambler; W. J. T. D.; W. S.; H. N. M.; T. D., Hales Oven; Sonnets by J. P.; the Caution; and Invocation to Wisdom, will not do for our poetical department.—Cleopatra; the Invitation; the Reproach; Marion's lines; Similes; and the Farewell, will be inserted.—Inscription on a Basket will be printed next month.

J. Arliss, Printer, London.

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