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AND

NAVAL CHRONICLE.

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CHRONICLE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CAPTAIN THOMAS MACDONOUGH.

THE writers of biography in legitimate monarchies possess great advantages over those of a simple republic, where a man must depend on his own merits rather than those of his ancestors, for public admiration. In writing, for instance, the life of a noble lord, who never in his life did any thing worth recording, the true legitimate biographer slyly resorts

to the noble lord's ancestors, their exploits, intermarriages, and other important events in the family history. By these means, aided by the legends of the herald's office, he compiles a very interesting memoir, at least of the noble lord's ancestors, to whose exploits he is fully entitled by the theory as well as the practice of hereditary succession. For if it should happen (as certainly it may *possibly* happen) that folly or knavery should succeed to the distinctions originally bestowed on genius and virtue, it can only be justified by means of some mysterious extension of birthright, by which the great-great-grandson becomes a party in exploits that happened long before he was born.

By this theory the true legitimate biographer obtains an undoubted right to decorate his titled hero with as many of those achievements as he can conveniently carry; and thus it happens in legitimate governments, that family honours are accumulating by a sort of compound interest, notwithstanding the degeneracy of the means, somewhat in the same way that the riches of some countries are said to increase with the amount of their debts and expenditures. This accumulation of family honours, which, like the rust on an old coin, increases with years, and furnishes unequivocal proof of antiquity, makes it worth a man's while to perform great actions, since he thereby not only ennobles himself and his wife, but all the rogues and blockheads of his posterity forever and ever. The temptation to perform great actions is thus inconceivably heightened, and it is without doubt owing to this accelerating motive, that the achievements of men in legitimate governments are so much more prodigious than in simple republics, where all that a man can expect for his highest exertions in the cause of his country, is honours that are exclusively paid to his own merit, together with the admiration of his cotemporaries, and the veneration of their posterity. The highest reward the Roman republic ever paid to her most illustrious warriors, was a ride through the streets of Rome in a chariot drawn by four white horses, together with a laurel

crowns, that might be worth about one penny. The natural result of all this was, that none of the Roman heroes, of whom we read so much, ever performed an action that can be put in competition with the burning of the capitol at Washington, for which the renowned perpetrator was ennobled, together with all his posterity.

Unhappily for this country, and still more unhappily for the writers of biography, few of us can trace our ancestry higher than Adam. And we can do this only by the aid of the authority of scripture, which wont do in the college of heralds. Family trees are exceedingly scarce; and those, in truth, are rather barren, containing at most not more than three or four generations. Our ancestors unluckily forgot their pedigrees, having other matters to attend to, or perhaps being in too great a hurry to think of such trifles. We cannot trace back to those glorious times when a man was ennobled for killing a fleet deer, or immortalized, like young Lochinvar, for owning a swift horse, and running away with a lady, as if that was any great matter. Not one of our ancestors, that we know of, came over with William the bastard to conquer England; nor can any of us claim an unquestionable affinity to a single name in the roll of Battle Abbey, about which the English antiquarians wrote so many huge dissertations. We are consequently obliged to build up a name for ourselves, as the first settlers of this country were obliged to build houses, because they found none ready built for them when they arrived; and instead of boasting lustily of our ancestors, are reduced to the unpleasant necessity of leaving it for posterity to boast of us, if they should be so inclined. It is believed, that with the exception of a few of the indubitable Dutch patriarchs of New York, whose ancestors must have flourished before the invention of history, since nobody can tell any thing about them—a few families claiming a descent from the aborigines of this country—and a few that have ennobled themselves, by purchasing a pedigree and coat of arms at the herald's office in England, that this undignified repub-

lic cannot boast of a single man the merits of whose ancestors can make amends for his own want of merit.

Happily for us, however, the subject of our present notice, although most respectably descended, does not require the assistance of any documents from the herald's office, nor to intrench himself under *magni nominis umbra*. We will therefore proceed to a detail of the prominent incidents of his life, which have gained him the notice of the world and the gratitude of his countrymen.

Thomas Macdonough, the father of captain Thomas Macdonough, was an eminent physician, who resided at a farm called *The Trapp*, in the county of New Castle, Delaware. In the year 1775 he entered the army, and was appointed a major in a regiment raised by the state of Delaware, of which Mr. John Haslett was colonel, and the late Gunning Bedford lieutenant-colonel. Major Macdonough, from what cause is not known, retired early from the army, and returned to the Trapp. After the establishment of our independence, he was appointed a judge, and held that office till his death, which took place in 1796. He left several children, of whom three were sons. The eldest, James, was a midshipman under commodore Truxtun when he took the *Insurgent*, in which engagement he received a wound from a musket ball, that rendered the amputation of his leg necessary. "James," says the gentleman who furnished us with these particulars, "was very brave. He was placed in the tops when he was wounded, and he told me that when the men in the tops were lowering him down, he could distinctly see the enemy aiming and firing at him." The amputation of his leg rendered it necessary for him to retire from the service.

After the death of his father, young Macdonough, the subject of this memoir, obtained a midshipman's warrant, and commenced his career, with many other gallant young men, who only want opportunity to distinguish themselves like him. Of the vessels in which he served; the time of his promotion to a lieutenantancy, and other ordinary circumstances of the life

of every naval officer, we know nothing, and in truth, these things are of no extraordinary interest in themselves. He followed the fortunes of our little fleet in the wars of Tripoli, and, like other young officers who, on that occasion, first met "grim visaged War" face to face, was frequently engaged in those conflicts where the Christian and Mahometan prowess was so severely tried. Though at this time, grave, reserved, and circumspect in a remarkable degree, we are told he was then remarkable for a daring impetuosity, an invincible chivalrous sort of perseverance in every kind of adventure. In 1806 he was first lieutenant of the *Siren*, then lying in Gibraltar harbour, under the late captain John Smith. A circumstance took place here, which as it strongly displays that firmness which is the strong feature of his character, we will detail particularly. It is derived from the most undoubted authority; and when we consider what a vast difference is observable in our feelings now and at that time, we cannot help greatly admiring the conduct of the young lieutenant.

During the forenoon of a day, in which captain Smith was on shore, a merchant brig, under the colours of the United States, came into port, and anchored a-head, and close to the *Siren*. Soon after, a boat was sent from a British frigate then lying in the harbour, on board this brig. After remaining alongside a little while, the boat returned *with one man more than she went with*. This circumstance attracted the notice of Macdonough, who sent lieutenant Page on board the brig to know the particulars of the affair. Mr. Page returned with information that the man had been pressed by the boat from the British frigate, although he had a protection as an American citizen. Immediately on the receipt of this information, Macdonough ordered the *Siren's* gig to be manned and armed, and putting himself in her, went in pursuit of the boat, determined to rescue his countryman. He overtook her alongside the British frigate, just as the man at the bow was raising his boat-hook to reach the ship, and took out the American by force.

although the other boat had eight oars, and his only four, and carried him on board of the Siren.

When the report of this affair was made to the captain of the British frigate, he came on board the Siren in a great rage, and desired to know how Macdonough dared to take a man from one of his majesty's boats. The lieutenant, with great politeness, asked him down into the cabin; this he refused, at the same time repeating the same demand with abundance of threats. Macdonough then told him with firmness, that he was not accountable to him, but to captain Smith, for his conduct. The Englishman threw out some threats that he would take the man by force, and said he would haul the frigate alongside the Siren for that purpose. To this Macdonough replied, "he supposed his ship could sink the Siren, but as long as she could swim he should keep the man." The English captain said to Macdonough, "you are a very young, and a very indiscreet young man: suppose I had been in the boat, what would you have done?" "I would have taken the man, or lost my life." "What—sir, would you attempt to stop me if I were now to attempt to impress men from that brig?" "I would, and to convince yourself I would, you have only to make the attempt." On this the Englishman went on board his ship, and shortly afterwards was seen, bearing her in a direction for the American merchant brig. Macdonough ordered his boat manned and armed, got into her himself, and was in readiness for pursuit. The Englishman took a circuit round the American brig, and returned again to the frigate. When captain Smith came on board, he justified the conduct of Macdonough, and declared his intention to protect the American seaman.

During the continuance of the Tripolitan war, our ships occasionally visited the city of Syracuse, once so famous, but now mouldering away, under that wretched system of government which has blasted and withered one of the fairest portions of this earth. Of Sicily, once the resort of the gods—

the cradle of fertility*—the seat of arts and luxury—the country of Archimedes and Theocritus—the granary of Rome, and the most famous island of the most famous sea of the world—who is ignorant? It is associated with the earliest recollections of the scholar; its very name conjures up a thousand ideas of beauty, grandeur, and fertility; but the admirer of antiquity, in visiting the countries most famous in days of yore, and the cities most celebrated for their grandeur and exploits, is doomed to have his enthusiasm checked or destroyed by the miserable contrast of their present state, with the descriptions of the ancient poets and historians. The history of the world is but the history of man; and as in the one case the young succeed to the old, so in the other, new cities, and new empires, spring into existence, to take the lead upon the theatre of life, while those that preceded them, sink into insignificance, and are only preserved from oblivion by the writers, whose fame has long survived every vestige of the splendours they celebrated.

The climate of Sicily has been the theme of praise in every age, and the hardy northern man, who is exposed to the inclemencies of winter, three-fourths of the year, and whose toils are repaid by a scanty subsistence, might perhaps complain of the unequal distributions of Providence, while reading of the genial airs, the flowery meads, the ruddy skies, and delicious vales of Sicily, where the earth yields an hundred fold. But when he finds in the history of all nations, that such a climate and such a soil is ever the concomitant, or rather the parent of idleness, luxury, and its inevitable product, slavery;—when he reads how nations thus happily situated, sooner or later are ever the prey of tyranny—he becomes reconciled to frosts and snows, and wintry blasts, and barren hills, and is grateful for being born beyond the reach of a luxurious indulgence, to be followed by such degradations as have prostrated the manly genius, not only of Sicily, but of all

* Diodorus Siculus, says, the hounds lost the scent of their game in hunting, owing to a profusion of odoriferous plants that perfumed the air in Sicily.

Italy. Riches may enslave a country, but will never make it free; for it is only the poor and the hardy that can sustain the labours and privations, by which the struggle for freedom must be maintained.

With the exception of Rome, the city of Syracuse was the most celebrated in all Italy, and its islands. In its most flourishing state it extended twenty-two miles in circumference, and maintained an army of one hundred thousand foot, ten thousand horse, with a navy of four hundred ships. It was said of the inhabitants of Syracuse, that they were the best of men when virtuous—the most wicked when depraved by vicious pursuits. Unhappily they verify the truth of the latter position at this time. Our officers all agree that no community can be in a worse moral state than the people of this city. The nobility are impoverished and corrupt—monopolizers of almost every employment—one nobleman has the monopoly of baking bread for a city, and no one is permitted to bake but himself; another has the rare privilege of supplying Messina, or some other place, with fish, and it is not many years since this last city was obliged to live upon tainted fish for several days, because the prince who had the monopoly of that article, and who, if we remember right, claimed a descent from the Cyclops, who once possessed Sicily, chose to enrich himself at the expense of the wretched populace. In short, every thing is a monopoly in Sicily; and the peasant who has a surplus of grain to sell, cannot dispose of it until a price is fixed by a certain chamber at Palermo. Certainly it is worth while to shed little blood for the restoration of such a system of government!

Robberies and assassinations are the nightly amusements of Syracusans, and our officers in their evening rambles, were frequently assailed by soldiers, or fellows armed with knives or daggers. Their favourite mode of fighting is to blow out the candles, and in that situation their knives and daggers are the most dangerous of all weapons. On some occasion, which occurred in Syracuse, Macdonough was attacked by three of

these desperadoes; with his back against a door, he had the good fortune to wound two, and the other took to his heels. He was followed by the lieutenant, who pushed him so hard that he climbed up to the roof of the barracks, whither Macdonough followed him still, and finding no other means of escape, he jumped off, with the loss of his life.

In the interval between the Tripolitan war and that which commenced in 1812, no occasion occurred to our naval officers for signalizing themselves, and we shall pass silently over this period of lieutenant Macdonough's life, because it furnishes no incident of sufficient importance to be interesting to the reader. The ordinary vicissitudes of life, are only of consequence to ourselves, and our immediate friends; and though we may run counter to the opinion of Dr. Johnson, we cannot help believing that the curiosity which is gratified by the important fact, that Milton wore latchets in his shoes, is more worthy a prying village gossip, than a great philosopher; because such a circumstance furnishes no elucidation either of character or manners. It is by the aid of such trifles that a jobbing writer will contrive to swell the life of a learned archdeacon, or of a man who derives his sole claim to notice, from freezing ice in summer (as if we had not quite enough of it in winter) into a bulk surpassing that of all Plutarch's Lives put together. As we have no perception of the value of such minute inquiries, we will proceed to a detail of that action in which the subject of this article became distinguished by the most important services to his country, in gaining a victory which occasioned the total failure of a plan of operations on the part of the enemy, which would otherwise have produced the most fatal consequences.

Soon after the declaration of war, in 1812, a small naval force was created on lake Champlain, for the three-fold object of affording protection to our frontier in that quarter; facilitating military operations; and preventing, as far as possible, the enemy from receiving those supplies, which were conti-

nually furnished by the corrupt and treasonable agency of some of our own citizens. It became necessary, in proportion as the operations of our armies were directed to this quarter, to augment this force, as well because it could materially co-operate in offensive designs, as because it had become indispensable, perhaps, from the augmentation of the naval force of the enemy, on lake Champlain. This contest of building was carried on from year to year, until 1814, when the relative force of the two nations stood as follows:

AMERICAN.	GUNS.	BRITISH.	GUNS.
Saratoga,	26	Frigate Confiance	39
Eagle,	20	Brig Linnet,	16
Ticonderoga,	17	Sloop Chubb,	11
Preble,	7	— Finch	11
10 gallies, carrying	16	13 gallies carrying	13
	Total, 86		Total, 95

Thus stood affairs, when early in the month of September, in that year, sir George Prevost began his march at the head of fourteen thousand men, with the intention of dislodging general Macomb from his works at Plattsburg, and then penetrating into the heart of the state of New York. There is reason to suppose that this plan was connected with an attack on the city of New York, by the force on our maritime frontier, had it succeeded in the affair of Baltimore. Certain it is that this apprehension had drawn the militia from the country above, and left it in a state very much exposed to the incursions of the enemy. The destruction of the American naval force on lake Champlain was supposed by sir George Prevost to be essential to the success of his plan of operations; and captain Downie, who was at the head of the British squadron, was directed to attack the American naval force, which had been for some time under the command of Macdonough, then only a lieutenant, at the same time that sir George stormed the intrenchments at Plattsburg.

bly depressed or exalted by the opinions of others. Though a married man, he is still young; and though a soldier, strict in his deportment, and exemplary in his piety. He has a fine head, light hair, complexion, and eyes; and his person is tall and dignified. It is, indeed, a source of uncommon gratification to think how many of our distinguished officers are still so young, that we may look to them in many years to come, whenever the situation of this country shall call for their exertions. Few of them are past the middle age, and many of them, whose names are familiar to us, have just reached the period of manhood. They seem, like this country and every thing in it, bearing the stamp of vigorous youth, and promising yet more than they have ever yet performed.

Having annihilated the enemy's force on Champlain, captain Macdonough, now promoted, requested his recall from that command, as his health was somewhat affected by his long stay on the lake, which, at some seasons, is very unhealthy to strangers. Since then he has been in the command of the station at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he now is. Should the passions of men, the interests of commerce, or the ambition of an enemy again force us into a war, he is one of those to whom we shall look for new exploits; and should the chance of battle again give him an opportunity for the exercise of skill and courage, we feel confident the chance will not occur in vain; nor the victory of Champlain want its parallel in the life of Macdonough.



DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND OF TRISTAN D'ACUNHA, OFF WHICH THE ACTION BETWEEN THE HORNET AND PENGUIN WAS FOUGHT. BY AN OFFICER OF THE HORNET.

THE island of Tristan d' Acunha, in the South Atlantic ocean, lies in latitude 37, 6 south, and longitude 11, 42 west. It is at present inhabited by three men. Thomas Currie, who has been on it the longest, that is to say about four years, claims the sovereignty, and is styled governor;

the second is a Portuguese, has been there about a year, and the third, whose name is Johnson, is believed to be a German, and was left on the island, about four months since, by the American privateer Young Wasp of Philadelphia. They appear to be perfectly contented and happy in their situation, dreary and uncomfortable as it may seem. Their houses are entirely built of straw, and covered with sea elephants' skins, which renders them impervious to the rain.

The soil of this island is of excellent quality, capable of producing vegetables of every kind in profusion. Governor Currie now raises potatoes, cabbages, and carrots in abundance, and some turnips, sallad, and beets. Of the three last he carefully preserves the seed. The governor has also a good stock of hogs, of a small breed, which he caught wild, and reduced under his government. The authority of governor Currie, though founded on the title of preoccupancy, extends only to his hogs, as neither the German nor the Portuguese acknowledge his superiority. The most perfect system of equality prevails among the three; but it is feared that ambition will, one day or other, occasion a struggle for power that may possibly produce another triumvirate equal to Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus. There are an immense number of birds on the island, principally of two kinds, the largest of the size of a robin, the other not larger than the yellow bird, both of a dirty brown colour. When we first went on shore, they were so very tame, that we could knock them down with our hats; but they afterwards became more shy, owing to our killing a great many of them for the use of the sick. We also killed several sea lions, with which the shore abounds, and whose tongues, hearts, and flippers are excellent eating. There are also, at certain seasons of the year, a number of seals and penguins, particularly on the south side of the island.

Tristan d' Acunha appears to be about fifteen miles in circumference. It is very high land, and, in clear weather, may be seen at the distance of twenty-five or thirty leagues. We made it at about forty-five miles, owing to the weather

being hazy. Part of the island, from the north, rises perpendicularly from the sea, apparently to the height of near one thousand feet; a level then commences, forming what is called table land, and extends towards the centre of the island, whence rises a conical mountain four thousand feet in height. The top of this mountain is almost constantly enveloped in clouds, and it was only when the weather was very clear, and the sun very bright, that we could see the summit, which is covered with perpetual snows.

The coast of Tristan d' Acunha is very bold, and appears to be clear of danger, except the west point of the island, where there are breakers about two cables' length from the shore. The ship, while at anchor, was overshadowed by that part of the island under which she lay, which rises, like a moss-grown wall, from the bosom of the ocean. In other places the shore was covered with a kind of seaweed called kelp, and by our sailors *Cape Ann moorings*. The landing place is perfectly safe for the smallest boats, except in heavy blowing weather. A stream of water, which takes its origin in the mountain, empties itself on the beach, by a cataract about forty feet high, and may be seen at the distance of eight or ten miles at sea, tumbling down the mountain as white as the snow on its summit. The water is very fine and pure, and the casks can be filled by means of a hose of about one hundred feet long, without removing them from the boat. The anchorage is on the northeast side of the island, and vessels wishing to make it for the purpose of procuring wood and water, should run in until the watering place bears southwest by south, about one mile distant, where they will get seventeen fathoms water in a gravelly bottom mixed with pieces of shells. But it would be advisable not to come to an anchor, owing to the steepness of the anchorage ground, and the frequency of sudden squalls from off the island.

ON SHIP TIMBER.

(From the Southern Patriot.)

A PIECE from the National Intelligencer, signed "EXPERIENCE," has induced me to offer some further observations upon this subject. I had touched upon it but slightly before, and am always pleased to hear of *Experience*, if it be really founded upon just *experiments*. The subject may be useful, but is not interesting to many readers. As an amusement, I have attended to the growth, durability, and decay of vegetable substances; but of ship-building I have no practical knowledge, therefore I extend my observations no further than the two last qualities in timber which appear to render it fit, or unfit for that purpose. Fermentation, in vegetable substances, is equivalent to putrefaction, in animal ones. The three great agents in their decomposition or decay, are heat, air, and water; the same which support them when alive.* In timbers, water is the primitive agent, as it brings the other two into operation. Acting upon the saccharine matter it produces spirituous fermentation, and upon acidity, the acid fermentation. In its progress, fermentation excites heat and air. A more minute and technical explanation would be foreign to my purpose; it may be found in essays expressly upon the subject.

I have seldom found the saccharine or acid principle to abound in any tree, which was durable as a timber. For instance, the *black walnut* and *hickory* belong to the same genus of plants, the walnut to the taste is destitute of saccharine matter, and the hickory abounds with it—the consequence is, that the walnut is as remarkable for its durability, as the hickory for premature decay—when I speak of acidity in timber trees, I shall confine myself to the gallic acid, as the other acids are seldom found in large trees. The gallic acid is a second great cause of decay. The live-oak has very little, in proportion to the black-oak (*quercus tinctoria*) or the black jack (*quercus nigra*) yet the first will last for half a century, and the two last not a tenth of that time. The loblolly-bay (*gordonia*) abounds with the gallic acid, so much so, that the bark is thought better than that of oak for tanning—but the

* *Oxygen*, which gives much life and spirit to animals and vegetables, is the greatest decomposer.

fficers and crew, during the chase, was perfectly correct and free from censure."

SAMUEL EVANS, President.
SAML. R. MARSHALL,
Acting Judge Advocate.

—
Navy Department, January 20th, 1816.

SIR,

IN obedience to the resolution of the honourable senate of the United States, passed on the 21st day of December 1815, directing the secretary of the navy "to communicate to the senate whether any, and if any, what steps have been taken during the recess, to ascertain the most convenient harbours in the waters of the Chesapeake bay, for the reception of ships of war;" and "whether the middle ground, between the capes of said bay, has been explored, with a view to that object, and the result of such examination"

I have the honour to report, that orders have been given, through the commissioners of the navy board, to captain Arthur Sinclair, to survey York river, in Virginia, for the purpose of ascertaining the advantages of that place for the establishment of a navy yard, &c. copy of which is herewith enclosed.

Orders have also been given for a survey of the Tangier islands in the Chesapeake bay. These orders will be carried into effect early in the spring.

No examination of the middle ground between the capes of the Chesapeake bay has been undertaken, or even contemplated, except as connected with the general plan of survey of the whole coast; nor has it been deemed practicable to make improvements upon that ground, either for a shelter or harbour for our ships of war, or for the purposes of defence. If a project of this nature should be considered by congress as essential to public utility or local defence, the necessary measures will be taken to carry it into effect with all possible despatch.

I have the honour to be,

With the highest respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

B. W. CROWNINSHIELD.

The honourable the president of the senate.

—
Navy Commissioner's office, November 3, 1815.

SIR,

THE board of navy commissioners under the impression that an eligible site for a navy yard may be found on York river, Virginia, require of you to proceed thither, with a suitable engineer or draftsman, to be by you appointed for the purpose, and use your best exertions to procure every information, so as to enable the commissioners to form a satisfactory opinion upon the subject.

A navy yard should combine the advantages of free and easy egress and ingress to ships of the largest draft of water at all seasons of the year—healthiness of situation—security against attack by land or by water—a good harbour—a stream of water for docking and labour-saving machinery—security from ice—a facility in getting to sea with guns, provisions, and stores on board—and space sufficient for work-shops, rope-walks, store-houses, sheds, and every other necessary building. Other advantages, such as a facility in procuring timber and naval stores are desirable; but these are considered indispensable. In the examination which you are required to make you will attend to and minutely report upon each of the points stated; and when you shall have found a site which, in your opinion, may embrace all these advantages, you will carefully take an accurate survey of it, and send such survey, with a minute description to the board of commissioners, with the terms upon which such site may be purchased. And if more than one place should be found suitable for a navy yard, you will in like manner survey and describe it, and inform the board as to the terms upon

which it may be procured; and you will give your opinion to the board, with the reasons upon which it may be founded, as to which of the two places you may, under all circumstances, consider the best adapted for a navy yard.

The surveys must be made so as to embrace the approach from the sea, and the channels now known to afford navigation for line of battle ships. To enable you to execute these instructions with facility, the tender Despatch is placed subject to your orders. When this service shall have been performed, you will send the Despatch back to this place.

Respectfully, &c.

(Signed)

JNO. RODGERS, President.

Capt. A. Sinclair, of the navy, present.

ANECDOTE OF THE ACTION ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Immediately after the action on Lake Champlain commenced, a game cock on board commodore Macdonough's ship flew up the fore hatchway, and lighted on the ship's bell, where he crowed with all his might, till the bell was struck by a shot, and knocked to pieces. He then flew up into the rigging, and continued crowing till the action ceased. Many of the seamen considered the circumstance as a favourable omen.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE TO CAPTAIN MACDONOUGH'S LIFE.

Page 208.—*On some occasion which occurred at Syracuse.*—This occasion, we are told, was as follows: While the American fleet lay at Messina, Macdonough was detained one night on shore till all the ships' boats had returned to the fleet. He then hired a boat to take him on board; but finding three instead of two men (the usual complement) going in it, he suspected them of some evil design, and refused to go; whereupon they drew their poniards and attacked him in the manner related.

SELECT REVIEWS.

Memoires de Goldoni, &c. i. e. Memoirs of Goldoni, and of his theatrical productions. By himself. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1814.

[From the Monthly Review.]

BIOGRAPHY is a term which has a different import on the opposite sides of the British channel. From Marseilles to Calais, it implies the full and explicit delineation of character and conduct, even to the smallest incidents and most fleeting thoughts that present any peculiar distinction between the individual and the collective species; and, in embracing the better side, it turns not away from the more dishonourable traits that may mark the man. This system of self-*espionage* was first instituted by La Montaigne; it was carried to an extravagant length by Rousseau; it returned to its primitive temper under the happy pen of Marmontel; and it lends occasional amusement to the pages of their imitator Goldoni. A biographer on *this* side of the channel is contented with relating what *may* be related; while on the other side, that which was never intended to be recorded forms an equal, and unhappily the more entertaining, part of the story. Not to mention the real frankness of La Montaigne, the affected frankness of Rousseau, the natural and ungarnished history of Marmontel, the avowed and unblushing infamy of Richelieu, and the *naivete* of a Stahl, who were both the subjects and the authors of their histories, we may trace the same desire to reveal the man, and the whole man, in the memoirs of Grammont, written by an English apostle of the French school; and yet more prominently displayed in the gallery of portraits bequeathed to us by St. Simon. Of all biographers, this last is possibly most true to nature: of all servitudes, that of a despotic court is possibly the most degrading to the heart and mind; and if the "*caractere haineux*," attributed to the duc de Saint Simon, has not misguided his pen, of all courts since the pagan courts of Tiberius and Nero, that of Louis XIV, in his latter days, abounded most in the monotony of human misery. The perfect portraiture of the master and his slaves, by the severe but vigilant Saint Simon, will descend to posterity together with the unjust eulogies of partial historians and biographers, and

act as a corrective on minds that are liable to be dazzled by false glitter or deluded by false taste.

No country has produced a harvest of biography so copious or so excellent as France;—to seize and delineate a character exactly, neither to exaggerate nor extenuate, neither to omit nor to set down aught in malice, is the pride of French biography. This may not have been avowed, although, from the increasing and never satiated demands for French memoirs, it is evidently though silently admitted; and indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, we question whether any human invention can devise and string events together, as agreeably as they spontaneously fall in the chequered life of a man of enterprise. Still, with all due respect to the *Sieur Goldoni*, we do not class his memoirs with those which have given interest to this style of composition. A decent writer of the language, in the early part of his memoir he is a clumsy copyist of *Hamilton* and *Marmontel*; while, a stranger to their natural and easy graces, he seeks an antithesis in almost every sentence, and an unseasonable pleasantry in almost every paragraph. The larger part of the two volumes which we have before us, forms an almost continued tissue of successful or unsuccessful levities; and, as the unsuccessful are ninety and nine against one, the value of the work must rest, not on style or sentiment, but on the events of a varied life, and on the light thrown by it (in a most unpleasant manner) on the progress of that theatrical talent of which the development has obtained for the author a considerable share of popularity. The very appearance of the pages, arranged as they evidently are by the author's direction, in so many divisions, presents a certain idea of unconnexion, or, to use a French term, a *decousu* of manner, which, although attempted for the purpose of alluring, succeeds only in fatiguing the reader. We have no continued narrative; all is ambitious,—all is scintillation,—digression,—*apropos*, and consequently disappointment. Not to speak of that vulgar tone which is contracted by habitual intercourse with the green-rooms, and with the *premieres amoureuses* of so many strolling and stationary companies, we cannot but reprobate a certain light and trifling mention of actions and sentiments that are too important to be converted to a jest.

We are far from denying that Italy is much indebted to this writer for attempting the reform of her comic theatre; neither can the author, who has witnessed in his life-time eighteen editions of one hundred and fifty comedies in prose and verse, be in need of much apology for presenting to the world his portrait, drawn by his own hand:—but, besides the propriety

of giving some account of himself, M. Goldoni was influenced by another motive yet more forcible, viz. self-interest. Perceiving that several of his works were printed without his permission (a larceny admitting no redress in a country like Italy, which is divided against itself,) the injured author, to put a stop (as far as he could) to future pillage, resolved to preface every subsequent volume with a detached morsel of his biography: which should serve the triple purpose of sign-manual to the genuineness of the edition, as a preface, and also as a farther advance to the history of his whole life; and, as it appears to have been his intention to *live writing*, he conceived that his last comedy for the stage would contain for its introduction nearly the last of its author's history. The dissipation of Paris; in which capital he passed his latter years, interrupted this scheme; and, contenting himself with translating from the Italian the part which was already finished, and making a few additions, he has furnished us with the present work.

Goldoni was born at Venice, as he tells us, 'in a grand and noble mansion,' but his family was originally of Modena. His grandfather, Charles, consoled himself for the loss of his first wife by espousing a widow, one of whose daughters he consigned in marriage to his son. 'My mother,' says the author, 'was a pretty *brunette*: she was a little lame, but very inviting.' His grandfather, devoted to a life of pleasure, hired a magnificent country house, six leagues from Venice, where he excited the envy of all the neighbourhood by the splendour of his entertainments: but, being deprived of this house by the artifice of an envious man, he settled at Carrara, farmed all the possessions belonging to the prince at Venice, increased his expenses, represented comedies and operas at his own house, and attracted thither the best actors and most famous musicians of the day. Visitors also flocked from every quarter. 'I was born,' says Goldoni, 'during all this bustle, and in this abundance; how could I despise the theatre? How could I dislike gayety?'—'My mother,' (he continues, in the character of a comic writer, we suspect, rather than truly) 'brought me forth almost without a pang, and she loved me for it the better. I did not announce my entrance into the world by cries, and this gentleness seemed to give presages of my pacific character, which from that hour have never been belied. I was the jewel of the house; my nurse declared that I had wit; my mother charged herself with my education, and my father with my amusement. He constructed a puppet-show: he directed the motions of the figures with his own hand, as-

sisted by one or two of his friends; and at four years old I thought that the amusement was most delicious.'

Such is the coxcomb-style which pervades the early part of these memoirs. The death of the writer's grandfather, as we might naturally expect, unhinged a family subsisting on the riot of his house. Profusion was followed by penury; his father, although 'not deficient in wit,' had neglected his son's education, and a second child increased the embarrassment: but, as he was by no means fond of dwelling too long on sad reflections, he left madame with a small part of the wreck of their finances, and took a journey to Rome for a little diversion. At four years of age, Goldoni says, 'he read and wrote, knew his catechism by heart, was placed under a preceptor, and was fond of books;' and, although the sentences follow with an epigrammatic rapidity which confounds time and circumstance, at an age scarcely more advanced, we suppose, 'he was learning his grammar with facility, and the principles of geography and arithmetic: but his favourite reading was comedy.' His first author was Ciccoguni; and, as "the sports of children satisfy the child," he found great delight in the trivial scenes of the Florentine author. At eight years of age, he had frequently perused and began to imitate his model by a comedy of his own growth; and a copy of this infantine production was forwarded to his father, who, it appears, had been metamorphosed into a physician. "If," said Dr. Goldoni, charmed by this premature proof of genius, and calculating on the principles of arithmetic,—“if nine years yield four carats of wit, eighteen years should yield a dozen carats; and, by successive progression, he may arrive at perfection.”

The author takes advantage of a visit to his father to describe his agitation on first mounting a horse. This is done in the style of farce, and is as unfortunate as, we think, most of his attempts at wit have proved through these volumes. The meeting took place at Perugia:

‘My father made me remark the citadel built by Paul the Third, at a time when Perugia enjoyed republican liberty, under the pretence of benefitting the Perugians with a hospital for their sick, and for pilgrims. This pious successor to the chair of St. Peter, on finishing the work, introduced cannons into the place in carts covered with straw; and, when the *Chi viva* was uttered from the battlements, the citizens found it necessary to make answer, “Long live Paul III.”’

It would be an idle attempt to follow Goldoni through his examination at the Jesuits' college of this city; and yet more

idle to discover the reason of that sudden illumination, which, though he was the dullest in the school, on one happy day gave him the prize over all his competitors:—but so we suppose it was. A play and a play-house were his rage. His father, to gratify this darling desire, fitted up a theatre in a hall of the Hotel of Antinori; and, as females are not allowed to act in the states of the pope, the part of a lady and the prologue were conferred on our hero. The style of this prologue was the style of the Italian drama of that day; metaphor, hyperbole, antithesis, inflation, and bombast, had usurped the place of common sense on every stage in Italy: but his father was accustomed to it. The commencement is a fine relic of the art:

‘Most benign heaven (this was the name given to the auditory,) to the rays of your most refulgent sun, behold us, like butterflies, expanding the tender wings of our conceits, and raising our flight to your meridian radiance.—This charming prologue brought me a bushel of sugar-plums, with which the theatre was filled, and I was almost blinded. This is the usual applause in the papal territories. The piece in which I played was *La Sorellina di Don Pilone*; and I was much commended: for in a country in which such *spectacles* are uncommon, the spectators are not nice.’

On his way from Perugia to Venice, the author embarked in an expedition with a company of comedians at Rimini, in whose society he performed the journey thence to Chiozza. Their assemblage is thus described:—‘Twelve persons, actors and actresses, a prompter, a machinist, a keeper of the wardrobe, eight servants, four chambermaids, two nurses, children of all ages, dogs, cats, monkeys, birds, pigeons, and a lamb: it was the ark of Noah.’ Our readers will perceive in this description nothing beyond the ordinary oddity of a Margate hoy, yet it must be converted into an effort to raise a laugh; and then a poor attempt at continuing the laugh is made by the description of a quarrel between the conductor of the boat and the *premiere amoureuse*, for not having prepared a *bouillon*, without which the lady could not dine. This sally is succeeded by another, about a cat belonging to the same interesting lady, which was pursued by a sailor. We notice these follies as characteristic of the Memoirs, and without any intention of doing violence to the dramas of Goldoni. Indeed, the same pen is to be discovered, and nearly the same manner, in all his works: but that which, when “submitted to the eye,” is more pleasant, is frequently known to fail in description; more particularly when description professes truth for its canvass. We approve the rule of transferring scenes

in real life to the theatre, which should be its shadow: but to reverse the rule would be to offend grossly against all the decencies and probabilities. The ground-work of these memoirs may be true: but the language of the first volume, at least, has always a dash of the theatre, a certain air of insincerity, which proves to us that every scene is not represented exactly as it passed. Thus, when his father returns unexpectedly, and rushes into the apartment of Mad. Goldoni, complaining of his son, the latter is during the whole time a listener in an adjoining closet; and the stale theatrical practice of dragging the young culprit from his hiding-place is repeated in the history of real life.

At Venice, Goldoni was articled to an attorney; and it will excite no small degree of surprise to hear that the first dramatist who introduced the better school to the notice of his countrymen, began his literary career in the fortieth year of his age. It cannot be expected that persons at our advanced time of life are possessed of sufficient agility to accompany this versatile author from Venice to Rome, and thence to Venice again, to Pavia, to Milan, and through all his mazy pilgrimages; neither do the events that occur on the several roads appear worthy of much remark. As he grew older, he became more and more sensible that his country had lost the true comic spirit. During his residence at Pavia, where he received the tonsure, he applied himself with attention to the Greek and Roman drama, and to the modern comedies of France, England, and Spain. To the method, style, and precision of the ancient, he wished to add the interest and character which are to be found in many of the modern pieces. In the course of his vacations, some new light was thrown on his darling subject by the Mandragore of Machiavelli: which profligate but humorous piece was inadvertently lent to him by a monk, who was unacquainted with the wit and danger of the pages with which he furnished his young friend. Ten perusals of it left impressed on Goldoni's mind the resolution to imitate its beauties and avoid its abominations: but these *divitiæ miseræ* are not gained without producing some evil effect on their possessor. On returning to Pavia, he was engaged in a dispute, common to collegians, with the townsmen of the place; and, while his young friends repelled force by force, Goldoni, armed with a licentious pen, was convicted of having written a satire on the young ladies of Pavia, which caused his expulsion from college, and exposed him to the revenge of brothers and husbands who had been insulted in the persons of their female relatives.

At Udina, the author applied himself once more to the study of the law. He also frequented the church; and, as a specimen of his edification, his memory having carried off the divisions and substance of six and thirty sermons, he reduced them into the contracted and grotesque form of as many sonnets, of which the publication procured him the thanks of the orator, and the admiration of all the good people of Udina. His residence at this city, however, was (as usual) interrupted by some idle intrigues, unworthy of us to mention, and of his more serious years to have remembered. To our complaint at these levities, we cannot but add another against the shame which he evinces at yielding for a time to a more honourable passion. At Chiozza, he was enamoured of a young and beautiful girl, at a convent-school, who was otherwise engaged; and his regret at parting is thus *feelingly* described: 'I no longer saw the directress, nor her pupil; and, God be thanked, in a very short time I forgot the one and the other!' Another tender and virtuous attachment is laughed out of countenance in the same manner. The death of his father in some degree puts a stop to this biographical harlequinade, and brings back the author to rather better feelings and far better taste. This event fixed him in the profession of an advocate at Venice; whence he was obliged to remove in order to avoid the performance of an inconsiderate promise of marriage. In a short time afterward, we find him secretary to a governor of Milan: but he soon demands his discharge, becomes a wanderer as before, always happy, generally poor, the associate of strollers, of abbes, and of peasants, until he found it safe to return to Venice. To this place he is peculiarly attached: 'They sing,' says he, 'in the squares, in the streets, and on the canals. The shop-keepers sing until they sell their merchandise; workmen sing on leaving their labour; and the gondoliers sing while they wait on their masters. The basis of the Venetian character is gayety, and the basis of the Venetian language is pleasantry.' In this lively city, where even the saints are made to lend their names to the theatres, he represented, with universal applause, his *Belisario*, which was followed by several other pieces, of unequal merit, but of general success. 'My language,' he says, 'was not elegant, and my versification never verged towards the sublime: but it was the better adapted to bring back to reason a public which had been accustomed to hyperboles, antitheses, and the absurdities of the gigantic and romantic style.' Having experienced infidelity in the principal actress of the theatre, Goldoni avenged himself by representing the affair in his *Don Juan*,

and complimented the lady and her paramour by assigning to them, in the piece, the exact characters which they had played in actual life.

At Genoa, the author gained a prize in the lottery, and another in a wife, who formed the happiness of his existence; and from this time we cannot refuse him the merit of a complete reform in style and character. His first endeavour was to banish from his stage those whimsical personages, who are commonly known in the South by the appellation of the four Italian masks. The history of their families is curious; and from their antiquity they had so completely subjected Italian taste to their empire, that the whole peninsula at different times revolted against the innovator who wished to expel them from the comic scene. Let us hear M. Goldoni:

‘ Before I explain my ideas on this subject, I conceive that my reader will thank me for a short digression on the origin and employment of these four masks.

‘ Comedy, which has at all times been the favourite spectacle of civilized nations, had shared the fate of the arts and sciences, and been swallowed up in the ruin of empires and the decline of letters: but the germ of comedy was never quite extinct in the fertile imagination of the Italians. The first who laboured to revive it, being disappointed, during a dark age, in skilful writers, had the boldness to compose plans, to divide them into acts and scenes, and to utter as impromptus, conversations, thoughts, and pleasantries which were previously concerted.

‘ Those who could read (and the rich were not of the number) observed that the comedies of Plautus and Terence always contained fathers who were dupes, debauched sons, amorous girls, lying valets, and corrupt maid-servants; and, traversing the different cantons of Italy, they took their fathers at Venice and at Bologna, their valets at Bergamo, their enamoured youths and maids, and their *soubrettes*, in the states of Rome and Tuscany.

‘ We must not wait for written proofs of this reasoning, because we are speaking of an age in which writing was nearly unknown, but I prove my assertion in this manner: The pantaloon has always been Venetian, the doctor a Bolognese, and the *harlequin* and *clown* have* ever been from Bergamo; from these places, the actors took those comic characters which are known to us by the name of the four Italian masks. I advance these remarks not entirely from my own conception: I am in possession of a manuscript of the fifteenth century, in good preservation, bound in parchment, which contains a hundred and twenty subjects or *canvasses* of

* These two personages are exactly reversed in this country. The real and original Italian *harlequin* is the heavy, and the *Brighella* the light and active *zani*. The former is attired in a dress of various colours, to show his poverty and propensity to stealing.—*Rev.*

of the splendid shadows that surround them, and wedded to the very mockeries of opinion.

Whatever is our situation or pursuit in life, the result will be much the same. The strength of the passion seldom corresponds with the pleasure we find in its indulgence. The miser "robs himself to increase his store;" the ambitious man toils up a slippery precipice only to be tumbled headlong from its height: the lover is infatuated with the charms of his mistress, exactly in proportion to the mortification he has received from her. Even those who succeed in nothing, who, as it has been emphatically expressed—

———"Are made desperate by too quick a sense
 "Of constant infelicity; cut off
 "From peace like exiles, on some barren rock,
 "Their life's sad prison with no more of ease,
 "Than sentinels between two armies set,"—

are yet as unwilling as others to give over the unprofitable strife: their harassed feverish existence refuses rest, and frets the languor of exhausted hope into the torture of unavailing regret. The exile, who has been unexpectedly restored to his country and to liberty, often finds his courage fail with the accomplishment of all his wishes, and the struggle of life and hope ceases at the same instant.

We once more repeat, that we do not, in the foregoing remarks, mean to enter into a comparative estimate of the value of human life, but merely to show, that the strength of our attachment to it is a very fallacious test of its happiness.

W. H.

—
 No. 4. SUNDAY, JANUARY 22, 1815.

———Sociali fœdere mensa.—MILTON.

A Table in a social compact joined.

As we have announced our intention of occasionally speaking in the first person singular as well as plural, and at the same time have not assumed any fictitious characters, there will be some readers, we are afraid, who, notwithstanding the numerous and evident claims we possess upon the public attention, and even the didactic infirmities which we have acknowledged, may not always chuse to recognise our right of instructing them, much less of alluding to any feelings or experiences of our own. Even our illustrious predecessors, the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, had great difficulty in carrying their pretensions on this score, though agreeably to the characters they had assumed, they seldom thought fit to allude to them. It

was soon discovered that old Isaac Bickerstaff, the Tatler, in Shire-lane, was a jovial young fellow about Saint James's, no better, of course, than any one else,—and that the silent, short-visaged personage, who described himself as a philosophic Spectator, was the same identical person a little older, who would talk away till one or two o'clock in the morning, and was sometimes as short of cash as he was of countenance. With some, no doubt, the secret may have been of no disservice to this eminent instructor; the being one of themselves met with nothing at the bottom of their hearts to render them impatient of hearing him; it was an assurance to them, perhaps, that if he could detect their infirmities, he could also feel for them;—but not so with others. Among his numerous assailants, now forgotten, there was one, we remember, who seemed to take it particularly ill that he had now and then a jerk in his walk, and a trick of driving his cane at the pavement. How such a pedestrian, who had nothing remarkable about his general appearance, and who was, in fact, nobody but sir Richard Steele,—a sort of pleasant fellow enough,—could think of setting up to instruct mankind, and of saying, “I think,” or “in my opinion,” or “I remember once,”—was to this modest and indignant gentleman inconceivable.

This man was not aware that *he* was the egotist for having his self-love so annoyed; while sir Richard, who delivered, with a cordial and unaffected confidence, his thoughts and feelings as they arose, was in reality one of the humblest of self-inspectors, and often sat to himself for the weaknesses which he painted.

There is, in fact, no commoner mistake than this one about egotism, and none which stiffens and encrusts people more against the genial reception of knowledge.

We are no advocates for a man's talking of himself out of all season and measure; it is, to say the least of it, a mark of bad taste, and a want of reasonable consideration for others; though even in this respect, the talent and disposition of the person make a great deal of difference; and no reader of proper spirit would think of bringing the solid and generous Montaigne to the same account as a pretender like Boswell.

But among the idle sophistications and levellings which people, in certain stages of society, are apt to practice upon each other, there is nothing that more betrays a general soreness of self-love, and a want of all proper simplicity, than this extreme horror of seeing a man break in upon the jealous reserve of the majority. They attribute it to a want of modesty in him; but people are not apt to take so much interest in

Columbia, my country! whose generous blood
 Controll'd the strong surges of tyranny's flood,
 When England was mistress of ocean's domain—
 How long shall thy sons in vile bondage complain?

The dawn through my grates the thick darkness dissolves,
 And again the huge bolt of my dungeon revolves;
 That monster's dread step is a prelude to pains,
 When the lash that he bears will drink blood from my veins.

Hark! what notes of sweet music! they thrill through my soul;
 Columbia's own strain is that soft melting roll!
 Gracious Heav'n! my dear countrymen once more I view,
 Hail Liberty's banner! ye base tyrants adieu.

My wrongs are all cancelled—your shore is receding—
 My country has freed me, my heart has ceas'd bleeding;
 In the arms of affection I soon shall be bless'd,
 And my dust with the dust of my fathers shall rest.

D. B.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.

A selection of all the laws of the United States now in force, relative to commercial subjects. By John Brice, deputy collector of the port of Baltimore: Neal, Wills and Cole. 1814.

The officers of the customs, merchants, masters of vessels, and others whose duty or interest it may be to become acquainted with our commercial regulations, will find in this one volume all the commercial laws, described in the title-page, for which, without the aid of this compilation, they might have to seek through the several volumes in which the laws of the United States are printed.

Clan-Albin: a national tale. London printed. Philadelphia republished. Earle.

The principal charm of this novel is in the view it presents of the state of society in the Highlands of Scotland; and although it is not equal to *Waverly* or *Guy Mannering* in the strong delineation of national or individual character, it will be read with great pleasure, especially by the admirers of those excellent works.

A narrative of the events which have taken place in France from the landing of Napoleon Bonaparte, on the first of March, 1815, till the restoration of Louis XVIII. By Helen Maria Williams. Philadelphia republished. Thomas.

This volume contains many interesting anecdotes, relative to the extraordinary occurrences it describes, which were never before, we believe, communicated to the public.

The literature of America appears to be regarded in England with increasing attention. Mr. John Souter, bookseller of London, and publisher of the *Monthly Magazine*, the *Medical and Physical Journal*, &c. has announced his intention to become an agent for the sale of American publications.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

From late British Publications.

Maps of the Danish Islands.—The Danish engraver Bagoë has lately finished an excellent general map of the island of Zealand: it has met with the approbation of the Society of Sciences at Copenhagen, which has testified its satisfaction by presenting him with the sum of three hundred crowns by way of encouragement.

The engraver Angelo was busily employed in finishing a general map of Northern Jutland. It may be expected that emulation will produce the most favourable effects on this production of the art.

The mechanician Baumann has sent to the Society of Copenhagen, a new *Instrument for Levelling*, the tube of which is placed on a plate that floats on mercury.

Literary intercourse projected.—M. K. Haest, author of the Northern Spectator, proposes to establish a fair for books, for Denmark, Norway and Sweden, in the town of Gottenburgh, to which the booksellers of the three countries might resort once a year, for the purpose of exchanging each other's publications, and of facilitating literary intercourse between Sweden and Denmark. Whether any political motives arising from the separation of Norway from Denmark might render this plan abortive, must be left to the decision of events.

New Arrangement of Botany.—M. L. Lefebure is publishing at Paris, in parts, a new system of botany, which he calls *Système signalementaire*. He has taken for the principal bases or elements of his system, the leaves of plants. The leaves, attached one to one, two to two, three to three, form the first, second, and third *classes*; these leaves, placed either on a herbaceous stem, or on a woody stem, or at the foot of a herbaceous stem, form the three *orders*; twelve families borrowed from the twenty-two classes of Tournefort, complete the subdivisions of the general arrangement; in which each genus takes its proper place according to an analogy which distinguishes the author's system from any heretofore projected. Whether this work deserves the encomiums lavished on it, as possessing principles eminently proper to dissipate the difficulties of botany, we cannot determine. It may certainly contribute to arrange those vegetables to which nature has given leaves, stems, and flowers. These are an important and extensive department of the vegetable kingdom, and we concur in recommending the thought to the attention of the learned and studious.

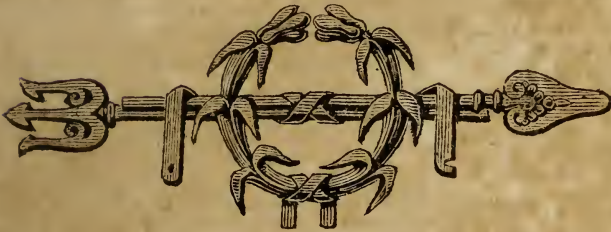
On the organization of Plants.—In 1812, the Teylerian Society of Haerlem, proposed the following question: "To endeavour to determine by means of recent observations, as well as by comparison of those formerly made, those facts which are incontestible, in respect to what has been advanced on the organization of plants; especially on the structure, the difference, and the functions of their tubes or vessels; at the same time indicating with precision, what is indeterminate or doubtful in our present knowledge; and what proceedings may be proper to be had to obtain satisfactory information on these subjects." This question has produced a *Memoire*, &c. on the organization of plants: a work crowned by the Teylerian Society. By D. G. Kieser. 1 vol. 4to. pp. 345. Haerlem.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE,

AND

NAVAL CHRONICLE.

APRIL, 1816.



CHRONICLE.

SYNOPSIS OF NAVAL ACTIONS.

(From the British Naval Chronicle.)

AN article, the first part of which the reader will find below, has lately made its appearance in the British Naval Chronicle. It appears to contain all that has hitherto been urged, as well as every thing that can be urged in extenuation of the numerous disasters of England during the last war, on the ocean and the lakes, together with a garnishing of invention, sneering, and sarcasm. We have all heard these excuses before, but there are some admissions made by this "British Naval Officer" in his zeal to *account* for the almost miraculous disparity of loss in these actions, which cannot be accounted for by the mere disparity of force, which we consider as decisive of the question of superiority. We mean therefore to give the whole of it to our readers in our subsequent numbers, together with some accompanying remarks, in order that a fair judgment may be formed. We have preferred giving

the "Synopsis" entire, rather than quote extracts from it, not only because we considered it the fairest way, but for the reason that if on any occasion we deviated into severity of remark, our readers might refer to that article for our justification.

A SYNOPSIS OF NAVAL ACTIONS BETWEEN THE SHIPS OF HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY AND OF THE UNITED STATES, DURING THE LATE WAR.—BY A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER ON THE AMERICAN STATION.

"MR. EDITOR,

"PERMIT me to present you a history of the encounters of British with American public and private armed ships: it was my intention to narrate such losses of national ships only as were, or by the rules of *our* service should have been preceded by resistance, however slight or unavailing. I have since determined to include all losses of regular men-of-war sustained by either nation through the other's means; also casual meetings of the respective national vessels, in which the stronger force not merely declined engaging, but ran away from an enemy often more daring than discreet.

"American accounts of all these matters are drawn up not more to animate the citizens, than to acquire a name among the nations of Europe at our expense. In these *metaphysical* productions truth is never an obstacle. What Englishman can read them without feelings of indignation?—A former volume of yours contains the translation of a letter from the captain of *Le Geneaux*, 74 to the French government, detailing his capture of the *Leander* fifty-gun ship. That, except for its brevity, affords a tolerable specimen of the official correspondence of American naval commanders. The latter have an advantage however, in the talents of their numerous commentators for drawing inferences and explaining ambiguities to suit the wishes of the writer and the taste of the public.

"Much has been said both in public and private about the capture of so many of our national vessels by the Americans. On our side bewailings and excuses—on the enemy's exaggerations and boastings have been invariably resorted to; but no where can we find a fair statement of the force engaged in the different actions.

“ British accounts of actions are sometimes faulty, but rather for want of minuteness than for studied misrepresentation. Our credit has suffered more by painters and journalists than by the official statements of British officers. A handsome engraving of the action between the Shannon and Chesapeake is turned from with disgust by those acquainted with the real force of the ships. The enemy shows fifteen guns of a side on her main-deck, when she had only fourteen, her broad-side being as usual vacant. Should that pass unobserved he that can read is at once informed below, that the Chesapeake mounted forty-nine, the Shannon thirty-eight guns. Either the actual mounting or the rate of both ships should be given, not the mounting of one and the rate of the other. This lays us open to an enemy who, we should recollect, speaks our own language, and can therefore recriminate with double effect. Besides, did the Shannon’s action need any embellishment?

“ The period elapsed since most of the battles were fought, has brought to light many particulars respecting the armament of the American ships that were at first (for purposes of exultation no doubt) industriously concealed. Of these I shall take advantage, and any remaining point of difference between British and American statements I shall endeavour to reconcile.

“ One reason for deferring this publication to so late a period is not only to collect all the necessary facts, but to obtain a view of the adverse statement of each action, hoping by that means to present the world with a fair and impartial summary of naval occurrences between us and America during the late war, and which may help to detect and refute some at least of the numerous falsehoods hitherto so undeviating a feature in the maritime records of the latter power.

“ It is now fully ascertained that the American forty-fours are in length equal to our first class seventy-fours, and built with similar scantling, having their sides both above and below at least a fourth thicker than our heaviest frigates. They have two entire decks, and carry their lower deck battery equally high and commanding with the new razees. When government resolved to have ships able to meet frigates like these on equal terms, they should have fitted out razees with *twenty-four* pounders on the

lower deck—reserving at the same time a few ships armed like the *Majestic* and *Saturn* (with long 32's) to cope with the new thirty-two pounder frigates now fitting for sea in Philadelphia and Baltimore. Ships of the former kind, well manned and appointed, would be far more likely to succeed in a long close action with the American forty-fours than the *slight built* fir fiftys.

“The Americans were many years ago fully sensible of the advantages to be derived from having their ships of war of far greater force than their *rate* implied, and the measure was deliberately considered and resolved on by the government.

“How far the imposition thus solemnly resolved upon, when afterwards carried into effect, benefitted this cunning people, is now but too well known.

“The capture of our packets or of the enemy's revenue-cutters and gun-boats will be excluded from the plan—although upwards of twenty of the latter have been taken or destroyed, and the former, by the unparalleled defences they have made, rank high in the annals of fame. Our first loss to the Americans was the *Whiting* schooner of four guns. She was taken at anchor in the American waters, ignorant of the war. The next was the *Alert* of sixteen guns and eighty-four men. She ran down upon and engaged for several minutes the *Essex*, captain Porter, of nearly four times her force. Even rashness like this is preferable to a surrender like that of the *Frolick* to the *Orpheus* and *Shelburne*.

“When the American squadron first proceeded to sea at the commencement of the war, their men were thoroughly drilled at the guns, and the several situations of boatswain, gunner, captains of the guns, &c. on board every ship, were principally filled by British seamen.

“At this period our half-manned ships, having no enemy to dread, (French ships being seldom out) were carelessly cruising about in every sea. Thus was met by the American ship *Constitution*, on the 19th of August, 1812, the frigate *Guerriere*, returning into port with sprung masts after a long cruise. A long action ensued and the latter was taken and burnt.

“The American captain in his official letter omitted to mention the force of his prize either in guns or men. The former I have obtained from an officer that belonged to her, and the latter

from captain Dacres' official account of the action. To show the relative force of each ship engaged in the different actions as we proceed, I shall present the broadside weight of metal only, and where a shifting gun is on board I shall add that to it. The *Guerriere* had a gun in every port on her main deck, including the bridle one, but it was only to bring her by the head, which was her trim of sailing, and such bow-gun could not be used in the broadside, therefore will be excluded from the calculation.

"The force of the *Constitution* in guns as given below, is taken from an American statement subsequently extorted from them, and agrees within six pounds with that published in captain Dacres' letter to the admiralty. The following then is an estimate of the force engaged in that action.

<i>Guerriere.</i>		<i>Constitution.</i>	
(Rating 38, mounting 48 guns.)		(Rating 44, mounting 56 guns.)	
<i>Broadside.</i>		<i>Broadside.</i>	
Main deck, 14 18lb long guns,	252lbs.	Lower deck 15 24lb long guns	360lbs.
Qr. deck & } 1 9lb do.	9	Upper or } 1 do.	24
forecastle, } 8 32lb carronades	256	spar do. } 12 32lb carronades,	384
	517		768
With probably one or two small boat guns.		With howitzers in all the tops, and some boat guns.	
Men (19 boys included)	263	Men "all picked."	476
Measurement,	108½ tons.	Measurement (English)	1630 tons.

Superiority on the American side.

In weight of metal as—three to two.

In number of men as—nine to five.

In size of vessel as—three to two.

"With such disparity of force no one can be surprised at the result of this action. But certainly had the *Guerriere's* men been half as well skilled in the use of the great guns as the *Constitution's* were, the proportion of killed and wounded would not have been so great as fourteen to seventy-eight, nor one ship made a complete wreck of, while the other suffered no material injury in hull or rigging. These are lamentable truths that betrayed a laxity of discipline on board our ships, and which in the course of time would have ruined our navy. Thanks to the war with America, so fatal a catastrophe is not now likely to happen again."

A Cursory Examination of "A Synopsis of Naval Actions between the Ships of his Britannic Majesty and of the United States, during the Late War. By a British Naval Officer on the American Station."

THE time is not very remote, when there was nothing the people of America believed more implicitly than the accounts of British victories published in England, and re-published in the United States. The royal gazettes were our political scriptures, and the falsehood of a French bulletin, and the truth of a British official account, were equally matters of implicit faith. Of late years, however, this faith is somewhat shaken, and a man may now doubt the veracity of English newspapers, and English statements, without being persecuted as a nonconformist, or burned as a heretic. We have uniformly observed, that these newspapers, and statements, and official accounts, have been not only different from our own, but in direct contradiction to those of every other nation. There must be a vast difference in the character of witnesses, if the testimony of one is to weigh against that of many, inasmuch as it is much more probable that one should be either mistaken, or suborned, than that several should be so. It is, we think, much more likely that a man who is always contradicting every body should be generally wrong, than that every body else should be uniformly mistaken. Ever since the commencement of the war in 1812, thousands of mistatements and misrepresentations have been ushered into the world under the sanction of British veracity; denials of notorious facts and assumptions of notorious falsehoods have been so common, that we even begin to doubt the truth of their historical achievements. Setting aside the battles of Cressy and Agincourt, which nothing but an established character for veracity, and the recent example of the battle of New Orleans can render probable, it begins now to be shrewdly suspected, that the victories of Howe and Duncan, as well as those of the amorous Nelson, have been recorded a little too much in the spirit of English

hyperbole. It is now indeed a notorious fact, that during the battle of Trafalgar at least one third of the Spanish sailors, as they were called, were sea-sick, and that far the greater proportion of the whole were mere city vagabonds, impressed upon the spur of the occasion, without inquiring whether they had ever been at sea or not. So much indeed has a belief in the prowess of the British navy fallen in the United States, since the last war, that the British Naval Chronicle, which formerly sold at six or seven dollars a volume, has been lately purchased at less than seventy-five cents. This marks a fearful declension in the price of *romances*, and I doubt not but it will be urged against us as a proof of our want of taste in polite literature.

Such being the state of the public mind, we are encouraged to attempt a reply to the article of which the first number is here presented to the reader, that he may see both sides of the question and judge accordingly. It is possible, too, that in the course of our examination, we may be tempted to use some little asperity, and we wish the reader to see that it is not entirely unprovoked. Most of the statements, reasonings, and assertions in the Synopsis, have already been published separately, and separately refuted before. But they are here collected in one mighty mass, and every defeat palliated and excused with every exertion of the writer's art and ingenuity. We presume that this then is intended as England's apology for her defeats at sea, and that all the force of her advocate and apologist has been put in requisition to make the apology as satisfactory as possible. Such being our ideas, we will bestow some little attention to this *Synopsis*, which is in reality but an indifferent production, marked with a deal of pertness, disingenuousness, and misrepresentation. As the best that England can do in this way—as a production coming abroad under the sanction of the admiralty, we are inclined to treat it with more respect, at least with more *attention*, than its intrinsic merits deserve.

The "naval officer on the American station" sets out with the assertion of the fact, that in every action that occurred during the last war, the superiority either in men, guns or ships, was on the side of the Americans. Our ships are all great seventy-fours; almost as large as Ptolemy's great galley—our guns throw twice or thrice as many pounds of ball, at a broadside; and our men are not only much more numerous, but much taller, stronger, braver, more active, dexterous and powerful than the poor little beef-eating jack tars of Old England. The "British naval officer," doubtless intending that his work should be a romance, has thus set out in the genuine track of the writers of *sir Tristan*, *Don Belianis*, and the peers of *Charlemagne*, whose heroes never yielded to any thing less than a misbegotten giant, a magic sword, or an odds of at least fifty to one. This is the true language of fable, and no doubt the admiralty selected for its defender one of the writers most learned in the romances of the middle ages. Such a writer was well calculated to make the best of a bad bargain, for though he could not actually gain a victory over us, he could tell exactly why we ought to have been victorious, and it is always a marvelous consolation to know the reason of any thing. The ingenuity of the English has been exhausted to find excuses during the last war, and had their officers and sailors been half as zealous in defending the honour of their flag, as their writers, these last had not been put to such straits for excuses, devices, and inventions.

One of the arts resorted to in England, for many years past, in all the official statements, as well as in that romantic fiction, "*Steele's List*," has been, and still is, that of stating the whole number of guns, of a captured ship, and only the number at which the vessel capturing was rated, thus always making it appear that they had conquered a superior enemy. But the moment the captured vessel is put on *Steele's List*, as a government ship, you will find her frequently rated below the vessel by which she was taken. The *Guerriere* at the time of her capture from the French was called a large forty-

four, but in Steele's List, we find her transformed into a thirty-eight: nay, even the candid author of the Synopsis, notwithstanding his affecting lamentations on account of the national credit being injured by painters and journalists, himself adopts this very practice, with an easy effrontery that would surprise us in a writer of any other nation. So far, however, from agreeing with him, that the reputation of the English navy has been tarnished by the painters and journalists, we are of opinion that it is principally owing to the exertions of these worthy gentlemen that it has now any reputation at all. Were it not for the fine pictures of the one, and the fine stories of the other, it would hardly now be believed that the navy of England was once mistress of the ocean—that “the rolling sea was Britain's wide domain”—or that old Neptune was once absolutely henpecked by Britannia. The observation, however, which the “British officer on the American station” has coupled with his charge against the painters and journalists, is not only just, but it betrays a curious secret, as well as a very diverting perplexity. It seems he is willing that these patriotic rogues should continue this practice of overrating the force of an enemy, and diminishing their own, in respect to the French and Spaniards, because they dont understand English—and therefore cant turn this falsity against the inventors—or if they did, honest John Bull could not understand them, and no harm would be done. But—and “there's the rub”—we Americans can *understand* and read English, though it seems we cant *write* it, and consequently can expose these unblushing bravadoes and turn them back upon their authors. This is a great stumbling block in the way of the modern writers of British romances. We fear St. George will never kill another dragon, and are really inclined to feel a little sympathy with the poor “British officer on the American station.”

The writer of the Synopsis has placed the capture of the Chesapeake at the head of his list, although it did not occur until long after several other engagements which had a differ-

ent result. Whether this is to put himself in spirits for his herculean task, or merely to put John Bull in a good humour, we are unable to say. But we cannot forbear giving an opinion that it is ill-judged—he ought to have saved it for a *Bonne-bouche*, at the last, and then his guests might possibly have risen from this feast of *Polonius*, with more satisfaction. Although, by the aid of a carpenter's rule to measure—together with a reasonable assumption of British ingenuity, we could very easily account for the capture of this vessel, and prove how it ought and should have happened; yet, to make short work of it, we will give the British officer the Chesapeake and let him make the most of her. She was always considered an unfortunate ship, and every one knows the influence of such an impression on the mind of a sailor. But we admit that the Chesapeake was taken by an equal enemy, and further that this exploit requires no further embellishment. It certainly has been already sufficiently embellished, by the painters and journalists, heretofore denounced by the British officer; the gentlemen of Suffolk have presented captain Broke with a piece of plate, and compared him to lord Wellington—and his royal master has embellished his merit with the order of knighthood—assuredly then this exploit requires no further embellishment, and if it did we might find it in captain Broke's official letter, wherein he assures Mr. Croker that “both ships came out of the action as if they had only been firing salutes.” We never heard of such pleasant salutes as these—they killed and wounded eighty-four men of the Shannon, and came very near sending that vessel in search of the *Guerriere* and *Java*. However, we give them the credit of this affair, as well as that of the *Argus*, although in the former, the British had five, and in the latter three more guns; and having so done, we require of them equal candour in their own acknowledgments. It is really paltry to deny what all the world knows, and we question whether the reputation of England has suffered as much even by her defeats, as by her disingenuous and shuffling attempts to deny them.

For ourselves, we freely admit their claim to the honour of capturing the Chesapeake, and the admission is no small proof of our magnanimity, because it is conceding an honour such as they have not been much accustomed to boast of in their contest with the people of the United States. It is this single solitary instance which is assumed by the British officer as the groundwork, the proof of a claim to superiority which cannot be disputed, although we have sixteen or eighteen proofs to oppose to this modern miracle.

Before the "British officer"—the unfortunate British officer, we might say—begins his examination of his special cases, he attempts to establish certain general facts, which we will also admit without hesitation. He insists upon it that our ships are better ships—that they are better manned—and that their guns are better managed than those of the British. We agree perfectly with him in all these positions, and here we might leave the controversy to rest. What is it that constitutes the superiority which we claim, but these things—and on what other basis can a superiority on the ocean be founded? We have better ships, better men—and we fire better. Really if we were Englishmen, we should not thank the admiralty for such a defence—and were we British naval officers, we should feel excessively mortified at the service to which we belonged being thus stripped of its laurels in this insidious manner to give them to our adversary.

But it seems that the British naval officers never before discovered this superiority in our ships, and men, and guns, and gunnery. Both in the ports of the United States, and in the Mediterranean, during our war with Tripoli, they had various opportunities to become acquainted with the force and armament of our ships. Several of our frigates were at Gibraltar while sir James Saumarez' fleet lay in the bay. Frequent visits were exchanged between our officers and his, and the latter had ample time and opportunity to form a correct estimate of our men and ships. It was the same when the squadron of admiral Keith lay there. Our frigates were

at Malta when the expedition came from Egypt, and also when the British fleet arrived from the Dardanelles: so also when lord Nelson assumed the command of the fleet that afterwards gained the battle of Trafalgar, as well as when a Russian and English combined fleet came to Syracuse from the Levant, destined to act against Naples, we met them daily. In short, in every part of the Mediterranean vessels of either nation fell in with each other singly, and in squadrons, and prompted either by courtesy or curiosity, the officers almost invariably exchanged visits. On these occasions they were led through every part of the ship, and permitted, nay invited, to examine every thing, for it was a matter of pride to show the high order in which the vessels of the United States were kept.

Yet, with this intimate and perfect knowledge of our ships and our men, the British officers always gave the preference to their own, and their opinions gave rise to various excellent jokes that were uttered in and out of the British parliament at the commencement of the war; but which gradually died away, and are now only remembered by those at whose expense they first came abroad. Shortly before the war, the *Constitution*, under captain Hull, was in an English port, as was also the *Essex*, captain Smith: both were thronged with British naval officers during their stay; and we well remember that on her departure, she was called by these gentlemen—and the phrase went the rounds of the newspapers with great applause—“a bunch of boards”—“a fir built ship with a bit of striped bunting at her mast-head!” No doubt captain Hull remembered these pleasant jokes, in good time, and poor captain Dacres paid the piper for other peoples' dancing.

Thus the matter stood when the war began, and it was discovered in a little time by these same sagacious officers, that this same “bunch of pine boards” was unaccountably metamorphosed into a seventy-four in disguise! What excellent judges of ships of war must these officers of the royal navy be, who always preferred their frigates to ours, and nicknamed honest Old Ironsides “a bunch of pine boards!” We

hardly know which most to admire, the pertinacity with which they at first denied the equality of our ships, or the obstinacy with which they now insist upon their superiority. Your new converts, however, are very apt to go beyond the mark, and so it has fared with John Bull, who has passed from a most exalted contempt, to a most degrading admiration of our prowess, which he demonstrates every day by abusing us manfully, calling us "bastards," and devising very ingenious excuses, for what every body but himself knows is the consequence of his own want of skill and courage, and his senseless presumption of a superiority, which, if he ever possessed, he has lost forever.

It was not until the capture of the *Guerriere*, by "a bunch of pine boards,"—(poor John!)—that the British naval officers discovered, to their great astonishment, no doubt, that the American forty-four-gun frigates were "in length equal to our first class of seventy-fours, and built with similar scantling; having their sides, both above and below, at least a fourth thicker than our heaviest frigates:"—so says "the British officer on the American station." Ye gods—what a metamorphosis of "a bunch of pine boards!" Ovid *de Tristibus* is nothing to John Bull *de Tristibus*: but fear is a great magnifier as well as multiplier, and doubtless some of these valiant officers, like Jack Falstaff, multiplied "scantling," and "length," and "guns," as that valiant knight did his "men in buckram." There is little doubt that Shakspeare intended this fat knight for the representative of John Bull, and it must be confessed that, with the exception of his wit, there is a striking resemblance.

Captain Dacres had seen American frigates a hundred times, yet this superiority in size and scantling, it seems, never struck him until the *Constitution* gave him such a terrible drubbing; then, forsooth, for the first time, his perception was quickened, as they quicken that of the little boys at school—by the application of the birch. Before that, this gallant commander sported the name of his ship on his top-sails in defiance of the

“ bunches of pine boards.” In the heyday of imaginary superiority, he endorsed a formal challenge on the register of a merchant vessel. Nay, when he saw the Constitution running down to him, he said to his men—“ there is a Yankee frigate: in forty-five minutes she is *certainly* ours:—take her in fifteen and I promise you four months pay.” It is also credibly reported that he had prepared a hogshead of molasses and water to treat the Yankee prisoners; but we will not vouch for this liberality, since it happened unluckily for him that he had no opportunity of putting his generous intentions into operation. Whether he would have kept his promise to his ship’s crew, must also forever remain a matter of uncertainty.

Now it came to pass that after the capture of the Guerriere, the Macedonian, the Java, and some other of his ships, John Bull called for his two-foot rule, and began to measure the length, and breadth, and thickness of his unfortunate vessels, and found that our frigates were a match for his seventy-fours, a discovery which delighted the people of the United States beyond measure, and gave the last blow to their apprehensions of the British navy. He then got a nice pair of scales, and putting on his spectacles, began to weigh some of our cannon balls that had stuck in his ribs, and to calculate the weight of our iron metal, instead of looking to another kind of mettle, for the true cause of his numerous and deplorable disasters. Some way or other, with the aid of measuring, and weighing, and calculating, and putting on a little here, and clipping away a little there, he managed to make out a tolerable case, at least he managed to put a good face on the matter, and having collected all the force of calculation, misrepresentation, and abuse, he has poured it upon our heads in the form of a synopsis, the first part of which we have given to the readers in our present number.

It will be perceived that the “ British officer on the American station” takes up and examines separately each action, stating a sort of debtor and creditor account, and striking the balance with affected arithmetical precision. This method

might have had its effect upon us some five or six years ago, when the reputation of English official statements for veracity stood somewhat higher than at present. At all events, it is a method exceedingly well calculated to deceive, since we involuntarily pay a greater regard to these arithmetical statements, without reflecting that a falsehood may as easily be conveyed in figures, as in unqualified assertions. We have only to admit the premises of the author of the Synopsis, which are merely founded on assertion, so far as they relate to our vessels, and all the rest follows of course. It is only necessary, by this mode of establishing facts, to assert that one ship carries thirty-eight twenty-fours, and another forty-nine thirty-twos; and this being assumed, the calculation of the weight of ball fired in every broadside respectively will be undeniable. But this is no way of demonstrating facts, for though it is permitted a reasoner to prove the truth of a hypothetical axiom by the assumption of his premises, another and a more solid basis is necessary in establishing facts.

A writer whose professed object was to give "a fair and impartial summary of naval occurrences between England and America during the late war, and to detect and refute some at least of the numerous falsehoods hitherto so undeviating a feature in the maritime records of the latter power," ought certainly to have had the courtesy to inform us how he came by the basis of these *accounts current*, which would really do honour to honest Thomas Dilworth himself. For instance, it would have been just as well to tell us how it came to be "fully ascertained that the American forty-fours are equal to *our* first class of seventy-fours"—that they have "two entire decks," (meaning gun-decks) and carry their lower deck battery equally high and commanding with the new razees." Such astounding assertions ought to have been well substantiated before they were made the foundation of a summary, whose professed object was the refutation of falsehood. In order, however, to give some colour to these assumptions, the admiralty of England has cunningly laid the frigate *President* close alongside an

old low seventy-four at Plymouth. The President is lightened of every thing, and the seventy-four laden so deeply that she would not go to sea in her present trim. The consequence is that the President appears much higher out of water than the seventy-four, and every honest John Bull that comes down to Plymouth is fully convinced that our frigates are in reality seventy-fours in disguise. It is no small triumph to have driven the British government to such miserable shifts to keep up the credit of its navy even among its own ignorant, vain glorious people, and assuredly the mere resort to these petty arts, is a better proof of the superiority we assume, than any which has yet been offered in opposition. England, that used to depend upon her ships, her sailors, and her guns, is now reduced to depend for her naval reputation upon measurements, calculations, excuses, and mistatements. She is obliged to count men and guns, to measure keels and scantling, and to weigh balls with the most minute precision. It was not wont to be so with John Bull, and we cannot help thinking that if we have gained nothing else in the late war this is no small matter.

The first case the writer mentions, after the preliminary notice of the Chesapeake, is that of the schooner Whiting, a case of not the least importance, but introduced by this unlucky officer, as it were by a sort of fatality, to show us in the very outset what dependence we can place in his statements. He says the Whiting was taken by us, "lying at anchor, ignorant of the war." Now the Whiting was actually taken by the French letter of marque brig *Le Diligence*, captain Grassin, who a short time afterwards, off the capes of Delaware, fell in with and took his Britannic majesty's brig *Laura*, lieutenant Hunter, of very superior force, and carried her into the port of Philadelphia. This mistake is not otherwise of consequence, except as indicating the want of accurate information of the "British officer on the American station;" as such the reader is desired to bear it in mind.

The next action referred to by the officer, is that of the *Alert*, whose force is stated at sixteen guns, and eighty-four

men. Nobody in this country, and least of all captain Porter, ever thought of taking any credit for the capture of this ship, nor has it ever on any occasion been brought forward as an argument to sustain our reputation, or put down that of our enemy. As however it happens to be one of the cases in which there was indeed a vast disparity of force, the officer is quite right to make the most of that circumstance. All we shall take the trouble to do will be to detect some few mistakes with respect to this "*action*," as he chooses to call it.

The Essex was disguised—this is another art of these "*cunning Americans*," for which John Bull, who never uses any arts, not he, abuses them sadly.—The Alert ran down and fired into her most manfully, supposing her to be an English Indiaman, captured by the Americans. Immediately on discovering her mistake she struck, before the Essex had fired one complete broadside. Captain Laugharne informed captain Porter of his having mistaken his ship, but at the same time told him that he had been instructed by admiral Duckworth to engage any American frigate he fell in with, as he was confident of success. In this *desperate* affair the Alert had two men wounded, and a few shot in her hull, and only one of her shot touched the Essex. The first lieutenant of the Alert was broke for cowardice, notwithstanding this gallant defence, and captain Laugharne was not again employed during the war. The Alert mounted *twenty guns; and one hundred and twenty men* of her crew were sent in her to Halifax, captain Porter having converted her into a cartel for that purpose.

Preparatory to the exhibition of his account current of the action between the Constitution and Guerriere, the officer premises first, "that the several situations of boatswain, gunner, captains of the guns, &c. on board *every* American ship were principally filled by British seamen"—and "that at the period of the declaration of war our half-manned ships, having no enemy to dread, were carelessly cruising about in every sea." Poor big John Bull! he never was so hard put to it

before to find excuses. What a set of rascals John's seamen, who are represented in songs and poetry as the most loyal and faithful subjects in the world, must be to join the enemies of their country, and thus teach them to beat their excellent sovereign—and what a set of careless persons must be these officers, who were thus carelessly, with their half-manned vessels, cruising about on every sea, although under the express apprehension of a war with the United States, the government had augmented its force on this station.

The writer of the Synopsis has here unwarily disclosed the true cause of the naval disasters which he attempts to trace solely and exclusively to our superior ships and heavier guns. It seems their seamen are disaffected, for they desert to the enemy, and teach them to beat their countrymen; and that their officers neglect their duty by "carelessly cruising about in every sea," without any apprehension of encountering an enemy. This is all we have ever contended for;—a superiority in men, who were attached to the service, and in officers, more brave, more hardy; and, above all, more vigilant than our rivals. For our part, we know of no legitimate claims to superiority but these, and having thus virtually acknowledged them, we cannot help thinking the British officer has taken a vast deal of trouble to account for it by his profound arithmetical calculations of weights and measures.

The defence thus set up by the British officer is, however, not only extremely injudicious, but palpably untenable and absurd. If the "boatswains, gunners, captains of guns," &c. on board of all our ships of war, were in reality all Englishmen, how comes it that they fulfilled their duties so much more effectually than those of the British ships? The answer is obvious:—they must have been taught by our officers;—they must have learned what they did not know before, and been scholars, instead of teachers, on board of the American ships. There is no other possible way of accounting for the truly marvellous difference between the "gunners, boatswains, and captains of guns," who deserted, and those who remained

true to his majesty's service. The admission also, that the British commanders were "carelessly cruising about," is one of the severest censures that was ever cast upon the character of British officers. Every body knows, that it is the express duty of every commander of a ship of war, when on a cruise, to keep his men in daily exercise, and his vessel always prepared for action, for the obvious reason, that the first notice he will probably receive of a declaration of war, will be an encounter with the enemy. Besides, England was then at war with France, and this furnishes additional reason why the British naval officers ought to have discarded this pleasant kind of "carelessness." We cannot but think these officers are but scurvily treated by their brother "officer on the American station;" for he here not only admits, but actually states, in extenuation of their defeats, a fact which is in itself sufficient to dishonour them forever.

However, under these disadvantages, the frigate *Guerriere*, "returning into port with sprung masts," as the writer says, and with her name painted in large letters on her top-sails, as the writer does *not* say, met with the frigate *Constitution*, to which very vessel captain Dacres had a few days before sent a challenge. "A long action ensued," says the writer of the Synopsis, *to wit, forty-five minutes*. And now begins the cyphering business, which we will pass by in this instance, with only a few remarks, because the very humiliating acknowledgment of this expert arithmetician will save us a deal of trouble. This is the first time battles have been weighed and measured by the pound and by the foot, and really we are willing to give this laborious calculator all the benefits of his ingenuity in figures.

We all know that the *Guerriere* was in better order perhaps than any British ship on the American station. She was, in the cant of the English Naval Chronicle, a *crack* ship. She was returning to Halifax after that swaggering cruise, in which her name had been exhibited in proud defiance of the American frigates, and captain Dacres had endorsed the

challenge we have mentioned before, on the register of a vessel bound to Boston, where the Constitution then lay. Captain Dacres was of course informed of the declaration of war; for in addition to this fact, he had previously captured an American vessel, with a considerable quantity of specie on board. He therefore was not "carelessly cruising about," but prepared for an encounter, if any of our "bunches of pine boards" could possibly be suspected of such temerity as to stand his assault. If he was not, he had scandalously neglected his duty, and there was no occasion to measure keels, and scantling, or to weigh balls, in order to account for his deplorable defeat.

The "British officer on the American station" sums up his calculations by saying, that the superiority on the American side in this affair was, in weight of metal, as three to two;—in number of men, "all picked" too, and no doubt "in buckram," as nine to five;—and in size of the vessel, as three to two. The correctness of this statement may be fairly inferred from the crew of the Constitution being all picked men, not a single boy among them, which is the first instance of the kind ever known, and that of the Guerriere including nineteen boys. This pitiful, half-sided manner of coming at the truth is carried through the whole Synopsis, and with such a childish art, that our contempt of the falsehood is lost in our amusement at the shallow folly which it betrays. It is a fact well known, that the crew of the Constitution, gallant fellows as they were, were not "picked men," but fresh, with no extraordinary degree of discipline, and that they had never been at sea in this ship before. But admitting all the points of superiority urged by this writer, how are we to account for the full result of this memorable action? The author of the Synopsis shall do it for us.

"With such a disparity of force, no one can wonder at the result of this action. *But certainly had the Guerriere's men been half as well skilled in the use of the great guns as the Constitution's were, the proportion of killed and wounded would not*

have been so great as seventy-eight to fourteen, nor one ship made a complete wreck of, while the other suffered no material injury in hull or rigging! These are lamentable truths, that betrayed a laxity of discipline on board our ships, which in the course of time would have ruined our navy. Thanks to the war with America, so fatal a catastrophe is not now likely to happen again!"

The truth is here acknowledged at last: it was in reality "a want of skill in the use of great guns," "a laxity of discipline," that lay at the root of these disasters, and we cannot help thanking this "second Daniel for teaching us that word." These acknowledgments, made in the very agony and bloody sweat of mortified pride, concede all that we ever contended for, and thanks be to the war with Great Britain, we have at last forced her advocate, even in a work expressly intended to deny these things, to confess, that the inferiority of her officers and men is in truth the great cause of our repeated triumphs on the ocean.

In our next we shall go on with a cursory examination of the succeeding section of this curious article, which is continued by driblets through several numbers of the British Naval Chronicle. The writer, in fact, appears to have been afraid to administer the whole dose to honest John Bull at once, lest it should turn even *his* stomach.

Account of the paper war between the crews of the Essex, the Phœbe, and the Cherub, in the bay of Valparaiso.

WHILE the Essex, the Phœbe, and the Cherub, lay together in Valparaiso bay, letters were sent from the British vessels to the crew of the Essex, by the hands of a British prisoner on parole, to induce them to desert that vessel. These letters were always delivered to captain Porter, who, provoked at these attempts, sent them to captain Hillyer, with a letter remonstrating against this conduct. This produced a correspondence between the two commanders which fell into the

hands of captain Hillyer on the capture of the *Essex*. While this was going on, divers queer letters and messages passed between the crews of these vessels. Captain Porter had adopted the well-known motto of "Free trade and sailors' rights," and captain Hillyer opposed it with, "God and our country—British sailors' best rights—traitors offend both." The best poets and letter-writers on either side were put in requisition, and a diverting paper war was carried on for some time. The copies of most of these fore-castle productions were lost, but the following were found in a book belonging to one of the crew of the *Essex*, who fell in the action which afterwards took place.

"On board the frigate Essex, March 9th, 1814.

"The sons of liberty and commerce on board the saucy *Essex*, whose motto is "Free trade and sailors' rights," sends their compliments to their oppressed and pressed brother tars on board the ship whose motto is too tedious to mention, and hopes they will put an end to all this nonsense of singing, sporting, bunting, and writing, which we know less about than the use of our guns. Send the *Cherub* away and we will meet your frigate, and fight her, and then shake hands and make friends—and whether you take us, or we take you, you will be sure to be gainers; for in the first case, you will, no doubt, for your long services in a cause which every freeman detests, be turned over to Greenwich hospital, or to a new ship, on your arrival in England. If we take you, we shall respect the rights of a sailor—hail you as brothers whom we have set free from the black hole, and place you in future out of the reach of a press gang."

"From the Sons of Liberty."

SONG.

A pleasant new song, chanted by Nathan Whiting, (through his nose) for the amusement of the galley slaves on board the *Phœbe*, who are allowed to sing nothing but Psalms.

On! Johnny Bull is much perplex'd,
 And what d'ye think's the matter?
 Because the Yankey frigates sail
 Across the salt sea water.

For Johnny says the Ocean's mine,
 And all the sailor lads too;
 So pay us tax before you trade,
 And part of each ship's crew.

"What, pay you tax," says Jonathan,
 "For sailing on the water?
 "Give you our lads of Yankey breed?
 "I'd sooner give you a halter.

"Free trade and sailors' rights, John Bull,
 "Shall ever be my toast;
 "Let Johnny but these rights invade,
 "And Johnny Bull I'll roast."

John didn't mind, but took our ships,
 And kidnapp'd our true sailors;
 And Jonathan resolv'd to play
 The d——l among the *whalers*,

Away went frigates four or five,
 To cut up Johnny's trade,
 And long before the year was out
 The squire grew sore afraid.

Some found frigates, some found sloops,
 Belonging to John's navy;
 And some they took, and some they burnt,
 And some sent to old Davy.

The saucy Essex, she sail'd out,
 To see what she could do;
 Her captain is from Yankey land,
 And so are all her crew.

Away she sail'd so gay and trim
 Down to the Gallipagos,
 And *toted* all the terapins,
 And nabb'd the slipp'ry whalers.

And where, d'ye guess, we next did go?
 Why down to the Marquesas;
 And there we buried under ground
 Some thousand golden pieces;

Then sail'd about the ocean wide,
 Sinking, burning, taking,
 Filling pockets, spilling oil,
 While Johnny's heart was aching.

At length he muster'd up some spunk,
 And fitted out three ships, sir:
 The Phœbe, Cherub, and Racoon,
 To make the Yankeys skip, sir.

Away they scamper'd round Cape Horn
 Into the South Sea Ocean,
 To catch the saucy Yankey ship,
 They had a mighty notion.

North, east, and west, and likewise south,
 They fumbled all around;
 "Why, where the d——l can she be,
 That she cannot be found?"

At length to Valparaiso bay,
 They came in mighty funk;
 The Yankey boys were then on shore,
 Some sober, and some drunk.

Some rode horses, some rode mules,
 And some were riding asses;
 Some tipling grog, some swigging wine,
 Some dancing with the lasses.

The signal made all hands on board,
 Each man unto his station;
 And Johnny he came swaggering by,
 But met some botheration.*

* The Phœbe nearly ran aboard of the Essex, by *accident*, as captain Hillyer said.

The Yankey lads all ready were,
 With pistol, sword and gun,
 In hopes John Bull would run on board,
 To have a bit of fun:

But John got clear the best he could,
 And soon came to an anchor,
 And hoisted up a *printed* flag,*
 As big as our spanker.

Some swore it was a morning prayer;
 Some swore 'twas Greek or German;
 But Nathan Whiting† spelt it out,
 And said it was a sermon.

And thus long time in merry mood,
 All side by side we lay,
 Exchanging messages and songs,
 In Valparaiso bay.

At last John Bull quite sulky grew,
 And call'd us traitors all,
 And swore he'd fight our gallant crew,
 Paddies and Scots, and all.

Then out he went in desperate rage,
 Swearing as sure as day,
 He'd starve us all, or dare us out,
 Of Valparaiso bay.

Then out he sail'd in gallant trim,
 As if he thought to fright us,
 Run up his flag, and fir'd a gun,
 To say that he would fight us.

Our cables cut, we put to sea,
 And run down on her quarter;
 But Johnny clapt his helm hard up,
 And we went following after.

Says general Wynne, and squire Roach,‡
 And many more beside,
 We wish those English boys had stay'd,
 We'd show them how to ride.

* The flag bearing captain Hillyer's long motto.

† Nathan was we understand a tall long-sided Yankey, and reckoned the best scholar of the whole ship's crew.

‡ Two sailors nicknamed, by the crew.

In haste to join the *Cherub*, he
 Soon bent his scurvy way,
 While we return'd in merry glee,
 To Valparaiso bay.

And let them go—to meet the foe
 We'll take no further trouble,
 Since all the world must fairly know,
 They'll only fight us—double.

Ne'er mind, my boys, let's drink and sing,
 "Free trade and sailors' rights;"
 May liquor never fail the lad
 Who for his country fights.

Huzza, my lads—let's drink and sing!
 And toast them as they run—
 Here's to the sailors and their king,
 Who'll fight us—two to one!"

—
 "A Yankey song for the amusement of the crews of his Britannic majesty's ships *Phæbe* and *Cherub*. Attempted by general Wynne, who is a bloody bad singer." [Note. We have some doubts whether this song has not been published somewhere before. If so, and the author will put in his claim, we will gladly give it to the right owner, for it appears to be worth claiming.]

"Ye tars of our country, who seek on the main,
 Redress for the wrongs that your brothers sustain,
 Rejoice and be merry, for bragging John Bull
 Has got a sound drubbing from brave captain Hull.

The bold *Constitution* a ship of some fame,
 (Sure each jolly tar must remember her name)
 On the nineteenth of August o'ertook the *Guerriere*,
 (A frigate once captur'd by John from Mounseer.)

At five past meridian the action begun,
 ('Twas before John had learn'd from our frigates to run)
 So back'd his maintopsail, quite tickled to find,
 A Yankey for fighting, so stoutly inclin'd.

Proud *Dacres* commanded the enemy's ship,
 Who often had promis'd the Yankeys to whip;
 But it seems he had reckon'd without his good host,
 As he found on that hot bloody day, to his cost,

That boasting commander, his crew first address'd,
 (It was partly made up of Americans press'd;)
 "Says he," my brave lads, see our wish is fulfill'd,
 For 'tis better to capture a ship, than to build.

And you who are tir'd of our boatswain's-mates whip,
 And sigh to return to some d——'d Yankey ship,
 Ten minutes or less, of our fierce British fire,
 Will give me that ship—and give you your desire.

Our drum beat to quarters, each jolly tar hears,
 And hails the glad tidings with three hearty cheers;
 All eager for battle to quarters we fly,
 Resolving to conquer that ship—or to die."

So at it we went, in a deluge of fire,
 Each party too stubborn an inch to retire;
 Balls, grape-shot and langrage promiscuously fly,
 While the thunder of cannon stills ocean and sky.

At a quarter past five our shot told so well,
 That the enemy's mizzenmast totter'd and fell,
 And while, eager to board him, for orders we wait,
 His foremast and mainmast both shar'd the same fate.

Our cabin had now from his shot taken fire,
 Yet danger but kindled our courage the higher:
 'Twas quickly extinguished, and Dacres' lee gun
 Proclaim'd his ship ours and the bloody fight done.

The prize we then boarded, all arm'd, in a boat,
 But found her so riddled she'd scarce keep afloat.
 Fifteen of her seamen lay dead in their gore,
 And wounded and dying left sixty-four more.

Our loss was but seven, Heav'n rest their brave souls,
 For over their bodies the green ocean rolls;
 And seven, who wounded, will long live to tell,
 How they got these brave scars that become them so well

Huzza for the can, boys, come give us a pull,
 Let's drink a full bucket to brave captain Hull;
 And when next to meet us the enemy dare,
 God grant in his mercy that we may be there."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE NAVAL CHRONICLE.

*Carpe Diem.*SEIZE THE DEY.—*Doctor C*—

“THE Dey of Algiers, not being afraid of his ears,”
Sent to Jonathan once for some tribute;
“Ho! ho!” says the Dey, “if the rascal don’t pay,
“A caper or two I’ll exhibit.”

“I’m the Dey of Algiers, with a beard a yard long,
“I’m a musselman too, and of course very strong:
“For this is my maxim, dispute it who can,
“That a man of stout muscle’s, a stout musselman.”

“They say,” to himself one day says the Dey,
“I may bully him now without reck’ning to pay;
“There’s a kick-up just coming with him and John Bull,
“And John will give Jonathan both his hands full.”

So he bullied our consul, and captur’d our men,
Went out through the Straits and came back safe again;
And thought that his cruisers in triumph might ply
Wherever they pleas’d, but he thought a d—— lie.

For when Jonathan fairly got John out of his way,
He prepar’d him to settle accounts with the Dey;
Says he, “I will send him an able debater:”
So he sent him a message by Stephen Decatur.

Away went Decatur to treat with the Dey,
But he met the Dey’s admiral just in his way;
And by way of a tribute just captur’d his ship;
But the soul of the admiral gave him the slip.

From thence he proceeded to *Algesair’s* bay,
To pay his respects to his highness the Dey,
And sent him a message, decided yet civil,
But the Dey wished both him and his note to the d——l.

And when he found out that the admiral’s ship,
And the admiral too, had both giv’n him the slip,
The news gave his highness a good deal of pain,
And the Dey thought he’d never see daylight again.

“Ho! ho!” says the Dey, “if this is the way
 “This Jonathan reckons his tribute to pay;
 “Who takes it will tickle his fingers with thorns.”—
 So the Dey and the *crescent* both haul’d in their horns.

He call’d for a peace and gave up our men,
 And promis’d he’d never ask tribute again;
 Says his highness, the Dey, “here’s the d——l to pay
 “Instead of a tribute; heigho, well-a-day!”

And never again will our Jonathan pay
 A tribute to potentate, pirate, or Dey;
 Nor any, but that which forever is giv’n:—
 The tribute to valour, and virtue, and Heav’n.

And again if his Deyship should bully and fume,
 Or hereafter his claim to this tribute resume,
 We’ll send him Decatur once more to defy him,
 And his motto shall be, if you please, *Carpe Diem*.

ORIGINAL.

[Communicated.]

ON THE CAUSES OF THE DEPOPULATION OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

XERXES possessed, in an uncommon degree, the oriental characteristics. His imagination was constantly breaking out into the most extravagant personifications. He reproved mount Athos for its obdurate resistance to his progress, and gave the Hellespont lashes for its rebellious destruction of his bridge. At the grand review of his forces in the vicinity of Abydos, he shed tears, when he reflected that, of the countless multitude before him, not one, perhaps, would attain the age of thirty years. Few persons would have been so intensely affected as actually to have wept over this sight, and it would hardly be believed that an *American* could so far have overcome his accidental phlegm as to have exhibited any tokens of extraordinary sympathy. But we are *non-conformists* to the doctrine, that the powers of man are to be estimated from the region which he inhabits, or the atmosphere he inhales. Who could not feel like Xerxes, when he looks around upon the population of the world?—Among all the innumerable people who are scattered over its surface, none claim greater attention from the American philanthropist than the aboriginal inhabitants of his own country. To develop the causes of their rapid disappearance, since the seizure and settlement of their territory by Europeans, is peculiarly the province of the people of the United States—both because we are the only persons near enough to give the subject an accurate investigation, and because we are, in some measure, accountable for the depopulation of the Indian communities.

The writers who have hitherto speculated on this subject are generally prone to lay great stress upon the destructive operation of ardent spirits—attributing extravagant conse-

quences to this comparatively insignificant cause, and passing over the acknowledged laws of society by which the population of a country must always be regulated. That distilled liquor is injurious to health, the most limited experience can testify. Of the number of those whom we daily see staggering around us, many were originally blessed with sound constitutions, which have been gradually debilitated and wasted away by a long course of habitual inebriation. The vacuity which is left in society by the death of these wretched creatures, is not, however, commonly taken into the account, when we are estimating the numerical diminution of civilized men; and, indeed, a cause of destruction, which is not reducible to any steady rate of operation, cannot be fairly brought into view, in accounting for the depopulation of *any* community.

If we look attentively into the laws of our nature, we shall find that this propensity to attribute the disappearance of the aborigines to their inordinate fondness for intoxicating liquors, has a very plausible foundation in fact; and that, after every allowance is made for former exaggeration, there will still remain a sufficiency of blame to be laid at the door of the distiller. We may safely go so far as to assert, that ardent spirits have committed greater ravages among the Indians than among the same number of civilized men;—the reasons lie upon the very surface of the subject; and perhaps we might spare ourselves the trouble of making a formal exposition of them here, did not the ordinary pursuits of our countrymen prevent them from turning their attention to such speculations.

By the frequent use of poisonous potations, Mithridates is said to have become insensible to the most powerful poisons. The extreme hazard of such an experiment is a sufficient preventive to its repetition; and we can never expect, therefore, to know how far habit may enable the constitution to withstand the attacks of such drugs: but something analogous to the case of the king of Pontus may be found in all communities where ardent spirits have been long known and

habitually used. We will not join with Cyrus in calling these absolutely *poisons*;* but we believe their frequent use may so much hebetate the constitution as to render their malignant qualities, to some extent, inoperative. Every one must here recur to his own experience. In the circle of our own acquaintance, there is generally some individual who arrogates to himself the possession of a very *strong head*;—an accomplishment, which is not the gift of nature, but the gradual result of long devotion to the pleasures of the bottle. But to those who might be induced to rely so much upon this facility of our nature as to adopt the advice of Falstaff,—“to forswear thin potations and addict themselves to sack,”—we must observe, that the above reasoning is to be understood with many qualifications. No constitution can long maintain its vigour under the repeated drenchings of habitual intoxication.

When distilled liquor was first introduced among the aborigines, they had never tasted any other artificial drink than a comparatively innocuous beverage of their own rude manufactured; and its effects, therefore, instead of being divided and protracted through the whole progress of their lives, fell in one overwhelming crush upon the vigour of their constitutions. Without a doubt, then, the diminution of their number, in the first stages of depopulation, was rightly attributed to the pestiferous influence of rum and brandy; but since the present generation has grown up in the habitual use of these noxious liquors, and since, in despite of this circumstance, the number of Indians still continues to dwindle away, it behoves us to search after some other cause of destruction more steady in its effects.

We do not deny that even *now* the ravages of drunkenness are more extensive among the natives than among the European settlers. Happily for the latter, the laws of God have made it sinful, and the customs of man have made it disgraceful, to indulge in habitual intoxication; but the Indians are not restrained by any obligations, either of conscience or

* Xen. Cyrop.

of honour. They swallow every drop they can beg or purchase; and the only restriction they experience as a counterbalance to the fear and shame of civilized men, is occasioned by their aversion to labour and their paucity of funds. Beings who are withheld from destructive pleasures only by the precarious restraints of physical necessity, will much oftener find the means and opportunities of indulgence, than such as are governed by the steadfast principles of moral obligation.

But although we admit that ardent spirits destroy a greater proportion of the aborigines than of their white neighbours, we are yet far from conceding, that the depopulation of their territory is materially ascribable to this cause. If their disappearance is not the effect of something more radical than an attachment to "strong drink," why are they running in a continued stream of emigration towards the west—abandoning the land of their forefathers to live in hopeless temperance beyond the haunts of civilization?—That necessity must be very cogent which can thus drive men from the gratification of a predominant desire: and it will be found, we apprehend, that both the "foreign emigration" and domestic depopulation of the aborigines, are attributable to one and the same cause.

After exhausting all the resources of argument and declamation in pointing out the fatality of drunkenness, we must at last appeal to those steady principles of society by which the depopulation of all nations is unavoidably regulated.

In so far as the present discussion is concerned, we shall have occasion to notice only *two* of the great causes of depopulation: one of these is, a diminution in the quantity of that kind of provision which has been customarily used: the other is, an increase in the expensiveness of living, occasioned by the introduction of more costly food. The Chinese subsist chiefly upon fish, and the Persians upon melons: but should the fish no longer continue to swim in the rivers of China, or should the melon no longer be able to extract nourishment from the soil of Persia, it is easy to see that the inhabitants

of each of these countries must suffer a very serious numerical diminution. As the commonalty are by far the most numerous class of population, and as they are barely able to support themselves, by the ordinary supply of that kind of provision to which they have been accustomed, the moment such a supply is unattainable, the prospect of marriage is removed from their view. With few exceptions, it may be laid down as an axiom, that no man will burden himself with the weight of a family, until he knows he shall be able to sustain it.

The same observations may be applied to the other division of the subject. Should any revolution in the manners of the Chinese, or of the Persians, make *animal* food a necessary constituent of their diet, a decrease of population would be the inevitable effect: for although the supply of ordinary food may still continue to be afforded, yet flesh has become an article of domestic necessity; and no man will be likely to marry unless he has a prospect of being able to support his family in the use of this new species of sustentation. It is in vain to allege that the old kind of diet is sufficient for all the purposes of actual necessity. The laws of fashion, though mutable, are imperious. "Men will not marry (to use the language of Dr. Paley) to *sink* their place or condition in society, or to forego those indulgences, which their own habits, or what they observe among their equals, have rendered necessary to their satisfaction."

We have confined our view to the article of food, in order to illustrate the principles of population as simply and as briefly as possible: but it is evident that the same reasoning is applicable to dress, to drink, to houses, to furniture, and, in short, to every thing connected with the comfortableness of living. As all general principles, however, require to be somewhat modified, when reduced to specific application, it may not be amiss to see how far the depopulation of the aborigines is regulated by the laws we have been endeavouring to expound.

The Indians of America have always betrayed an unquenchable thirst for *strong drink*. The checks of fear and shame are impotent in restraining this propensity; and accordingly, its pestilential control extends to both sexes and to all ages. After supplying the scanty food which actual necessity demands, their funds are entirely subservient to this great "ruling passion" of their lives. The aggregate enjoyments of connubial life will by no means compensate for the deprivation of bacchanalian pleasures, which the support of a family must necessarily involve; and this state of things has produced what a king of Persia, once, it is said, endeavoured to produce by royal proclamation,—a general, indiscriminate prostitution. As an aggravation to this disgraceful circumstance, we are compelled to state, that some of the *civilized* inhabitants have not been ashamed to dally with the easy nymphs of the western Indians: the consequences resulting to population from this promiscuous concubinage, need not be pointed out.

But the effects of this passion for drunkenness do not stop here. With the dissipation of their revenue, the Indians are constantly lessening their means of supply. A part of the time they spend in senseless drunkenness; and the lucid interlapse of sobriety is chiefly occupied with schemes of future intoxication. They become idle, enervated, and improvident. All other passions have dwindled into insignificance, or have been totally swallowed up, by their insatiable desire for the pleasures of drinking. Such is not the state of society in which we are to expect frequent marriages and numerous families.

We are aware of the futility of attempting to scrutinize the designs of Providence; but, in our reflections on the subject under consideration, we are often upon the point of concluding, that forests and savages were originally intended for each other, and that the levelling of the former will almost necessarily be accompanied by the depopulation of the latter. Long before the epoch of Columbus's discovery, the aborigi-

nes of this country had, perhaps, arrived at their *maximum* of population. A very small number of inhabitants—concentrated in some insignificant hamlet—were the proprietors of a very extensive area of territory, and derived their subsistence almost solely from the flesh of those animals within their dominion;—animals which were little less savage than themselves, and which, with them, were the joint owners and occupants of the land. This disproportion between the number of inhabitants and the extent of territory, was a necessary result of their circumstances. It was chiefly owing to the fact, that the subsistence afforded by the wild animals in any given portion of country, bore no ratio to that which the same land might have produced, had it been subjected to agriculture.

But this extensive and fruitful continent was not fated to be always a mere hunting-ground. The hordes of European emigration set their restless feet upon its soil. The deer and the buffaloe soon discovered that civilization was a more intolerable enemy than savagery. Habitations regularly constructed, and plains denuded of their trees, were not to be borne by eyes which had never seen any thing but the “brown thickets” of an interminable wilderness. The blows of the busy axe, and the explosions of the deadly musket, were stunning to ears which had never been pricked but to the strokes of the tomahawk, or to the twang of the bowstring. Soon, therefore, the Indians saw their forests deserted, and themselves unable to depend any longer for subsistence upon the capture of game: they did not, however, immediately follow the example of the wild beasts, by flying before the obtrusive new-comers from another world; but considered themselves as lords of the soil, and were resolved to repel the advances of civilization. The tenure of occupancy had given them a crude idea of property; and that which they had long fought for and long enjoyed was not to be submissively yielded up. But their resolution was not inflexible, nor their resistance uninterrupted. The superiority of civilized warfare often frightened them into submission, and the disappearance of game

frequently compelled them to seek subsistence from their antagonists by an unwelcome accession to ephemeral treaties. Their frequent infractions of these compacts did not wholly arise from bad faith: there were some paliative circumstances which furnish at least the semblance of an apology for their conduct. When game was no longer to be found, necessity forced them to have recourse to their enemies for a temporary subsistence; but no sooner had the demands of hunger been satisfied, than they began to reflect again upon their relations with the new-comers. They saw the flaming sword of extirmination suspended over their heads, and could think of no method to avert the danger, but by one more effort to repel the invaders. Thus were they the constant subjects of countervailing necessities, and only escaped from the one to be driven back by the other. The disappearance of game compelled them to adopt the more expensive diet of their enemies, and the superiority of civilized war induced them to exchange the bow and tomahawk for the rifle and hatchet.

We have to lament that this revolution in manners should have stopped here. It would be some consolatory recompense for the devastation of the aboriginal tribes, to see one converted Indian to grace the triumph of civilization. The result of more than three hundred years of experience is now before our eyes,—and what ground of hope does it give us, that we shall ever be able to domesticate the aborigines? Attempts have, not unfrequently, been made to initiate them into all the refinements of civilized society; nay, in some instances, to give them the rare endowment of a liberal education: but they have uniformly relapsed into their primitive state, quitting the pursuits of literature for the more congenial pleasures of the chase.

Perhaps nothing is more fantastically odd, than the appearance of an Indian tricked out in his national costume, reluctantly following the steps of the tardy ox, and endeavouring to make his rebellious nature submit to the drudgery of agriculture. Every act betrays an utter absence of all mo-

tive to exertion. The whole current of his education and of his life runs against such kinds of employment. He wants to be bounding through the forest in pursuit of his game—lurking in ambush for an approaching foe—displaying the horrors of savage grimace in the antic evolutions of the war-dance—or, by his wild and *oriental* eloquence, swaying the councils of his nation, and unwittingly convincing European monopolizers of talent that America is not the country

“Where Genius sickens and where Fancy dies.”

He hates to see his common divided by fences and lacerated by the ploughshare. It violates all his notions of property; and compels him to transfer his exertion from the forest to the field. The elastic vigour of his constitution sinks into enervation. He cannot make his provision extend from seed-time to harvest. He comes to his agricultural task with a total ignorance of the tools which he is to handle, and with no anticipation of the benefits which he is to reap.

We may observe further, under this head, that laziness is much less grievous to an Indian than to a member of civilized society. Idleness and oscitancy seem to be the usual characteristics of beings who are seldom employed in any business but such as requires only the exercise of their corporeal powers. What Mr. Jefferson observes of the negro slaves in this country, may be applied with equal propriety to the situation of the aborigines.—“The existence of negro slaves in America,” says he, in his Notes on Virginia, “appears to participate more of sensation than of reflection. To this must be ascribed their disposition to sleep when abstracted from their diversions, and unemployed in their labour. An animal whose body is at rest, and who does not reflect, must be disposed to sleep, of course.” Under their present circumstances, the aborigines spend a much greater portion of their time in sleep than they did before the presence of civilization had driven the game from their hunting-grounds.

The time which was formerly allotted to the chase, is now chiefly divided between drunkenness and sleep.

But the depopulation of the aboriginal communities is, in part, occasioned by their continual emigrations. In general, the departure of emigrants from any country does not diminish the average number of its population: for as the multiplication of the species is indefinite, and the productiveness of any given portion of ground is limited, it is quite clear that a country may retain its usual supply of inhabitants, and yet be constantly sending forth bodies to seek new seats. All emigration, however, is occasioned, more or less, by a disproportion between the number of inhabitants and the quantity of provision;—the very same cause that operates to lessen the numbers of those who stay at home. It is the disappearance of game that both curtails the population of those Indians who continue resident on their ancient grounds, and acts as a motive to those who relinquish the habitations of their forefathers.

From these brief considerations, it is apparent that the natives of this country are beset with more causes of depopulation than any other community on the globe. First, they are swept away by drunkenness:—secondly, they are deprived of the usual supply of their accustomed diet, and are obliged to use the far more expensive food which has been introduced by civilization:—thirdly, they have lost all energy of character and motive to exertion:—and, fourthly, numbers of them are compelled to emigrate to other portions of the country. The wonder is not, therefore, that the aboriginal tribes should have disappeared so rapidly, but that they should so long have maintained their ground against the encroachments of civilization:—and we may safely assert, that, were it not for the annuities which some of the state governments have granted to the race, their depopulation would have proceeded with a much more accelerated pace.

In the course of the above reflections, we have hinted that it is hopeless to think of civilizing the Indians. To pre-

vent misapprehension, we ought here to specify those qualifications with which we wish this assertion to be understood. That the Indians are absolutely unsusceptible of civilization, we by no means admit;—inasmuch as history furnishes us with numberless examples of nations which were once in a little less hopeless condition of barbarism than the aborigines of this country,—but which, nevertheless, have ascended to the highest stages of refinement. Even the Athenians, not long prior to the time of Thucydides, were distinguished by a frivolity of taste and manners. The golden grasshoppers with which they adorned the hair, and the kind of tunic with which they covered their bodies, are indications of barbarism not less unequivocal than the present costume of our own aborigines. But the progression of attic refinement was gradual; and, moreover, owed its final completion—not to the influence of foreign education—but to their own intrinsic disposition to civilization. To Cadmus, indeed, they were infinitely indebted:—for perhaps there is no one instrument of melioration which is more extensive and permanent in its effects, than the single art of securing our thoughts in visible expressions. Were our Indians in possession of an alphabet, and left to the undisturbed enjoyment of their own territory, we are extravagant enough to believe that they would eventually make some approaches towards a state of civilization. These approaches, however, must be made by almost imperceptible steps,—and we may add, that there is no *royal road* to civilization.

But this is not the manner in which our aborigines have been attempted to be reclaimed from barbarism. They were called upon to take one bold stride from the savage to the civilized state. They could not advance by a slow progression; and they were utterly incapable of going over the ground in any other way. Had nobody but a Cadmus landed among them, they might ere now have been in some of the advanced stages of improvement:—but as it is, we can hardly find a single Indian who lives and moves like civilized men.

NOTICE OF CAPTAIN M. LEWIS.

THE portrait of captain Lewis, given in the present number, is taken from a drawing of that officer belonging to his fellow traveller, governor Clark, who considers it an excellent likeness, and prizes it highly. The gentleman who lent it to us remained here but a short time, and was obliged to take it with him: to which circumstance it is owing that our engraving from it is not executed in so good a style as we could have wished. But that engraving is a faithful copy of the original, which is believed to be the only likeness of captain Lewis now extant. The ornaments worn by him when in the costume of an Indian warrior, (as represented in the picture) are preserved in the Philadelphia museum.

Conformably to our usual plan, we accompany the portrait with a biographical sketch, drawn as briefly as possible, as the subject of it is already so generally known: it is taken from the life of captain Lewis, written by Mr. Jefferson, and prefixed to the interesting history of the expedition to the Pacific Ocean, under the command of captains Lewis and Clark. The passages marked with inverted commas are given in Mr. Jefferson's own words.

MERIWETHER LEWIS, late governor of Louisiana, was born on the 18th of August, 1774, near Charlottesville, in Virginia, of one of the distinguished families of that state. Having lost his father at an early age, he continued some years under the care of a tender mother, and was remarkable even in his childhood for enterprise, boldness, and discretion. At thirteen he was put to the Latin school, and continued at that until eighteen, when he returned to his mother, and entered on the care of his farm; having been left by his father with a competency. "His talent for observation, which had led him to an accurate knowledge of the plants and animals of his own country, would have distinguished him as a farmer; but at the age of twenty, yielding to the ardour of youth, and a passion for more dazzling pursuits, he en-

gaged as a volunteer in the body of militia which were called out by general Washington, on occasion of the discontents produced by the excise taxes in the western parts of the United States; and from that situation he was removed to the regular service as a lieutenant in the line. At twenty-three he was promoted to a captaincy; and, always attracting the first attention where punctuality and fidelity were requisite, he was appointed paymaster to his regiment."

"In 1803, the act for establishing trading houses with the Indian tribes being about to expire, some modifications of it were recommended to congress by a confidential message of January 18th, and an extension of its views to the Indians on the Missouri. In order to prepare the way, the message proposed the sending an exploring party to trace the Missouri to its source, to cross the highlands, and follow the best water-communication which offered itself from thence to the Pacific ocean. Congress approved the proposition, and voted a sum of money for carrying it into execution. Captain Lewis, who had then been near two years with me as private secretary, immediately renewed his solicitations to have the direction of the party. I had now had opportunities of knowing him intimately. Of courage undaunted, possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction; careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline; intimate with the Indian character, customs, and principles; habituated to the hunting life; guarded, by exact observation of the vegetables and animals of his own country, against losing time in the description of objects already possessed; honest, disinterested, liberal, of sound understanding, and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous, that whatever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves; with all these qualifications, as if selected and implanted by nature in one body for this express purpose, I could have no hesitation in confiding the enterprise to him. To fill up the measure desired, he wanted nothing but a greater familiarity with the technical language of the natural sciences, and readiness in the astronomical observations necessary for the geography of his route. To acquire these he repaired immediately to Philadelphia, and placed himself un-

der the tutorage of the distinguished professors of that place, who with a zeal and emulation, enkindled by an ardent devotion to science, communicated to him freely the information requisite for the purposes of the journey.

“Deeming it necessary he should have some person with him of known competence to the direction of the enterprise, in the event of accident to himself, he proposed William Clark, brother of general George Rogers Clark, who was approved, and, with that view, received a commission of captain.”

In April, 1803, captain Lewis received a draught of his instructions for the expedition.

“While these things were going on here, the country of Louisiana, lately ceded by Spain to France, had been the subject of negotiation at Paris between us and this last power; and had actually been transferred to us by treaties executed at Paris on the thirtieth of April. This information, received about the first day of July, increased infinitely the interest we felt in the expedition, and lessened the apprehensions of interruption from other powers. Every thing in this quarter being now prepared, captain Lewis left Washington on the fifth of July, 1803, and proceeded to Pittsburg, where other articles had been ordered to be provided for him. The men too were to be selected from the military stations on the Ohio. Delays of preparation, difficulties of navigation down the Ohio, and other untoward obstructions, retarded his arrival at Cahokia until the season was so far advanced as to render it prudent to suspend his entering the Missouri before the ice should break up in the succeeding spring.

“From this time his journal, now published, will give the history of his journey to and from the Pacific ocean, until his return to St. Louis on the twenty-third day of September, 1806. Never did a similar event excite more joy through the United States. The humblest of its citizens had taken a lively interest in the issue of this journey, and looked forward with impatience for the information it would furnish.

“It was the middle of February, 1807, before captain Lewis, with his companion captain Clark, reached the city of Washington, where congress was then in session. That body granted to the two chiefs and their followers the donation of lands which they

had been encouraged to expect in reward of their toil and dangers. Captain Lewis was soon after appointed governor of Louisiana, and captain Clark a general of its militia, and agent of the United States for Indian affairs in that department.

“ A considerable time intervened before the governor’s arrival at St. Louis. He found the territory distracted by feuds and contentions among the officers of the government, and the people themselves divided by these into factions and parties. He determined at once to take no side with either; but to use every endeavour to conciliate and harmonize them. The even-handed justice he administered to all soon established a respect for his person and authority; and perseverance and time wore down animosities, and reunited the citizens again into one family.

“ Governor Lewis had, from early life, been subject to hypochondriac affections. It was a constitutional disposition in all the nearer branches of the family of his name, and was more immediately inherited by him from his father. They had not, however, been so strong as to give uneasiness to his family. While he lived with me in Washington I observed at times sensible depressions of mind; but knowing their constitutional source, I estimated their course by what I had seen in the family. During his western expedition, the constant exertion which that required of all the faculties of body and mind, suspended these distressing affections; but after his establishment at St. Louis in sedentary occupations, they returned upon him with redoubled vigour, and began seriously to alarm his friends. He was in a paroxysm of one of these when his affairs rendered it necessary for him to go to Washington. He proceeded to the Chickasaw Bluffs, where he arrived on the sixteenth September, 1809, with a view of continuing his journey thence by water. Mr. Neely, agent of the United States with the Chickasaw Indians, arriving there two days after, found him extremely indisposed, and betraying at times some symptoms of a derangement of mind. The rumours of a war with England, and apprehensions that he might lose the papers he was bringing on, among which were the vouchers of his public accounts, and the journals and papers of his western expedition, induced him here to change his mind, and to take his course by land through the Chickasaw country. Although he appeared somewhat re-

lived, Mr. Neely kindly determined to accompany and watch over him. Unfortunately, at their encampment, after having passed the Tennessee one day's journey, they lost two horses, which obliging Mr. Neely to halt for their recovery, the governor proceeded, under a promise to wait for him at the house of the first white inhabitant on his road. He stopped at the house of a Mr. Grinder, who not being at home, his wife, alarmed at the symptoms of derangement she discovered, gave him up the house and retired to rest herself in an out-house, the governor's and Neely's servants lodging in another. About three o'clock in the night he did the deed which plunged his friends into affliction, and deprived his country of one of her most valued citizens, whose valour and intelligence would have been now employed in avenging the wrongs of his country, and in emulating by land the splendid deeds which have honoured her arms on the ocean.* It lost too to the nation the benefit of receiving from his own hand the narrative of his sufferings and successes, in endeavouring to extend for them the boundaries of science, and to present to their knowledge that vast and fertile country, which their sons are destined to fill with arts, with science, with freedom and happiness."

FOR THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE HONOURABLE JAMES A. BAYARD.

THE loss of public benefactors is always a national calamity. But there is a period of life when, having performed their allotted task, they stand upon the verge of time, and are ready to sink into the grave, full of years and full of honours. The separation which a grateful country mourns, is deprived of half its sorrows by the reflection that their days of activity were gone. Age which threatens to dissolve the union that has been cemented by mutual benefits and affection, bears with it, in the course of nature, infirmities that impair the ability and restrain the enterprise of man. Living, he is but a monument of former worth; and the grave, which encloses his enervated body, leaves his bright example to excite the

* This was written in August, 1813.

imitation, and his unsullied name to receive the respect of after ages. Public affliction seeks in vain for consolation when its object has been arrested in the midst of his career of usefulness: when schemes of national advancement, but partially matured, must be buried with their inventor: when the seeds of public aggrandizement have been profusely scattered, but the harvest remains ungathered: when the course already run—bright and honourable as it has been, is but the moiety of what was destined for its daring efforts: and when, having passed the temptations of early life, and overcome its instability, it yet was far distant from the feebleness of years; and standing at the happy and enviable medium between youth and age, it united daring, ardent, and adventurous enterprise, with the wariest prudence and most calculating philosophy. Private lamentation is but the echo of national sorrow, and the bosoms that throb for the loss of a parent and a friend, sympathize with the distresses and beat in unison with the hearts of a whole people.

In the meridian of life, died James A. Bayard. A great man's best eulogium is the history of his actions; and a rapid view of the features of his public conduct, and the occasions upon which he was chiefly conspicuous, will serve to recall events that endeared him to his country, and to perpetuate in the nation's memory a consciousness of the magnitude of its loss.

MR. BAYARD was the son of Dr. James A. Bayard, and was born in Philadelphia, in the year 1767. His parents dying while he was yet a child, he was placed under the guardianship of his uncle, the late colonel John Bayard, of whose family he became a member, and with whom he continued to reside for several years. His education was submitted to the care of the reverend Mr. Smith, a most respectable clergyman of Picqua, in Lancaster county; and after remaining with him a considerable time, he resumed his studies in his uncle's family with the assistance of a private tutor. There he continued until he was qualified for admission into Princeton col-

lege. In that respectable seminary he passed the important and interesting season of life when the faculties first assert their tone and vigour, and when the mind becomes moulded into the form on which the future character is stamped. His abilities, which did not satisfactorily display themselves until the second or third year of his college life, were rapidly developed. The prompt and energetic, yet deliberating and steady character of his mind, was already conspicuous. He retired from college with distinguished honour, and in the reputation which he carried with him into the more extended scenes of life, he gave a pledge of future eminence which has since been nobly and faithfully redeemed.

In the year 1784, Mr. Bayard having selected the profession of the law as the best adapted to his course of reflection, and the most likely to afford an opportunity for the display of acquirements which his industry and intellectual vigour promised soon to master, commenced his studies with the late general Reed, and upon his death, renewed and successfully prosecuted them under the direction of Mr. Ingersoll, the present attorney-general of Pennsylvania. On his admission to the bar, he selected the state of Delaware for his place of residence, and the theatre for the pursuit of his professional labours. To this selection the state of Delaware is proud to acknowledge itself, in a great degree, indebted for a political weight in the national councils, which neither its population nor resources, its local advantages nor geographical extent, could have secured. With a single representative upon the floor of congress, that little state assumed an attitude which commanded the highest respect, and retained an influence and authority which a ten-fold more numerous representation has rarely possessed. His shining qualities disarmed the opposition and overcame the difficulties which a young man necessarily encounters in a strange place; and his unwearied industry secured the attention that had been liberally bestowed. He soon attained a situation of the most distinguished respectability at the bar, and participated largely in the honours and emoluments of the profession.

Not long after he arrived at the constitutional age, Mr. Bayard was elected a representative to congress, and remained in public life from that moment through all the vicissitudes of party triumph and defeat, until the time of his death. Actively engaged in political and professional duties, he contrived to reconcile their endless varieties, and evinced a rare and happy aptitude for both. At the same moment one of the most conspicuous supporters of the federal administration, and a leader of acknowledged ability in the house of representatives—and the chief ornament of the forum, where he had chosen to excel. At once the profound jurist and the accomplished statesman; the acute, ingenious, and dexterous advocate, and the eloquent and dignified occupant of the parliamentary floor. The same efforts of industry, and powers of genius, that qualified and calculated him for superiority in the less magnified but intricate controversies of individuals, readily enabled him to extend his intellectual grasp to the comprehension of more enlarged topics of general interest, which involved the duties and the policy, the happiness and the rights of nations. The study and practice of the law is calculated to add vigour to a mind naturally strong. In a country emphatically subject to the government of the laws alone, the remark is peculiarly obvious and perpetually illustrated; and from the multitude of the professors of that science, who have borne the weight of public councils, and successfully endeavoured to ennoble by their efforts the national character, it derives irresistible weight and authority. To Mr. Bayard's early adoption and active and vigorous pursuit of this profession, are to be ascribed, in no unimportant degree, the method of his arguments, and the logical accuracy of his inferences.

An important occasion for distinction soon presented itself to Mr. Bayard, in the accusation of William Blount, a member of the United States' senate, of high crimes and misdemeanors; and the proceedings which were intended to be preparatory to his impeachment.

On the 3d of July, 1797, a message was communicated by the president to congress, accompanied by a mysterious

letter of Mr. Blount's, in which designs were demonstrated prejudicial to the interests and injurious to the character of the country. A committee was promptly appointed, and an impeachment was decreed by the house. Eleven managers were chosen to conduct this "high constitutional proceeding." Mr. Sitgreaves, who had been originally the chairman of this honourable committee, was appointed a commissioner under the sixth article of the treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation, with Great Britain, and the duties of that station devolved on Mr. Bayard. To the articles of impeachment exhibited, the accused pleaded to the jurisdiction of the senate; upon the principle that a senator is not a *civil officer*, within the meaning of the constitution; and that the courts of common law were "competent to the cognizance, prosecution, and punishment of the said crimes and misdemeanors, if the same have been perpetrated, as has been suggested and charged by the said articles." The preliminary question growing out of this plea was to be discussed, and the direction of this delicate and interesting inquiry, was submitted to the chairman, and Mr. Harper, one of the managers. The subject underwent a laborious and ingenious discussion, in which the constitution was thoroughly sifted, and the doctrines of the common law of England bearing a remote or close analogy to the point in controversy, were made tributary to the talents of the respective advocates.

The decision was adverse to the managers; a majority of fourteen to eleven senators deciding, "that the matter alleged in the plea of the defendant is sufficient in law to show that this court ought not to hold jurisdiction of the said impeachment, and that the said impeachment is dismissed." The efforts were abortive, because the cause was insupportable; but the exertion was not the less honourable, nor the display of genius and erudition the less brilliant, because success did not crown them.

It was the happy and peculiar quality of Mr. Bayard to excite the esteem and command the confidence of both of the

great political parties, into which the nation since its independence has been divided. Though always consistent and firm in the course which he had originally adopted, yet he never sacrificed or rendered subservient the cause of his country to purposes of party ambition or animosity. He was a federalist, because he believed that the dearest rights and best interests of the nation were involved in and promoted by the great system of policy, and course of measures, adopted and pursued by federalists. His acquaintance with history, and knowledge of human nature, convinced him that men must be governed that they may be free and happy. He was opposed to anti-federalism, because he thought that the demoralizing and pernicious example of a sister republic had threatened to involve America in the vortex of its contagion; and that a diminished strength of government, and adoption of disorganizing principles, would lead to the result here which he early and confidently predicted with regard to France. But he had no party feelings, distinguished from those of patriotism. He always keenly felt for the sufferings, and gloried in the triumphs of his country: his sensibility was actively and constantly alive to her slightest wrongs; and the interest that he felt not only became matured into the keenest perception of what was due to the nation's honour and advantage, but often grew into a morbid and feverish irritability on points of national feeling and concern.

At an early period of his political career, Mr. Bayard was designated as a proper representative of the character and concerns of the nation abroad. His political sagacity, personal intrepidity, and cool discriminating judgment, could not fail to distinguish him as peculiarly qualified for diplomacy. Accordingly, not long before the close of Mr. Adams's presidential career, he offered to Mr. Bayard the appointment of envoy to the French republic. This, from motives of prudence, he thought proper to decline.

At the first election of Mr. Jefferson, a most extraordinary scene was displayed. The constitution provides, that

“the person having the greatest number of votes shall be the president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if there be more than one who have such majority, and have an equal number of votes, then the house of representatives shall immediately choose by ballot one of them for president.” In that situation stood the candidates, and the election devolved of consequence upon the house of representatives. No less than thirty-six times was the vote ineffectual, each party, equally zealous, and equally numerous, adhering to its candidate. The federalists of the house adopted, as they believed the less evil, the side of Mr. Burr, and persevered during so many abortive efforts to give him their votes. It was at length perceived, that a pertinacious adherence to this course of conduct might expose the country to greater embarrassment and difficulty than even the selection of a president, who was considered dangerous; and some of the federalists determined to withdraw from him their opposition, without giving him direct countenance and support. They accordingly threw into the box blank votes; and the election of Mr. Jefferson was thus obtained. By a sacrifice of personal feeling and judgment, which required no ordinary firmness and magnanimity, Mr. Bayard, by this means, principally contributed to place in the executive chair the decided enemy of the men and measures that he personally approved; and removed to a distance, apparently insurmountable, the fulfilment, if they existed, of his own political aspirations. But the good of the country required it, and the sacrifice was made.

A change of hands was now effected in the political game. They who had been accustomed to complain at every measure of the administration, and to find themselves frustrated in every attempt, had become in turn the rulers of the nation's destiny. While the men who had heretofore guided the helm of state, and regulated the courses of the political voyage, yielded their supremacy, and became a reluctant but formidable minority. The contest was stoutly

maintained. The struggle was arduous, and the victory dearly won. The expiring blaze of federal power exhibited a splendour of intellectual effort which will never be forgotten, and left a gloom hanging over the councils of its successors that ages cannot dispel. Inch by inch the ground was contested; and yielded at last, not to the force of argument, or the demonstration of right, but to overwhelming superiority of numbers.

A sweeping revolution of officers, in every department within the control of the executive, was beheld with astonishment. It was however readily submitted to, as it affected not the constitution. But when that instrument appeared to be threatened, the united energies of the party, rallied round its imperishable standard. In their efforts to preserve it unimpaired, they encircled it with a garland of eloquence and patriotism as lasting as the monument it adorns. An able representative from South Carolina,* conjured the majority "to celebrate their victory by more harmless sports. Let them," says he, "triumph over us, but not by immolating the constitution; let them beware, that in erecting a triumphal arch for the celebration of their success, they do not dig a grave, and decree funeral rites for our constitution. Myself and my friends have always been the sincere friends of this constitution, and we will attempt its defence as long as we have the means of making it. We will struggle to the last; if we cannot command success we will endeavour to deserve it; and should the friends of the constitution be subdued by numbers, the ministerial phalanx, in bursting into the temple, will, I hope, find them all at their posts: they will be seen in the portico, the vestibule, and around the altar, grasping, grappling the constitution of their country with the holds of death, and with *nolumus mutari* on their lips."

Among the most memorable of these struggles, in which the vital principles of the constitution were supposed to be involved, was that for the maintenance of the judiciary sys-

* Mr. Rutledge.

tem, established towards the close of the administration of Mr. Adams. The inconvenience of the original organization of the courts of the United States had been long experienced, and a well digested plan had been prepared and substituted with infinite pains. Its chief object was to facilitate the despatch of business; to preserve to the supreme court all its constitutional functions, and to destroy the anomaly of appeals from component parts of a body to the body itself. On the 13th of February, 1801, the act was passed "to provide for the more convenient organization of the courts of the United States." This divided the country into districts, and united those districts into convenient circuits, and prescribed the session of the courts not only in every circuit, but in each subdivision, or district of the circuits. It provided for the appointment of three judges for each of the six circuits, whose duty it should be to hold courts in their different departments at seasonable terms; and authorized appeals to the supreme court in all cases where the sum in controversy should exceed two thousand dollars.

The judges were accordingly appointed, and the courts went into complete and successful operation. The extent of patronage however, which the system was supposed to have conferred on the president, excited the warmest oppugnancy on the part of his political adversaries, and they cherished the hope of speedily effecting a change. On the 4th of March following, the new president was inducted into power. The offices within the grasp of executive authority were promptly vacated, and a host of new incumbents was summoned to fill the empty chairs. The constitution, it was maintained, permitted no such arrangement with regard to the judiciary. The *dum bene se gesserit* tenure of its offices forbade an appeal to the president, and the constitution must be unravelled by the legislature. Still a direct infraction of its explicit provisions would have been too palpable and partial an effort of favouritism, and individual removal was therefore impracticable. But the object would be no less effectually attained by

a provision which, at a single blow, should level system and supporters, judges and their courts, altogether. In both houses of congress the effort was manfully resisted. The majority was conjured not to interfere with this remnant of federal policy, because it was engrafted upon the constitution. They were entreated to postpone a decision until the public opinion could be clearly ascertained, and the efficacy of the system could be tested by experience; they were offered any, and every compromise:—if the army were disliked, to abolish it; if a further reduction of the little navy were required, to reduce it:—to surrender internal revenues, and, indeed, to make any sacrifice short of the constitution.

On this memorable occasion all parties united in paying homage to the abilities of Mr. Bayard. It will not be invidious to remark, that in the constellation of talents that glittered in that transaction none were more conspicuous than his. He was alike distinguished for the depth of his knowledge, the solidity of his reasoning, and the perspicuity of his illustration. On his own side of the house his range was pronounced to be “commensurate with the extent of his own mighty mind, and with the magnitude of the subject,” which was declared to be as awful as any on this side of the grave. On the part of the majority he was termed the Goliath of the adverse party, and sarcastically, but with truth, denominated the high priest of the constitution. In the discussion of the bill, introduced for the repeal of the law establishing the judiciary system, Mr. Giles had taken occasion to attack with vehemence the whole course of measures adopted by the federalists, and to assail them individually and collectively. In reply, Mr. Bayard felt himself called on to travel out of the immediate course of argument which the question afforded, and to enter upon a collateral one, into which he was driven in defence of his own, and the conduct of his friends. He traced the division of party to the difference of views, as to the powers which do, and ought to belong to the general and state governments. He deprecated the effect of state pride in

extinguishing national sentiment. "The ruins of this government," said he, "aggrandize the states. There are states which are too proud to be controlled; whose sense of greatness and resource renders them indifferent to our protection, and induces a belief that if no general government existed, their influence would be more extensive; and their importance more conspicuous." He met the complaints against the federal party for their various prominent measures and principles. Assumption of state debts—internal taxes—the Indian war—the navy—war with Algiers—preparations for expected hostilities with France—the memory of Washington—all of which had been openly or indirectly assailed, passed in review under his masterly hand, and were depicted in the most glowing colours. He asserted and maintained the soundness of the doctrine, that the constitution was founded in an existing common law, and that the evils imputed to it never had, or could have, any existence. He vindicated the judges from the imputation of having sought for victims of rigorous statutes, and retorted upon the new executive a similar charge. "If," he observes, "the eyes of the gentleman are delighted with victims—if objects of misery are grateful to his feelings, let me turn his view from the walks of the judges to the track of the present executive. It is in this path we see the real victims of stern, uncharitable, unrelenting power. It is here, sir, we see the soldier who fought the battles of the revolution;—who spilt his blood, and wasted his strength to establish the independence of his country, deprived of the reward of his services, and left to pine in penury and wretchedness. It is along this path that you may see helpless children crying for bread, and gray hairs sinking in sorrow to the grave. It is here that no innocence, no merit, no truth, no services can save the unhappy sectaries who do not believe in the creed of those in power. I have been forced upon this subject, and, before I leave it, allow me to remark, that without inquiring into the right of the president to make vacancies in office during the recess in the senate, but admit-

ting the power to exist, yet that it never was given by the constitution to enable the chief magistrate to punish the insults, to revenge the wrongs, or to indulge the antipathies of the man. If the discretion exists, I have no hesitation in saying, that it is abused when exercised from any other motive than the public good. And when I see the will of a president precipitating from office men of probity, knowledge, and talents, against whom the community has no complaint, I consider it a wanton and dangerous abuse of power; and where I see men who have been the victims of this abuse of power, I view them as the proper objects of national sympathy and commiseration."

Having thus pursued his antagonists through their erratic flight, among topics faintly and remotely connected with the legitimate subject of discussion—Mr. Bayard assumed the argument with respect to the repeal of the judiciary law. Deeply versed in his subject, from profound reflection, and active experience; and sensibly interested, from a solemn conviction of its magnitude, he penetrated the deepest recesses of his theme. The inexpediency of the bill was maintained, because it would restore the evil of appeals from the individuals who pronounce a decision, to the court of which the same individuals are component parts; which had been obviated by making the supreme-court merely the great national tribunal of last resort, before which, questions of unlimited magnitude and concern both of a civil and political nature should receive their final determination—the national crucible of justice, in which the judgments of inferior courts might be reduced to their elements, and cleansed from every impurity. The inconvenience and delay attending the constant journeys of the judges on their circuits, and the want of uniformity in the decisions of those who followed each other in rapid succession in the same districts were exposed. The charge that the new system was introduced not so much with a view to improvement in the old, as to obtain places

for the friends of the administration, was pronounced a calumny so humble and so notoriously false, as neither to require nor deserve an answer. The advantage of the increased number of judges to sit in the circuit courts was displayed. It was demonstrated that no additional courts had been created by the new law—the number of district courts remained the same, the supreme court as such, was unchanged; a circuit court still continued to be held in each district, though under an improved modification as to form. But the unnatural alliance of the different courts had been severed, while the jurisdiction of each remained untouched. The expense of the establishment was proved to be insignificant; and the arguments that had been urged that it was formed by a party at a time when they were sensible that their power was expiring and passing into other hands, were answered by the assertion of the fulness and legitimacy of that power—that the remnant was plenary and efficient, and it was their duty to employ it according to their judgments and consciences for the good of the country. They thought the bill a salutary and wise measure, and there was no obligation on them to leave it to their successors. They had indeed, no confidence in the persons who were to follow them, and were therefore the more anxious to accomplish a work which might contribute to the safety of the nation by giving strength and support to the constitution through the storm to which it was likely to be exposed.

The constitutionality of the proposed repeal was argued with no less ability, than its expediency. It was declared to resolve itself into the question, whether the legislature has a right by law to remove a judge. The object of the advocates of repeal, was to evince a distinction between the removal of a judge and the extinction of the office—and therefore that the purpose which was prohibited from being done directly, might still be indirectly effected: a difference being supposed to exist between taking the office from the judge, and removing the judge from the office. Two prominent features of the

constitution were perpetually exhibited in reply to such suggestions:—that the judges hold their offices during good behaviour;—and that their compensation shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.* By the term *good behaviour*, it was said was intended a tenure for life, qualified and accompanied by the good conduct of the judge, the cessation of which must be ascertained by impeachment. But, said the administration party, a necessary implication is contained in the power given to congress from time to time to *establish* tribunals inferior to the supreme court—a power it is presumed that could not carry with it by any implication, the right to *destroy* them. Inferences too of a most extraordinary character were drawn from the use of the word “hold,” in allusion to judicial continuance in office. The president nominates the judge, and commissions him when approved by the senate. It was hence inferred that as the president nominates and commissions the judge, the judge *holds* the office of the president; and that when the constitution provides that the tenure of the office shall be during good behaviour, the provision applies to the president, and restrains the power which would otherwise result in consequence of the offices being *holden* of him, to remove the judges at will. It was no difficult task to expose the errors of an argument, which imputed to the president of the United States regal attributes and prerogatives, derived not from the pure fountain of the constitution; but from the rude doctrines of the feudal law, by which the executive is made the fountain of honour, of justice and of office; an argument which would make the courts—the president’s courts, and the judges the president’s judges; and would infuse into the institutions of the republic the vital spirit of feudal principles. The construction of laws, or the application of them to the touchstone of the constitution, must be vested in some efficient authority. With whom should it reside? Not with the legislature or executive, because they have already passed upon the merits and pro-

* Cons. U. S. Art. 3. Sec. 1.

priety of a law, by its enactment. Not, surely, with the people—who construing a law to be void, and violating its sanctions, expose themselves to its penalties; which, hard and iniquitous as they may be, must be blindly enforced by the judiciary if they have no power of construction: and the effect of a right to disregard the provisions of a statute will be to impose the inconsistent and paradoxical duty of inflicting upon those who have merely exercised a right, necessary and condign punishment. Such a construction must rest only with the judges; and the existence of the judges cannot possibly be dependent upon a body whose acts they may set at defiance and pronounce void. This would suppose a right of the legislature to destroy the office of the judge and a simultaneous but heterogeneous right of the judge to vacate the act of the legislature. “You have a right,” said Mr. Bayard, “to abolish by a law, the offices of the judges of the circuit courts. They have a right to declare your law void. It unavoidably follows in the exercise of these rights, either that you destroy their rights, or that they destroy yours. This doctrine is not an harmless absurdity, it is a most dangerous heresy. It is a doctrine which cannot be practised, without producing not discord only, but bloodshed. If you pass the bill upon your table, the judges have a constitutional right to declare it void. I hope they will have courage to exercise that right; and if, sir, I am called upon to take my side, standing acquitted in my conscience and before my God, of all motives but the support of the constitution of my country, I shall not tremble at the consequences.”

The utmost efforts of skill and the best exertions of eloquence were ineffectual, and on the 8th of March, 1802, the act to provide for the more convenient organization of the courts of the United States, was repealed.

Thus terminated the celebrated judiciary system; and with it, one of the most interesting discussions that has awakened the attention of the American people. Independent of the forcible and eloquent appeals made within the walls of con-

gress, addresses from various quarters of the union were received in which the benefits of the new arrangement were portrayed, and the danger and mischief of its annihilation insisted on. But all in vain.

A change of rulers being effected, the cares of legislative business devolved upon other hands. The labours of a member of the opposition, particularly at a time when parties run high, are far from being burthensome. The arrangement of business is entrusted to others; and all that he can display is a jealous care of the rights of his constituents, and a firm opposition to measures which he believes to be injurious to the welfare of the country. During the session of congress Mr. Bayard was generally at his post, the faithful and constant supporter of principles which he brought with him into public life, and which descended with him to the grave. In the recess of legislative duty and occupation, he successfully pursued his professional avocations, and maintained and enlarged the reputation which he had early acquired.

In the year — Mr. Bayard was elected by the legislature of Delaware to a place in the senate of the United States; and in that dignified and honourable station, continued for several years, as he had been in the house of representatives, the pure politician and the unbending patriot.

In the month of December, 1807, the first embargo law was passed, which commenced a series of restrictions upon American commerce, which are happily now no more. After an experiment of about a twelvemonth, it was proved to be ineffectual. The cupidity of the trader could not be restrained by statutes however penal, and the existence of the provisions of the statute, exhibited at once a government restraining the ardour and forbidding the advancement of a people whom it was bound to protect; and a free people contemning the restraints, and breaking through the authority of the government of their choice. The law which, prohibiting not the departure of a vessel, attempted to prescribe her path upon the ocean, derived none of its details from an acquaintance with

the devices and desires of the human heart. It might possibly have prevented all commerce, foreign and domestic; but, once upon the deep, a higher destiny guided the helm and provoked a deviation. It was an attempt to control the elements, and, like the presumptuous effort of king Canute, to stay the surge of the ocean, it created nothing but mortification and disappointment in the minds by which it was engendered. It was well observed by an eloquent member of the house of representatives,*—that two limits exist to the power of the national legislature—nature, and the constitution. “Should this house,” he proceeds, “undertake to declare that this atmosphere should no longer surround us—that water should cease to flow—that gravity should not hereafter operate—that the needle should not vibrate to the pole; I think I may venture to affirm, that, such a law to the contrary notwithstanding, the air would continue to circulate; the Mississippi, the Hudson, and the Potomac, would hurl their floods to the ocean; heavy bodies continue to descend; and the mysterious magnet, hold on its course to its celestial cynosure.”

In February, 1809, opportunity was afforded in the senate for a direct attack upon the embargo. Mr. Giles introduced a resolution to repeal the several laws laying an embargo on all ships and vessels in the ports and harbours of the United States, except as to Great Britain and France and their dependencies; and to make provision by law for prohibiting all commercial intercourse with those nations and their dependencies, and the importation of any article into the United States, the growth, produce, or manufacture of either of those nations, or of the dominions of either of them. Mr. Bayard moved to amend the resolution, so as to render the repeal general, and prevent the introduction of these clauses which were intended to prohibit commercial intercourse with the belligerent nations.

The motion of Mr. Giles was supported on the principle and belief, that a suspension of intercourse with Great Britain

* Mr. Quincy.

and France, would be the immediate and necessary prelude to open war—that the exposure of vessels to capture and condemnation under the orders in council, would place the nation in a predicament that would render hostilities inevitable. Some of the members of the majority had been desirous of promptly declaring war against England; but others, more wary, and less confident of the smiles of Providence, whence alone, aid and strength were to come, paused on the brink of so tremendous an appeal, and refused to be dragged or driven into the measure. And not a few, unwilling to carry their hostile purposes into full and immediate operation, aimed at a partial system of warfare, by means of letters of marque and reprisal. This too was rejected. As a substitute for more active measures, but calculated to contribute virtually to the same end, the non-intercourse project was advanced and supported: for this reason Mr. Bayard entered his solemn and powerful protest against it. He denied that England was an enemy, or that any necessity existed to make her so. He admitted that there were many and heavy complaints to be made against her conduct, nor did he deny that causes existed which might justify a war; but he asserted that the measure was forbidden by policy; and not required by honour. He avowed, that whatever were the aggressions and improprieties of England, and however little he was disposed to defend or palliate any aggression, public or private, against the rights or honour of the country, yet he felt equal sensibility at what had been suffered from France. He denied that what was right in one nation, could be wrong in another. The war upon neutral privileges—that part of it, at least, which scorned even the pretext and mask of propriety, and openly and flagrantly violated established usage and principle—commenced with the Berlin decree, which, finding its sanction neither in precedent nor principle, asking for no right, and established only in presumed power, forbade to neutrals a trade with England or her colonies, or the carrying of her manufactures or produce. What ensued, flagrant as it was, derived a feeble, indeed, but

plausible apology, from the equally novel pretext of retaliatory right. It was unsound doctrine that could assert the sufficiency of the excuse: but in the scales of national injustice, the original introduction of illegitimate and noxious pretences, at least counterbalanced, and, perhaps, far outweighed the imitation that pursued with no tardy pace the original, initiate wrong. More especially as the retaliating power could reproach herself merely with the breach of international law; while her rival superadded to the infraction of established principles a most wanton breach of faith, plighted, as it had been, by the most solemn instrument that can mature and make perfect the bond by which different communities are held together. As upon all occasions that brought Mr. Bayard before the public, he was on this, open and sincere: tracing the relative position of America with regard to the two great belligerents, to its supposed source, he derived it mainly from the partial feelings and actions of the executive; and from a want of sincerity in their negotiations with England. This charge had been pronounced by the friends of the administration a miserable vision, and Mr. Bayard declared his conviction, that it was a miserable melancholy fact. The rule of the war of 1756—constructive blockades, and impressment of seamen from American merchant vessels—were all examined and illustrated; and while their adoption and abuse were demonstrated and condemned, the facility of correcting all these errors, without resorting to the last and most solemn appeal of nations, was distinctly exhibited. The measures of the administration were arraigned, not only for insincerity, but extreme feebleness. “They will not,” he argues, “settle their differences with England, and yet have not courage openly to quarrel with her; they pass a non-importation act to punish the impressment of seamen, and the aggressions upon our carrying trade; they exclude, by proclamation, British armed ships from our waters, to avenge the outrage on the Chesapeake;—and what benefit to ourselves or detriment to our adversary have these measures produced? They are

calculated to increase the animosity between the nations, but I know of no other effect they can produce. So far indeed have they been from constraining Britain to accede to our terms, that they have rendered her more regardless of our rights and interests.”

There was certainly little independence and less opposition to the powers that had aggrieved, in tamely pursuing the measures which they in effect prescribed, or at least in furthering and promoting their degrading views. France expressly approved of the embargo, and the measures of England indicated no great disinclination for the act. In both houses of congress it was depicted as a measure of subservience, and not of freedom. An eloquent member of the lower house remarked, in reply to the idea that acquiescence in the embargo was the duty of freemen—“an embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts: our liberty was not so much a mountain as a sea nymph: she was free as air: she could swim or she could run: the ocean was her cradle: our fathers met her as she came, like the goddess of beauty, from the waves: they caught her whilst she was sporting on the beach: they courted her as she was spreading her nets upon the rocks: but an embargo liberty—a hand-cuffed liberty! a liberty in fetters, a liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison, and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring: we abjure the monster.”*

The object of the administration was attained: the repeal of the embargo was only partial, and the succedaneum, non-intercourse, was an obvious prelude to actual war. Still the resentment of the government, executive, and legislative, forbore to brandish the spear, and found its vent in words. Like subterranean fires, which shake the elements and fright the beholder with threats of future mischief, but still struggle in vain for escape, the murmurs of discontent continued to be heard while the attitude of war was yet unassumed.

* Mr. Quincy.

At length, in the month of June, 1812, the president communicated to congress a message, in which a declaration of war was strongly recommended. In the lower house the resolution was promptly passed; but in the senate it encountered serious difficulties. Mr. Bayard, equally sensible of the injuries, and alive to the insults that his country had sustained, yielded not to the warmest advocates of hostilities in zeal for her honour and prosperity. But he felt that that honour was not to be vindicated, that prosperity was not to be redeemed by angry and precipitate measures, that would plunge the nation unprepared into war. He foresaw the disgraces inevitably attendant on a hasty adoption of the measure; and foretold, with a sagacity that was always his distinguishing attribute, the evils that must certainly ensue. Of the fate of the question, war or no war, it was impossible to judge until the last moment. In a letter to one of his friends of the 4th of June Mr. Bayard's uncertainty is thus expressed: "Although our doors are closed, I do not presume that our proceedings here are a secret to you elsewhere. They are certainly no secret here, and there are none but members of congress who are denied the privilege of talking openly about them. Being one of those whose lips are sealed, you can expect no explanations from me. I may express it as a conjectural opinion that the course which will be pursued is by no means certain. Great Britain certainly does not expect a war with us, and she will not be prepared to strike suddenly, even if we commence hostilities. We are in the midst of uncertainty, and it will not be the most judicious, but the most lucky man who profits by events. In the affairs of this world, good fortune does more for men than good sense. The best sense penetrates but a little way, and the primary causes upon which events depend are always out of sight. Nobody can tell when this terrible session, which has already lasted eight months, is to end."

In communicating to a correspondent, as late as the 11th of June, Mr. Bayard writes, "there is a bare possibility that

a war with England may be escaped;—there is every probability that it will happen. You know my situation as to the proceedings in congress with closed doors. There is no secrecy between the members of the two houses, and we communicate with each other in every stage of business before either house. As to the rest of the world, our lips are sealed, and it is impossible even to hint any thing without trespassing upon the bounds prescribed to us. No vote has yet been taken in the senate; one not decisive, but important, will, I apprehend, be taken to-day. The probability is, that the two branches will not agree as to the course of measures in the first instance, but ultimately will agree in a course which will result in a common point. What I suggest is conjectural only, and has no advantage over your own conjectures, but what arises from a certain knowledge of some facts, of which you must be doubtfully informed.”

On the 16th of June Mr. Bayard moved to postpone the further consideration of the bill declaring war against Great Britain, until the 31st of October. Had this measure been adopted, the precious lives that have been devoted to their country might perhaps all have been spared, still to adorn and still to improve it. National character acquired—a gallant navy permanently established—a discovery of resources, which, like the treasures in the mountains of Switzerland, might otherwise have remained uncultivated and unknown, are indeed fruitful sources of consolation: but they are composed of widows’ and of orphans’ tears. Had the declaration of war been postponed, the clouds that hung upon the early efforts of the American army, which nothing but the splendour of its after achievements could disperse, never would have gathered. The short-sighted policy of the government expected to find in the arrangements of general Hull a substitute for every other preparation. The whole of the remaining frontier, from Michilmackinac to Plattsburg—the extensive sea-board, covered with the richest and most intelligent and useful population of the country—the multitude

of vessels on the ocean, and the mass of property accumulated in England—all were to be placed in jeopardy for the sake of striking a blow, towards which adequate force was supposed to be concentrated, without giving the new enemy time for preparation. Mr. Bayard was one of those who sacredly believed in the spirit and wisdom of his countrymen, but denied the necromancy of their rulers. He was satisfied that troops must be levied before they could be disciplined, and disciplined before they could safely take the field. He felt that the days of Cadmus were gone, and that the dragon's teeth would remain unprolific in the ground. He prayed for an opportunity to place the country on something like an equality with the contemplated foe. He said "he was greatly influenced in his motion for postponement from the combined considerations of the present defenceless condition of the country, and the protection which Providence had given us against a maritime power in the winter season. During the winter months you will be protected by the elements. Postpone the war till November, and we shall not have to dread an enemy on our coast till April. In the meantime go on with your recruiting; fill up, discipline, and train your army. Take the stations, if you please, which will enable you to open an early campaign. Your trade will all have time to return before hostilities commence, and having all your ships and seamen at home, you may be prepared to put forth all your strength upon the ocean on the opening of the ensuing spring. Shall we, by an untimely precipitancy, yielding to a fretful impatience of delay, throw our wealth into the hands of the enemy, and feed that very rapacity which it is our object to subdue or to punish?"

War was declared. A nation yet untutored in the trade of destruction was brought into collision with a power whose fleets had covered the deep, and whose armies had been distinguished in every quarter of the globe. Experience was soon dearly won; and the conquerors of the peninsula found, in the citizen soldiers of America, a more formidable foe than

they had vanquished in the well-trained veterans of the old world.

When the intelligence of hostilities reached Europe, the emperor of Russia communicated to both governments an offer of mediation. The American minister at St. Petersburg, and the Russian minister at Washington, were authorized to make known to the proper authorities in America, this kind and conciliatory proposal. It was received by the president with a satisfaction that was evinced by unhesitating acceptance; and by the nomination of envoys before any knowledge had been communicated of the concurrence of Great Britain. Commissions were issued, and instructions delivered to James A. Bayard and Albert Gallatin, who were directed to proceed immediately to St. Petersburg. They were fully charged to conclude a peace upon the terms set forth in the declaration of war and upon no others. The prodigious change in European politics which has since astonished the world, was not then anticipated. The situation of the two great rival nations, still threatened interminable war; and the rights and interests of the American republic were menaced with co-equal violation. War was declared not in maintenance of abstract principles, but in consequence of practical suffering. All its views were or should have been directed to the removal of the mischief; and that end attained, either by the direct and powerful operation of fleets and armies, or by considerations disconnected from the application of hostile force, the nation that went to war to relieve itself from oppression, must sheathe the sword. It was not merely the state of the country that called for peace. It was against the practice of impressment that war was declared.

It was understood at the time of Mr. Bayard's departure, that he had expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the instructions he had received, and conceived them to be compatible with the honour of the nation. But how could he have reconciled either to principles of honour or sentiments of morality a determination to wage endless war in maintenance

of abstract notions that in practice should cease to operate? It was against the *practice* of impressment that the instructions were directed; upon the continuance of the practice alone could hostilities be justified, and on its cessation, arms would have no further use. The secretary of state in his letter to the envoys of April 15, 1813, asserts merely "the right of the United States to be exempted from the degrading *practice* of impressment." He remarks "the *practice* is utterly repugnant to the laws of nations; it is supported by no treaty with any nation; it was never acquiesced in by any, and a submission to it," still the *practice*, "by the United States, would be the abandonment in favour of Great Britain of all claim to neutral rights and all other rights on the ocean." The object of the mission, so far as regarded the subject of impressment was to effect a discontinuance of the practice, and that being produced by any means, though not within the view of the administration at the time when the instructions were framed and communicated, the end was equally attained. A subsequent part of the same official note has been resorted to for the purpose of illustrating an opposite position: but enveloped as it certainly is in a mysterious obscurity that characterizes the diplomatic productions of the day, its liberal and most obvious construction will comport with the views adopted and the course pursued by the negotiators at Ghent. Towards the close of the letter of April 15th, it is said "upon the whole subject I have to observe that your first duty will be to conclude a peace with Great Britain, and that you are authorized to do it, in case you obtain a satisfactory stipulation against impressment, one which shall secure, under our flag, protection to the crew. The manner in which it may be done has been already stated with the reciprocal stipulations which you may enter into, to secure Great Britain against the injury of which she complains. If this encroachment of Great Britain is not provided against, the United States have appealed to arms in vain." So far, it should seem that the practice was not all that the United States had to dread, or

were bound to resist; that a war must be prosecuted for theories, the abandonment or support of which would equally fail to affect the interests of either nation. It were scarcely less romantic than to pursue the argument still further and to require of the British parliament, boasting as it does, a political omnipotence, to expunge from its statute book the municipal laws relating to aliens, denizens and subjects: or to enforce upon it in hypothesis, the admission of the superiority of republicanism, and the propriety of the prevailing sentiments in America, relative to kingly governments—while every act of its sovereignty and every feature of its constitution, denied in practice the truth of the assertion. As well might they resolve to fight about supposed differences in moral or physical science. If one nation attempt to prescribe to another its course of conduct, and to enforce its prescriptions by violence, it is cause of war: but a difference of sentiment which leaves to each the absolute enjoyment of its prerogatives, never can justify an appeal to arms, or a continuance of them when they are unfortunately begun. The decided expression of public feeling in England, on the publication of the correspondence at Ghent, which demonstrated the error of the belief that their maritime rights were placed in jeopardy, indicated how little that nation was disposed to cause or continue the effusion of blood on such insufficient grounds as those which remained to be discussed. Nor could the ruling powers of America venture to keep alive the contest at such a hazard.

At the time of sending the commissioners to St. Petersburg, the war had been little known in America except by the noise of the distant thunder. The manufacturer and the agriculturist still pursued with industry and advantage their accustomed callings, and reaped in abundance the harvest of their toil: specie circulated, like the blood in the animal system, through all the arteries and veins, and gave life and activity to every enterprise: commerce itself depending for its existence upon the freedom of the seas, found in the wants of

other nations, a mantle that protected it, amongst hostile fleets. The very existence of hostilities was doubted by those who were separated from their immediate vortex. Disasters had hung upon the earlier enterprises, but they did not affect "the business and the bosoms" of individuals, and in a national estimate they were largely counterbalanced by the unexpected triumphs on the waves. England, occupied with her own immediate and important concerns on the continent of Europe, possessed not the ability to bring her power to bear upon America. The means of counter-annoyance were comparatively small, and she could well sustain the system of almost exclusively defensive warfare on the ocean, and the yet unimportant attacks upon the Canadas, while her parent territory was free from harm. The immediate overthrow of French domination was not expected. Lines of circumvallation had indeed been marked out, but the gathering strength of imperial despotism threatened to keep the world in unceasing commotion. Calculating upon these prospects abroad, and the yet unabated tension of the chord which had been struck in the summer of 1812, and still vibrated with full-toned sounds of war, the administration, in communicating instructions to the envoys, assumed a lofty and daring attitude: but even these circumstances could not mislead them into an expectation, that the world would sanction or the country approve a measure so preposterous as that which would require unqualified acquiescence in a doctrine which might become merely abstract, and could in that case no longer affect the rights, the honour, or the interests of the nation. All the inferences, therefore, to be drawn from the expressions that have been quoted, are dissipated by a single line: for after requiring a stipulation in terms, a *security* prospective in its operation, a *provision*, the effect of which should be not merely to arrest present encroachments, but to guarantee their cessation forever—a limitation is introduced in these words:—"The president is willing that it (the stipulation) be limited to the present war in Europe." There the abstract princi

ple ended, and a sensible recurrence was made to the evil practice. The original doctrine, out of which complaints grew, is that allegiance once attached, can never be divested by any lapse of time, however long, or by any distance of residence, however remote: that the national character is imbibed with the earliest breath, and must remain indelibly stamped upon the individual during life. This doctrine, engrafted as it is into the very stalk of the British constitution, cannot possibly injure other nations, provided it leaves them the undisturbed enjoyment of their sovereign rights, and respects the protection which their territorial limits, actual and constructive, afford. With the assertion of perpetual allegiance, America had nothing to do. With the abuse and perversion of the principle, as it was alleged to exist in practice, every thing. To reform this abuse and perversion, so far as they affected the safety of those, who, owing allegiance to the American government, advanced the correlative claims of protection and defence, the envoys were commissioned. It is not extraordinary, therefore, that Mr. Bayard, viewing the points of difference with the dispassionate eye of an intelligent statesman, who had pronounced the war unnecessary and ill-timed, but with the best feelings of honest patriotism, expressed himself satisfied with the instructions he had received.

The appointment as minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to treat with Great Britain for peace, under the mediation of the emperor of Russia, it was impossible that Mr. Bayard should decline. The nomination was as unsolicited as it was deserved. Not an idea of the sort had been suggested to him, and an official letter from the secretary of state, announcing the fact, was the earliest intimation he received of his being in the view of the executive. Having actively opposed the declaration of war, it was fit he should be entrusted with a share in bringing it to a close. With sentiments directly opposed to those of the ruling party—sentiments that had been always openly and honourably avowed, the selection was alike creditable to him and them. His place

in the mission was a pledge to the country of the fairness of the views with which it was undertaken. Besides, how could he reconcile to himself the idea that his refusal to serve might throw the appointment into some less honourable and independent hands, who would be content to purchase popularity at the price of national honour and aggrandizement. With a manly resolution to promote the great ends for which he had been appointed, he promptly accepted the trust, and, in company with Mr. Gallatin, sailed from Philadelphia on the 9th of May, 1813.

On the 23d of June additional instructions were addressed to the commissioners, in which the course of reasoning originally adopted is pursued. "If the British government had issued orders to its cruisers not to impress seamen from our vessels, and notified the same to this government, that cause of war would also have been removed."

The negociators arrived at St. Petersburg on the 21st of July, 1813. The emperor Alexander, under whose auspices the mission was undertaken, was with his armies in Germany; and no intelligence had been received indicative of an intention on the part of the British government to meet the United States on the terms proposed. Mr. Bayard concluded that the hopes of peace were blasted, and that the object of his painful separation from his country and home was entirely defeated. He remained in St. Petersburg until he thought this fact fully demonstrated, and in January, 1814, he asked and obtained his audience of leave of the Russian court. At that inclement season, in the most frightful climate, he determined to proceed upon his journey, preparatory to an immediate embarkation for America. The vessel that had been detained subject to the orders of the envoys, lay at a port in Holland, which it was necessary to reach by land. The retreat of the French army had opened a passage through Germany; and Mr. Bayard proceeded by the way of Riga, Koenigsburg, Berlin and Hanover into Holland.

In the meantime lord Cathcart had communicated to the Russian court the non-acceptance by the prince regent of the interposition of the emperor as to the question which constituted the principal object in dispute between the two states, and his readiness nevertheless to nominate plenipotentiaries to treat directly with the American envoys. The Bramble was despatched to America with the view of communicating these circumstances; and proposing at the same time London or Gottenburg as the scene of operations. The proposal was accepted, and Gottenburg was selected as neutral ground.

New commissions were issued, and Mr. Clay and Mr. Russel were despatched to Gottenburg. Still the practice of impressment was complained of, and, under a belief that hostilities continued in Europe, an abandonment of it *in terms* was expected. But when the state of affairs was altered so as to expose the commerce of the United States to that inconvenience no longer, the proposed stipulation was no longer required. In the letter from the secretary of state of June 25, 1814, it is said: "The United States having resisted by war the practice of impressment, and continued the war until that practice had ceased, by a peace in Europe, their object has been essentially obtained for the present. It may reasonably be expected, that the arrangement contemplated and provided for will take effect before a new war in Europe shall furnish an occasion for reviving the practice. Should this arrangement however fail, and the practice be again revived, the United States will be again at liberty to repel it by war." And in the letter of August 11, authority is explicitly communicated to conclude a treaty without any provision on the subject of impressment.

With these instructions, on the most interesting part of their duty, the American plenipotentiaries prepared to measure their dexterity with the experienced diplomatists of Europe. Previous to the arrival of his colleagues Mr. Bayard visited England. A people naturally cold, and little disposed to lavish civilities upon strangers, could not be expected to

welcome the representatives of an always despised, but now dreaded republic. "I arrived in London," says Mr. Bayard in a letter to a friend in America, "at a very inauspicious moment for an American. The allies were at Paris, and news had just been received of the abdication of Bonaparte. The whole nation was delirious with joy, which was not indulged without bitter invectives against their remaining enemies, the Americans. The time of declaring the war stung them more than the act itself. They considered it as an aid given to their great enemy, at a moment when his power was most gigantic, and most seriously threatened the subjugation of the continent, as well as of themselves. They thirst for a great revenge, and the nation will not be satisfied without it. They know little of our parties. It was America that fell upon them at the crisis of their struggle, and it is America now that is to be made to feel the weight of their undivided power."

An arrangement was made, which had been authorized by the instructions, to transfer the negotiations from Gottenburg to Ghent; and Mr. Bayard immediately proceeded to that place. He arrived on the 27th of June, and all the American commissioners were considerably more than a month at the place of rendezvous before a step was taken towards providing them with antagonists. During this unpleasant state of suspense and expectation, when even the intention to proceed at all seemed doubtful, apprehensions the most gloomy were entertained of the result. Mr. Bayard writes on the 6th of August from Ghent, "Nothing favourable can be augured from the delay in sending their commissioners to the rendezvous agreed to at their instance as the seat of the negotiations. Our commissioners have all been here more than a month, and we have not yet heard that theirs are even preparing to quit London. We expect them daily, but so we have done for twenty days past, and so we shall till they arrive, or till we learn that they do not mean to come at all. I assure you, between ourselves, my hopes of peace are very slender. The government of England affect to despise us,

but they know we are a growing and dangerous rival. If they could crush us at the present moment they would not fail to do it; and I am inclined to think that they will not make peace till they have tried the effect of all their force against us. An united, firm, and courageous resistance upon our part, alone, in my opinion, can furnish hopes of a safe and honourable peace to the United States. I wish I could present you with different views; but what does it avail to deceive ourselves? By shutting our eyes upon danger we may cease to see it, while in fact we are increasing it. What I doubt is, that if the olive branch be presented to us by one hand, a cup of humiliation and disgrace will be held out in the other; and although I should rejoice to carry the former to the United States, yet I never shall consent to be the bearer of the latter."

In a subsequent letter he writes, "No people are more easily elated or depressed by events than the English. We have nothing to hope but from vigorous and successful measures, so far as the war depends upon ourselves alone. The British force in America must be overcome and repelled, or the war must end in national disgrace."

In August the British commissioners arrived at Ghent, and the negotiation was opened in due form. A knowledge of the secrets of all the cabinets of the continent, consciousness of her weight and influence in the scale of European politics, of being able to direct all her force to an active and vigorous prosecution of the war with America, and of the proximity of the scene of discussion to all the authority and information of the country, gave to the commissioners, on the part of Great Britain, decided and striking advantages. These were counterbalanced by an inflexible determination of the American envoys to do their duty, a superior acuteness of intellect, and a conscious necessity of their thinking and acting from the impulse of their own vigorous minds, without a reference to the fountain from which their authority was derived. In their correspondence it is understood, that all the negociators largely and actively participated. Among men of

great sagacity, which was called into operation by the pressure of most interesting and important circumstances, all acting with one view to their country's good, and ardently labouring to promote it, a collision was created, from which the most brilliant success must necessarily result. Each one bore an honourable and an active part. The character and qualities of Mr. Bayard, it will readily be believed, gave him a weight and influence in the proceedings which could scarcely be surpassed. Possessing originally a mind strong, ardent, and capacious, he had stored it with the fruits of laborious study and long experience. Accustomed to scenes of political controversy, he had learned to profit by the errors of his adversaries, and to correct his own. Naturally cool, sedate, and dispassionate, his judgment freely operated without the danger of being affected by a too luxuriant fancy. Silent when it was his part to listen, but capable of manly eloquence when circumstances occurred to call it forth, he gathered knowledge from every quarter, and insured to each expression profound intelligence. Personally intrepid, as he was politically independent, his purposes never could be shaken by menaces or vituperation. A profound thinker, an ingenious reasoner, an accomplished speaker, he seemed formed for a negociator. The last act of his public life confirmed the expectation of his countrymen, and completed the catalogue of honourable services which he had long before begun.

The result of the negotiation is well known; peace was obtained upon rational grounds. Not the less credit is due to the commissioners, that all the original alleged causes of war were not redressed. It was their business to make peace: and the praises of a grateful country rise to Heaven for the efforts and abilities that contributed to the event.

After the arrangements at Ghent were concluded, Mr. Bayard made a journey to Paris, where he remained until he heard of the ratification of the treaty; and his appointment as envoy to the court of St. Petersburg. This he promptly and absolutely resolved to decline. He stated that he had no wish

to serve the administration, except when his services were necessary for the good of his country. In the late transactions he believed that to be the case, and therefore he had cheerfully borne his part. Peace being obtained, he was perfectly satisfied to resign the honours of diplomacy for the sweets of domestic life. Nothing could induce him to accept an appointment that would threaten to identify him with the administration party, without contributing essentially to his country's good. That was his primary and exclusive object. In all his reflections he was principally affected by an anxious jealousy for the welfare, and an ardent affection for the people of his native land. It is difficult to conceive how an idea should have arisen, that he ever deviated in thought or action from the genuine principles of federalism. In every public display, in every private discussion, he was their warmest advocate. The whole course of his political pilgrimage, long and laborious as it was, may safely challenge a comparison with that of any statesman for undeviating consistency of conduct, and pure and enlightened patriotism.

From Paris Mr. Bayard intended to proceed to England, to co-operate in the formation of a commercial treaty, as he was included in the commission despatched for that purpose. An alarming illness, however, prevented him. Active and powerful remedies were not applied in an early stage, and the disease advanced with painful rapidity. Still he flattered himself that he should be able to reach his home, and left Paris on the 10th of May, in a state of extreme debility and suffering. On arriving at Havre he immediately embarked, and the vessel sailed for Plymouth. At that place she was detained for five weeks, during which time Mr. Bayard was unable to leave his birth, but remained in excessive and increasing feebleness, expecting hourly to sail. During all these bodily sufferings, the firmness of his mind never abandoned him. Equally serene on the bed of languor and of pain as he had been during a life of almost uninterrupted health, he cheerfully contemplated the welcome of his expecting family. That melanco-

ly welcome came—but it was only to gild with one ray of comfort his expiring hour. He arrived in America—breathed his native air, and reposed for a moment in the bosom of conjugal and filial love. That moment was his last.—The tears of afflicted friends, and the universal grief of his grateful and admiring countrymen proclaim his eulogy.

THE publisher has been favoured with the article which he has inserted in the preceding pages, by a respectable friend of Mr. Bayard's, and a warm advocate of the political party to which that illustrious and lamented patriot was attached. In writing the biography of a statesman, so distinguished among the leaders of a party as Mr. Bayard, the introduction of subjects of party politics was in some measure unavoidable. This consideration will account, and the publisher trusts satisfactorily, for the admission, in this instance, of topics which he is always desirous of excluding, as far as possible, from the pages of his journal.

SELECT REVIEW.

Researches about Atmospheric Phenomena: together with Meteorological Journals, &c. by Thomas Forster, F. L. S. 8vo.

[From the Monthly Review.]

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number of literary men, and of learned societies, who have for a long time been employing themselves in keeping registers of the weather, and in observing atmospherical phenomena, it must be confessed that neither the science of meteorology nor the practice of it has yet made any considerable progress. We can account in a satisfactory manner for very few of the changes which are daily exhibited before our eyes, and we are still unable to predict those changes with any degree of certainty. This deficiency, perhaps, has proceeded from the circumstance, that the attention has been almost exclusively directed to the instruments by which we judge of the weight, temperature, and moisture of the air; in which way we do not become acquainted with the alterations in the atmosphere till after they have taken place. When any other remarks have been made, they are expressed in language not so precise as to convey accurate ideas, and have indeed been so incorrect as to deserve little notice. Lately, however, some individuals have followed a plan of observation which seems much more likely to promote the acquisition of this species of knowledge, and which can scarcely fail to answer some useful purpose. They have carefully watched the different appearances which the clouds assume, have formed a nomenclature to record those appearances, have noticed also the state of the barometer, thermometer, &c. and have compared all these particulars with the subsequent changes of the weather. This plan was first adopted, at least in a regular and systematic manner, by Mr. Howard, and has been extended still farther by the author of the volume now before us. He has been for some time in the habit of publishing his reports in the different scientific journals, and he has now thrown into a more connected form the general principles which he has deduced from his observations.

Mr. Forster divides his work into ten chapters. The first is entitled introductory, and consists principally of Mr. Howard's hypothesis of the origin and modification of clouds. Mr. Howard's opinions on this subject have been some time before the public, and it would lead us beyond our limits to enter on a minute examination of them in this place: we have only to state that they are adopted by the present author, with little or no alteration, except that he subdivides the species of Mr. Howard into varieties, and gives them also specific characters and appellations, which appear to us in general very appropriate. The extension of the original arrangement occupies the second chapter, consisting of seventeen sections; in which, besides the account of the modifications of the clouds, derived from their form, we have remarks on thunder-storms, rain, snow, and hail—on the colour and elevation of clouds—on their structure—on the luminous appearances called halos, parhelia, &c.—and, lastly, on the process of evaporation.

The most original and interesting of these sections relates to halos, which are arranged and defined in a much more scientific manner than any which had previously been allotted to them; the essential differences between them are pointed out; and a nomenclature is formed, which will probably be sufficient to enable the meteorologist to note down the phenomena with the requisite accuracy. Falling stars and meteors occupy the third chapter: but it contains rather an imperfect account of them; and we think that the author has been unfortunate in adopting Mr. De Luc's hypotheses of their phosphorescent nature, which appears to us to be without foundation. The subsequent chapters are less strictly scientific, and, on the whole, of less value than the first three. The indications of future changes in the weather, as deduced from the particular motions of animals, from the observation of the usual meteorological instruments, and the effects on the vital functions of organized bodies, each constitute the subject of a short chapter; and we have also some scanty remarks on winds. The account of atmospherical electricity is more ample and interesting. Mr. F. appears to regard electricity as the source of all the changes of the atmosphere, as the cause on which they depend, and as the immediate agent by which they are produced. The various forms which the clouds assume, the different changes which they undergo, the manner in which the modifications are converted into each other, the occurrence of rain and of fair weather, not to mention the more obvious phenomena of thunder and lightning, are all to be traced to the action of the electric fluid.

The tenth chapter treats on "the superstitious notions which appear to have had their origin in an observance of certain meteorological phenomena." As a specimen of Mr. Forster's manner, we shall quote the commencement of this section; premising that, in our opinion, his ideas on the subject are generally well founded:

' There is a natural tendency in the human mind, arising from the faculty of association, to attach ideas of good or evil to those objects which have been observed to precede or to accompany pleasurable or painful circumstances: hence the origin of many superstitious opinions.

' From such association of ideas, many animals were anciently worshipped, either as good or evil spirits; and even at a later period, when their worship was rejected as superstitious, or useless, they were considered as foreboders of evil or of good. Many of these superstitions originated in the observance of facts, ascribable to atmospheric influence. Thus, certain birds being affected by peculiarities of the air, previous to thunder storms, or other terrible events, and showing signs of their affections by particular habits, were found to be foreboders of tempests, hurricanes, and other dangerous atmospheric commotions; and they were subsequently considered as evil omens in general, gaining, as it were, an ill name by their utility as monitors. So the crow, garrulous before stormy weather, was afterwards regarded as a predictor of general misfortune. Many animals too were considered by the ancients as influenced by human prayers and supplications. In this manner, the observance of many real facts laid the foundation for superstitions, which terrified the ignorant, and which the designing made use of in order to acquire respect, and to aggrandize their own power. Hence the rise of sorcerers, augurs, and other impostors, the interpreters of omens and portenta, who pretended, in the peculiar flight and song of birds, to read the destinies of monarchs and of nations. It is probable, that out of a number of such predictions, some might happen to be true, where the sagacity of the augur penetrated farther into probable events than the ignorance of the multitude: and this fortuitous coincidence enhanced the public credulity, strengthened the empire of superstition, and became a fatal impediment to the progress of science throughout succeeding ages.'

This chapter, as well as some of the preceding, is illustrated by numerous quotations from the classical writers, which are appropriate and interesting: but many of them are inaccurately transcribed. We have only farther to remark, that this tract, although it contains many errors of style, and some weak and unimportant observations, possesses considerable claims to respect, and must tend to the advantage of the science which the author has cultivated with so much assiduity.

POETRY.

Translation of a Romaic Love Song; by Lord Byron: not published in any American edition of his lordship's works.

Al! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my wo,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows, well I knew;
Alas! I find them poisoned too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net,
Which Love around your haunts hath set;
Or circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare,
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain,
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deemed thee mine;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;
Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip, and altered eye?
My bird of love! my beauteous mate!
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter wo!
My bird! relent: one note could give
A charm, to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
In silent anguish I sustain;
And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now:
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
 Can patience preach thee into rest?
 Alas! too late, I dearly know,
 That joy is harbinger of wo.

THE DEATH OF HOFER, THE TYROLESE LEADER.

Translated from Korner's Poems.

HOFER! in thy bold bosom glowed,
 A stream as pure as ever flowed
 Beneath a prince's plume;
 Nor ever warrior's nobler toil,
 In battle for his native soil,
 Shed glory round his tomb.

Rous'd by thy horn from cot and fold,
 From forest glen, and rocky hold,
 With heart and eye of flame,—
 Like rushings of the mountain flood,
 Like lightning from the rifted cloud,
 Thy band of brothers came.

And now that heart's rich tide is chill,
 That horn is silent on the hill,
 The gallant chase is done;
 Scatter'd and sunk, the mountain band
 Threw the loved rifle from their hand,
 The soul of fight is gone!

But God is all.—Vain warrior-skill,
 Vain the high soul, the mighty will,
 Before the word of Heav'n:—
 The helm that on the chieftain's brow,
 Flash'd fire against the morning's glow,
 His blood may dim at ev'n.

Yet, Hofer! in that hour of ill
 Thine was a brighter laurel still
 Than the red field e'er gave;
 The crown, immortal liberty
 Gives to the few that dare to die
 And seek her in the grave.

Who saw, as levelled the chasseur
 His deadly aim, the shade of fear
 Pass o'er the hero's brow?
 Who saw his dark eyes' martial gaze
 Turn from the muskets' volley'd blaze
 That laid him calm and low?

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

DOCTOR SEYBERT has prepared for the press, an ample collection of statistical tables relative to the population, commerce, government and revenue of the United States. Among these tables are,—

A statement for *each* of the United States, exhibiting the number of representatives, as provided for by the constitution of the United States; the actual number of the inhabitants of every description; the federal number of the inhabitants; the unrepresented fractions; the ratio of representation; the number of representatives from each of the states, for 1790, 1800 and 1810.

Statements of the value or quantity of every article of merchandise, which has been exported from the United States, during each year, commencing with the year 1789, and ending in 1815. The merchandise distinguished as to its origin.

Statement of the value of *each* description of merchandise, which was exported from *each* of the United States, during *each* year, from 1789 to 1815.

Statement of the articles of *domestic* produce which were exported from the United States, for *each* year, classing them according as they were the produce of the *sea*, of the *forest*, of *agriculture*, or of *manufactures*, the nature and value of the articles being specified.

Statement of the tonnage of the United States of every description, for each year, from 1789 to 1815—distinguishing the amount of registered, enrolled, licensed, and whether employed in the fisheries.

Statement of the public lands sold prior to the opening of the land offices.

Statement of the amount, in acres and value, of the public lands sold, during *each* year, since the opening of the land offices; distinguishing the land sold in the Mississippi territory, from such as have been sold in other districts.

Detailed statement of the post-office establishment, from 1789 to 1813, enumerating for *each* year, the number of post-offices; the amount of postages; the compensation to post-masters; the incidental expenses; the cost of the transportation of the mail; the nett revenue, and the extent, in miles, of the post-roads of the United States.

Statement exhibiting the extent of square miles of *each* of the United States; the population in 1810; the number of representatives in congress, according to act of 1811; the *annual* value of the domestic articles exported on the average of 10 years; the annual value of the foreign merchandise re-exported on the average of ten years; the amount of registered tonnage employed in foreign trade, on the average of ten years; the *annual* nett revenue derived from the customs, on the average of ten years; together with the estimated value of the manufactures, according to the returns of the marshals in 1810.

The *states* named and ranked in distinct columns according to the *data* of the preceding statement.

Notes, historical, explanatory and illustrative will accompany these tables: They are all interesting: some of them are highly important, as the documents from which they were taken were consumed by fire on the capture of Washington, and it is believed that no copies of these now exist.

Dr. Colhoun of this city has written and proposes to publish an essay on the connexion of science with the rise and downfall of empires; intended to show the utility of a system of national instruction.

Major Latour's Historical Memoir of the War in West Florida and Louisiana, in 1814-1815 is ready for publication. The extract we gave from this work in our number for December last (p. 470.) may be considered as a good specimen of the whole.

Mr. George Clymer has invented a new printing press for which he has obtained a patent.

The editors of the New York Courier, state that they have erected one of these improved presses, and characterize it as an excellent and useful machine.

Mr. Robert Gillespie has obtained a patent for a steam-still on an improved plan. It is said that these stills are much used in the state of Tennessee, and are found to be the best and most profitable ever known there.

A young man of the name of Campbell is said to have improved the machinery of the loom. It is expected that this new combination of machinery will greatly reduce the expense of fabricating cloth, and thus become highly beneficial to the country.

The legislature of Virginia, with an enlightened liberality worthy of the resources and the reputation of that great state, have granted a large sum of money for the support of seminaries of public instruction.

A bill has been reported in congress for the establishment of a national university in the city of Washington. It is hoped that no misplaced notions of public economy, or political fastidiousness will defeat the success of so important a measure.

The jesuits, who on their expulsion from the states of the church and other catholic countries, were protected in Russia and permitted to devote themselves to the education of youth, have been ordered by an ukase dated in January last, to quit the two capitals of that empire. They are accused of disturbing society by their inordinate spirit of proselytism.

James P. Parke of this city, has published in two volumes 8vo. the life of the late Charles Brockden Brown, together with selections from the rarest of his printed works, from his original letters, and from his manuscripts before unpublished. By William Dunlap, esqr.

The subject of this biographical memoir possessed a genius worthy of the care with which it was cultivated; and its efforts have procured for him a high and well established reputation among the admirers of that species of romance of which Mr. Godwin's Caleb Williams was considered the best model. Caleb Williams is in fact a work of powerful talents, exhibiting a thorough knowledge of the human heart,—of those passions, especially, by which it is most variously and dreadfully agitated,—and displaying in colours, painfully glowing, the evils, (perhaps unavoidable) of a state of society, crowded in its population and far advanced in refinement. This is the work on which the reputation of Mr. Godwin will rest. It will be read and admired when his *Political Justice* with all its train of supplementary essays will be forgotten, or remembered only as monuments of the extravagancies which genius without the guidance of judgment so often commits. Mr. Brown in some respects does not fall short of the celebrated writer whom he avowedly imitates. His acquaintance with the human heart was far less profound, but he knew how to excite and keep up an interest equally strong and of a much more agreeable nature. His style was even better suited than that of his model for the relation of an interesting story. The language of Caleb Williams is elaborately elegant, and the reader often pauses to admire its beauty and magnificence. The style of Arthur Mervin and Edgar Huntley, is plain, unadorned, and flows with uninterrupted rapidity. The periods appear perfectly artless. The words communicate the thought so simply and clearly that they are not themselves particularly noticed. The reader seems to behold ideas rather than their symbols: the picture is so exact that it is not distinguished from the original. We peruse the pages of such a writer, as we listen to the impressive discourse of an orator of the highest class, inattentive to his person or his gestures, and unmindful even of his language, except as the medium through which the speaker pours the light of his mind.

The life of Mr. Brown was not sufficiently public, brilliant or diversified to afford subject for an interesting biography. A man of letters, conscious of his own merit, modest and retiring, he shrunk from every species of vulgar notoriety; while his industry, prudence and domestic endearments preserved him from those distresses and irregularities which too often afflict and degrade men of literary eminence.

The selections in the first volume,—which, the preface informs us, were made and printed before Mr. Dunlap undertook the compilation,—are injudicious. But the original letters and pieces contained in the second volume are excellent. Of these, the memoirs of Carwin the Biloquist, and of Stephen Calvert, are the best; and if the author had lived to complete them, would no doubt have been equal to any of his former productions. The work we understand is published for the benefit of his widow and children.

John Binns of Philadelphia, proposes to publish a splendid edition of the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, to be embellished with medallion portraits of those patriots who were most conspicuous in preparing and passing that glorious national act. Fac similes of all the signatures to it, faithfully copied from the original, will be given. The paper, types and ink will be manufactured on purpose for this publication, and the designs and engravings will be executed by the best artists. The whole work, it is believed, will exhibit a favourable specimen of the improved state of the fine arts in this country.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

From late British publications.

THE second *livraison* of the splendid French work on Egypt has made its appearance, and is principally devoted to the remains of ancient Thebes. Many of the plates measure six feet. Among other remarkable objects, the celebrated colossal figure of Memnon, which was said to emit an harmonious sound at the rising of the sun, still exists in the plain of Thebes. It is remarkable that the French artists attest that they heard similar sounds at sun-rise in another place covered with blocks of granite. Is it possible that the rapid change in the temperature of the air can, by its action upon the stone, produce this effect? In the palace and tomb of Osymandyas is still standing one of the largest and most beautiful colossal figures of rose-coloured granite, which must weigh upwards of two millions of pounds, and have been brought thither from a quarry two hundred miles distant. The palace of the Propylæa, as it is termed, contains a hall supported by columns, the dimensions of which may afford some idea of the prodigious magnitude of these remains. It is fifty fathoms in length, and twenty-five in breadth; one hundred and thirty-four pillars, each sixty-five feet high, support the roof, which is composed of immense blocks of stone. The whole church of Notre Dame, at Paris, would stand in it. "We can scarcely express," say the writers, "the disagreeable impression made on us by the first works of Grecian architecture that we saw, after a residence of eight months among these antiquities. The elegant Corinthian columns appeared slender, and without solidity; and their rich capitals an unmeaning decoration. It required some time before we could recover our former taste. Grecian architecture possesses the utmost elegance and beauty of proportion; the ancient Egyptian a noble simplicity, not destitute of elegance, and a grandeur that elevates the mind." This work opens a new world, a boundless field for inquiries concerning ancient history, commerce, literature, and science. Much that modern writers have hitherto only conjectured, relative to the ancient intercourse of nations, and the higher degree of their culture, is here reduced to certainty.

A translation has been published, in London, within the present year, of the History of the Life of the Squire Marcos de Obregon, by Vincent Espinel. This writer lived during the most flourishing period of the Spanish monarchy; and he is supposed to have given in this work, under a fictitious name and title, a detail of the principal events of his own adventurous and variegated life. The work does not possess that interest which strongly rivets the attention of the reader; but it contains abundance of pleasant, prudential, and humorous observations, characteristic of the old Spanish romance, with many curious anecdotes illustrative of the manners of the age in which it was written.—The following extract is a favorable specimen, and may enable our readers in some measure to judge for themselves.

"Young girls are joyous of heart, and merry in society; they run about frisking like hinds, while their old husbands are creeping along with their gouty feet. A hare is not so much persecuted by greyhounds, as the young wife of an old man by other men. Neither is there a young man in the place, but what calls her *cousin*, nor an old tale-bearing woman that is not of her acquaintance. She goes to all the churches round about, either to get away from her husband, or, as a pretence for visiting one or other of her gossips. If the husband is poor, she complains of his stinginess; if rich, she soon takes care to leave him nothing but what grows upon his forehead. God preserve my understanding! I am very well as a single man, and know how to manage myself in a state of solitude. I do not wish therefore to disturb the remainder of my life with new cares or vain counsels." The doctor was ready to burst with laughter at all this, while his wife was thinking of the reply she had to make. At last she said with great ingenuity and good-humour: "One learns something new every day; it is a good thing to live, in order to study different characters. You are the first old man I ever saw or heard of, that refused to marry a young girl. They are fond of new blood to warm their old. We make old trees young by grafting them. That plants may not be frost-bitten, we cover them up. The palm-tree will not bear fruit unless her companion grows near her. Melancholy and desperation are the friends of solitude. All rational animals, and even brutes, are friends to society. I hope you are not like that brutal philosopher, who, on being asked what was the proper age to marry, answered: 'When a man is young, it is too early; when old, too late.'"

"Harold, the Dauntless," a poem, in four cantos, by the author of the "Bridal of Triermain," is in the press.

Mrs. Opie's novel, called "Valentine's Eve," is nearly ready for publication.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

M. Carey has published, *Patience and Perseverance*, a novel, by Mrs. Hoffland. 2 vols. \$2.

Mawe's *Travels in Brazil*.

The Heart and the Fancy;—Paired, not Matched;—and Varieties of Life.

Wells & Lilly, Boston, have in press, vol 2 of Allison's *Sermons*;—and Rhoda, by the author of *Things by their Right Names*.

M. Thomas has in press, *The History of the Life of the Squire Marcos De Obregon*, inscribed to the most illustrious Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, Don Bernardo De Sandoval and Rojas, the protector of virtue and father of the poor. By Vincent Espinel, master of arts, and chaplain of our lord the king, in the royal hospital of the city of Ronda. Translated into English from the Madrid edition of 1618; by Major Algernon Langton, 61st regiment.

M. Carey has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, "Letters to the Directors of the Banks of the City of Philadelphia, on the pernicious consequences of the prevailing system of Reducing the Amount of Bills Discounted, and on the impropriety of banks holding Immoderate Quantities of Public Stock, when they are unable to discount the most unexceptionable promissory notes."

LITERARY NOTICE

M. Carey respectfully informs the friends of literature, that he has, for a considerable time past, employed his leisure hours in collecting materials for a History of the Religious Persecutions of the 15th, 16th and 17th Centuries, which he hopes to be able to publish in two octavo volumes within one year.

Any documents, tending to elucidate this important portion of the history of human folly and wickedness, left with Messrs. Wells and Lilly, Boston, Messrs. Van Winkle and Wiley, New York, Mr. Fielding Lucas, Baltimore, or Messrs. Fitzwhylson and Potter, Richmond, will be gratefully received.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE,

AND

NAVAL CHRONICLE.

MAY, 1816.



SYNOPSIS OF NAVAL ACTIONS,

DURING THE LATE WAR, BETWEEN BRITISH AND AMERICAN
VESSELS.

(Continued, from our last number, from the British Naval Chronicle.)

“THE next action was between the Frolic brig and American ship Wasp; and took place on the 18th of October, 1812. Of all the actions between us and the Americans, this, in weight of
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metal, has been the most equal. The Wasp (now the Peacock in our service) is certainly a much finer ship than any sloop of war we have, and has her bulwarks nearly as thick as a frigate's. But the evening previous to the action, the Frolic 'carried away her main yard, lost her top sails, and sprung her main top mast:' consequently was quite in a disabled state. Then, as to men, the substance, sinews, arms, and strength of war, she was miserably defective. Her station had been Jamaica, which place she left (with a crew partly consisting of invalids, from the naval hospital) in June preceding, bound to Honduras, and thence with convoy home. It is stated that captain Whinyates, her commander, was not apprised of the war even when he met the Wasp; but for this I cannot vouch. The Wasp, the Americans will not now deny, had for a crew one hundred and sixty-five of the best men captain Jones could procure, and had only left the Delaware a fortnight previous to the action. She was therefore fully prepared to meet an enemy's vessel, every way her equal,—much more one ignorant, perhaps, of the war, disabled in her spars and rigging, with a crew at least twenty-five short of her complement, (one hundred and twenty-one) and part of them just recovering from that dreadful West India malady, the yellow fever. Captain Whinyates speaks decidedly of the unmanageable state of the Frolic in the action, owing to the loss of her mainyard, and of the power it gave the enemy to rake him repeatedly. Here is a comparative view of the force of the two vessels.

FROLIC (<i>brig.</i>)		WASP (<i>ship.</i>)	
Rating 18 guns, mounting the same, besides perhaps a single boat gun.		Rating 16, mounting 18 guns.	
Broadside, 8 32lb carronades	256lbs.	Broadside, 8 32lb. carronades	256lbs.
1 6lb. long gun	6	1 9lb. long gun	9
	262		265
Men and boys, 95.		Men,* all picked, 165.	
Measurement, about 350 tons.		Measurement, about 480 tons.	

Superiority on the American side.

In weight of metal, say nothing.
 In number of men, nearly as nine to five.
 In size of vessel, nearly as four to three.

* The few on board an American ship of war, that are designated as *boys*, are as old and as stout as most men employed in our service. Our boys, besides being so numerous, are often so young as to be fitter for the nursery than the quarter *bil's* of a ship of war.

“The British official account of this action omits stating the number of killed and wounded on either side: only mentioning that not *twenty* of the Frolic’s men remained unhurt. The American account says the brig had seventy-five killed and wounded, and that only *three* were standing on the deck when they boarded. It is not attempted to be insinuated that any of our men had left their quarters that were not disabled; therefore with the exception of the eight or ten in the tops, and a few sick in their hammocks below, none of the survivors could have went off the deck. The American loss in killed and wounded amounted only to ten; far too great a disproportion.

“I have now the painful task of presenting an enemy’s character to view in no very favourable light. The Frolic, for want of after sails, fell on board her opponent, soon after the action commenced, with her bowsprit ‘betwixt the Wasp’s main and mizen rigging,’ and so continued until the conflict ended, ‘unable to bring a single gun to bear.’ What enemy but an Algerine, or an American, seeing the helpless state of his brave adversary, would not have ceased firing, and rushed on board to end at once the slaughter and the combat? No; two motives prevented this:—one, the expected gratification of seeing the British haul down their own flag: the other (doubtless by far the most powerful one) their dread of venturing sword in hand upon the Frolic’s deck. One of the Wasp’s men, it seems, made a show of boarding. ‘Not yet,’ says captain Jones, ‘another broadside first.’ Poured into her it was, and repeated again and again; nor did they dare to board this poor wreck at last, till the captain and his friend Biddle, (now commander of the Hornet) peeping over the gunwale, saw with surprise but ‘three men standing on the Frolic’s deck!’ Then they *did* board in ‘gallant style,’ and stepping over dead, dying and wounded, (with which the deck was covered) received the sword of the British commander. He who needs confirmation of this, may find it in the American newspapers detailing the action.

“There are many instances where ships of ours have captured very superior enemy’s vessels, after the latter had been disabled in their spars and rigging. Often have our 18 gun brigs attacked, singly, enemy’s frigates of the largest class, when similarly cir-

cumstanced. And was it not the little *Terpsichore* 32 that some years ago played round, and fired into, repeatedly, that immense three decker, the *Santissima Trinada*, after she had been dismasted in earl St. Vincent's action? Let the Americans then take the credit of one victory, obtained, after a long action, over a British vessel of the same force in guns, but in a crippled state, and with a crew, feeble as it was, of little more than half the number opposed to them.

“The next battle was another frigate one, fought on the 25th of the same October, between the *Macedonian* and the *United States*. Our ship, in this instance, had even a greater force to contend against than the *Guerriere* had, for the *United States*, like the *President*, carries forty-two pounders on her upper deck. The *Constitution*, the Americans say, is a stronger and finer ship than either; yet, according to the official letters of both captain Dacres and lieutenant Chads, carries carronades ten pounds lighter; whether of French or English caliber is not mentioned, but believed to be the former.

“Captain Decatur states the number of the *Macedonian's* guns to have been forty-nine, including of course boat guns of every description, and that her crew consisted of three hundred men, which was her full complement. Captain Carden is totally silent on this subject, but gives the force in guns, of his formidable opponent, precisely as it appears in the American statements, published long after the action. He makes the crew four hundred and seventy-eight ‘picked men.’ On this point nothing has been said by the Americans, either in confirmation or denial; therefore we may presume captain Carden was correctly informed. For weight of metal of the *Macedonian*, (exclusive of the two brass twelve pounders, since retaken on board the *Argus* brig) I must refer to the regular establishment for vessels of class. As to the number of men and boys with which she went into action, I am compelled to refer to captain Decatur's letter, although rather ambiguously worded, as to whether three hundred men meant the complement allowed her, or the actual number she then had on board. The following will be found a tolerable estimate of the force engaged in this action.

MACEDONIAN.		UNITED STATES.	
Rating 38, mounting 49 guns.		Rating 44, mounting 55 guns.	
Main deck, 14 18lb. long guns	252	Lower deck, 15 24lb. long guns	360
Quarter deck, 1 12lb. ditto	12	Upper ditto. 1 ditto ditto	24
Fore castle, 1 9lb. ditto.	9		
8 32lb. carronades	256	11 42lb. carronades	462
1 18lb. ditto, shifting gun	18	1 18lb. shifting gun	18
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	547		864
Men and boys, at full complement, 300.		With howitzers in her tops. Men, "all picked" 478.	
Measurement, under 1100 tons.		Measurement, full 1630 tons.	

Superiority on the American side.

In weight of metal,	} full as three to two.
In number of men,	
In size of vessel,	

"The relative execution done in this frigate action was still more disproportionate than the former one, standing thus.—British killed and wounded, 104; American ditto. 12. For this we can account, in some degree, exclusive of the disparity of force, by the novel manner in which the action was fought. Our ship had the weather guage: but captain Carden, not knowing perhaps that the weight of metal of his cautious adversary was superior to his own, kept at *long balls*, till all his top masts were shot away, and his ship become an unmanageable wreck, while the United States, lying beyond the range of the Macedonian's shot, received little or no injury. Crippled as the Macedonian was, and having so wide an extent of ocean to pass over, is it not surprising that she should have reached an American port? There she is however, snug and *secure*, although the little town of New London ought long ago to have been burnt to the ground, if nothing less would have restored to us (out of three that have been captured) the only British frigate in the hands of the Americans."

Remarks on the Synopsis of Naval Actions, between the American and British ships of war, lately published in the British Naval Chronicle. (Continued from our last number.)

WHOEVER is tolerably conversant with English literature, must well recollect how often the writers of that country have made themselves merry with the credulity of the people, who,

however, by the way, seem to believe all on one side, and are quite paralytic of belief on the other. Any thing strange, unnatural, or monstrous, is pretty sure to obtain full credit among them, whether it be the supernatural abstinence of Ann Moore, the existence of the lady with the pig's face, the immaculate conception of Joanna Southcote, or the enormous size of an American frigate. But their astonishing credulity on one hand is singularly contrasted with their scepticism on the other; for while they give full and entire credit to the relations of victories that they never gained, with a most preposterous inconsistency they refuse their assent to defeats that are notorious to all the world. It is therefore little to be wondered at that such a people should believe in that magazine of wonders, the British Naval Chronicle, and, by a natural consequence of this peculiar feature of character, disbelieve in the claims of America to a naval superiority. The doubts, as well as the credulity of ignorance, are without limits, and it is not uncommon to see men, who believe in the wildest creations of fancy, refusing their assent to the most irrefragable evidences of sense. It would seem, indeed, to be a natural consequence, that a man, who gives all his faith to impossibilities, should have none left for the natural effects of known and received causes.

The ministerial writers of England, whose business it is to keep John Bull in a good humour, by patting him on the back, and persuading him that he is altogether invincible by sea and land, have taken advantage of this peculiar instinct of the good man, who, like an oyster, opens his mouth, and swallows every thing that comes in with the flood tide, but obstinately shuts it when it is ebb with him. Knowing that he will believe any thing to his own advantage, they every day invent pretty stories for his gratification, and whenever the tax-gatherer knocks at his door, which is almost every day in the year, he is sure to bring an account of some great victory, either in the west, or the east, or somewhere or other.

But these dextrous jugglers in literature were never so hard put to it, for victories to tickle the good squire, as during the late contest with this country, and indeed were at length obliged to resort to the inglorious task of accounting for defeats, rather than boasting of triumphs. Not being able to persuade, even him, that his ships have not been beaten, they have exercised all their ingenuity in proving how it was utterly impossible that they should not have been beaten. This, to be sure, is but a sorry consolation, and it is almost a pity to attempt undeceiving him. Had his claims been urged with a becoming modesty, and not been mingled with sneers and abuse of his gallant enemy, they might perhaps have passed. Had his apologists, in fact, contented themselves with extenuating alone, and "set down nought in malice," John might have remained in the full enjoyment of his delusion. He might have continued to sing "Rule Britannia" till his dying day, and enjoyed the full fruition of his belief in this, as in the story of Ann Moore, Joanna Southcote, and the lady with the pig's face. The war being over, and the two nations friends, we would never have thought of reviving this question while the peace continued. We have no enmity to England except what arises from her enmity to us. Hitherto the wars waged against that nation by the writers of this country have been *defensive* wars, and were they to let us alone we should never think of attacking them. But the people of the United States of America are not Hindoos, or Portuguese, or Italians, to be trod under foot or calumniated with impunity. That time is past: *the worm has turned*—and now, as we will be at all times ready to return courtesy for courtesy, so will we be equally ready to return contempt for contempt, scorn for scorn, obloquy for obloquy. It is but a sorry business, after all, for two nations to be abusing each other at a distance of three thousand miles; like two of Homer's heroes, with the Scamander between them. But we desire our countrymen to remember who cast the first stone, and to remember also that hitherto acquiescence in misrepresentation, has

only called new vials of wrath from the British press upon our heads. All things must have a beginning, and perhaps the time may come when the insignificant example we have set will call forth the exertions of others, more qualified for this contest. The history of England, even as written by her own writers—the conduct of her government, as displayed by her most illustrious orators in parliament, furnishes us with ample means of turning the abuse of her writers back upon herself. The laborious industry of her statistical, the complaints and statements of her religious and moral writers, have let us into all the secrets of the interior and exterior, the moral and political state of England, and where she is obliged to resort for materials against us, to writers without credit or authority, we can gather those to be employed against her from the most unquestionable sources. The progress of this system of abuse of our national character, our manners and our government, will assuredly provoke reprisal, and the time will perhaps come when the character, manners and government of England will be laid open to the world, at different times, in a way that will not redound to her credit. It may, therefore, be worth while for these people to consider, which is likely to suffer most in the end, and whether the superior knowledge we possess of them may not give us many advantages in the contest, inasmuch as the more we know of some people the less they are thought of; and whether, finally, the weapons which this superior knowledge furnishes us with, may not make ample amends for the want of equal dexterity in their management. With these observations we will now proceed with the “Synopsis,” which naturally gave rise to them.

The next action in the black list of the “British naval officer on the American station” is that of the Wasp and Frolic, which the writer himself admits was, “of all the actions between us and the Americans, in weight of metal the most equal.” After this candid acknowledgment he proceeds however to account, as usual, for the extraordinary result of this affair, by a train of petty excuses, and half-sided misrepresen-

tations, which we are compelled to notice. The facts we shall adduce, are furnished upon authority at least fully equal to those of our antagonist. *He* has not told us whence he derived them; but we are not afraid to say we derived ours from officers, whose gallantry in these actions is ample security that *they*, at least, would not stoop to misrepresentation. The word of the victor is of greater weight than that of the vanquished, because he has not equal motives to tell a falsehood. It will be found, by all experience, that the thing that is beaten is always the most noisy, garrulous, and full of excuses. If it be a dog, he always barks the loudest, if a cock, he always cackles most vociferously, and if it be honest John Bull that gets worsted, he will always have the most to say in favour of his own prowess, as well as against that of his successful antagonist.

Thus the "officer on the American station."—He sums up the balance of his account current as follows, to wit:—that the superiority on the American side was in the number of men as nine to five, and, "in weight of metal—say nothing;" and certainly the less he says about that the better. We state it as a fact, derived from the authority above alluded to, that the *Frolic* carried twenty 32lb. carronades on her main deck, and two large howitzers on her top gallant fore-castle. The *Wasp* carried eighteen 32lb. carronades on the main deck, and had no top gallant fore-castle. Now were we as deep in Thomas Dilworth as the naval officer, we would calculate the difference in weight of metal; but in truth it is quite unnecessary, and we will go on to expose other misrepresentations. The officer states the crew of the *Frolic* at ninety-five men and boys, that of the *Wasp* at one hundred and sixty-five, all "men in buckram," as usual—all "picked men." But there was something worse than all this. The crew of the *Frolic* were, a great part of them, invalids, just come out of the yellow fever, and "it is stated," says the officer, prudently however, without giving his authority, "that

captain Whinyates was not apprised of the war even when he met the Wasp."

The purser of the Frolic informed lieutenant Biddle, first of the Wasp, that the crew, at the commencement of the action, consisted of one hundred and nineteen men, and we are fully authorised to state, that in none of the conversations which took place after the capture, with the officers of the Frolic, did there occur the least hint or complaint that her crew were, or had been, recently sickly. To our officers the survivors appeared as well looking as the generality of sailors in British men of war, which, to be sure, is not saying much in their favour. The war was declared against England the 18th of June, and on the 18th of October, four entire months afterwards, captain Whinyates, "it is said," did not know of the war! Where had he been? Only in the West Indies, gentle reader, where news gets from the United States in eight or ten days. And yet poor captain Whinyates was ignorant of the war, and like his fellow ignoramus, captain Dacres, was "carelessly" sailing about singing "Rule Britannia," we suppose, and not even so much as dreaming of being stung by such an overgrown Wasp. "Prodigious! prodigious!" as Dominic Sampson says.

But there is still another and another excuse forthcoming, as if the weakness of each could be sustained by the weakness of all together. It seems that the "American boys are as old and as stout as most men employed in the British service. "Our boys," continues the officer, "besides being so numerous, are often so young as to be fitter for the nursery than the quarter bills of a ship of war." Here this really silly apologist discloses another cause of the superiority which we contend for:—their ships, he says, are pestered with little boys, only fit for the nursery; whereas the American boys are a match for the British men on board their ships of war. If there is such a difference in the *boys*, what must there be between the *men* of the two nations? and what inhumanity in thus carrying little children, "fit for the nursery" only, into scenes of bloodshed and carnage!

The last inaccuracy in the basis of this writer's account current is, in stating the number of men on board the *Wasp* at one hundred and sixty-five, when in reality her crew consisted of only one hundred and ten, of whom a number were boys, smaller than those of the *Frolic*, but still not exactly fit for any nursery but that of seamen. In stating the comparative loss on either side, the unfortunate officer is again forced into the acknowledgment, that, notwithstanding the disparity of ships and men, as stated by himself, "it was far too great a disproportion." Again we ask, to what could this disproportion be owing but to a superiority in skill, activity, energy, in every thing in fact that constitutes the superiority of one man over another?

"I have now the painful task of presenting the character of an enemy in no very favourable light," continues the writer of the Synopsis. He then proceeds with a statement, which, as it furnishes a brilliant specimen of the usual style in which the character of our nation and its officers is treated in the British publications of the day, we will quote at length, for fear the reader should not sufficiently recollect it. "The *Frolic*, for want of after sails, fell on board her opponent soon after the action commenced, with her bowsprit betwixt the *Wasp's* main and mizen rigging, and so continued until the conflict ended, unable to bring a single gun to bear. What enemy but an Algerine, or an American, seeing the helpless state of his brave adversary, would not have ceased firing, and rushed on board to end at once the slaughter and the combat? No; two motives prevented this:—one, the expected gratification of seeing the British haul down their own flag:—the other, (doubtless by far the most powerful one) their dread of venturing sword in hand upon the *Frolic's* deck. One of the *Wasp's* men, it seems, made a show of boarding. 'Not yet,' says captain Jones, 'another broadside first.' Poured into her it was, and repeated again and again; nor did they dare to board this poor wreck at last, till the captain and his friend Biddle, (now commander of the *Hornet*)

peeping over the gun-wale, saw with surprise but three men standing on the Frolic's deck. Then they *did* board in gallant style, and stepping over dead, and dying, and wounded, (with which the deck was covered) received the sword of the British commander."

There is something extremely pitiful in all this, and were it not that the colouring which is given to this detail might deceive those who are ignorant of the usages of war, we might leave it without further comment. The plain English of this rare specimen of rhetoric is, that the Frolic, it blowing a gale, fell on board the Wasp, in such a way as to give the latter vessel great advantages in firing into her, and that captain Jones preferred preserving this advantage to boarding at a disadvantage, which must have been the case in such a heavy sea. How was it possible for captain Jones to know that the crew of the Frolic had quitted their guns, and skulked between decks, labouring, as we all did at that time, under a mistaken idea of the prowess of British sailors? or how was he to know that resistance had finally ceased while the enemy's flag was still flying? Is not this the way that all nations, except the British, fight? Do they not calculate advantages, take advantage of any favourable position, and fire till they know their enemy is conquered? When captain Broke boarded the Chesapeake, several of the crew of that vessel were killed by firing down her gangway, after all resistance had ceased; yet no complaint on our part was made, because every one knows that in the heat of battle it is impossible to know the precise moment when the enemy is conquered. We never compared the British to the Algerines on that occasion, whether from regard to the feelings of the latter we will not pretend to say. The last reflection on the events of this action, even as detailed by the writer of the *Synopsis*, will convince every reader of judgment that he has here converted the ordinary incidents of almost every sea-fight into an accusation that has not the least foundation, even if the basis he has assumed be true. But we are authorized to state posi-

tively and unequivocally, that *only one single gun* was fired into the Frolic after she fell on board the Wasp. The Frolic was then taken possession of, all her surviving crew, to the number of near fifty, having run below, leaving the captain, the first lieutenant, and purser, alone on the deck. Captain Jones then received the sword of captain Whinyates, and no doubt did walk over the deck, which was "covered with dead, and dying, and wounded men," as is usual on such occasions. If, however, "the task of presenting the enemy's character in no favourable light" is so "painful" to this writer, why did he not sooth his feelings by detailing the high and courteous humanity of Lawrence in exposing even the lives of his own men to save the drowning crew of the Peacock;—the generosity of Bainbridge, acknowledged by lieutenant general Hyslop—and the conduct of Perry and Macdonough, in paroling, on their own authority, their wounded antagonists, treating them, as was acknowledged by captain Barclay, "like brothers?" Such a candid writer as this ought certainly to have remembered these things, and we can only account for his forgetfulness of notorious truths by the supposition, that he was so industriously employed, while engaged in this work, in the pursuits of imagination, that he forgot entirely to resort to his memory for his facts.

In looking back on the Synopsis we perceive that much stress is laid upon the loss of the Frolic's main yard, carried away the evening previous to the engagement in a gale. It may therefore be proper to state, that the Wasp lost her jibboom, and was without it during the action, which was fought running right before the wind, the Wasp under close reefed topsails, and the Frolic under closed reefed fore topsail and reefed main sail. In four minutes after the action began, the main topmast of the Wasp was shot away within two feet of the cap, and from that time to the end of the affair she was more disabled in her spars than the Frolic. Neither ship got a position to rake until the end of the action, when, in consequence of the Frolic endeavouring to sheer from the Wasp to avoid so close an action, by hauling upon the wind, both

vessels were taken aback nearly at the same time, and the Frolic paying off first fell aboard of the Wasp.

The next engagement that occupies the arithmetical ingenuity of the British officer, is that between the Macedonian and the United States, fought on the 25th of the same month of October. On this occasion he falls to cyphering most vehemently, and the result of his calculation is, a superiority of three to two in ship, guns, and men, all "picked men," too, and "in buckram," no doubt, on the side of us unlucky Americans. We might state, in contradiction to this, that, in the first place, the Macedonian, instead of eleven hundred is twelve hundred American tons, and the United States only fourteen hundred and fifty, instead of sixteen hundred and thirty, as stated by the writer of the Synopsis;—in the second place, that the United States had neither shifting guns nor howitzers in the tops, and that the number of men on one side is considerably exaggerated, on the other materially diminished; but the writer has kindly saved us the trouble.

Again he is compelled to notice, that "the relative execution done in this action was still more disproportionate than in any former one," to wit, one hundred and four to twelve. Admitting the relative force to be what he states, three to two, we have here a relative loss of almost nine to one. This he ascribes to "the novel manner in which the action was fought:" that is, as we shall directly substantiate, to the superiority of skill displayed by captain Decatur, and the shyness of captain Carden. To the proof.

"Our ship," says the British officer, "had the weather guage; but captain Carden kept at '*long balls*' till all his top-masts were shot away, and his ship had become an unmanageable wreck." Why did he so? The Macedonian, it has since been ascertained, easily outsails the United States; she was to windward in the engagement; the two vessels crossed each other on opposite tacks, each dead upon a wind, and thus commenced the action. It was therefore in his power to close with his antagonist, and in his only. These facts were proved

by the concurrent testimony of all his officers on captain Carden's court martial, which, on that testimony, passed a direct censure on his conduct in not closing when it was in his power. It must be acknowledged however that the Macedonian was, as the writer states, "an unmanageable wreck" in a very few minutes after she came within touching distance of the United States; and really we think it rather hard to be thus, as it were, censured for the shyness of our enemy, or for our skill in taking advantage of it. It only proves, what we have all along asserted, that our officers and seamen are superior to those of Great Britain. Palliate their disasters as they may, this is the inevitable conclusion to be drawn, even from the statements of their own apologists.

As much reliance is placed, by the writer of the Synopsis, on the alledged superiority of the American frigates, and the weight of their metal, we will state the following facts, which are derived from a gentleman present on the occasion to which we refer. Not more than three months previous to the declaration of war, the United States and Macedonian were lying together at Norfolk, where captain Carden was treated with the hospitality for which that place is distinguished, and where he and commodore Decatur often dined together at the houses of different gentlemen. The same officers and crews were attached to both ships that were in them when the engagement afterwards took place; and they visited each others ship daily. On one of these meetings, at the table of the consul at Norfolk, in the presence of a number of gentlemen, the conversation turned on the comparative fore of the two ships, their armament, and the number as well as excellence of their crews. Captain Carden then stated, that a British thirty-eight gun frigate was fully ascertained by experience to be the most efficient single decked vessel that ever "swam the ocean;" that any increase of size was worse than useless, as it only rendered them more unmanageable; that long eighteen pounders had been demonstrated to be better than twenty-fours, and could actually throw a greater weight of metal in a given time,

because their lightness rendered them more manageable; that an increased thickness of sides rendered a ship only more heavy, without bringing any counterbalancing advantage, as it could not be increased so as to stop an eighteen pound shot, while the sides of their frigates would resist grape and canister as well as ours; and, finally, that it was also ascertained that a greater number of men than their regulations allowed was not only useless, but pernicious, because it only crowded them together, and exposed them to greater slaughter. Captain Carden proceeded to state, that this reasoning was founded on his own experience, he having obtained his promotion in consequence of being first lieutenant of a British thirty-eight, which captured a French frigate, mounting forty-four twenty-four pounders. He concluded by saying, that from this experience he felt satisfied he could take the United States with the Macedonian, though at the same time he disclaimed any intention to question the skill or bravery of the American officers. These opinions were held by all the British naval officers in all their debates on the subject, either in the ports of England, the United States, or the Mediterranean sea.

Now really, in all humility, we conceive ourselves entitled, being a young and inexperienced nation, to some little credit for having taught the thrice valiant and experienced officers of our enemy, that they absolutely did not know what they were talking about, and that their "*experience*" had most wofully deceived them. It is certainly an evidence of the superior genius of our country, that even against the authority of such great men, and more than all, against the practice of Great Britain, from whom we are from time to time reproached with borrowing all we know, we should have persisted in building ships with such thick sides, and dared to fight her with twenty-four pounders. We further think, in the simplicity of our hearts, perhaps it may be from our ignorance of such matters, that the officer, who at this time of day, like Decatur, discovers "a novel manner of fighting his ship," by the which he renders his enemy "an unmanageable wreck,"

and kills and wounds more than one-third of his crew, with so little loss or damage to himself, deserves some little credit for his genius. A liberal and a noble enemy would have acknowledged this at once, instead of consulting Dilworth's Assistant, or Cocker's Arithmetic, and racking his brain for palliatives, the absurdity of which he is himself forced to acknowledge; for, notwithstanding every alledged disparity of force, he, in many instances, is obliged at last to resort to the confession, that this alone will not account for the disparity of loss. The solution of this enigma lies, we repeat again, not in the "length and scantling" of our ships, the weight of their metal, or the number of their men, but in the superiority of their officers and men, who are morally and physically better than those of the British navy;—who can point guns, and stand the pointing of an enemy better;—and who will neither risk drowning or hanging to desert from their ships whenever they have an opportunity.

The last thing we shall notice in the foregoing part of the Synopsis, is the author's spiteful denunciation against poor New London, where the Macedonian, together with the United States and Hornet, was blockaded by a British fleet. Not content with having burnt that good town once before, he is for burning it again, for affording a shelter to one of his B. M's. captured frigates. Now this is really carrying the joke a little too far. One would have supposed that burning a town once would content a magnanimous enemy; but some people are never satisfied. One might also have supposed, that a "British naval officer," who had, like our author, been on the coast of America during the whole war, would have known, that by burning New London he would have been never the nearer to burning the Macedonian, which lay several miles up the little river Thames; consequently, even our fiery officer's fire could hardly have reached her such a long way off, unless he could have set the river on fire, which perhaps, however, would be no very hard matter for such a smart, sensible officer as he appears to be.

BRITISH NAVAL PEACE ESTABLISHMENT.

WE present our readers with an abstract of the proceedings of the British house of commons on voting the supplies for their present naval establishment. It will appear from this document, that the United States are at length *respected* by the government of Great Britain.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, FEBRUARY 14, 1816.

Sir *G. Warrender* rose to move for the supplies for the navy of the present year. It was the intention, he said, of the naval administration of the country to put the navy in a state of perfect efficiency. By efficiency, he meant it would be kept in such a state, that it would be able to contend with the united navies of the world. He should now compare the naval establishment which it was intended to keep up, with that which had been determined on at the close of the last war, though to refer in this way to what had been done in former times, might not be the most convenient course, as he was prepared to contend that the question now to be considered ought to be viewed with a reference to the circumstances of the present day; to the state of our foreign commerce, and the number and importance of our colonies, rather than with a reference to what had been thought sufficient when the situation of the country was very different from what it was now known to be. In the East Indies no addition had been made to the naval force which it had been thought wise to keep up at the time of the last peace. From the Cape, which was perfectly a new station, and which, from its connection with St. Helena, now of more importance than ever, from its being the place wherein he who had so long disturbed the repose of Europe, was confined, must demand particular attention; and for the Mauritius a very considerable squadron had been appointed. This, however, was limited to the very lowest scale which the distinguished admiral on that station had thought would be sufficient. Eleven ships of the line had been thought necessary for this service. In the Mediterranean it had been thought advisable to substitute 74 gun ships for those of 50 guns, which had heretofore been employed. A small squadron had been stationed off South America, in compliance with the applications made since the last peace, in order to protect our growing trade in that quarter. This, it would be observed, was quite a new station. The force stationed at Jamaica and the Leeward Islands had been somewhat diminished; but, in consequence of the situation in which they stood with respect to South America, the reduction here was but small. One frigate had been added to the force stationed off North America; and on the coast of Africa a squadron would be maintained equal to that kept up during the last peace. The squadron on the home station would be the same as that maintained in 1792. It was proper to remark, that had there been no new stations to occupy, an

increase of men for the peace establishment would be necessary from other circumstances. This partly arose from larger frigates being now more generally in use than were common formerly. These, from the arrangements made by *other powers*, had become necessary to us, and those now in commission required 260 men, instead of the former compliment of 200. He also thought it very important that a corps of royal marines should now be maintained, which were not thought to be necessary formerly. He concluded by moving a vote of 33,000 men to be employed in the navy for the present year, including 3000 marines.

Mr. *Ponsonby* said that it would require much stronger reasons than he had yet heard, for voting that number as a permanent peace establishment, which on an average had amounted to only 18,000 men. It would be necessary, therefore, to establish the necessity of a greater number. That necessity must be shown to exist, not from the state of our trade or commerce, but from the maritime force of other powers, who might attempt to interfere with our naval strength or safety. The American war closed after two naval campaigns, in one of which the fleet of the enemy rode triumphant in the British channel; and in the other, our ships were compelled to seek security in our harbors against the combined fleets of France and Spain.

If then, at the close of that war, the house thought 18,000 men sufficient for our safety, what could now induce them to vote 33,000? Spain and France were now in alliance with us, and though he did not place much security on their friendship, yet where was their power to injure us? The fleet of Spain was annihilated, and that of France was so reduced as not to deserve any serious consideration on our part. No nation in Europe had any formidable navy; and the combined fleets of the world could not collect twenty-five sail of the line to meet us. It was true, France had twenty ships at the termination of the war; but no one would contend that they were at all equal to a contest with us. But suppose that France should show a disposition to put her navy in a formidable state; could she proceed faster than ourselves? Or could it be a secret to those at the head of naval affairs, that France and Spain were making preparations? It must require a considerable time to augment their maritime strength, and we could not fail to perceive their motions. They could not have the means of increasing their power at sea in any way in which we should not be equal to their exertions. It was quite unnecessary, therefore, to maintain a greater number of men than after the American war.

Mr. *Law*, considering that from the disposition and conflicting interests of various powers, from the feelings known to exist in America, the hopes of a durable peace were not so certain as had been represented, that our navy ought not to be diminished even to the extent it had been already. If the gentleman passed his eye over the map of Europe, and considered the feelings of

the different governments, he would be satisfied there was a necessity for our keeping up a great naval establishment.

Sir *G. Warrender* wished to explain a point which he thought had been misunderstood; he wished to state that the increase in the number of seamen did not arise from the number of ships employed, but from the manner in which they were manned. The size of the *French* frigates* had been increased, and it was necessary that the complement of ours should bear some approximation. The view that the gentleman had taken of the navies of Europe was not quite fair. The last time the Toulon fleet put out to meet lord Exmouth, it consisted of only seventeen sail of the line and two frigates: *the hardest actions fought by the French were in the year 1813, during which period they sent to sea thirteen frigates, of which eleven were taken, but after hard fighting: but now the French ships of the line amounted to sixty sail, and those of Europe united to nearly two hundred.* Such being the case, he would ask the house, he would ask the country, if they would wish to see the establishment of this country reduced to twelve guard ships? No! it would be said, let us rather submit to all the burthens of taxation than diminish that navy to which we owe all our glory—all our security! It had been urged that reduction might be made in some of the foreign stations; but the situation of South America was different from what it had been: our merchants desired protection, and it was proper they should have it. As to any reduction in the West Indies, could we forget or overlook the *new power* growing up in that quarter—the *flower of North America!*

Mr. *Ponsonby* said a few words respecting the observations made upon America, and although he did not know, he believed no disposition of hostility existed in the government of that country towards us; and he regretted that such observations, made in the house of commons undesignedly, might yet have a tendency to inflame the minds of the people of America. He much dreaded the existence of any hostile spirit in America towards this country, or in this country towards America, and he wished that country should not be adverted to in the manner it had been adverted to this night.

Lord *Castlereagh* would only trouble the house with a very few words, as it would be much more satisfactory to reserve the minuter view of the subject to the proper time, when it would come before the house. The best general principle in the formation of a peace establishment must be to combine security with economy. It was on this principle, that owing to the unsettled state of the world at present, it had become necessary, on many remote stations, to keep up a very considerable naval force, for the purpose of inspiring that confidence which was so indispensable for the prosperity of commerce. The knowledge that there

* For *French* read *American*.

was a British flag in remote seas, gave to the merchant the earnest of security and protection for carrying on his traffic. To prevent any danger, the sure way was to give no opportunity for attack, by keeping up a strong force wherever it was most probable it could in any case be meditated. On the particular station alluded to by the baronet, it was necessary to have a strong force for securing the safe custody of the individual confined there.

As to the establishment at home, it had been found, with a view to economy, it was better, instead of completely reducing the fleet and retaining only guard ships, to keep the guard ships at a very low rate, and to have at the same time other ships fit for service. It was a great advantage in every respect to have ships ready to be sent on foreign services at the shortest warning. He could not sit down without adverting to what had fallen from some gentlemen in the course of the debate, as to the jealousy to be entertained towards foreign powers increasing their navy. He would be sorry if, in the house, or out of the house, any inference was to be drawn to inculcate a belief that government entertained any feeling of jealousy on this subject towards any foreign state. As to America, it had been said that the people of that country were jealous of us, and to a certain extent perhaps this was truth—but at the same time it was to be recollected, that in this country there exist great prejudices against America. (*Hear, hear.*) It was his most earnest wish to discountenance this feeling on both sides, and to promote between the two nations feelings of reciprocal amity and regard.

Certainly there were no two countries' interests more naturally and closely connected; and he hoped that the course which the government of each country was pursuing was such as would consolidate the subsisting peace, promote harmony between the nations, so as to prevent on either side the recurrence of any imputations against foreign governments, which, with whatever intention they might be thrown, were always productive of the worst consequences. Conjectures, on counsels not understood, were ignorantly hazarded even on matters unconnected with the affairs of this country. (*Hear, hear!*) He was happy that on this subject he had met with an ally in the gentleman opposite (Mr. Ponsonby) and hoped they would cordially cooperate in the encouragement of feelings of friendship and good will between America and this country. (*Hear, hear!*)

NAVAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

Loss of the United States' schooner Roanoke, off Cape Hatteras.

Extract of a letter from sailing master Page to the navy department, dated February 21st, 1816.

"AT ten P. M. made Cape Hatteras light—and blowing heavy from E. to E. S. E. I immediately tacked to the northward, but found that we drifted

towards the shore, and shoaled our water fast. I then thought it prudent to tack to the southward, but missing stays, wore her. Still continuing to shoal our water in steering south, at twelve P. M. I attempted to tack again, but without effect. The vessel having now sternway almost two knots an hour, soon after struck on one of the shoals, so frequent off this cape. We however beat over, as we all thought, without any material injury; but before we could get her trimmed, she again struck, and bilged. I immediately had the main mast cut away,—and made all sail forward, in hopes to get as close in as possible, the sea making a complete breach over her. We had a wretched night of it; and if it had been cold, should all have frozen to death. But I thank the Almighty we all escaped, and are now tolerably well.”

The United States's frigate Java, captain O. H. Perry, arrived at Gibraltar, in *seventeen* days from Newport, and proceeded up the Mediterranean, to join the American squadron under commodore Shaw, at Port Mahon.

The Washington, seventy-four, captain Chauncey, is now ready for sea. The Macedonian frigate, captain Warrington, is only waiting the completion of her crew to proceed with Mr. Hughes to Carthage, to demand the release of the American prisoners detained in custody by the general of the forces of king Ferdinand.

The Algerine brig captured by commodore Decatur, and retained by the Spaniards, had not been given up by the latest advices; and it is said that the application of Mr. Morris, our resident at Madrid, had been treated by the government with arrogant indifference.

The whole of the Algerine fleet was preparing for sea, and it was supposed would be out early in the spring. The fleet carries three hundred and thirty-five guns. The Dey dont like the peace, particularly since the government of Malta assured him of the friendly disposition of his Britannic majesty, that is to say, his protection; and it is the current opinion of all the best informed officers there, that the departure of our squadron will be the signal for hostilities against the United States.

THE TARS OF COLUMBIA.*

Ye generous sons of Freedom's happy climes,
 Think, while you safely till your fruitful fields,
 Of him, th' avenger of Oppression's crimes,
 Who ploughs a soil which blood and danger yields.
 Remember still the gallant tar, who roams,
 Through rocks and gulfs, the ocean's gloomy vast;
 To quell your foes, and guard your peaceful homes,
 Who bides the battle's shock and tempest's blast.
 Think, while you loll upon your beds of down,
 And mingle with Affection's cheering train,
 How *he's* exposed to winter's chilling frown,
 Without a *kindred soul* to soothe his pain.
 When seated by your joy-diffusing fire,
 Some dreary, dark, tempestuous, howling night,
 Let Fancy's strong, adventurous wing aspire,
 And poise o'er ocean on aerial height —

* The author will, we hope, pardon us for a few trifling alterations we have made.

Thence view the rolling world of waves below—
 Survey the barks that bear our daring tars,
 As round them Neptune's howling whirlwinds blow,
 And rend their sails, and crash their yielding spars;

Lo! where the lashing surges, foaming high,
 Convulse the groaning vessel's sturdy frame;
 With lightning torches snatch'd from the vex'd sky,
 Destruction's angel whelms her all in flame.

Fierce thunders burst—the starless welkin glares—
 No aid is near—the lamp of hope expires—
 Terrific Death his haggard visage bares,
 And ocean monsters fly the raging fires.

Behold the gallant crew, Columbia's sons!
 Who've boldly torn the British banner down,
 And faced the mouths of her exploding guns;
 E'en now they scorn to sully their renown!

Though nought but one dark waste of billows wide
 Meet their unweeping eyes—and, ere an hour
 Has flown one hundredth part away, the tide
 Must quench their breath; their spirits do not cower!

They feel, with joy, they've serv'd their country well,
 And lift an honest orison to heaven;
 Their homes upon their dying accents dwell,
 And as they sink, they hope their sins forgiven.

Behold that head with glory circled bright!
 As it descends, the waves around it glow;
 'Tis Blakeley's! he that halo gained in fight,
 When Britain's standard fell beneath his blow.

Though watery mountains roll upon his breast,
 And scaly millions gambol in his grave;
 Yet shall his spirit shine among the blest,
 And fame embalm his memory on the wave.

But see! where yonder floating fragments blaze,
 A lonely, lingering sailor still survives!
 From his frail plank he casts a hopeless gaze,
 Yet still for life with the rough sea he strives.

Far on the tumbling deep the hero's tost—
 Ere long the tempest flags, and dawn appears;
 The sun rolls up the sky, "all, all, are lost!"
 He cries, "my comrades brave!"—thence gush his tears.

The wearied billows sink in slumbers mild,
 And on their sparkling bosoms dolphins play;
 With lusty arms he stems the watery wild,
 And thinks on friends and country far away.

A thousand tender feelings swell his heart—
 His wife's, and babe's, and kindred's dear embrace,
 Shoots through his bosom like a burning dart,
 At thought, that they no more shall see his face.

His eye around the wide expanse he strains,
 In hopes some passing vessel to descry;

Ploughing the waste of ever waving plains,
That at far distance meet the bending sky.

And not a whitening surge is seen to rise
In the waste distance, and towards him roll,
But seems a friendly sail to his dim eyes,
Bringing sweet hope to cheer his sinking soul.

Alas, poor sailor!—'tis no help for thee!
It comes the foaming herald of the storm.—
'Tis not the whitening canvass that you see,
But the white winding-sheet to wrap thy form.

In pomp majestic, on his billow throne,
Far in the west Day's radiant sov'reign glows;
His cheering sway the finny nations own,
As o'er the deep his golden splendour flows.

Their frolics wild the hapless sailor views,
As round him, through the brine, they flounce and frisk:
Then, on the western glories seems to muse,
Until the sun withdraws his flaming disk.

Now, hear the plaint his heart in sadness pours—
“While pleasure sparkles through the swarming main,
Illumes yon heaven, and robes my native shores;
I'm thrown adrift, the sport of direst pain!

O! that, when in the battle fray I stood,
And strained each sinew in the glorious cause;
Some cannon peal had drained my veins of blood,
And crowned my mortal exit with applause!

But, here I'm doomed to perish in the deep,
By ocean monster, hunger, storm, or cold;
Without one messmate o'er my corse to weep,
And pay the honors due a sailor bold.”

The pall of Night the liquid world enshrouds,
And silence mingles with the gathering gloom;
Again the heavens are wrapp'd in rolling clouds,
And sea-mews shriek o'er many a watery tomb.

Ah! think what now the lonely sailor feels!
Chill are his brine-steep'd limbs, and numb'd, and tired—
The swelling mass of waves already reels—
The sky with flash, succeeding flash, is fired.

The winds are raging fierce—the surges roll—
The shark and huge leviathan now roam—
Tremendous thunders shake the distant pole,
And ocean's heaving breast is whelm'd in foam.

A flickering light gleams o'er the tumbling flood—
Perhaps a meteor's.—Lives our seaman still?
Or drinks the insatiate shark his valiant blood?
This know, whate'er his fate, 'tis God's just will.

Ere long, if not deter'd by critic's ire,
Wild Fancy may his destiny disclose;
And call upon his country to admire,
A sailor's gallantry, and feel his woes.

ORIGINAL.

Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. By Dugald Stewart, F. R. S. Edin. &c. &c. Boston, 1814.

The Quarterly Review, No. xxiv. January, 1815.

It may be supposed that subjects requiring so much metaphysical study, and so long a course of philosophical investigation as that on which we are now engaged, do not come within the legitimate province of a periodical publication. Even the Edinburgh reviewers thought fit to apologise for the hasty speculations they hazarded on such topics. As an excuse however for these remarks of ours on the philosophy of the human mind, we would beg leave to observe that our examination of the strictures of Mr. Stewart's critic is only a review against a review; and that we may be capable of defending a fortress, though we could not undertake to rear its walls.

Every reader of Mr. Stewart's masterly production must, we think, have noticed the transition of his style in the third chapter of the second volume. In his preceding speculations, the course of his argument,—

'Though deep, was clear; though gentle, was not dull.'

But in his strictures on the Aristotelian logic, it proceeds with a force and fluency which the system it opposes,—fortified as it is by its high antiquity, and by the authority of great names,—is little calculated to withstand. So thoroughly persuaded is he of the justness of his principles, and so anxious is he to spread them at once before his readers, that he appears almost regardless of the language in which they are to be delivered; his style losing its former characteristics of studious accuracy and elaboration.—The free, and sometimes contemptuous manner in which he treats the 'art of syllogizing,' is poorly fitted to please the disciples of the Stagirite; and we are there-

fore not in the least perplexed to account for the offence which he has given to the writer in the Quarterly Review. 'That Aristotle's works (to use the language of Mr. Stewart himself) have of late fallen into general neglect, is a common subject of complaint among his idolaters.'—And is it to be wondered at, indeed, if men are stirred up to some sort of resistance, when those principles which have, from early education, struck deep into all their habits of thinking, are torn up by the very roots? If any thing should be a legitimate source of wonder, it is, that the logical writings of Aristotle should have so long retained mankind in intellectual bondage.

That the logic of Aristotle, considered merely as an object of literary curiosity, is properly introduced into the routine of academical studies, we have no disposition to deny; and indeed Mr. Stewart has, more than once, observed that a cursory acquaintance with the syllogistic art is rightly considered as a necessary accomplishment in a liberal education. On this point, therefore, we fully agree with the Quarterly Reviewers. But that the object of syllogistic reasoning is 'precisely analogous to that which any other SCIENCE proposes,' and that the study of all sciences is barely an 'object of curiosity,' we can by no means admit. The practical inutility of syllogizing has been so often proved, that a repetition of the reasoning employed for the purpose would be altogether superfluous; and the only excuse we can possibly assign for making a knowledge of the ART a part of liberal education, is, that it has so long predominated over the intellects of some of our most subtle philosophers, and has so completely incorporated itself with our best systems of education;—the same reason which, with a little variation, is to be given for the avidity with which we read descriptions of the labyrinth of Crete, or of the pyramids of Egypt.—Far different, however, is the case with respect to the other sciences. The specific uses to which these are respectively subservient, it would be idle to enumerate here;—and is it, indeed, to be disputed, at this stage of scientific improvement, whether the sciences are,

or are not, a subject of *curiosity* merely? If the question is to be discussed, we will leave it to those who may entertain doubts on the subject.

The comparison which the Quarterly Reviewers institute between the visionary extravagances of the alchemists and the futile logic of the school-men, is, in our opinion, very unhappily introduced; inasmuch as it militates against the very position they wish to establish, and is, indeed, the best analogy which could be employed against the study of the Aristotelian system. For if the dreams of the alchemists are now universally abandoned for the substantial pursuits of modern chymistry,—how much more necessary is it, to quit the occupation of disputatious syllogizers, and betake ourselves to the legitimate employment of the human mind,—the inductive logic of lord Bacon! The truth is, the very object of that class of writers to which Mr. Stewart belongs, is to effect, as far as possible, in the philosophy of the human mind, what has already been effected in the department of chymistry.

But the Quarterly Reviewers have not rested the importance of studying the *sylogistic science* (as they would have us call it) upon the analogy which it bears to chymistry only. Natural philosophy and taste are, according to them, on precisely the same footing as the logical system of Aristotle. The analogy which they suppose to subsist between the art of syllogizing and the science of natural philosophy, is expressed, without qualification, in the following sentence:—"To argue that the science (*scilicet*, of syllogism) is itself a mockery and an imposture, merely because it may be possible to reason as well without a knowledge of it, as with it, (admitting the fact), presupposes a principle against which Mr. Stewart's own pursuits are by no means secure, and which in other respects seems to be just about as reasonable, as to underrate the discovery which Newton made of the laws of gravitation, because, whether we know these laws, or know them not, bodies will continue just as certainly to fall, and the planets just as regularly to describe their appointed orbits." In this passage the

writer has taken for granted the very point about which there can be much dispute, to wit, that the mind in all its reasoning does actually proceed in the way of syllogism, through all its variations of mode and figure, just as uniformly as a stone falls to the ground, or a planet revolves in its orbit;—a *petitio principii* of very extraordinary compass; embracing not only the certainty of the art to which it refers, but placing it, in point of importance, upon a level with the sublime, and expansive study of natural philosophy.—We grant the possibility of resolving any demonstration (of Euclid's, for example) into a series of syllogisms of one kind or another; but that the mind, in prosecuting a demonstration, ever did perform the resolution in question, we cannot admit. To assert that the mind in such a case goes through this circuitous reasoning, is about equivalent to saying, that in walking to a certain distance we absolutely *step* on every inch of the ground we pass over. The very reason, we apprehend, which led to the application of the word *step* to the successive stages of the inductive process, was an anxiety to represent the real manner in which the mind is employed,—not as touching upon every minute point which might lie in its way,—but as proceeding from *one* important footstep to *another*, without regarding the intermediate ground. Our meaning will, perhaps, be better expressed in the language of Virgil:—

—————longæ

Ambages; sed summa squar fastigia rerum.

If the foregoing observations be just, they completely destroy the analogy which the Quarterly Reviewers pretend to have discovered between the natural philosophy of Newton and the syllogistic 'SCIENCE' of Aristotle.—But waving the consideration of analogies, (which, as Mr. Stewart somewhere justly remarks, are better calculated to confute each other, than to evince the truth), let us see how the Quarterly Reviewers have invalidated the objections against the efficacy of syllogism considered as an organ of discovery in the various departments of science.

“The first remark which I have to offer,” says Mr. Stewart, “upon Aristotle’s demonstrations, is, that they proceed on the *obviously false* supposition of its being possible to add to the conclusiveness and authority of demonstrative evidence. To which the Quarterly Reviewers make the following reply. “This objection Mr. Stewart expatiates upon at much length: it would, however, have been much more satisfactory, had our author exerted his ingenuity, rather in proving the *fact* which he states, than in demonstrating its *absurdity*. The former,” (they proceed), “which is every thing but certain, Mr. Stewart, however, is pleased to take for granted; while by an error exactly analagous to that of which he accuses Aristotle, he goes on to demonstrate, *through we know not how many pages*, an opinion which assuredly no person will contest with him.” These remarks are closely followed up by others in the same strain. It is curious to observe the extravagances into which a writer may be led by starting from a misconception of fact. One would suppose, after reading this commentary on Mr. Stewart, that the Quarterly Reviewers not only ‘knew not how many *pages*’ he had written, but were strangely ignorant of their *contents* also. Does not Mr. Stewart inform us as plainly as our language will permit, that it is to the *fact* alone, and not to its *falsity*, that his observations are directed?—Would he have laboured ‘through we know not how many pages’ to establish the absurdity of a proposition, which, in the very enunciation of his design, he pronounced to be ‘**OBVIOUSLY FALSE**’? He who reads Mr. Stewart’s discussion on this subject with a moderate share of attention, and no candour at all, cannot but perceive, that he is not exerting his ingenuity to prove an incontestible proposition, but to establish as a matter of fact, ‘that the demonstrations of Aristotle [do] proceed on the obviously false supposition,’ &c.—Surely the Quarterly Reviewers have indulged themselves in a latitude of censure on this point, which, however it may accord with their code of criticism, has no manner of foundation in the conduct of Mr. Stewart.—That writer has

indeed employed about three pages in some preparatory remarks on the nature of *demonstrative* evidence, as contradistinguished from that which is called *probable*; and in removing objections to his argument which some might suppose to be legitimately drawn from the divers methods which different mathematicians frequently employ to demonstrate the same theorem. No person, however, could be much fatigued with this discussion; and the number of pages through which it extends would not baffle the notation even of an Indian with the common compliment of fingers.

From a subsequent passage, we derive some corroborative evidence that the Quarterly Reviewers had not perused Mr. Stewart's book with sufficient attention. 'When we demonstrate any particular arithmetical truth,' say they, 'by putting it into a general form, it is not that we mean to demonstrate the *truth* of a particular *truth*, but merely to show that it is a particular case of a general theorem.' We are not aware,' they continue, 'that the demonstrations of Aristotle suppose any *other design than this of algebra*; if Mr. Stewart could show to the contrary, we must regret that he did not think proper to do so, either by general arguments, or by quoting from Aristotle,' &c.—In the analogy here introduced between the art of algebra and the art of syllogism, they have,—apparently without the least idea that Mr. Stewart had touched upon the subject,—fallen into a course of reasoning which had been before adopted by Dr. Gillies, and which is formally considered in one of the notes subjoined to this volume. Mr. Stewart there observes, that the analogy in question 'amounts to little more than this, that, in both cases, the alphabet happens to be employed as a substitute for common language.'—Considered in one point of view, the arts we are now speaking of, are placed in the most palpable *contrast*; inasmuch as Algebra is by all confessed to be only a method of contraction, and even the Quarterly Reviewers have told us that the office of syllogism is only that of '*expansion*.' When professor Playfair cast the propositions of the fifth book of Euclid into the algebraic form, how wonderfully did he abridge the operation, and

facilitate the acquisition of the demonstrations! Had he pursued an opposite course, by expanding each demonstration into a series of syllogisms, where could he have found room for the remaining elementary books of his author?

In one place, Mr. Stewart observes that syllogistic reasoning 'leads the mind into a direction *opposite* to that in which its judgments are formed;' and in another place, he confesses that 'every process of demonstrative reasoning may be resolved into a series of syllogisms.' Between these two passages the Quarterly Reviewers think they perceive a miraculous inconsistency, and victoriously ask,—'Does Mr. Stewart then mean to say, that every process of demonstrative reasoning 'leads the mind in a direction opposite to that in which its judgments are formed?'' Here it is attempted to add plausibility to an argument by taking advantage of an ambiguity in the word judgment, and by confounding two things together, which it is radically important should be kept separate. When Mr. Stewart remarked that syllogistic reasoning leads the mind in a direction opposite to that in which its judgments are formed, he was speaking of this method of investigation as an *organ* for the discovery of physical truth;—and in this department of science, who does not know that the mind ascends from individual facts to universal conclusions, instead of descending, by the way of syllogism, from general propositions to particular cases?*' On the other hand, when we reason from the hypothetical assumptions of pure mathematics,—since what we must call our 'judgments' are presupposed to have been formed,—the consecutive steps of any demonstration can easily be resolved into a series of syllogisms. Mr. Stewart was, therefore, perfectly consistent in making the two remarks under consideration; and to us it is surprising how the Quarterly Reviewers, (who are always accusing others of inaccurate reasoning,) should have run into

* *After* a judgment has been formed,—or, in other words, after we have established a general proposition,—the mind does, indeed, descend to particular facts; not, however, by syllogistic reasoning.

the egregious mistake of supposing him in both cases to be speaking of the same science. Indeed, there seems to be a strange propensity in the writer of the article before us, to confound distinctions where there is plainly a difference, and to institute divisions where there is nothing but identity.

To this propensity must be attributed the inaccuracy of which he is guilty, in supposing that *judgment* is synonymous with the certainty which always accompanies a process of demonstrative reasoning. This error is the less excusable, because the reviewer could hardly have been ignorant of the pains taken by Locke to prevent such a misapplication of words;—devoting a whole chapter to the adjustment of the distinction between the certain *knowledge* which we attain by demonstration, and the fallible information which is the result of *judgment*,—a power, he remarks, ‘whereby the mind takes its ideas to agree or disagree; or, which is the same, any proposition to be true or false, *without perceiving a demonstrative evidence in the proofs.*’ Thus we see a wide distinction between *demonstration* and *judgment*; the object of the former being absolute certainty,—that of the latter, mere verisimilitude. We are aware that Mr. Stewart has made objections to this division of Locke’s; and we fully agree with him that it supposes an unnecessary multiplication of our intellectual faculties. In so far, however, as the distinction is concerned between *judgment* and *demonstration*, the question, whether the former be an *act*, or a *power* of the mind, is comparatively unimportant. We think it will not be departing from logical accuracy, or from the diction of our purest writers, to say that judgment differs from demonstration as a part differs from the whole; the former being an individual act of the mind,—as when it deduces a single inference from any proposition,—and the latter being a succession of such acts,—as when it deduces a series of those inferences.

The Quarterly Reviewers arraign the opinion of Dr. Reid, Mr. Stewart, and others of the same sect, relative to our instinctive ‘belief in the continuance of the laws of nature.’

Hume, after showing the impossibility of our perceiving a necessary connexion between *cause* and *effect*, carries what he calls his 'sifting humour' a little farther, and inquires, By what principle of belief we are led to expect from like causes similar effects; unanswerably proving, too, as we believe, that this expectation is neither the result of reason nor of experience. It is not obtained by reason; for such a process would involve the perception of the necessary efficiency of causes:—it cannot be obtained by experience; for experience, without the intermediation of some other foundation of belief, can only show us how things *were* in time past,—but can throw no light whatever upon what *will be* their situation in time to come. Logicians were driven, therefore, 'to the alternative, either of acquiescing in his sceptical conclusions, or of acknowledging the authority of some instinctive principles of belief overlooked in Locke's essay.' This concession, however, is, according to the Quarterly Reviewers, throwing upon Mr. Hume 'the whole onus probandi of one of the strangest and most untenable paradoxes that ever was started.' To prove this very confident asseveration, they have resort to a passage in Mr. Stewart's first volume, chap. 1, sect. 2;—a passage which *they* quote in order to convict this philosopher of uttering a silly truism; and which *we* shall quote for the purpose of showing how an author's meaning may be perverted by considering single passages of his writings segregated from the context.

'The natural bias of the mind,' says Mr. Stewart, 'is surely to conceive physical events as somehow linked together, and natural substances as possessed of certain powers and virtues which fit them to produce particular effects. That we have no reason to believe this to be the case, has been shown in a very particular manner by Mr. Hume, and by other writers; and must indeed appear evident to every person on a moment's reflection.'

'We certainly agree so far with our author,' say the Quarterly Reviewers, as to admit there is no doubt "a natural

bias in the mind to conceive material substances as possessed of certain powers which fit them to produce particular effects;" that is, to suppose fire as possessing power to burn, and bread to nourish; and truly, were it any other person than Mr. Stewart who is speaking, we should have supposed *that* he must be *facetious*, when he tells us *that* 'it must appear evident to every person on a moment's reflection' *that* we have no reason whatever to believe in what would seem to be, at first sight, so very undoubted a fact.'

There can be no greater illiberality of criticism, than that which draws disparaging inferences from a misquotation of language,—no easier way to appear *witty*, than by misrepresenting another's meaning. When Mr. Stewart observed that there was a 'natural bias in the mind to conceive physical events as somehow *linked together*;'—in other words, that there is a necessary, indissoluble affinity between cause and effect,—between fire, for instance, and its power to burn,—what is easier than to represent him as simply saying, 'fire will burn, and bread will nourish'! Again, would *any* person appear '*facetious*,' who should say that there is no reason to believe such a necessary connexion to exist, as must 'be evident to every person on a moment's reflection?' Does it appear evident to every person without any reflection at all? Then indeed every man believes that which, without a moment's consideration, he knows to be untrue! We shall leave it for our readers to decide; who appears the most '*facetious*' in this case,—Mr. Stewart, or his Quarterly critic.

Passing over their verbal criticism upon the word *custom*, let us see with what success the Quarterly Reviewers have attacked the opinion of Mr. Stewart concerning our instinctive reliance on the permanency of the laws of nature.

'The question as to the foundation of our belief in matters of fact,' say they, 'may be considered under two heads, which, however intimately connected in their principles, are yet distinguishable in themselves: these are why we conclude that the things which now exist will continue to exist in

future;* and continuing to exist, why we suppose that they will retain the same properties. Both these questions may be very briefly, and we think very satisfactorily answered. With respect to the first, we may observe that the maxim *de nihilo nihil fit*, is one which it plainly involves a speculative absurdity to deny. Accordingly, Dr. Reid enumerates among what he calls ‘the first principles of *necessary* truths that every thing which had a beginning must have had a cause.’ p. 311.

‘It is however perfectly obvious, that to suppose any thing to be annihilated without a cause, is just as impossible as to conceive its being *produced* without one; and consequently *no such cause being perceived or apprehended*, our reason necessarily infers, upon the principles of Dr. Reid himself, that whatever now exists will continue to exist, in some shape or other, *until the same Almighty hand that called it into being shall be pleased in like manner to recall it from existence.*’ Id. p.

To us this does not appear to be a very ‘satisfactory’ refutation of Mr. Stewart’s principles; inasmuch as, being more fully stated, it will be found to contain the very opinion which this philosopher was anxious to establish. For the sake of perspicuity, we will repeat the sentence last quoted in the same words as are used by the Quarterly Reviewers; only inserting in some places enunciations of the same proposition in different forms of phraseology. ‘It is however perfectly obvious, that to suppose anything to become annihilated without a cause, is just as impossible as to conceive its being produced without one; and consequently no such cause being perceived or apprehended,’—that is, since *we* cannot perceive any annihilating cause,—or, in other words, since we rely upon the continuance of the laws of nature,—‘our reason *necessarily infers*, that whatever now exists will continue to exist, in some shape or other, until the same Almighty hand that called it into being shall be pleased in like manner to

* The language here used involves a *petitio principii*; for to *conclude* that things will continue to exist, supposes a process of reasoning,—the very point in question.

recall it from existence.' We will venture to say, that Mr. Stewart would not dispute a single clause of this passage. As long as we continue to rely upon the stability of the laws of nature,—or in the less definite language of the Quarterly Reviewers, as long as we apprehend no cause of their annihilation,—so long we may conclude that *things* (which are only the results of these laws) will continue to exist. The proposition thus stated amounts merely to this, that, while the cause exists, we conclude the effect will take place; while the law of gravitation remains, the descent of heavy bodies may be expected. Whether this conclusion be the result of reason, is another question;—a question on which Mr. Stewart has not even suggested a remark. All he wished to enforce was, That, in all reasoning concerning contingent truth, we do actually rely upon the continuance of the laws of nature; and that this reliance is neither the result of reason, nor of experience. The argument of the Quarterly Reviewers does not therefore even bear upon the position which they have attempted to assail.

It may be observed further, that their reasoning on this subject proceeds upon the very unphilosophical plan of assigning a superfluous number of causes to the same effect. It is plainly absurd to represent God as first instituting a particular cause, and then as producing another to counteract its effect; inasmuch as a bare removal of the original cause is a much more simple and natural way of accomplishing the object. It is therefore a very violent application of the proposition *de nihilo nihil fit*, to assert that, since nothing can be *produced* without a cause, nothing can be *annihilated* without one. This annihilation is effectuated as soon as the Almighty pleases to annul the laws of the universe.

After proving (as they supposed) that our reason necessarily infers that what now exists will continue to exist, the Quarterly Reviewers proceed to answer the next question by the following very extraordinary process of reasoning:—

‘But why do we conclude that it will continue to retain the same nature and properties? This question is, in substance, already answered; it may however be farther observed, that the existence of material substances being supposed, the relations in which they stand towards each other, are *obviously* just as absolute with respect to us, as those which we trace among merely speculative truths; *the only difference of the two cases is, that the former depend for their continuance upon CONTINGENCY, whereas the latter are, in their very nature, immutable and eternal.*’ p. 312.

It is surprising how it could have escaped this writer that the ‘difference’ alluded to, in the latter part of the passage, completely subverts the position laid down in the former. The very circumstance upon which this difference is founded, was all that Mr. Stewart wished to be admitted; namely, that physical relations, being held together by *contingency*,—that is, being dependent for their continuance upon the permanency of the laws of nature,—are not, and cannot be absolute; but that the relations of speculative truths, being altogether independent of those laws, are in their nature immutable and eternal.—The reasoning of this writer, in short, sets out with declaring that physical truth is *absolute*, and ends by admitting it to be *contingent!* If the reader will take the pains to inspect the remainder of the reasoning on this subject, he will find it pregnant with this species of inconsistency; the different paragraphs alternately recognizing and confounding the distinction between *physical* and *hypothetical* truth.

We have now touched upon the principal objections which the Quarterly Reviewers have opposed to the philosophy of Mr. Stewart; and our readers will undoubtedly be pleased to hear that this dry analysis is now drawn to a close. The number and the nature of the subjects upon which it was necessary to animadvert, furnish the best excuse for the length to which our remarks have extended.*

* We are indebted for this review to a learned gentleman of Newhaven, Connecticut.

[Communicated.]

Historical Memoir of the War in West Florida and Louisiana in 1814-15. With an Atlas. By Major A. Lacarriere Latour, principal engineer in the late Seventh Military District United States' army. Written originally in French, and translated for the author, by H. P. Nugent, esq.

Bis Tusci Rutulos egere ad castra reversos,
 Bis rejecti armis respectant terga tegentes.
 Turbati fugiunt Rutuli———
 Disjectique duces, desolatique manipli,
 Tuta petunt——— *Virg.*

Philadelphia, published by J. Conrad & Co. 8vo. Price \$5.

OUR brethren of Louisiana, since their admission into the American family, have displayed a spirit of patriotism which does them the highest honour. The invasion of their territory by a British army, sufficiently tested their attachment to the nation of which they constitute a respectable part. The enemy expected to find them disaffected to our cause; but they vied with our soldiers in the exercise of all the civic and military virtues, and entitled themselves to the thanks of the national legislature "for the patriotism, fidelity, zeal and courage with which they promptly and unanimously stepped forth in defence of all the individual, social and political rights held dear by man." Not satisfied with emulating their fellow citizens of the older states in warlike achievements, they also appear determined to pursue a rival course in the flowery fields of literature. Far from viewing this spirit with a jealous eye, we are disposed to give it every possible encouragement, and to bestow, with an impartial hand, our meed of praise, on every valuable literary production of our country, whether generated on the banks of the Mississippi or on those of the Delaware.

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

Copious extracts from this work have already been presented to the public in *The Port Folio* for November and in *The Analectic Magazine* for December last, so that our readers have been in a great degree enabled to form a judgment of its merits, as far at least as respects the style and manner of narration. We will, therefore, content ourselves at present with giving our opinion of the general character of the book, without loading our pages with further specimens, except where we may find it necessary to illustrate some observation that we may be induced to make.

The author of this memoir was employed during the whole of the Louisiana campaign as principal engineer of the late seventh military district, and his duty, as well as his inclination, attached him to the person of the commander-in-chief. He was not only an eye-witness, but a principal actor in the events which he relates, *et quorum pars magna fuit*. We may, therefore, expect from him a more detailed and correct account than from a mere unconcerned spectator, or one who should relate the facts only from the testimony of public documents, and the hearsay of others. Nor are we deceived in our expectations—Truth is stamped on the face of *Major Latour's* narrative by its own internal evidence. The writer professes no more than to give us a plain unvarnished tale, a journal, as it were, of events, as they occurred from day to day, and hence he has entitled his work an "Historical Memoir" and not a "history," a name which has often been given to productions that deserved it less. Under the favour of this unassuming title, he was at liberty to vary his style as he pleased, and never found himself under the necessity of sacrificing facts to arrangement or diction. Of this liberty he has freely and properly availed himself whenever the subject has required it. Hence, in relating those events and circumstances which involved a great deal of minute detail, he has given us a simple diary of daily occurrences, while, in other places, he has given full scope to the powers of his imagination; and his style, always chaste and pure, occasionally rises even to elo-

quence. Perspicuity appears throughout to have been his principal object, and throughout he appears to have attained it. With the help of his maps and plans, the reader may obtain as complete and correct an idea of the various events of this memorable campaign as if he had been present at each scene. We have no doubt that military men will be highly satisfied with the performance.

The moral scenes which the country exhibited in those eventful times, major Latour has depicted with the pencil of a master. For this we refer our readers to his descriptions of the state of the city of New Orleans before and after the arrival of general Jackson, which are inserted in *The Port Folio* for November last, pages 479-480. In pages 481-482 of the same number, will be found his descriptions of the face of the country which was the theatre of war. In both instances the author has exhibited the talent and the skill of a painter.

Among the distinguishing characteristics of genius, there is none more certain than the power of discerning, in the midst of a variety of confused scenes, those delicate traits of national character, which though worthy of remark, seldom fail to escape the eye of a common observer. This major Latour has done in several instances, with peculiar felicity. We will only select two, which, we hope, will not only illustrate, but fully justify our observation.

The first is in the preface, where, after giving due praise to the patience and perseverance of our brave soldiers, in the midst of the most intolerable hardships, he caps the climax of his proofs by the following observation: "Nay more," says he, "four-fifths of our little army were composed of militia-men or volunteers, who, it might be supposed, would with difficulty have submitted to the severe discipline of a camp, and, of course, would often have incurred punishment; yet, nothing of the kind took place, and I solemnly declare, that not the smallest military punishment was inflicted. This is a fact respecting which I defy contradiction in the most formal manner."

For this phenomenon, as he calls it, he finds it difficult to account. He takes this opportunity to burst out in so eloquent a strain, that we cannot resist the temptation of inserting the whole passage:

“What, then, was the cause of this miracle? The love of country—the love of liberty. It was the consciousness of the dignity of man—it was the noblest of feelings, which pervaded and fired the souls of our defenders—which made them bear patiently with their sufferings, because the country required it of them. They felt that they ought to resist an enemy who had come to invade and to subdue their country;—they knew that their wives, their children, their nearest and dearest friends were but a few miles behind their encampment, who, but for their exertions, would inevitably become the victims and the prey of a licentious soldiery. A noble city and a rich territory looked up to them for protection;—those whom their conduct was to save or devote to perdition, were in sight, extending to them their supplicating hands. Here was a scene to elicit the most latent sparks of courage. What wonder, then, that it had so powerful an effect on the minds of American soldiers—of Louisianian patriots! Every one of those brave men felt the honour and importance of his station, and exulted in the thought of being the defender of his fellow citizens, and the avenger of his country's wrongs. Such are the men who will always be found, by those who may again presume to insult a free nation, determined to maintain and preserve her rights.”

The other instance of a happy discovery and elegant delineation of a nice trait of the American character, is in pages 244–245, where he describes the humane feelings of our army after the battle of the eighth of January, and contrasts them with what they felt on other less glorious occasions. We copy the whole passage.

“In my account of the affair of the 8th January, which I beg the reader to compare with the report of general Lambert, I have forgotten to mention a circumstance that reflects the highest honour on our troops. I shall insert it here; and it cannot fail to afford pleasure to the feeling mind.

“At the time of the preceding attacks, those of the 28th of December and first of January, after our artillery had silenced that of the enemy, and forced his troops to retire, repeated huzzas from the whole of our line rent the air; the most lively demonstrations of joy were every where exhibited by our soldiers—a presage of the fate of the enemy, in a general attack. On the 8th of January, on the contrary, no sooner was the battle over than the roar of artillery and musketry gave place to the most profound silence. Flushed with victory, having just repulsed an enemy who had advanced to scatter death in their ranks, our soldiers saw, in the numerous corpses that strewed the plain, only the unfortunate victims of war;—in the wounded and prisoners, whom they hastened to attend, only suffering and unhappy men; and in their vanquished enemies, brave men, worthy a better cause. Elated with their success, but overpowered by the feelings of a generous sympathy for those unfortunate victims of the ambition of their masters, they disdained to insult the unfortunate by an untimely exultation, and cautiously avoided any expression of joy, lest they should wound the feelings of those whom the chance of battle had placed in their hands. In the midst of the horrors of war, humanity dwells with delightful complacency, on the recital of such noble traits; they sooth the heart under the pressure of adversity, and divert the mind from the contemplation of ills which we can neither avoid nor entirely remedy.”

We are sorry to observe that major Latour has sometimes indulged himself in indecorous expressions against the British government and nation; such as “our ferocious enemy,” and the like; which ought never to find place in an historical work:—yet we do not find that these feelings have made him swerve any where from the strictest impartiality. He bestows due praise on the courage of our late enemies—on the intrepidity of the unfortunate Pakenham, and on the honourable and “soldierly conduct” of major-general Lambert. But he severely criticises the official reports of admiral Cochrane, general Keane, and some other British officers, and it appears that his criticisms, though dealt with no sparing hand, are in general just, and founded on the truth of facts which those gentle-

men had rather too much discoloured. Perhaps the reader will be curious to know in what manner our author takes notice of the celebrated charge which was made against the commanders of the British army, of having given the words "Beauty and Booty" for a parole and countersign, on the memorable eighth of January. This subject is only mentioned in a note at the end of the Memoir, with which we shall conclude our extracts, and our review of this interesting and valuable book.

"It has been asserted from the concurrent report of a great number of the British prisoners and deserters, that on the memorable 8th of January, the parole and countersign of the enemy's army were *Beauty and Booty*. Although this report is generally believed in the United States, particularly as it never has been formally denied by those whom it most concerns, I have not thought it sufficiently authenticated to record it as an historical fact. It is indeed a most heinous charge, and if untrue, requires not only a clear and positive denial, but also the proof of the genuine parole and countersign, which may be easily obtained, as it is well known that it is consigned in the orderly books of every corps in the army. It has been said that the British government considers it below its dignity to condescend to refute a calumny which has been only circulated through the medium of newspapers and other periodical publications in the United States. But this will not do; the almost unanimous assertion of the deserters and prisoners on which this report is founded, is a fact too serious to be looked over, and it is but too much supported by the positive and repeated threats of admiral Cochrane, in his letters of the 18th August and 19th September, 1814; by the letters of other officers, intercepted on board the *St. Lawrence*, and the conduct of the British at Hampton, Alexandria, and other places. It cannot be considered derogatory to the dignity of any government to undeceive a great nation, among whom every individual exercises a portion of the sovereignty. The voice of that nation will be heard, and its historians, if the British government persists in its unjustifiable silence, will at last no longer be swayed by the motives of delicacy and respect to a vanquished enemy which have actuated the au-

thor of these Memoirs. The fame of general Pakenham and his officers, the moral character of the British military, strongly implicated by a charge of this nature, and the honour of the British government, all imperiously demand that it be refuted, if capable of refutation, which may be easily done, if general Lambert, whose honourable conduct in the course of this campaign does not permit the least doubt to be entertained of his veracity, will only come forward and state the real fact—otherwise, and if proof, such as this, cannot be obtained, the report must be considered as true, and I leave to future historians the unpleasant task of animadverting upon a conduct so shocking to humanity.”



[Communicated.]

REMARKS ON ADDISON'S CRITICISM OF THE SEVENTH BOOK OF
PARADISE LOST.

LOOKING over that delightful collection of essays, The Spectator, of which Addison's make by far the best part, I particularly noticed in the 339th number, his celebrated criticism upon the seventh book of Paradise Lost. Addison extols in very high terms Milton's thought of the Creator taking his *golden* compasses “to circumscribe this universe and all created things;” and says “it is a noble incident in this wonderful description.” Now, with all due deference to so great a critic, I think the thought a very poor one. The Creator, who had only to say, ‘let the world be, and the world was,’ is represented almost irreverently, certainly most unworthily, like a mechanic, taking a pair of compasses to circumscribe the bounds of the universe. This thought, which would do honour to Blackmore, and might make a figure in Pope's Art of Sinking, is yet—merely because Milton wrote it, and Addison praised it—extolled by thousands, who are ready to pronounce it wonderfully sublime.

But Addison tells us that this thought is "altogether in Homer's spirit." I grant it is much more like a heathen poet's idea of his gods, than like that which a Christian ought to entertain of the Great Creator. Homer frequently represents his deities engaging in contests with men, and not always successfully:—Even Mars is once sent bellowing from the field of battle, having been wounded by the sword of Diomed. But how different are these gods from that Almighty Being, to whose greatness the highest human imagination cannot elevate itself!—who "beheld, and drove asunder the nations;"—at whose presence "the everlasting mountains were scattered." What a sublime idea is here presented of the Supreme Being, in comparison with Homer's Minerva, with "her spear," which would overturn whole squadrons, "and her helmet that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities;" or even with Milton's notion of the Creator taking a pair of compasses, and centering one foot and turning the other round—to lay out the world in an exact circle. How feeble are these conceptions compared with the representation given of the Eternal Spirit, in the first book of Genesis—simple as that appears, and unadorned by that magnificence of language, with which Milton has clothed his ideas. In his whole poem there is hardly greater beauty of versification than in the passage to which I allude; and this charm imposes upon many who mistake elegance of diction for grandeur of thought.

How many, while repeating the following lines, will condemn my criticism?

- " Then stay'd the fervid wheels and in his hand
- " He took the golden compasses, prepared
- " In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
- " This universe, and all created things.
- " One foot he centered, and the other turned
- " Round through the vast profundity obscure,
- " And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds.
- " This be thy just circumference, O world!"

STRICTURES ON THE BIOGRAPHY OF MR. BAYARD.
TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I HAVE read with no small degree of pleasure in your magazine for this month, a biographical memoir of the late lamented James A. Bayard. The talent it displays does honour to the writer. I have, however, one objection to it, which has led to this animadversion, for which I request a place in your next number.

This memoir is tinged with strong party feeling, and is really the vehicle of a general defence of one of our great political parties, and as general a reprobation of the other. This cannot escape the observation of the most superficial reader.

It is not, however, my intention to enter into a particular review of this memoir. It would require more time than I can spare—more leisure than I possess. I merely trespass on you for the purpose of correcting a most important error, which involves a direct contradiction between two different parts of the production.

Among the most important questions between the two parties, is that of the late war—whether it was just or unjust—expedient or inexpedient. Great has been the variance of opinions on this subject. Many of the most respectable federalists in the United States, who have most unqualifiedly reprobated the war as inexpedient and ill-timed, and entered into without any adequate preparation, nevertheless admit that the outrages perpetrated on our seamen and the depredations on our commerce, afforded ample justification of war, even long before it was declared.

Your correspondent has, however, placed Mr. Bayard before the public with a strong declaration that the war was not only “ill-timed” but “unnecessary.”

This idea is conveyed in the following words: “Mr. Bayard, viewing the points of difference with the dispassionate eye of an intelligent statesman, had pronounced the war *unnecessary* and ill-timed.”

This statement is wholly erroneous; and it is, in fact, indirectly contradicted in the preceding page. Mr. Bayard is there correctly stated to have "moved to delay the declaration of war till the 31st of October." A short synopsis of his speech is given, in which there is not the most remote allusion to the idea of the war being "*unnecessary*." The whole jet of the argument goes to enforce the necessity of making adequate preparations to meet in hostile array the most formidable nation in the world—and, likewise, of affording time for the commerce and navigation of the United States, then scattered over the surface of the ocean, to return home in safety.

It is too obvious to escape notice, that a motion to postpone a measure till a definite period, and for a specific purpose, and without any other objection to the measure itself, than merely the time of its adoption, is a clear admission of its justice and necessity. Acquiescence in this conclusion requires no very extraordinary portion of candour.

But strong as this ground is, the position I advocate can be maintained without a recourse to it. It rests on a basis far beyond mere inference.

Mr. Bayard, who was, in the fullest sense of the word, a true American, had long before borne the most decisive testimony against the outrages perpetrated by Great Britain on this country, and had scouted the idea of the pretence of retaliation, on which your correspondent places no small dependence.* And still further—in the very speech which he made in support of his motion for postponing the declaration of war,

* *Extract from a speech of James A. Bayard, Esq. in the Senate of the United States, October 31, 1811.*

"They (the orders in council) were adopted as a measure of retaliation, though they never deserved that character. He had always considered the Berlin and Milan decrees used as a mere pretext. Those decrees were vain and empty denunciations in relation to England. The plain design of the British government was to deprive France of the benefits of external commerce, unless the profits of it were to be divided with herself. This was fully proved by the license

or in one delivered about that time, he solemnly pledged himself and his party, that if war were delayed till October, and if the British did not in the interim redress our wrongs, he and they would heartily support the war. Would such a man as Mr. Bayard give such a pledge in favour of a war which he deemed "*unnecessary?*"

I have been brief, because I wish not to engross too much of your valuable miscellany. Permit me, however, to add, that I most sincerely deprecate the admission of articles whose object is to give your work the forbidding features of a party publication. Into the capacious reservoirs of newspapers let our party politicians discharge the effusions of their zeal, their prejudices, their antipathies. These boundless vehicles afford ample space and a suitable scene to satisfy the most ardent zealot. Let the Analectic Magazine aspire to preserve the reputation of being a national work—devoted to support the national honour—to advocate the national interest—to correct the national taste—and to inspire a nationality of feeling. So far as it runs that glorious career, so far it will continue to deserve the approbation and support of all who are worthy of the honoured name of Americans.

One unpleasant consequence of a departure from these rules is, that if you allow a democratic correspondent to assail the federalists, or a federal correspondent to assail the democrats, you cannot, without a violation of the rules of equity, preclude

trade. Britain carries on the very trade she denies to neutrals, and having engrossed the whole to herself, she excludes neutrals from a participation.

"I am among the last men in the Senate, who would justify or defend the orders in council—they violate the plainest rights of the nation. The ground of retaliation was never more than a pretext, and their plain object is to deprive France of neutral trade. It never was contended, nor does Britain now contend, that she would be justified by the laws or usages of nations, to interdict our commerce with her enemy. She covers her injustice with the cloak of retaliation, and insists that she has a right to retort upon her enemy the evils of his own policy. This is a doctrine to which I am not disposed to agree. *It is destructive to neutrals. It makes them the prey of belligerents. It is a doctrine to which we must resist.*"

the aggrieved party from an opportunity of defence; and your work will thus be encumbered with replies and rejoinders, like the present—far less acceptable to your readers than those elegant and powerful productions, which have given it so high a rank among the periodical publications of our era.

April 1.

AMERICANUS.

The note appended to the Life of Mr. Bayard renders any comment on the preceding article unnecessary. No further discussion of the subject will be admitted in this magazine.

PLATO ON THE NATURE OF TYRANNY AND THE CHARACTER OF A TYRANT.

THE writer of the following article has endeavoured to transfuse into our language an important part of one of the most celebrated of the works of Plato; a name which, notwithstanding all the visionary and extravagant ideas associated with it, is still dear to the lovers of learning and virtue. The work in question is his discourses on republics;* it consists of ten books of dialogues, on justice, religion, government, and various other subjects connected with political affairs. The principal speaker is supposed to be Socrates: his discourses form, indeed, almost the whole of the book. The other occasional speakers are Glauco, Adimantus, Cephalus, Polemarchus, and Thrasymachus. The scene is in the house of Cephalus at Piræum.

Our extract is from the eighth and ninth books. To make it more interesting to our readers and more suitable to our limits, we have omitted the numerous responses and commonplace observations of the interlocutors; and have, in other respects, abridged and condensed it, endeavouring, however, to preserve the spirit, force and peculiar character of the original.

It should be remembered that the democracies of which it treats, were essentially different from ours. Democracy was understood by the Greeks, to denote a form of republican go-

* In the original; Πολιτειων, η, Περι δικαιου—usually quoted in Latin, *De republica*.

vernment in which the supreme power is vested in an aggregate assembly of all the free citizens of the state, and exercised by them, for the most part, not by deputies or representatives, as with us, but in their own proper persons.

SOCRATES.—Let us now see, my dear friends, what is the nature of tyranny. It evidently arises from popular government, in the same manner as democracy from the government of the few. The last sort of government is destroyed by the excessive avarice and ambition of those who rule; and those who overthrow them are in like manner perverted and ruined by their too ardent desire of unbridled liberty:—for in a democracy liberty is esteemed above all other things:—in it the name of liberty is continually resounded; and yet it is the insatiable lust of liberty, with the neglect of other things, which changes this republic, and compels it to stand in need of a tyrant. When a democratic state is thirsting after freedom, and happens to have bad presiding cup-bearers, and becomes drunk with swilling too copious draughts of it, the people punish their chiefs and archons if they be not wholly tame, and do not concede whatever is demanded of them; accusing them of being tyrannical and desirous of aristocracy; and those who obey the magistrates are abused as willing and worthless slaves. Such a people applaud and honour, publicly and privately, magistrates who are on a level with subjects, and subjects who are on a level with their rulers. And must not, my friends, this rooted and ingrafted anarchy insinuate itself into private families? Will not the father resemble his child, and the son become the equal of his father, neither revering nor standing in awe of his parents; that so indeed he may be absolutely free? The foreigner, in such a state, is equal to the denizen, and the denizen to the citizen. The teacher fears and flatters his scholars, and the scholars despise their preceptors and schoolmasters. The young set themselves upon an equality with those advanced in years, and the old and the young resemble and rival each other in their amusements, their words, and their actions. The liberty of the populace is extreme:

even the bondsmen are no less free than those who purchase them; and the women are on a perfect equality with their husbands. At length the citizens become so fastidious, and so intolerant of authority, that they despise all laws, written as well as traditional, lest any one should by their means rule over them. This, my friends, is the government apparently so excellent and beautiful, from which it appears to me that tyranny originates. The democracy is, in fact, enslaved by its own excessive licentiousness:—for excesses of every kind are wont to occasion their contraries. Thus too much freedom seems to be changed into excessive slavery. Wherefore I say that out of no other republic doth tyranny so often arise as out of democracy: from extreme liberty, the most grievous and savage slavery springs. The idle and profligate, who are bold and enterprising, are the ruin of such a state, for they are generally the ruling party in it; and they say and do severe and daring things. Some of them frequent the tribunals of justice and speak there, and will allow no one to direct in them but themselves. All things in this republic, with few exceptions, are administered by them. But another party is soon distinguished; the industrious, the polite, and the opulent. These will be squeezed and pillaged by the other; for the rich are the pasture of the drones of this hive. And as for those who mind their own affairs and meddle not much with any others, they form a third or middle party, and are often numerous and influential in the general assembly of the state. The rich who are plundered, or in danger of being so, are obliged to defend themselves against the popular party by every means in their power. They are naturally led to wish for a change of government from the democratic to the oligarchic form. A violent opposition is made by the people and their partisans; and thence accusations, lawsuits, and mutual contentions arise. In such circumstances the people are wont to set up some one as their champion and defender, and to support and cherish him, in order that he may powerfully and effectually maintain their cause. This is the root of a tyranny. What then is the

beginning of the change from a lawful chief-magistrate into a tyrant? The fable relates, that whoever tasted of the human entrails, which were mixed with those of the other sacrifices in the temple of Lycæan Jupiter, (to whom was dedicated the wolf in Arcadia) immediately became a wolf. In the same manner, he who, becoming the ruler of an enslaved multitude, abstains not from kindred blood, but, as tyrants are wont, unjustly accuses others of pretended crimes, and stains himself with cruel slaughter, tasting with impure tongue and unhallowed mouth the blood of his neighbour, and banishes some and murders others, and abolishes debts and distributes plundered lands—must not such a man, of necessity, be either killed by his enemies, or exercise great tyranny, and from a man become a wolf? And if the people are unable to expel him or cause him to be put to death by a public accusation, they will conspire to kill him privately. Hence it happens, that all who have mounted up to tyranny have demanded guards for their persons.

Let us now consider the condition with respect to happiness of the tyrant himself, and of the state in which such a man arises. At first, indeed, he smiles upon and salutes every one he meets, and declares that he is no tyrant, and promises many things, and frees from debts, and distributes lands to the people and to his partisans, and affects to be good-natured and mild to all. But when he shall have reconciled some of his enemies and destroyed others, and that tranquillity is established, he will immediately excite some war, in order that the people may stand in need of a leader, and that such of them as may have been impoverished and are destitute, may be thus urged and enabled to gain their daily subsistence, and be thereby less ready or likely to meditate plots against him. And if he suspect that any of them, who are of free and bold spirits, will not allow him to govern, to have some pretext for destroying them, he exposes them to the enemy. For these causes, it is necessary for a tyrant to be always stirring up new wars. But this must render him odious to his citizens. Some of these

who have been advanced along with him, and who partake of his power—such of them, at least, as are of manly spirits—will, among themselves and even with him, condemn these proceedings. It will behove the tyrant to cut off all those persons if he mean to reign securely, till he leave no one, either friend or foe, of any importance in the state. He must, therefore, strictly observe who is courageous, who is magnanimous, who wise and who rich: for such is his hard fortune, that whether he wills it or not, he is under a necessity of being an enemy to all these, and to lay snares until he clear the state of them. In a dire necessity truly is he bound; that he must either live with many wicked men and be hated by them, or not live at all. And the more he is hated by his citizens or subjects, shall he not want a greater number of guards for his defence? And whom shall he employ? The sordid, the servile, and the worthless: for good men hate and fly from him.—Euripides, and other poets, commend tyranny as an excellent government, and say much in praise of the wisdom of tyrants: for which reason those writers (as they too are wise) will pardon us, and those who wish to administer public affairs after our manner, for not admitting such panegyrists of tyranny into our republic. Let them go about among other states and offer for sale their fine, magnificent and persuasive words, and endeavour for the sake of the honours and rewards they receive from tyrants, to seduce republics into tyranny.—But to return to our subject: Let us now mention in what manner the tyrant can support his army, so numerous, so splendid and multiform. If there be in the state any property consecrated to religious purposes, he will, in the first place, seize and sell that, and spend what it produceth. He will next require from the people some light tax or tribute: and when these resources fail, he and his household companions, and his associates, and his harlots, must be maintained wholly by the people out of their paternal inheritance. Those who have begotten the tyrant must nourish him and his. But the enraged multitude, who set him up, will say that it is not just that the adult offspring

should be maintained by the parent; that they did not make him for this purpose to be the servants of his servants, and to maintain him and them with all the tumultuary train of his attendants and parasites; but in order to be liberated by him from the dominion of the rich. And now they will command him and his friends to depart from the state, in the same manner that a father would turn out of doors a prodigal son and his drunken companions. Then at length, by Jupiter, will this people know what beasts they are themselves, and what a beast they have generated, and bred up, and delighted in. Their attempt to drive him out will be vain, for he is now too strong for them. The tyrant with parricidal arms will overpower his country: so that this people, so impatient of the government of freemen, instead of the excessive and unseasonable liberty they desired, must submit to the most rigorous and grievous bondage.

The tyrant himself remains to be considered, what kind of man he is, how his character is formed, and whether he leads a miserable or a happy life. Let us first consider the nature of the desires of man.—Of those desires which are not necessary, some, it appears to me, are unlawful. These indeed spring up in every one; but being corrected by reason, by the laws, and by the better desires, they either forsake some men altogether, or are so repressed, as to appear rarely, and to become feeble. Such are the desires which are oftenest excited in sleep, when the rational part of the soul is at rest, and the part which is brutal and savage, being intoxicated with liquor and loaded with food, exults immoderately. It then dares to do every thing, being void of all reason and discretion: it will commit whatever is impudent, rash, impure, and atrocious; and scruples not at any crime, or any manner of depravity, however hideous. But he who is in good health, and lives with temperance and moderation, and retires to rest, having stirred up the rational part of his soul, and filled it with good thoughts, and feasted it with choice reasonings;—and having allowed the concupiscible

part of the soul (which requires the nourishment of pleasures) neither to be starved nor glutted, so that it may be quiet, and give no disturbance by its wants or its satiety; and having likewise restrained and soothed the irascible part of the mind, that it be not disturbed by transports of anger; such a person having thus composed the two unadvised parts of the soul, in order that the third, or rational part, wherein wisdom resides, may shine forth unclouded, shall in this manner take rest: he will enjoy tranquillity, and the visions of his sleep will resemble truth.—There is, in fact, in every one, even in those who appear among men the most moderate, a species of desires, terrible, savage, and iniquitous.

Suppose now a person educated in corrupt manners, and drawn into all kinds of licentiousness and flagitiousness—which is termed, however, by those who seduce him, the most complete liberty: when those corrupters have no hopes of retaining him in their power any other way, they excite in him certain furious lusts, and by their odours, and perfumes, and garlands, and wines, and all the various contrivances and machinations which such dissolute persons are wont to employ, they feed his pleasures, and add stings to his desires. Then, indeed, his whole soul rages and burns with madness. Being thus stimulated and surrounded with such companions, if any moderate desires, or any modest sentiments or opinions should obtrude themselves upon him, he immediately destroys or expels them, until he be entirely void of all temperance, and be filled with new phrenzy. Thus it is that a tyrannical man originates. Of old it was said, that love is a tyrant; and hath not a drunken man, likewise, a tyrannical disposition? He is furious and beside himself, and endeavours and hopes to govern not only men, but even the immortal gods. The tyrannical man, most excellent friends, becomes so completely, when, either from his natural temper, or his pursuits, or from both, he becomes melancholy, or a drunkard, or violently in love.—But in what manner does he live? In the midst of feastings, and revellings, and banquets and harlots, and all such things as may be ex-

pected to surround those whose souls are governed by tyrant lusts. And every day and night do there spring forth in them most vehement desires, indigent of many things. If they have any yearly revenue, it is soon expended, and then they borrow on usury, and dissipate their paternal inheritance. And when all things fail them, when their many and ardent desires, nestling in the mind, shall give frequent and powerful cries, and sting and goad them, they will endeavour to find out if any one possess any thing which they may acquire by deceit, or seize by violence. They are compelled, therefore, to plunder from every quarter, or be tormented with great agonies: and as with such a man his new pleasures predominate over his ancient ones, and usurp what belonged to them, shall he not, in the same manner, deem it right that he may have more than his parents? and if he hath spent his own property, that he may encroach upon theirs? If they will not permit him to do so, will he not cheat or steal from them? And if he is not able to do either, will he not use rapine and violence? His desires loosed from all control, will tyrannise over him: such as he rarely was when asleep, will he now always be when awake, and from no impious murder, or horrid deed of any kind, will he abstain. But that tyrannical lust within him, having unbounded license, shall urge him on rashly to every wickedness, whereby he may support himself, and the vile rout of his companions. If there be but a few of such men in the state, they will serve as guards to the tyrant, or assist him, for hire, in his wars. But if there be no war, and that they remain at home, they commit many and grievous mischiefs. They steal, rob, break open houses, rifle temples, make free-men slaves, and sometimes become accusers and informers, and give false testimony, and corrupt the judges with bribes. All these evils, great as they are, bear no comparison to those which the wretched state endures from the tyrant himself and his tyrannv.

Tyrants are rendered wicked and miserable by the company they keep, conversing only with their minions and flatter-

ers, who are ever ready to administer to them obsequiously in every thing. These at first assume the appearance of his friends, but after they have gained their purposes, they become his enemies. Liberty or true friendship, the tyrannical disposition never tastes. We may then surely call the tyrant faithless and unjust; and on the whole conclude that he is the worst and most miserable of men. The longer he exercises tyranny, the more completely wicked and miserable he will become. The tyrant himself will in these respects very much resemble the state which he oppresses. The relations of both to virtue and happiness are similar. And let us not, my friends, be deceived by the specious appearance of such a state, nor be struck with admiration, whilst we regard the tyrant alone, or those few who share with him the supreme power. We should go through the state, and view it with our own eyes minutely, in order to form our judgment of it. We should investigate the mind and manners of the tyrant, and penetrate into the very interior of his soul, and not like children, beholding the outside merely, suffer ourselves to be astounded at the sight of tyrannical pomp.—The state is enslaved in the greatest degree: and yet we see in it some who are the masters, (the worst part of the community,) and others called freemen, who obey. But the whole of it, in general, and chiefly the most excellent part, is disgracefully and miserably slavish. In the same manner, the soul of the tyrant is abject and servile; those parts of it which are the noblest, being enslaved, whilst that small part of it which is most wicked and frantic, is the ruler. A soul thus tyrannized over is always goaded violently by some stinging passion: it is indigent, craving, and insatiable, and filled with tumult, perturbation, and remorse. There will not be more lamentations, and groans, and wailings, and torments, in any enslaved city, than in the soul of the tyrant, who madly rages with his desires and his lusts. He is by far the most wretched of all men, as a tyranny is the most wretched of all governments.

Private men who are rich and have many slaves, have some resemblance to the tyrants I have described. Like them they rule over many. But there is this difference between them: the former live securely, because each of them is protected by the whole state. But if some god should take one of them who had fifty slaves, or upwards, out of the state, and establish him, together with his wife and children, and all his property and slaves, in the midst of a desert, where there was no freeman to afford him assistance; in what fear would he not be, lest his slaves should rise upon him, and destroy himself and his family? Would he not be obliged to flatter some of those slaves, and set them at liberty, and promise them many things? He must even do so, or soon perish. And if many other freemen, who had no slaves themselves, and who could not endure that any one should be the absolute master of another, should settle around him, his condition would then be still worse. He would be enclosed and encompassed with enemies. In such a prison-house, is the tyrant of whom we have been speaking bound, disturbed always with anxiety and terror. He alone, of all in his state, is unable to go abroad, or to see such things as other men behold; dwelling in fear within the walls of his palace, and envying his citizens the freedom and pleasures they enjoy. Most true it is then, though many imagine otherwise, that the complete tyrant is a complete slave; and a flatterer of the most wicked men. His desires, which are so ravenous, are never satisfied; but he is always in want of many things, and would appear poor indeed to any one who could penetrate into his mind. He is distracted with perpetual fear, and a prey to solicitude, through the whole of his life. From all these things he must necessarily become envious, faithless, unjust, and unholy, and a sink and fomentor of all kind of wickedness,—and be very miserable himself, and render all those who adhere to him equally wretched.

SELECT REVIEW.

A Journey through Albania, and other provinces of Turkey in Europe and Asia, to Constantinople, during the years 1809 and 1810. By J. C. Hobhouse. 2 vols. 4to.

[From the Monthly Review.]

WE have in these volumes another example of the effect of the late system of exclusion from France and Italy, in directing the researches of our countrymen to the shores of Greece. Mr. Hobhouse took an extensive survey of the classic territory and travelled in company with lord Byron; whose prolific muse has of late rendered our fair countrywomen so familiar with the manners and scenery of the Levant. These considerations entitle his journal to a notice of some length, notwithstanding the frequency of late publications on the subject, and the promise of a comprehensive performance of a similar description under the superintendance of Mr. Walpole.—The leading objects of Mr. H.'s observations were Albania, Attica, the Troad, and Constantinople, to each of which we shall give attention in its turn; bestowing, however, a larger portion of our space on the first-mentioned articles, the Troad having already been a topic of ample discussion, and the wonders of Constantinople having been lately brought before our readers in our notice of Dr. Clarke's Travels.

Mr. Hobhouse's narrative begins in September 1809, at which time lord Byron and he set sail from Malta, and proceeded to the shores of Greece. Being on board a brig of war, which convoyed a fleet of small merchantmen to Patras, the northwest part of the Peloponnesus was the portion of Grecian territory that first attracted their observation. Cephalonia appeared a chain of high rocks to the north, and Zante a level island to the south; while, in front, their attention was fixed on the high mountains of Albania and the Morea; and the freshness of the green plantations of currant-trees afforded a delightful relief to eyes accustomed to the white waste of Malta. After having passed near Ithaca, and viewed, in their progress northward, the far-famed Leucadian precipice, the voyagers anchored off Prevesa, a southern port in Albania, and commenced their tour on the main-land. An apology is made *in limine* (pp. 5, 6, 7.) for a want of precision in explaining the course of rivers, the direction of the mountains, and the relative position of the ancient and modern cities of Epi-

rus. That country was never accurately described by either the Greek or Roman writers, and its frequent change of masters led unavoidably to a perplexing change of names. Strabo avows his inability to specify the limits of the different Epirote tribes; and Ptolemy takes perhaps an unauthorized liberty, when he includes Acarnania and Amphilochia within the boundary of Epirus. M. D'Anville frankly confessed his want of information on this topic; and Mr. Gibbon declared that we are nearly as much acquainted with the nature of the territory in question as with the wilds of North America. To expect such a thing as a map among the Turks would be idle, as they are accustomed to ridicule all statistical calculations.

Having described Prevesa, and the adjacent ruins of Nicopolis, Mr. H. proceeds to give an account of the town of Arta, situated inland near the gulf of that name. It was a place of consequence until Ali Pacha made Ioannina the seat of government and ruled Arta by a dependent under the title of aga. Mr. H. does not incline to the opinion that Arta is the ancient Ambracia, or that the river on which it stands is the ancient Aracthos.—Holding a northward course from Arta, the travellers reached, on the second day, Ioannina, a city containing not fewer than 40,000 inhabitants, and standing on the western bank of the lake to which M. Pouqueville would give the name of Acherusian.

‘The houses are, many of them, large and well-built, containing a court-yard, and having warehouses or stables on the ground, with an open gallery and the apartments of the family above. A flight of wooden steps under cover of the pent of the gallery connects the under and upper part of the houses. Though they have but a gloomy appearance from the street, having the windows very small, and latticed with cross bars of wood, and presenting the inhospitable show of large folding doors, big enough to admit the horses and cattle of the family, but never left open, yet the yard, which is often furnished with orange and lemon trees, and in the best houses communicates with a garden, makes them very lively from within, and the galleries are sufficiently extensive to allow a scope for walking in rainy weather.

‘The Bazar, or principal street, inhabited by the tradesmen, is well furnished, and has a showy appearance. The Bizestein, or covered Bazar is of considerable size, and would put you in mind, as may be observed of all these places, of Exeter-’Change.’

‘The Christians of Ioannina, though inhabiting a part of Albania, and governed by Albanian masters, call themselves Greeks, as do the inhabitants of Arta, Prevesa, and even of many villages higher up the country: they neither wear the Albanian dress, nor speak the Albanian language, and they partake also in every par-

ticular of the manners and customs of the Greeks of the Morea, Roumelia, and the other christian parts of Turkey in Europe and Asia.—They appear a distinct race from the inhabitants of the mountains, and perhaps are sprung from ancient settlers, who may have retired, from time to time, before the successive conquerors of Peloponnesus and Greece, into a country where, although enslaved, they were less exposed to perpetual ravages and to a frequent change of masters.—

‘The Greeks of Ioannina are, with the exception of the priests, and of some few who are in the employments of the Pasha, all engaged in trade; and many of the better sort pass three or four years in the merchant-houses of Trieste, Genoa, Leghorn, Venice, and Vienna, which in addition to the education they receive in the schools of their own city, where they may learn French and Italian, gives them a competent knowledge of the most diffused modern languages, and adds also to the ease and urbanity of their address.—

‘There is a fair which lasts a fortnight, held once a year on the plain, a mile and half to the south-east of the city, and during this time all the tradesmen are obliged to leave their shops in the Bazar and Bizestein, which are shut, and to set up booths in the plain. This the vizier finds a very good method of getting at some knowledge of the actual property of his subjects. The fair was held during our residence in the city, and opened on the 8th of October, when we passed through it on horseback.’—

‘Cloth of French and German manufacture is sent from Leipzig. This is the chief article of importation, as it is from this fair that all the richer Greeks and Turks, not only in Albania but in great part of Roumelia and in the Morea, supply themselves with the loose robes and pelisses of their winter dress. English cloth is in the highest estimation, but seldom to be met with here, or even at Smyrna and Constantinople, on account of its great price. The best of the cloth sold at Ioannina was not equal to the worst of that manufactured in England, and was of a coarse thin texture, and very badly dyed.

‘The articles of exportation are, oil, wool, corn, and tobacco, for the ports of the Adriatic and Naples; and, for inland circulation through Albania and Roumelia, spun cottons from the plains of Triccala, stocks of guns and pistols mounted in chased silver, both plain and gilt, and also embroidered velvets, stuffs, and cloths, which are here better wrought than in any other part of Turkey in Europe.

‘Large flocks of sheep and goats, and droves of cattle and horses, are collected from the hills both of the Lower and Upper Albania for the fair. Of these, all but the horses, which are dispersed in the country, are sold into the Ionian islands.

From Ioannina, the course of the travellers was directed northwards to the town of Tepellene; where they found Ali

Pacha engaged in the bustle of military movements, and about to extend his territory by incorporating into it the possessions of a neighbouring prince. During their journey, they had ample opportunity of observing that the Albanians devolve on their women a number of toilsome and degrading offices. The aged matron and the tender maiden are seen fetching water from the distant fountain, and labouring under the weight of their large pitchers, one of which they carry on the head, the other in the hand.—On arriving at head-quarters, the travellers were received with attention by the officers of the pacha, and were formally introduced to him on the next day.

‘ The vizier was a short man, about five feet five inches in height, and very fat. He had a very pleasing face, fair and round, with blue quick eyes, not at all settled in a Turkish gravity. His beard was long and white, and such a one as any other Turk would have been proud of; though he, who was more taken up with his guests than himself, did not continue looking at it, nor smelling and stroking it, as is usually the custom of his countrymen, to fill up the pauses of conversation. He was not very magnificently dressed, except that his high turban, composed of many small rolls, seemed of fine gold muslin, and his attaghan, or long dagger, was studded with brilliants.

‘ He was mightily civil; and said he considered us as his children. He showed us a mountain howitzer, which was lying in his apartment, and took the opportunity of telling us that he had several large cannon. He turned round two or three times to look through an English telescope, and at last handed it to us that we might look at a party of Turks on horseback riding along the banks of the river towards Tepellenè. He then said, “ that man whom you see on the road is the chief minister of my enemy, Ibrahim Pasha, and he is now coming over to me, having deserted his master to take the stronger side.” He addressed this with a smile to the secretary, desiring him to interpret it to us.

‘ We took pipes, coffee, and sweetmeats, with him; but he did not seem so particular about these things as other Turks whom we have seen. He was in great good humour, and several times laughed aloud, which is very uncommon in a man of consequence: I never saw another instance of it in Turkey.—

‘ There are no common topics of discourse between a Turkish vizier and a traveller, which can discover the abilities of either party, especially as these conversations are always in the form of question and answer. However, a Frank may think his Turk above the common run, if his host does not put any very foolish interrogatories to him, and Ali did not ask us any questions that betrayed his ignorance. His liveliness and ease gave us very favourable impressions of his natural capacity.

‘In the evening of the next day we paid the vizier another visit, in an apartment more elegantly furnished than the one with the fountain. Whilst we were with him, a messenger came in from “Berat,” the place which Ali’s army (of about five thousand men) was then besieging. We were not acquainted with the contents of a letter, which was read aloud, until a long gun, looking like a duck gun, was brought into the room; and then, upon one of us asking the secretary if there were many wild fowl in the neighbourhood, he answered, yes; but that, for the gun, it was going to the siege of Berat, there being a want of ordnance in the vizier’s army. It was impossible not to smile at this war in miniature.’—

‘He asked us, what had made us travel in Albania? We told him the desire of seeing so great a man as himself. “Ay,” returned he, “did you ever hear of me in England?” We, of course, assured him, that he was a very common subject of conversation in our country; and he seemed by no means inaccessible to the flattery.’

This singular character was at that time about sixty years of age; and, though born of a family of some consequence, he owed his acquisition of power altogether to his own exertions. Having made himself master first of one village, then of another, he collected together a considerable body of Albanians, whom he paid, according to the common practice, by plunder. After having acted for many years as one of those independent-freebooters, of whom so many are to be found in the Turkish empire, he at last obtained money enough to buy an inferior pachalik, and elevated himself by the progressive operation of force and artifice to his present situation. He subsequently contrived to obtain pachaliks for both his sons; one of whom, named Veli, is pacha of the Moréa. Unprincipled as his career has been, he has succeeded in clearing his dominions from those bands of robbers who formerly laid both inhabitants and travellers under an indiscriminate contribution: but the neighbouring territory continues in the most disturbed state. His regular force is generally about eight thousand men: but, as every Albanian is familiar with the use of the gun and the sabre, and firmly attached to his ruler, any attempt, on the part of a foreign enemy, to conquer the country, would be extremely hazardous. Throughout the whole of this territory, the imperial firman is little respected, while the signature of the pacha commands unlimited obedience. His revenue arises from a number of villages, which are considered as his own property, as well as from various towns and districts which are forced to pay him for protection; altogether, it exceeds half a million sterling, a sum of great importance in that country.

When they took leave, the travellers received from the pacha a letter to his officers in the quarter whither they intended to proceed, of which a fac-simile is inserted towards the end of the work; and, as the running hand of a modern Greek is almost unintelligible except to a practised reader, Mr. H. has given (p. 1151.) a copy of the letter in the usual character, each line corresponding with the fac-simile. His readers will, no doubt, be gratified on finding such an approximation to the classic language, in a composition which is not put together with care in the closet, but which expresses the current diction of those barbarians.

With respect to the national character of the Albanians, Mr. Hobhouse, without lanching into the effusions of Pouqueville, describes them as men of great spirit and activity. Their stature is of the middle size, their chests are full and broad, their eyes lively, and their posture is upright. Their women are tall, hardy, and not ill looking, but bear in their countenance the decisive tokens of penury and hard labour. The men always go armed, having a pistol in their belt, and frequently a curved sabre at their side. The peasants carry a long gun when tending their flocks, and often when tilling their land, so much have the unsettled habits of the country impressed on the whole population the necessity of defence. The Albanian dress, when new and clean, is not inelegant, but the clothes commonly worn are of a coarse and dirty appearance. Their dwellings have generally two apartments, one of which is the place of depositing their maize and grapes. In point of diet, the people are usually temperate, and save their money with a view to the purchase of arms and trinkets.

On leaving Albania, Mr. H. proceeded, under the protection of a guard, through the ancient Acarnania, and passed the Achelous, (now the Aspro,) the largest of the Grecian rivers. After having crossed over to Patras, he and his noble friend returned to the northern side of the gulf, and held their course by Parnassus to Livadia, Chæronæa, Orchomenos, and Thebes; visiting, by the way, the ruins of Delphi and the Castalian spring. The places honoured with these high-sounding names afford, however, in their present condition, very little to animate the enthusiasm of an admirer of the classics. The towns and villages in most parts of Greece are insignificant beyond description; the streams are mere rivulets; and disappointment is experienced in every thing except in the beauty of some parts of the scenery, and the grandeur of others. On the rugged surface of Delphi, it was in vain to look for ground fitted for the site of a town of magnitude: but the difficulty of access

sufficiently pointed it out as a safe place for depositing treasures. Though Delphi was often plundered, yet, when due precautions were taken, we find from history that the invaders, whether Persians or Gauls, were repulsed, and taught to reverence the sanctity of the spot. One only of the master-pieces which adorned Delphi is now in preservation, but it is a relic of the highest importance:

‘The triple-twisted serpentine column of brass, whose three heads supported the tripod dedicated by the Greeks, after the battle of Plataea, to Apollo, is still to be seen, though mutilated, in the spot to which it was conveyed from Delphi by Constantine, to adorn the hippodrome of his new capital. The column, as much of it as is seen above ground, is now about seven feet in height, and of a proportionate thickness. It is hollow, and the cavity has by the Turks been filled up with stones.’

Bœotia is remarkably destitute of ancient remains, and the traveller who makes a progress through it will find little on the spot to assist his conjectures. The following particulars afford a striking example of the frailty of human affairs in the case of the city which, under Epaminondas and Pelopidas, exercised such distinguished influence over the Grecian community:

‘Thebes has been in a manner blotted out of the page of history, since the last battle of Chæronæa between Sylla and Taxilus. In the time of Strabo it had the appearance of a village, which was the case with all the other Bœotian cities, except Tanagra and Thespiæ. Onchestus, Haliartus, Coronea, and other towns, once of considerable magnitude, were almost in ruins, and hastening fast to decay. In the second century, the whole of the lower town, except the temples, had fallen to the ground, and the citadel alone, no longer called Cadmæa but Thebes, now continued to be inhabited. It never appears to have recovered its importance under the emperors.—It is now a very poor town, containing about five hundred houses, mostly of wood, and inhabited chiefly by Turks. It has two mosks and four churches. We slept two nights in the town, and were lodged in the house of a Greek bishop. There is nothing worthy of notice in this place; though a public clock, certainly without a rival in this part of Turkey, is considered by the people of the place and pointed out to travellers as a great curiosity.’—

‘The stream of the Ismenus has been much diminished, by the means taken to make part of its waters flow in an artificial channel, for the sake of turning an overshot-mill about a hundred paces below the fountain. We stepped across it with ease, and, had we walked through it, should not have been wet above the ankles.’—

‘ We had some difficulty in procuring horses at Thebes, as we were not provided with a travelling firman from the porte, and as we had now left the dominions of our patron Ali, and were in the territory of Bekir, pasha of the Negroponte. We at last, however, accomplished this point, and set out late in the day for Athens.

‘ The road took us across the rivulet in the ravin, and near the tepid fountain, which we left to the right, and proceeded for two hours over a plain to the south-east, well cultivated, but without a single tree. We then crossed the Asopus, a small stream, at a bridge called *Metropolita*, in the site nearly of *Erythræ*, whence the troops of Mardonius were encamped, along the banks of the river, as far as *Hysiæ*, on the confines of the *Platæan* territory, and near which the Greek forces were also stationed when *Masistius* was killed by the Athenian horse. We here found ourselves at once in another kind of country; for the soil, which had been before rich and deep, was now rocky and light, and we began to scale low stony hills, going to the south-south-east for three hours. We passed a small marshy plain, and then ascended a zigzag path on a rock, which is a low ridge of *Mount Elatias*, or *Cithæron*. When we got to the top we had the ruins of a small tower on a crag to our left. Descending a little, we came at once upon a green plain, about four miles in length and two in breadth, running from west to east. On entering this plain, we left on our right hand a small village, with a church of some size, and proceeded eastward for an hour, when we arrived at a most miserable and half deserted village, called *Scourta*.

‘ Here we passed our Christmas Eve, in the worst hovel of which we had ever been inmates. The cows and pigs occupied the lower part of the chamber, where there were racks and mangers and other appurtenances of the stable, and we were put in possession of the upper quarter. We were almost suffocated with the smoke, a common calamity in Greek cottages, in which the fire is generally made in the middle of the room, and the roof, having no aperture, was covered with large flakes of soot, that sometimes showered down upon us during the night.’

The hardships of travelling, however, are amply compensated on arriving at Athens, where a foreigner discovers an agreeable change in the aspect of all around him. Personal safety is here complete; and the Turk appears to lose his repulsive look, and to assume in some measure the character of humanity and affability. Lord Byron and Mr. H. remained between two and three months in the metropolis of Attica, and had thus an ample opportunity of examining the remains of ancient art which exist in it to an extent that is really surprising after the lapse of two thousand years. Athens stands at the foot of the rock of the citadel, and contains about 1300 houses,

surrounded by a wall, which, as it comprehends gardens and corn-grounds, is nearly three miles in circuit. The houses are small and badly built; while the streets, notwithstanding the Homeric epithet of *ἑυρυαγυῖα*, are all narrow and irregular. Several of them have a raised causeway on both sides, so broad as to contract the middle of the street into a kind of dirty gutter. The trade of Athens consists in exporting the produce of the neighbouring territory, particularly oil, and receiving corn in return, with manufactured goods from Italy, and of late years from England. Several families of Franks are settled here, and have intermarried with the Greeks; and it is among these families that a stranger will find the most agreeable society, the character of the natives falling considerably below the impression excited by a remembrance of the days of Themistocles and Aristides. Though the oppression of the Turkish government is less felt here than in other places, great irregularity and vexatious exaction still prevail:

‘The murmurs of the commonalty have frequently broken out into open complaints; and even a complete revolution, involving the destruction of the Archons, and an establishment of a better order of things, has been meditated by the more daring and ambitious amongst the oppressed. An unfortunate malecontent, who, in fond recollection of better days, has given to his three sons the names of Miltiades, Themistocles, and Alcibiades, talked to me of this glorious project (*το καλο πραγμα*). “The Turks,” said he, “will be on our side if we get the better; but alas! the influence of money is all-powerful; and Demosthenes himself, were he alive, and (like me) without a *para*, would not have a single listener.” He added besides, that their priests, a powerful body, would espouse the cause of their *Codja-bashees*.—

‘Some of the Athenians are fond of tracing back their pedigree, which, however, according to their own account, they are unable to do beyond the Turkish conquest. The name Chalcocondyles was, till lately, the one held in the greatest repute; but the person who at present professes himself to be, on his mother’s side, a descendant of the family, has not assumed the appellation. The character of the modern inhabitants of this town does not rank high amongst their countrymen; and the proverb which is to be seen in Gibbon, I heard quoted against them in their own city—“As bad as the Turks of Negroponte, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens.” A French resident, who had lived amongst them many years, talking to me of their propensity to calumniate and supplant each other, concluded with this lively expression, “Believe me, my dear sir, they are the same *canaille* as they were in the days of Miltiades.”’

‘We were not amongst them long enough to discover any very unamiable traits by which they may be distinguished from other Greeks, though I think we saw in them a propensity to detraction and intrigue. Whatever may be their talents this way, they are now chiefly employed in debating whether the French or English, nations inhabiting countries unknown to their ancestors, shall deprive them of the last memorials of their ancient glory. To retain them themselves never, I believe, is an object of their wishes.’—

‘Until within a few years a journey to Athens was reckoned a considerable undertaking, fraught with difficulties and dangers; and at a period when every young man of fortune, in France and England, considered it an indispensable part of his education to survey the monuments of ancient art remaining in Italy, only a few desperate scholars and artists ventured to trust themselves amongst the barbarians, to contemplate the ruins of Greece.’

‘But these terrors, which a person who has been on the spot cannot conceive could ever have been well-founded, seem at last to be dispelled. Attica at present swarms with travellers, and several of our fair country-women have ascended the rocks of the Acropolis. So great, indeed, has been the increase of visitants, that the city, according to a scheme formed by a Greek, who was once in our service, will soon be provided with a tavern, a novelty surely never before witnessed at Athens.’

The author and his companion made it a rule to devote a portion of each day of their residence at Athens to the inspection of the monuments of antiquity. The temple of Theseus, the best preserved of ancient edifices, was within a few minutes’ walk of their residence. Its length is a hundred and ten feet, and its width forty-five, a size too limited to impress the spectator at first: but the transient disappointment never fails to be succeeded by admiration on examining the beautiful proportions of the building. Its roof is supported by thirty-four columns, all of the finest Parian marble, the sculpture on which is in general in good preservation. It stands on a knoll of open ground between two and three hundred yards from the town. The Areopagus is a very uneven elevation, consisting of two rocky eminences, and is within a stone’s throw of the craggy sides of the Acropolis. ‘We must be cautious,’ says Mr. H. ‘of attaching an important signification to the words “hill, valley, or rock,” when applied to Athens or its vicinity; for, although the landscape there presented to us is among the most lovely in the world, it is a landscape in miniature, and by no means correspondent to the notions excited by the exploits of antiquity.’ In truth, we meet throughout these volumes with repeated hints of the diminitiveness of the Grecian territories and cities;—hints which,

on the part of a writer evidently averse to undervalue the ancients, possess a decided claim to the attention of the impartial inquirer. The habit of reckoning distances by stadia has a tendency to conceal from the reader of Grecian history the insignificant extent of many of their districts. A traveller who is unincumbered with baggage may easily make the tour of Bœotia in a couple of days; and he may ride from Livadia to Thebes, and back again, between breakfast and dinner. The Athenian generals were sworn to invade the territories of Megara twice in a year; an exploit which any horseman may perform in the course of a few hours, since the distance, by the longest computation, is only twenty-seven miles.

Mr. H. had an opportunity of visiting the fields of battle both of Marathon and Plataea. In the former, he saw nothing, as far as the nature of the ground is concerned, to contradict the assertion of Herodotus that the Persian force exceeded a hundred thousand men: but when speaking of Plataea, his opinion is different:

‘Notwithstanding the circumstantial account and the particular enumeration of the forces of the two nations engaged in the battle given by Herodotus, no traveller who has seen the scene of action, which is to this day recognizable by most undoubted signs, can fail to suspect the Grecian historian of some exaggeration. The whole conflict must have taken place on a triangular space, bounded by the road from Thebes into the pass of Cithæron, five miles, the base of Cithæron three miles, and the road from Plataea to Thebes, six miles. The Greeks were one hundred and ten thousand men; the Persians, with their confederates, three hundred and fifty thousand. But the most severe part of the action, and in which, reckoning both Lacedæmonians and Persians, nearly three hundred and fifty thousand troops were engaged, was fought on the ravin, in marshy steep ground amongst the hills, where notwithstanding the account informs us that the cavalry of Mardonius were the most active, it seems difficult to believe that a single squadron of horse could have manœuvred.

‘From Gargaphia to the Molois is but little more than a mile, and, according to the historian, the whole of this immense body fought in less than that space; for Mardonius advanced into the hills to encounter Pausanias. I should suppose that such an extent of ground would not contain such numbers, although ranged in the deepest order of which the ancient tactics allowed; and the Persians did not advance in any order at all, but confusedly. The fifty thousand allies of Mardonius and the Athenians might have fought in the plain between the Asopus and the foot of the hill, which, however, according to modern tactics, would not admit of even that number of troops to engage.’

Chæronæa appears to have been situated on a hill near the north-east base of Parnassus; and the fatal plain lies to the north, extending in length from east to west. 'No spot in the world,' says Mr. H., 'can be better calculated for deciding a national quarrel, since there does not appear to be even a mole-hill to impede the manœuvres of hostile armies.' The remains of the town are very insignificant. A similar remark applies to the vestiges of Megara; where, however a population of three thousand inhabitants still exists; but their dwellings are built of mud with low flat roofs. Eleusis is now a miserable village of thirty mud cottages, but finely situated on the declivity of a long hill, with sufficient remains to make it probable that a great part of the hill was originally occupied by buildings. As to the Piræus, nothing in its present appearance would lead a person to imagine that it had ever been a harbour of consequence. It has lost the aspect of a triple port, the recess on the right being like a marsh, while that on the left is of little depth. The deepest water is at the mouth of the third interior port; yet one of our sloops of war was warned that she would run aground if she endeavoured to get in, and was accordingly obliged to anchor in the straits between Salamis and the part once called Phoron.

Corfu has been rendered by the French a place of great strength; and the distance from Italy or Albania is so short as in a manner to put a blockade out of the question. As a siege of the town by land would require a large force, Bonaparte could scarcely have fixed on a station of more importance for the views which, in his days of sanguine calculation, he entertained against the Turkish empire.—Patras stands in a beautiful country on the declivity of a mountain, but is frequently visited with agues and contagious fevers.—The table of a Greek of rank living in this quarter is thus described:

'The meat was stewed to rags. They cut up a hare into pieces to roast. I do not recollect that any of the flesh dishes were boiled. The pastry was not good, being sweetened with honey, and not well baked; but the thick ewes' milk, mixed with rice and preserves, and garnished with almonds, was very palatable. The *boutaraga*, caviar, and macaroni powdered with scraped cheese, were good dishes. But the vegetables and fruits, some of which the luxuriant soil furnishes without culture, were indeed delicious, and in great variety. There were cabbages, cauliflowers, spinach, artichokes, lettuces, and cellery, in abundance; but the want of potatoes was supplied by a root tasting like sea-cale. The fruits, which were served up at the conclusion of the dinner, and before the cloth was removed, were oranges, olives, pears, quinces, pomegranates, citrons, medlars, and nuts, and lastly, the finest melons we ever tasted.'

Having appropriated his first volume to Greece, Mr. Hobhouse proceeds, in his second, to Asia Minor; and, having described Smyrna and the ruins of Ephesus, he devotes a considerable space to the Troad. Though he does not venture to rank himself under the banners of Mr. Bryant, or to incur the odium attached to incredulity with respect to Homeric descriptions, it is obvious that he entered on the examination without much hope of finding the scenery of the Iliad recalled by the evidence of ocular observation; and he confined his anticipations to the discovery of a resemblance between the present scenery and the descriptions of Strabo, a calculation too moderate to be exposed to disappointment. Those, however, who are still desirous of weighing the assertions of Le Chevalier and the arguments of Bryant, will find in the minuteness of the topical descriptions of Mr. H.'s book a considerable stock of materials for the examination. He has inserted (p. 688) a map of the eastern half of the Hellespont, and has exhibited with sufficient clearness the course of the Scamander, the scite of Alexandria Troas, the tumuli adjacent to the Scamander, the mountains of Ida, and the different streams in which travellers have respectively endeavoured to trace the ancient Simois.—The theory of Dr. Clarke shares no better fate than that of his predecessors, Mr. H. considering it as very unlikely that the Callifatti, a small and almost stagnant rivulet, should be the representative of the Simois. Dr. C.'s favourite *ἄνωρίς πεδίοιο* fares equally ill (p. 756.) in the hands of this inquirer.—Leaving these mysterious topics, we proceed to extract Mr. H.'s observations on the personal appearance of the modern Greeks:

‘ It cannot appear at all surprising, that in their habits of life the modern Greeks should very much resemble the picture that has been transmitted to us of the ancient illustrious inhabitants of their country. Living on the fruits of the same soil, and under the same climate apparently not changed since the earliest ages, it would be strange if their physical constitutions, and in some measure their tempers, were not very similar to those of the great people whom we call their ancestors; and, in fact, I take their bodily appearance, their dress, their diet, and, as I said before, their tempers, to differ but little from those of the ancient Greeks.

‘ There is a national likeness observable in all the Greeks, though, on the whole, the islanders are darker, and of a stronger make than those on the main-land. Their faces are just such as served for models to the ancient sculptors, and their young men in particular, are of that perfect beauty, which we should perhaps consider too soft and effeminate in those of that age in our more northern climate. Their eyes are large and dark, from which cir-

cumstance Mavromati, or black-eyes, is a very common surname; their eyebrows are arched; their complexions are rather brown, but quite clear; and their cheeks and lips are tinged with a bright vermilion. The oval of their faces is regular, and all their features in perfect proportion, except that their ears are rather larger than ordinary: their hair is dark and long, but sometimes quite bushy, and, as they shave off all of it which grows on the fore-part of the crown and the side of the face, not at all becoming: some of the better sort cut off all their hair, except a few locks twisted into a knot on the top of the head. On their upper lips they wear a thin long mustachio, which they are at some pains to keep quite black. Beards are worn only by the clergy and the Archontes Presbuteroi, or Codja-bashees, and other men of authority. Their necks are long, but broad and firmly set, their chests wide and expanded, their shoulders strong, but round the waist they are rather slender. Their legs are perhaps larger than those of people accustomed to tighter garments, but are strong and well made. Their stature is above the middling size, and their make muscular but not brawny, round and well filled out, but not inclined to corpulency.

‘Both the face and the form of the women are very inferior to those of the men. Though they have the same kind of features, their eyes are too languid, and their complexions too pale, and, even from the age of twelve, they have a flaccidity and looseness of person which is far from agreeable. They are generally below the height which we are accustomed to think becoming in a female, and when a little advanced in life, between twenty-five and thirty years of age, are commonly rather fat and unwieldly.’

‘The dress of the Greeks is not at the first sight to be much distinguished from that of the Turks, nor is there any difference in the habit of those in power, except that, instead of the turban, the head is covered with an immense calpac. A cotton shirt, made like a woman’s chemise, cotton drawers, a vest and jacket of silk or stuff, a pair of large loose brogues, or trowsers, drawn up a little above the ankle, and a short sock, make the inner part of the dress: the part of the garment next added is a long broad shawl, often highly worked, and very expensive, wrapped in wide folds round the loins. In one corner of this girdle the poorer people, especially in travelling, both Turks and Greeks, conceal their money, and then wind the shawl round them. A common fellow in Turkey might, as properly as the soldier in Horace, talk of the loss of his zone as of that of his money; but the better sort of people have adopted the use of purses, which, together with their handkerchiefs, watches, and snuff-boxes, they carry in the bosom, between the folds of their vests.’—

‘In the inland towns, and even at Athens, the Greeks seldom admit a male stranger to a sight of the females of their families, who live in a separate part of the house, and in some cases are as closely confined as the Turkish women. Before marriage, they are rarely, sometimes never, seen by any male excepting those

of their own family, but afterwards enjoy the privilege of being introduced to people of their own nation, and to travellers. A young lady, the sister of Signor Nicolo, at Ioannina, to whom we had made a present of some Venetian silks, sent word to us, that she regretted that not being married, she could not kiss our hands in person, but begged that it might be done by proxy by our dragoon, who brought the message. We did not obtain a sight of her during our stay in the house. —

‘A few friends, and perhaps a Frank stranger, are sometimes invited to the first public ceremony in which the young girl is concerned, that is, her betrothing to her future husband, who generally has never seen her; and we ourselves were once asked to a supper where there was music and dancing on an occasion of this kind. The girl (called *νυμφη*), was sitting in the middle of the sofa, covered with paint and patches, having a sort of crown on her head, and stuck round with jewels and gold chains on every part of her dress. We were regularly led up and presented to her, as were the other guests, and she kissed our hands. Her own female relations, and those of her future husband, were sitting on the rest of the sofa. The mother of the young man, who was not present himself, put a ring on the finger of the maiden, and, as her son's proxy, kissed her cheek, a ceremony by which the betrothing takes place. The marriage, we were told, would not take place perhaps for more than a year, as the youth was engaged in trade at some distance, until he could amass a fortune competent to maintain his wife.’

‘There are very few instances of second marriages amongst the Greeks, nor of any men, except a priest, remaining single for life.

‘The women can seldom read or write, but are all of them able to embroider very tastefully, and can generally play on the Greek lute, or rebeck. Their dancing they learn without a master, from their companions. The dance called *Χορος*, and for distinction, *Romaica*, consists generally in slow movements, the young women holding by each other's handkerchiefs, and the leader setting the step and time, in the same manner as in the Albanian dance.’

Mr. H. has devoted a chapter to the interesting question of the state of literature among the modern Greeks. He has inserted (p. 560) a list of one hundred persons who flourished between the years 1570 and 1720, and who, though unknown in this country, have been deemed worthy by Demetrius Procopius of being commemorated as learned men. They were chiefly theologians educated in Italy, and were accounted prodigies by their countrymen from being able to read the ancient Greek. The more intimate connection, which of late years has taken place between the polished part of Europe and the Levant, has had a visible effect in lessening the gene-

ral ignorance of the Greeks; and Leghorn, Venice, Vienna, Paris, all contain young Greeks who have repaired thither in search of that education which their own country cannot afford. The study of medicine is their principal object: but some individuals among them aim at a more general acquaintance with literature; and they are particularly successful in the acquisition of languages. When, however, we consider the slavery or rather the non-existence of their press, it would be too sanguine to anticipate any diffusion of general improvement in education throughout Greece. Hitherto, they have gone no farther than to compose Hellenic grammars in the Romaic or current language, and to translate some popular works from the European tongues. Mr. Hobhouse found a translation of Telemachus and of Rollin's Ancient History: but of the translations of Locke on the Understanding, and of Montesquieu on the Roman Empire, he heard only by report. At Constantinople, are two academies for teaching ancient Greek; at Athens, two schools; and, in the neighbourhood of Mytilene, is a sort of university for Greek and other languages. The knowledge thus acquired must, however, be of little use, as long as the country is devoid of good books, and while the objects of education are confined to the perusal of the church-service, to the transaction of petty traffic, or to the qualifying of a young man for employment in the service of the pashas. In 1808, the French at Corfu established, with great formality, an institution styling itself the Ionian academy, under the sanction of Napoleon, "Benefactor and Protector:" but the very limited territory in Greece which was subject to him co-operated with other causes to render the attempt fruitless. Mr. Hobhouse treats of the language of the modern Greeks at considerable length, and has exhibited various specimens from printed works. We subjoin a few remarks on the different existing dialects:

'The Greek of Smyrna is much infected by the Franks. That of Salonica is more pure. The Athenian language is not, in my opinion, so corrupted, nor has admitted so many Latin and Italian words, as that of the Morea; but it has not preserved so much of the ancient elegance as the dialect of Ioannina, which the inhabitants of that city boast to be superior to any, except that of Constantinople.'—

'The substantives most commonly in use have undergone the most complete change; such as represent *bread*, *water*, *clothes*, would surprise the ear of a Hellenist, and yet neither ψωμι, νερο, nor ρουχα are of a very late date. But the names of plants are nearly all Hellenic, and a botanical treatise would scarcely want a glos-

sary of Romaic terms. The old names of places are, as might be expected, not altogether lost in the modern appellations of the Greeks, although the Turks have, in many instances, given names of their own.

‘ With respect to the written tongue, it must be observed, that the composition at this day current is of three kinds: the first, is the language of the mass, and some other parts of the rituals, which are grammatically Hellenic: the ancient Greek has also been lately used by Corai, and one or two others, but is not adopted in any common books. The next may be called the Ecclesiastical Greek; which is the kind employed by the majority of the church writers in their pastoral letters, and which, besides other characteristics, does not have recourse to the modern vulgarism of always recurring to the auxiliary verbs. This is the style of many of those cited by Procopius, and even of earlier authors, of Meletius, in his geography, and several other later works, and does not seem to be formed by any certain rule, but by an attempt of the writers to come as near as possible to the Hellenic. The Romaic is the third species of composition; but, even in this vulgar idiom, there is necessarily some distinction made by the nature of the various subjects, and the talents of the respective authors. The philosophical treatises of Corai and Psallida are as good, in point of style, as the dedication of Cimon Portius’ grammar to Cardinal Richelieu, and although, perhaps, their subjects contribute much to their apparent superiority, are not so entirely vulgar as the downright common dialect.’

Mr. Hobhouse has inserted above twenty engravings, which have the effect of conveying a clearer idea of the objects in question than any written description. They delineate chiefly ancient monuments, the dress of the inhabitants of the present day, and the more striking parts of local scenery; and the admirer of the abode of Socrates and Plato has the satisfaction to find, on opening the first volume, a view of Athens; which, though somewhat flattering, seems, on the whole, to present a faithful picture of that celebrated city.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

ON DAVID'S PICTURES OF BUONAPARTE.

[From the Examiner.]

1. GENIUS, like the sun, irradiates every thing in visible nature, however inferior. If touched with the ease and energy that is ever seen in untrammelled nature, much interest will be felt by the educated and tasteful mind, even in the representation of individuals of obscurest destiny. How lively then will be the impression, where cultivated science and genius place before our view a cotemporary, whom fortuitous circumstances, and whose superior genius, have lifted up to the gaze, the hatred, the envy, the hopes and fears, the admiration and love, of an entire world. Such a cotemporary is *Napoleon*, as painted by the pre-eminent French portrait and historical painter, DAVID, on two canvasses. One displays him in his *Passage over Mont St. Bernard*, and in that strong action of mind and of body which so peculiarly characterize him among existing potentates, advancing on a rich blooded charger, whose high-tossed head, proud display of elegant limb, and flashing and intelligent eye, appear as if he was half conscious of his bearing the agitator and founder of empires. Napoleon is seated on him gracefully, both as to form and attitude, the head bent a little downward in thoughtful guise, and mingling, with the management of his horse, the destiny-fixing thoughts of men and kingdoms. He is turning on you a look of firm purpose and deep cogitation, as calmly meditative and resolved as if not surrounded by an elemental war on Alpine heights, or not about to meet the more awful war below them. The activity and attachment of his soldiers are displayed by their briskly upward and cheerful march among the rocks in the back ground, some of them looking towards him with confidence and enthusiasm,—others with patient labour dragging up cannon, all with a devoted or martial and active air. The pye-bald horse and his rider glittering with equestrian and martial trappings, relieve with great force and sprightliness from the snow-tinted atmosphere and ground. The hair, especially the tail, looks rather like metallic strips, or what is rather coarsely but significantly called, “rat’s tails.” The picture is, in fine, one altogether of energy. The marking, the colouring, the proportions, the out-door light, and what is of more importance, the character, all emanate from a hand rigidly executing the high wrought and correct feelings of an extraordinary mind operating on an extraordinary object.

2. The bustle of objects in the equestrian picture, improves by contrast the quiescence of the contiguous canvass, representing *Napoleon in his Cabinet*, just risen from his pen—Painted at an after time, when Napoleon became fat, it exhibits a less elegantly proportioned form of face and figure, but retains a similarly removed character of intellect from that so below par in the many worn-out families of European royalty, where the breeds are in sad want of crossing. The point of time is marked to be four in the morning, after the emperor has been intensely devoted to his pen. The act of rising from this long application; and its cramping effect on the limbs, are denoted by a small degree of feebleness in the limbs, rendered additionally so in their appearance by the muscles being rounded by fat. He is in a military dress. This and the papers; furniture, &c. are correctly and beautifully painted, and without that degree of hardness which is so unnatural and so unpleasant in most of the French works we have seen. Still perhaps many of the secondary objects in both pictures are too prominent as to outline and light; and ought to be rounded off into partial obscurity

3. *Pius VIII.* and *Cardinal Caprera*, is a picture nearly, if not altogether, without this undue hardness. It has a relief strikingly as well as naturally and delicately powerful, for it is without that artificial forcing out by glaring light and large violent shadows, which so much predominates in the pictures of OPIE, and in some of REYNOLDS. They are from a large subject representing the *Coronation of Napoleon and Maria Louisa*, at the moment when the Pope is giving her his blessing. This is described with much suitable fervour, the Pope lifting up his hand, his face full of piety, while his frame is inclined a little forward with the sudden emotion of the act. The *Cardinal* stands by with an earnest look of curiosity and satisfaction. Dignity, the impulse of the time and circumstance, unpretending attitudes, bold effect, and above all, a rivalry of the actual life, pervade this attention-fixing canvass.

The three pictures are proofs of talents of the first order—deep thinking, careful, yet powerful execution, and that close looking into and description of nature, which, when even united with defects, will, like an intelligent face with indifferent features, always command attention; and where the defects, as in the present instances, are comparatively trifling, will induce admiration and delight.

SATAN'S MODE OF SWINDLING.

THE following narrative is most marvellous, and lest his readers should doubt its truth, the author prays them to “sus-

pend their judgment, quhill they spere [until they inquire at] the maist affectionat Protestantis of Scotland quha lies bene in Geneve. Surelie I ressavit the treuth of this be honorable gentilmen of our countrie, quha confessit to me before gud vitnes, that the devil gangis familiarlie up and down the town, and specciallie cumis to pure and indigent men quha sellis thair saullis to him for *ten sous*, sum for mair or less. The monie is verie plesent quhen they ressave it; bot putting hand to thair purse, quhen they vald by thair denner, thay find nathing bot uther staine or stick." Hamilton's *Catholik and facile tractise*, fol. 50, b. Paris, 1581.

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DANGER OF LEARNING GREEK AND HEBREW.

Villers, in his essay on the reformation by Luther has the following curious passage.—The faculty of theology at Paris declared before the assembled parliament, that *religion was undone, if the study of Greek and Hebrew were permitted*. But the language of the monks of those days is still more amusing. Thus we are informed by Conrad of Heresbach, a very grave and respectable author of that period, that one of their number is said to have expressed himself, "They have invented a new language, which they call Greek; you must be carefully on your guard against it; it is the mother of all heresy. I observe in the hands of many persons a book written in that language, which they call the *New Testament*. It is a book full of daggers and poisons. As to the Hebrew, my dear brethren, it is certain that all those who learn it immediately become Jews."

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REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SUCCOUR IN DISTRESS.

"An accident," says archbishop Spottiswood, "befel Mr. Craig, which I should scarcely relate, so incredible it seemeth, if to many of good place he himself had not often repeated it, as a singular testimony of God's care of him." In the course of his journey through Italy, while he avoided the public roads, and took a circuitous route to escape from pursuit, the money which he had received from the grateful soldier failed him. Having laid himself down by the side of a wood to ruminate on his condition, he perceived a dog approaching him with a purse in his teeth. It occurred to him that it had been sent by some evil disposed person, who was concealed in the wood, and wished to pick a quarrel with him. He therefore endeavoured to drive it away, but the animal continuing to fawn upon him, he at last took the purse, and found in it a sum of money which enabled him to prosecute his journey.

POETRY.

FROM THE SIEGE OF CORINTH, BY LORD BYRON.

'Tis midnight: on the mountain's brown
 The cold, round moon shines deeply down;
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually bright;
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,
 And turned to earth without repining,
 Nor wished for wings to flee away,
 And mix with their eternal ray?
 The waves on either shore lay there
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmured meekly as the brook.
 The winds were pillowed on the waves;
 The banners drooped along their staves,
 And as they fell around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling:
 And that deep silence was unbroke,
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,
 Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
 And echo answered from the hill,
 And the wide hum of that wild host,
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
 In midnight call to wonted prayer;
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:
 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
 And take a long unmeasured tone,
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
 It seemed to those within the wall
 A cry prophetic of their fall:
 It struck e'en the besieger's ear
 With something ominous and drear,
 An undefined and sudden thrill,
 Which makes the heart a moment still,

'Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
Of that strange sense its silence framed;
Such as a sudden passing-bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

The tent of Alp was on the shore;
The sound was hushed, the prayer was o'er:
The watch was set, the night-round made,
All mandates issued and obeyed:—

He felt his soul become more light
Beneath the freshness of the night.
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
And bathed his brow with airy balm:
Behind, the camp—before him lay,
In many a winding creek and bay,
Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
High and eternal, such as shone
Through thousand summers brightly gone,
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;
It will not melt, like man, to time:
Tyrant and slave are swept away,
Less formed to wear before the ray;
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
While tower and tree are torn and rent,
Shines o'er its craggy battlement;
In form a peak, in height a cloud,
In texture like a hovering shroud,
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
As from her fond abode she fled,
And lingered on the spot, where long
Her prophet spirit spake in song.
Oh, still her step at moments falters
O'er withered fields, and ruined altars,
And fain would wake, in souls too broken,
By pointing to each glorious token.
But vain her voice, till better days
Dawn in those yet remembered rays
Which shone upon the Persian flying,
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

Not mindless of these mighty times
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes;

And through this night, as on he wandered,
 And o'er the past and present pondered,
 And thought upon the glorious dead
 Who there in better cause had bled,
 He felt how faint and feebly dim
 The fame that could accrue to him,
 Who cheered the band, and waved the sword,
 A traitor in a turbaned horde;
 And led them to the lawless siege,
 Whose best success were sacrilege.
 Not so had those his fancy numbered,
 The chiefs whose dust around him slumbered;
 Their phalanx marshalled on the plain,
 Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.
 They fell devoted, but undying:
 The very gale their names seemed sighing:
 The waters murmured of their name;
 The woods were peopled with their fame;
 The silent pillar, lone and gray,
 Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;
 Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain,
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river
 Rolled mingling with their fame for ever.
 Despite of every yoke she bears,
 That land is glory's still, and theirs!
 'Tis still a watch word to the earth.
 When man would do a deed of worth,
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
 So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head:
 He looks to her, and rushes on
 Where life is lost, or freedom won.

—

From Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, [ascribed to Walter Scott.]

The following poems are translations from a manuscript collection of French songs, which was found on the field of Waterloo after the battle.

THE TROUBADOUR.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,
 A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
 Beneath his lady's window came,
 And thus he sung his last good-morrow:

“ My arm it is my country’s right,
 My heart is in my true love’s bower;
 Gaily for love and fame to fight
 Befits the gallant Troubadour.”

And while he marched with helm on head
 And harp in hand, the descant rung,
 As faithful to his favourite maid,
 The minstrel-burthen still he sung:
 “ My arm it is my country’s right,
 My heart is in my lady’s bower;
 Resolved for love and fame to fight,
 I come, a gallant Troubadour.”

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
 With dauntless heart he hewed his way,
 Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
 And still was heard his warrior-lay;
 “ My life it is my country’s right,
 My heart is in my lady’s bower;
 For love to die, for fame to fight,
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

Alas! upon the bloody field
 He fell beneath the foeman’s glaive,
 But still, reclining on his shield,
 Expiring sung the exulting stave:
 “ My life it is my country’s right,
 My heart is in my lady’s bower;
 For love and fame to fall in fight
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

CUPID’S CHOICE.

It chanced that Cupid on a season,
 By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
 But could not settle whether Reason
 Or Folly should partake his bed.
 What does he then?—Upon my life,
 ’Twas bad example for a deity—
 He takes me Reason for his wife,
 And Folly for his hours of gayety.
 Though thus he dealt in petty treason,
 He loved them both in equal measure;
 Fidelity was born of Reason,
 And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

An inquiry into the principles and policy of the government of the United States. Comprising nine sections, under the following heads:—1. Aristocracy. 2. The principles of the policy of the United States, and of the English policy. 3. The evil moral principles of the government of the United States. 4. Funding. 5. Banking. 6. The good moral principles of the government of the United States. 7. Authority. 8. The mode of infusing aristocracy into the policy of the United States. 9. The legal policy of the United States. By John Taylor, of Caroline county, Virginia. Fredericksburg: Green and Cady. 1814. pp. 656.

Mr. Taylor is a very decided, unsparing and formidable enemy of the banking and funding systems. His doctrines on these subjects are in open defiance of Adam Smith, Alexander Hamilton, Lord Lauderdale, Ganilh, Dr. Bollman and the whole host of our orthodox political economists. According to him there is rising up in this country an aristocracy of paper and patronage that threatens to be more fatal to its freedom and happiness than any other species of aristocracy could prove. The evils of this system he considers inherent, uniform and inevitable: an absolute monarch, he says, guided by the good moral qualities of man may produce national happiness, and so any other anomalous case, under other forms of government may serve to perplex the science of politics; but under the vicious system of paper and patronage, founded in the evil moral qualities of avarice and ambition, a nation has no chance of happiness, "because an evil moral principle can not produce good moral effects. That a system, founded like this, upon evil moral principles, is incapable of amelioration from the personal virtues of magistrates, is proved by its steady unfluctuating course of effects in England, where its rigorous consistency, and growing severity, is neither interrupted nor softened in the smallest degree by the virtues of individuals. Martial law and stock law, are naturally and necessarily tyrants, but a man may be a tyrant or a patriot. If a political system, founded in evil moral principles, proceeds consistently and certainly in the dispensation of evil to nations, without sustaining impediments from the virtues even of its administrators; is it not conceivable, that one founded in good moral principles, is discoverable, capable of dispensing good, independently also of the vices of its administrators? One as free from evil qualities, as that of paper and patronage is from good, would probably effect so desirable an object." p. 36.

"It is the same thing to a nation whether it is subjected to the will of a minority, by superstition, conquest, or patronage and paper. Whether this end is generated by error, by force, or by fraud, the interest of the nation is invariably sacrificed to the interest of the minority.

"If the oppressions of the aristocracies of the first and second ages, arose from the power obtained by minorities, how has it happened, that a nation which has rejoiced in their downfall, should be joyfully gliding back into the same policy? How happens it, that whilst religious frauds are no longer rendered sacred, by calling them oracles, political fraud should be sanctified, by calling it national credit? Experience, it is agreed, has exploded the promises of oracles; does it not testify also to those of paper stock?

"Paper stock always promises to defend a nation, and always flees from danger. America and France saved themselves by physical power, after danger had driven paper credit out of the field? In America, so soon as the danger disappeared, paper credit loudly boasted of its capacity to defend nations, and though a disaster, artfully repealed the rewards due to the conqueror. In France, it transferred to fraud an avarice the domains which ought to have aided in defending the nation, or to have been restored to the former owners. p. 37.

"Sinecure, armies, navies, offices, war, anticipation and taxes, make up an outline of that vast political combination, concentrated under the denomination of paper and patronage. These, and its other means, completely enable it to take from the nation as much power and as much wealth, as its conscience or its no conscience will allow it to receive; and lest the capacity of public loaning

to transfer private property should be overlooked, it has proceeded in England to the indirect sale of private real property. If a land tax is sold for a term amounting to the value of the land, a proprietor is to buy his own land at its value, or admit of a co proprietor, to whom he must pay the value by instalments; and thus a paper system can sell all the lands of a nation. If national danger should occur after this sale, it can only be met by the people; and the purchaser from a paper system, of an exemption from the land tax to-day, must be again taxed or fight for his land to-morrow. The case of this individual is precisely that of every nation, made use of directly or indirectly to enrich a paper system; it is perpetually at auction, and never receives any thing for itself; because, however ingeniously a paper system can manage artificial danger for its own emolument, it is neither able nor willing to meet real danger; and however rich it is made by a nation, the nation must still defend itself, or perish. p. 38.

“The effect of opposite interests, one enriched by and governing the other, correctly follows its cause. One interest is a tyrant, the other its slave. In Britain, one of these interests owes to the other above ten hundred millions of pounds sterling, which would require twelve millions of slaves to discharge, at eighty pounds sterling each. If the debtor interest amounts to ten millions of souls, and would be worth forty pounds sterling round, sold for slaves, it pays twelve and a half per centum on its capitation value to the creditor interest, for the exclusive items of debt and bank stock. This profit for their masters, made by those who are called freemen, greatly exceeds what is generally made by those who are called slaves. But as nothing is calculated except two items, by including the payments for useless offices, extensive salaries, and fat sinecures, it is evident that one interest makes out of the other, a far greater profit than if it had sold this other, and placed the money in the most productive state of usance.

“Such is the freemen of paper and patronage. Had Diogenes lived until this day, he would have unfledged a cock once more, and exhibited him as an emblem, not of Plato’s man, but of a freeborn Englishman. Had Sancho known of a paper stock system, he would not have wished for the government of an island inhabited by negroes. Has Providence used his system to avenge the Africans, upon the Europeans and Americans?

“Whatever destroys an unity of interest between a government and a nation, infallibly produces oppression and hatred. Human conception is unable to invent a scheme, more capable of afflicting mankind with these evils, than that of paper and patronage. It divides a nation into two groups, creditors and debtors; the first supplying its want of physical strength; by alliances with fleets and armies, and practising the most unblushing corruption. A consciousness of inflicting or suffering injuries, fills each with malignity towards the other. This malignity first begets a multitude of penalties, punishments and executions, and then vengeance.

“A legislature, in a nation where the system of paper and patronage prevails, will be governed by that interest, and legislate in its favour. It is impossible to do this, without legislating to the injury of the other interest, that is, the great mass of the nation. Such a legislature will create unnecessary offices, that themselves or their relations may be endowed with them. They will lavish the revenue, to enrich themselves. They will borrow for the nation, that they may lend. They will offer lenders great profits, that they may share in them. As grievances gradually excite national discontent, they will fix the yoke more securely, by making it gradually heavier. And they will finally avow and maintain their corruption, by establishing an irresistible standing army, not to defend the nation, but to defend a system for plundering the nation.

“A nation exposed to a paroxysm of conquering rage, has infinitely the advantage of one, subjected to the aristocratical system. One is local and temporary; the other is spread by law and perpetual. One is an open robber, who warns you to defend yourself; the other a sly thief, who empties your pockets

under a pretence of paying your debts. One is a pestilence, which will end of itself; the other a climate deadly to liberty.

“After an invasion, suspended rights may be resumed, ruined cities rebuilt, and past cruelties forgotten; but in the oppressions of the aristocracy of paper and patronage, there can be no respite; so long as there is any thing to get, it cannot be glutted with wealth; so long as there is any thing to fear, it cannot be glutted with power; other tyrants die; this is immortal p. 41.

“The only two modes extant of enslaving nations, are those of armies and the system of paper and patronage. The European nations are subjected by both, so that their chains are doubly riveted. The Americans devoted their effectual precautions to the obsolete modes of title and hierarchy, erected several barriers against the army mode, and utterly disregarded the mode of paper and patronage. The army mode was thought so formidable, that military men are excluded from legislatures, and limited to charters or commissions at will; and the paper so harmless, that it is allowed to break the principle of keeping legislative, executive and judicative powers separate and distinct, to infuse itself into all these departments, to unite them in one conspiracy, and to obtain charters or commissions for unrestricted terms, entrenched behind public faith, and out of the reach, it is said, of national will; which it may assail, wound and destroy with impunity p. 42.

“A paper system proposes, to fulfil its promise of defending a nation, by giving it credit; from which credit, it infers an increase of national strength. Let us ascertain what national strength is, before we hastily conclude, that it can be created by a stock system. It consists of people and revenue. If by any means a nation was deprived of half its people would this add to its strength? If by a paper system, it is deprived of half its revenue, can this either add to its strength? Revenue, like people, is subject to numerical limits. Suppose the people of Britain are able to pay a revenue of forty millions sterling, but that thirty are appropriated to the use of paper and patronage: are not three fourths of their strength gone, so far as it consists of revenue? But Great Britain with her ten millions of free revenue can borrow two hundred millions. If strength is to be measured by the power of borrowing, she could have borrowed four times as much, had her whole revenue been free, and consequently would have been four times as strong” p. 44.

These extracts may give the reader a general view of the grounds on which Mr. Taylor supports his bold opinions. The great political importance of the subjects he discusses, and his very able and ingenious manner of treating them, entitle his work to the profound consideration of all those who wish to become thoroughly acquainted with public affairs. We will only observe at present that in many parts of the work, as well as in the section from which the above passages are selected, he has mingled and confounded institutions which, however allied, have no necessary connexion with each other, and which should be investigated separately in order to ascertain the nature and properties of each. The funding system, for example, may subsist, and it has in fact been established and raised to a great extent in countries which had neither paper currency nor any banks like ours. In France the amount of the funded debt, previous to the revolution, was enormous, although she had no paper money, and but few banks; which were mostly private ones, dealing only in specie or in bills that were its *real* representatives. The public debt of Spain, without banks or paper currency arose to more than eighty millions sterling, or upwards of three hundred and fifty-five millions of dollars; and the Dutch national debt became still larger, although the banks of Holland were merely banks for the safe keeping and payment of specie, issuing no notes and giving no credits but for coin actually deposited in their coffers.—The banking system, though it undoubtedly facilitates loans to government, may in like manner subsist where the funding system is not adopted. The opponent of banking should moreover distinguish between the various kinds of banks, and point out the manner and the degree in which he conceives their respective operations to be pernicious; for it is manifestly unreasonable to class the bank that merely takes charge of and returns on demand

the coin belonging to others with the bank that lends out its own specie for interest; or to degrade the banks which give their notes or credits for more coin although not for more real property, than they possess, to the level of those associations which issue their notes without possessing wherewith or ever intending to redeem them. Yet this writer, without making such discriminations, denounces the whole banking system in mass, along with the system of national funding and governmental patronage which it occasions, as being the combined foes of the public welfare. He arraigns and tries the three supposed conspirators, paper currency, patronage and funding *all together* and endeavours to fix upon each all the alledged misdemeanors of both the other culprits. This mode of proceeding displays the talent of a zealous and artful accuser and gives full scope for the exercise of popular declamation; but it is unsuitable for a philosophical inquirer whose duty it is rather to discriminate between things apparently similar or congenial, than to confound those between which marked distinctions exist.—In the course of the work, however, Mr. Taylor gives, as the title page announces, separate investigations of funding and banking. Many of his observations on the former are strong, and most of them are very specious. But here too, as in the inquiry on banking, his conclusions are unphilosophically generalized. He decides against the expediency of the funding system without having any regard to the condition of a state, whether it be advancing, stationary or retrograde; whether it be deficient or abounding in surplus capital; whether the rate of interest in it be high or low; whether its credit and position be such as to enable it to borrow from foreigners on advantageous terms, whether in fine its agriculture, manufactures or commerce be or be not susceptible of extensive improvements. But whatever may be Mr. Taylor's errors as a political economist, his style is clear, forcible, and animated. His work should be answered by some able advocate of the monied interest. It is quite foolish to talk, as some do, of despising such attacks: less powerful ones have sometimes shaken interests as firmly established as those of the stockholders of the United States; and that too in countries where the debtor part of the community (the large majority of course) were not invested by law with the supreme power of the state.

Daniel Rapine, of Washington City, D. C. has published, in the form of a pamphlet, an Essay on Naturalization and Allegiance. It is attributed to John Francis Dumoulin, esq. a gentleman of the bar of that city. The author maintains strenuously, and we think satisfactorily, the right of expatriation. The disquisition displays great zeal in the cause of freedom, and considerable legal and historical learning.

Fielding Lucas, of Baltimore, has published No. 1 of "Sketches of American Orators. By Anonymous." Whoever this author may be, he is possessed of respectable talents. We have perused his sketches with great pleasure. They would be rendered much more interesting, if there were annexed to the oratorical character of each speaker, for the purpose of illustrating it, some well-chosen extract from his most eloquent speech.

The same bookseller has also published "Letters from Virginia. Translated from the French."—Notwithstanding the authority of the title page, it is more than probable that these letters are the original productions of an American writer. They relate principally to the religion, morals, manners, and literature of the people of the state of Virginia; and are written in an unaffected, familiar, and pleasing style.

Mr. John Conrad has published a book entitled "Some information concerning Gas Lights. By Thomas Cooper, esq." With six plates of the various machinery hitherto employed in producing the gas, whether on a large scale for cities, or in a small way for manufactories, theatres, or private houses.—So little has been done in this country on the subject here treated of, that the work must necessarily consist of European information; and it appears in fact to contain every thing requisite to enable the reader to understand the subject thoroughly, and to judge of the utility of substituting carburetted hydrogen for oil or tallow, for the purpose of producing light.

Judge Cooper has given remarks on the various kinds of apparatus heretofore employed, and a plate exhibiting an improved apparatus of his own, which seems to combine the good properties, and avoid the defects of those which had been in use before. However convenient pitch or rosin may be, as a substance employed to furnish the gas, he is of opinion, that for the lighting of cities we must resort to bituminous coal. The evidence before the committee of the British house of commons, reprinted in this work, contains much collateral useful information, particularly on the use of the coke, or charcoal of coal.

On the whole, we venture to recommend this book as a plain, perspicuous, and satisfactory treatise on a very curious and important subject of inquiry.

J. E. Hall, esq. editor of the Law Journal, has prepared for the press a new "Treatise on the Law of Evidence. By S. Phillips, esq. of the Middle Temple. The first American, from the second London edition." With copious references to American cases. To which will be added an appendix, containing an essay on the theory of presumptive proof. This work is expected to appear in the course of a few weeks.

The Raciad. A poem so called, describing the amusements of horse racing, has been lately published in a Charleston, S. C. newspaper. From the extracts we have seen from this work, it appears to possess great poetical spirit, and to merit publication in a more permanent form.

T. and J. Swords, of New York, announce their intention of publishing a new periodical journal, to be entitled "The Christian Register, and Literary and Theological Magazine and Review." It is to comprise matter selected chiefly from the best and most recent European publications, together with original essays—moral and literary—reviews, notices of useful works, relations of remarkable facts, biography, necrology, and other interesting articles. It is to be published in quarterly numbers, of about 250 pages each, similar to those of the Quarterly Review. The price to subscribers will be one dollar and a quarter per number, or two dollars and a half for two numbers, payable on delivery.

Judge Cooper, we understand, means to give a course of chemical lectures in Carlisle during the summer, and a course of chemistry and mineralogy in Philadelphia from October to April next.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, republished from the Edinburgh edition by M. Thomas.

Under this very singular and quaint title, we are presented with the reflections and observations made by a writer of good abilities, and apparently well-informed, in the course of a tour from the Netherlands to Paris, soon after the last capture of that city by the allies, on the military affairs, the politics, the morals and manners of the French nation. He describes at length, and in a very lively, interesting manner, the particulars of the battle of Waterloo. Great credit is given to marshal Grouchy, as well for his successful attack on the Prussians, under the command of Tauenzien, upon the Dyle, as for his masterly retreat with his division to Paris, after the defeat and destruction of Bonaparte's army.

"The bridge at Wavre," says this author, "particularly, was repeatedly lost and gained before the French were able to make their footing good beyond it. At length a French colonel snatched the eagle of his regiment, and rushing forward, crossed the bridge and struck it into the ground on the other side. His corps followed with the unanimous shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* and although the gallant officer who thus led them on was himself slain on the spot, his followers succeeded in carrying the village. That of Bielge at the same time fell into their hands, and Grouchy anxiously expected from his emperor orders to improve his success. But no such orders arrived; the sound of the cannon in that direction slackened, and at length died away; and it was next morning before Grouchy heard the portentous news that awaited him, announcing the fate of Napoleon and his army." p. 176. And afterwards, "The only division of the French army which re-

mained entire after the rout of Waterloo, was that of Grouchy and Vandamme, which, by a retreat that did these generals the highest honour, was not only conducted unbroken under the walls of Paris, but gained some accession of strength from the wrecks of the main army." p. 343.

Alluding to some late attempts in France to restore the superstitious observances of the dark and degraded ages, he makes the following judicious remarks: "We must learn to look with better hope upon the more conscientious efforts for re-establishing the altar, which have been made by the king. Yet we cannot but fear, that the order of the necessary reformation has been, to a certain extent at least, the reverse of what would really have attained the important purposes designed by the sovereign. The rites, forms, and ceremonies of a church, all its external observances, derive, from the public sense of religion itself, the respect which is paid to them. It is true, that as the shell of a nut will subsist long after the kernel is decayed, so regard for ceremonies and forms may often remain when true devotion is no more, and when ignorant zeal has transferred her blind attachment from the essence of religion to its mere forms. But if that zeal is quenched, and that attachment is eradicated, and the whole system is destroyed both in show and in substance, it is not by again enforcing the formal observances which men have learned to condemn and make jest of, that the vivifying principle of religion will be rekindled. Indeed, far from supposing that the foundation of the altar should be laid upon the ritual of the Romish church, with all the revived superstitions of the twelfth century, it would be more prudent to abandon to oblivion, a part at least of what is shocking to common sense and reason; which, although a most christian king might have found himself under some difficulty of abrogating, when it was yet in formal observance, he certainly cannot be called upon to renew, when it has fallen into desuetude. The catholics of this age are not excluded from the lights which it has afforded; and the attempt to re-establish processions, in which the officiating persons hardly know their places, tales of miraculous images, masses for the souls of state criminals, and all the mummerly of barbarous ages, is far from meeting the enlarged ideas which the best and most learned of them have expressed" p. 397

These letters are announced in the British journals as the production of Walter Scott. The writer of them, though a zealous and loyal Britton of the tory sect, does not utter those infamous calumnies, nor indulge in the unmanly exultation, with which so many of the late English tourists to France have disgraced themselves and their works

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

W. W. Woodward, of Philadelphia, has published, in four octavo volumes, Ridgely's Body of Divinity, price eleven dollars, enlarged; with valuable notes, original and selected, by the reverend Dr James P. Wilson, of Philadelphia.

Also, the royal octavo Bible, with all Scott's marginal references and introductions to the books and chapters—about 1200 pages; price from five to nine dollars, in one or two volumes.

And an edition of the pocket Bible just out of press.

He has also in press, vol. 1st. soon to be printed, reverend Dr. John Gill's Commentary on the Old Testament. Also, Scott's Family Bible, in three quarto volumes, to be published without marginal references—on a new plan—the notes to follow immediately after the text in order. Price, in boards, \$18 75 cents, bound, \$21.

Armstrong and Burr, of Boston, propose publishing Pratt's Life of Cecil, in one neat volume, at about one dollar bound.

Also, Buchanan's Jubilee Sermons, in one volume, at fifty cents.

A. Finley, Philadelphia, will publish on the 10th of May, inst. "A dissertation on Terms of Communion, with a particular view to the case of the Baptists and Pædobaptists. By Robert Hall, M. A." author of a sermon "on Modern Infidelity," "The Work of the Holy Spirit," &c. &c.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE,

AND

NAVAL CHRONICLE.

JUNE, 1816.



CHRONICLE.

SYNOPSIS OF NAVAL ACTIONS,

DURING THE LATE WAR, BETWEEN BRITISH AND AMERICAN
VESSELS.

(Continued, from our last number, from the British Naval Chronicle.)

“Now comes the third frigate action, decidedly the best fought of the three. It was between the Java and Constitution, and took place on the 29th of December, 1812. Like the Guer-
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riere, she was burnt soon after the action. The Java was on her passage to India, with governor Hislop and his suit on board, and some naval officers and men to join their ships on that station. She was, no doubt, as the Americans say, "fitted out in great style;" that is, her cabin was elegantly set off; her accommodations for the great folks on board of her were excellent; but her crew, which, at this period, when the capture of two frigates successively, by two enemy's frigates, was grieving the nation, ought to have been choice, or at least equal to the crews of our ships in general, was actually composed of the most miserable set of wretches that could be scraped together. Well might one of the American seamen exclaim, after the action, "the Java's men were the most ragamuffin set of fellows I ever saw on board a man of war." Why did not captain Lambert apply for a better crew? It is said he did, and was told an East India voyage would make seamen. The fact is, many of his men had never fired a gun before, except in a salute, and those that knew how were scarcely enough in number to fill the places of captains of guns throughout the ship. The armament of the Java, as appears by lieutenant Chads' letter, was similar to the Guerriere's, with the exception of the two bow-port main-deck guns. The broadside, therefore, will be the same. About the number of the Java's men, the two accounts differ. The Americans say she had three hundred and ninety-three—lieutenant Chads, three hundred and seventy-seven. Allowing for any mistake, let us take the mean of the two, and admit there were three hundred and eighty-five, including crew, supernumeraries, and passengers.

"The Constitution's force I have already enumerated: lieutenant Chads calls her two spar-deck foremast guns eighteen pounders; captain Dacres twenty-four pounders:—neither are wrong, for the guns in question are two long English long eighteen pounders bored to carry a twenty-four pound shot. Lieutenant Chads gives the Constitution four more men than captain Dacres. That is probably correct, for upon her return from her last cruise, in May, this year, she had five hundred and fifty-three on board, although she had just previously declined an engagement with La Pique of 36. There is a wide difference in giving the amount of the enemy's wounded. Lieutenant Chads says forty-eight; the

American twenty-five. As in the number of the Java's crew, I will allow for errors on both sides, and fix thirty-six for our loss in wounded:—with the killed, then, the relative numbers run thus: British one hundred and twenty-four, American forty-six. I have no hesitation in averring my belief, that had the crew of the Java been a little more experienced a different result would have happened, in spite of the vast disparity of force. I have omitted giving a statement of the force engaged in this battle, as with the exception of the two crews, the superiority on the American side is precisely the same as that between the *Guerriere* and *Constitution*, to which I refer. In number of men the Americans exceeded us exactly as five to four, with the advantage of having "all picked men," to oppose so motley a ship's company. In this year we captured the *Nautilus* American brig of sixteen guns and one hundred and thirty men.

"The next in order of date is a second sloop action fought on the 24th of February, 1813, between the *Peacock* brig and *Hornet* ship.* I have no British official account to direct me in this affair. It appears, however, that the *Peacock* having exchanged her carronades, by the desire of the captain, when last in an English port, had on board only twenty-four pounders, as admitted by the Americans. As to her complement of men, when we recur to the station she was attached to (the West Indian) we have a right to believe she was far short both in number and efficient strength. An account published in the States, some months after the action, by some of the officers that belonged to her, mentions her crew to have consisted altogether of one hundred and ten. The Americans, by drowning nineteen of them and throwing overboard five or six more, did, I know, swell the number to one hundred and thirty-four; but as this tale was framed immediately after the action, and the above British account, though subsequently given, was not contradicted, I shall adopt the latter for my guide. The armament of the *Hornet* I take from their own records. Her crew was confessed to have been upwards of one hundred and seventy. Many in America have said one hundred and eighty odd. I shall be contented with the smaller number, the usual quality of American seamen being kept in recollection. Here then follows a comparison of these two vessels:

* Vide *Naval Chronicle*, vol. 19, p. 388.

PEACOCK.		HORNET.	
(Rating 18, mounting the same)		(Rating 16, mounting 20 guns.)	
Broadside, 8 24lb. carronades,	192lb.	Broadside, 9 32lb. carronades,	288lbs.
1 6lb. long gun,	6	1 12lb. long gun,	12
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	198lb.		300lbs.
Besides a small boat gun.		Men 170.	
Men and boys 110.		Measurement about (English) 530 tons.	
Measurement under 350 tons.			

Superiority on the American side.

In weight of metal, as three to two.

In number of men, as three to two.

In size of vessel, as seven to five.

“In this battle the Americans had evidently the whole fight to themselves. Were we to credit all we heard on the subject, it would appear our brig was not in order to sustain a contest with an enemy’s vessel of even rather less than her own force, much more with one upwards of a third stronger in guns and men, and in the highest state of discipline and good order. The Americans acknowledge only five killed and wounded, and state our loss to have been thirty-eight, including some that went down in the brig at the close of the action. Never was there a finer specimen of marine gunnery than the Americans displayed in this engagement. Against this loss we have to place the capture of the Vixen and Viper of similar force to the Nautilus.

“The Americans have down in their list the Duke of Gloucester brig, of twelve guns, taken from us at the surrender of York, on the 26th of April. It is probable she was neither armed nor sea-worthy, as they have made no use of her.

“The next action was between the Chesapeake and Shannon, fought on the doubly glorious 1st of June this year. Long had captain Broke, and his “gallant shipmates,” as he emphatically calls them, sought this meeting. The enemy, confident in his “fine crew,” and the superior equipment of his ship, and inebriated with former successes, was, perhaps, not less anxious for battle, though more certain that victory would crown his efforts. The Shannon’s proper complement was three hundred and ten, but the day previous to the action she got twenty hands out of a recapture, which increased her whole crew to three hundred and

thirty. The Chesapeake's victualling book contained three hundred and eighty-nine; but *lots* of volunteers, to be present at the "glorious triumph," sallied forth from Boston. These, having just came on board for a *frolick*, were not inserted on the muster-roll. I know the Congress frigate, of similar rate to the Chesapeake, returned into Portsmouth, N. H. shortly afterwards, with a crew of four hundred and ten, therefore cannot be surprised at the Chesapeake, on such an occasion, having four hundred and forty, as stated in captain Broke's letter.* From persons who went on board both ships on their arrival in port, expressly to take an account of their respective armaments, I am enabled to give the following particulars:

SHANNON.		CHESAPEAKE.	
(Rating 38, mounting 48 guns)		(Rating 36, mounting 49 guns.)	
Besides, 1 12lb. carronade	} boat guns.	Besides, 1 12lb. on an elevating carriage.	
1 6lb. do.			
<i>Broadside.</i>		<i>Broadside.</i>	
Main-deck, 14 18lb. long guns,	252lbs.	Main-deck, 14 18lb. long guns,	252lbs.
Quarter-deck, 2 9lb. do. do.	18	Quarter-deck, 1 do. do. (shifting	
Forecastle, 8 32lb. carronades,	256	gun)	18
	<hr/>	Forecastle, 10 32lb. carronades,	320
	526lbs.		<hr/>
			590lbs.
Men and boys, in all, 330.		Men, "picked and volunteers,"	440.
Measurement, under 1050 tons.		Measurement exactly (English)	1127 1/2
		tons.	

Superiority on the American side.

In weight of metal, as nine to eight.

In number of men, as four to three.

In size of vessel, as fourteen to thirteen.

"Thus, in thirteen minutes from the firing of the first gun, ended the fairest, shortest, severest, and most decisive action ever fought between two ships so nearly of an equality as the Shannon and Chesapeake. The enemy's ship, originally rated a forty-four, and carried four more guns on her upper deck than she

* To prove the size and sturdiness of the Chesapeake's crew generally, it is a fact that the *irons* found on board that ship, which were of the ordinary construction, when applied to the wrists of the prisoners, made many of them wince and complain of their *tightness*.

had in the action; but upon such forty-four's as the President, and her two sister ships, being sent to sea, the rate of the Chesapeake was altered to a thirty-six, although even then larger and of more force than any thirty-eight in our service. The Shannon lost her first lieutenant and several men after possession had been gained of the enemy's deck, owing to some mistake in shifting the colours.

"The Chesapeake's loss is stated by captain Broke to have been one hundred and seventy. One of the American surgeons estimates it at about "one hundred and sixty to one hundred and seventy;" therefore, the British account is probably correct. The American official account, written by a lieutenant Budd, is glaringly false in many particulars, so that if the list of killed and wounded stated, as annexed to his letter, had been published (which was not the case) it could not have been relied upon. The following is a summary of the relative execution done by the two ships. Shannon's killed and wounded, eighty-four—Chesapeake's ditto, one hundred and seventy. Upwards of nineteen men disabled per minute proved the earnestness of the combat, and the proportion that fell by the Shannon's guns proved further, that in this action, at least, British powder and shot did not scatter uselessly in the air. The whole inside of the Chesapeake's bulwarks, fore and aft, was covered with netting to catch the splinters! So much for the *tenderness* of the enemy. His bitterness created general amusement in the cart-loads of langridge, iron bolts, and other *American artillery* that were exposed to sale at public auction!"

Continuation of the Remarks on "the Synopsis of Naval Actions, fought between the British and American ships of war," in the British Naval Chronicle.

If the "British officer on the American station" were as dextrous in gaining a victory as in excusing a defeat, he would be the greatest officer in the world. His storehouse of excuses seems absolutely inexhaustible, and, what is very singular, its variety equals its exuberance: for he has a new apology for every new disaster. Some of these are indeed none of the best, but it is said, even a poor excuse is better than none, which is all we can say in favour of the excuses

of this unfortunate British naval officer. In progressing—pardon us, most potent reviewers—in progressing with our examination of the Synopsis, we were led to wonder exceedingly what excuses he would find for the next defeat, supposing as we did that by that time he must be quite exhausted. But in this we did great injustice to the fertility of his imagination, which never fails him at a pinch; for if he don't find excuses, he makes them, and thus, though we cannot in conscience give him much credit for the authenticity of his statements, we will not withhold our admiration of the originality of his invention, or the extent and variety of his imagination.

These qualities are no where more strikingly displayed than in the details of the action between the Java and Constitution, (that pestilent “bunch of pine boards”) which took place on the 29th of December, 1812. In this affair the loss of the Constitution was thirty-four, nine of whom were killed, and twenty-five wounded;—that of the Java sixty killed, and one hundred and one wounded, making a total of one hundred and sixty-one. The Java was so completely a wreck as to render it necessary to destroy her. The Constitution, after putting the surviving crew of the Java on shore at St. Salvador, proceeded on her cruise, which she completed, so little damage had she sustained. Against these facts the British officer puts his account current in formidable array, and the result of his calculations is, that the disparity of force was precisely the same as existed between the Constitution and the Guerriere.

Our gallant officers, whose authority is at least equal to that of lieutenant Chads, of the Java, of whom we shall say more presently, state the force of the Java at forty-nine guns, and three hundred and ninety-five men. The Constitution carried fifty-four guns, and four hundred men. The Java therefore was inferior by five guns and five men to the Constitution. This is but a trifling difference, and wholly inadequate to account for the disparity of loss, which is almost as five to one. But, says the ingenious officer, “the crew of the

Java was composed of the most miserable set of wretches that could be scraped together." This is quite enough for us. We never said any thing more than that we had better men than those in the British navy—better officers, and better ships—and the writer here admits, for the third time at least, that the crews of the British vessels were and are utterly inferior to ours.

Of captain Lambert, who died of his wounds not long after the surrender of the Java, we wish to speak with the respect due to a brave man, who died in defence of his ship, and whom we allow to have defended her bravely, if not judiciously. It appears by the admission of some of the officers of the Java, that captain Lambert mistook the Constitution for the Essex frigate, which had left Port Prayo only one day before the arrival of the Java at that place. From the time of his departure to that of his falling in with the Constitution he was in hourly expectation of meeting the Essex, and, from the admission of his own officers, he fought the action under the impression that it was this ship. This accounts for his keeping at long shot distance, during much of the action, knowing that the Essex mounted only carronades, and consequently that he could reach her with his long eighteens without being exposed to her fire in the least. Though captain Lambert was pre-occupied for several days with the idea of meeting the Essex, and was ignorant that the Constitution was in his neighbourhood, still considering the small size of the Essex, and the enormous magnitude of the Constitution, which according to this writer equals that of a seventy-four, we think that a judicious and experienced officer ought not to have mistaken one for the other. There is little doubt that his prolonged resistance was not a little owing to this mistake: for it is related by our officers, that he was mightily relieved when told what vessel had beat him, and incontinently exclaimed, "then we are safe."

In the Java, besides her complement of men, was general Hyslop, his suite, and one or two captains of the British

navy, on their way to India. Captain Bainbridge paroled the whole surviving officers and crew, together with general Hislop and his suite, and recovered and restored to the general a number of pieces of silver plate, claimed as his property. The lieutenant-general wrote a letter to captain Bainbridge, acknowledging in the most unqualified terms his liberal courtesy, not only to the general himself, but to the surviving officers and crew of the Java. In grateful return for the kindness shown to the officers and crew, lieutenant Chads, on his return to England, wrote an official letter to the secretary of the admiralty, in the true spirit of a British official statement: that is to say—marked with every feature of misrepresentation; and the surgeon of the Java, not to be outdone by his gallant commander, published a most scandalous account of the inhumanity with which the wounded were treated by our officers after the battle. If, as some officers soon after the conclusion of the war, acknowledged in New York, it is the policy of their government to make the best of every disaster, for the purpose of deceiving the people, let it be so. But this is no argument why we should not repel their calumnies, and vindicate not only our victories, but our national reputation, assailed as it has been in every point with the most inveterate hostility. On no occasion has it happened, that any of their beaten commanders has done justice to the courtesy of their conquerors; or if it did so happen that they were unwarily seduced, by a momentary and evanescent feeling of gratitude, to pay a compliment to American courtesy, it has invariably been seen that when they returned to England they were fain to conciliate the admiralty, and obtain pardon for their defeats by recalling their hasty effusions of gratitude, and eating their words. It is rather singular, however, that the writer of the Synopsis, who has been a whole year collecting his facts, and who is withal so *candid* a gentleman, should not have known, or knowing, should have omitted to mention, the conduct of captain Bainbridge towards general Hislop, and the officers and crew of the Java. If “the task of representing the cha-

racter of an enemy in an unfavourable light was so painful" to his feelings, why did he not solace his wounded sensibility by giving that enemy credit for his high and generous courtesy? It is plain from this, and other omissions we mean to notice in their proper place, that his affectation of pain on the occasion alluded to was nothing but the low and miserable cant of insidious hypocrisy, giving a keener and deeper character to the injury by pretending to inflict it unwillingly.

We cannot help noticing the cunning attempt intertwined with the relation of the capture of the *Java* to put John Bull in somewhat of a good humour, by telling him of the *Constitution*, with "five hundred and fifty-three" "picked" men on board, running away from the *La Pique* thirty-six, in the West Indies, and of the capture of the *Nautilus*, of sixteen guns. The first story is singularly unlucky, since it is notoriously known, that at that time the order not to engage an American frigate singly had been promulgated by the British admiralty, and that the British frigates, in doubtless most unwilling obedience to this painful duty, always saved our ships the trouble and disgrace of running away by running away first. As to the *Nautilus*, she was taken by a squadron of line of battle ships and frigates, and the honour must be divided among so many that it is hardly worth claiming, except where honour is very scarce.

The next action that occurs in the "Synopsis" is that of the *Hornet* and *Peacock*, which took place on the 24th of February, 1813. The relative force of the two vessels is thus summed up by the author:—In weight of metal and number of men as three to two, in size of vessel as seven to five, in favour of the Americans. Where he procured his data for these calculations the writer does not tell us, merely hinting at an account published somewhere or other, and which not having been contradicted, as he says, "he shall adopt for his guide." The force of the *Hornet*, as taken from the records of the navy department, was twenty guns, and one hundred and thirty-five men; her tonnage four hundred and forty and two-thirds.

The Peacock, by his own acknowledgment, was of three hundred and eighty tons, and, from the best information which could be procured by our officers, she carried one hundred and thirty-nine men. But even admitting the difference stated by himself to be correct, will this account for the result? In fifteen minutes from the first fire the Peacock struck, and went down so immediately after, that some of our own men were drowned in attempting to save her crew. In less than two hours after the action, the Hornet had all her damages repaired, her boats hoisted in and stowed away, and was ready for action with another British sloop of war, which was in sight during the whole engagement, but which doubtless, from a principle of honour, kept aloof, and did not interfere either before or after. The Peacock had five killed and thirty-eight wounded; the Hornet one killed and two wounded—making a difference of five to one in killed, and nineteen to one in wounded. This is rather more than the difference in men, guns, and tonnage will warrant, even if we take the statement of the British naval officer for our guide. Again he is forced to acknowledge it to have been owing to the superiority of our skill. “Never,” says he, “was there a finer specimen of marine gunnery than the Americans displayed in this engagement.” Here once more we have the key to the whole affair, and the admission is still more remarkable, as being the only specimen of candour exhibited in the whole course of the labours of the British naval officer.

In this memorable engagement, perhaps more decisive of a superiority on the part of the Americans than any that ever occurred, our people exhibited, in the most striking manner, their humanity to the conquered enemy. They risked their lives in saving them, and some of our gallant seamen were drowned in the attempt. They afterwards generously subscribed a portion of their pay to clothe the survivors of the Peacock’s crew, who had lost their baggage when that vessel sunk. We should scorn to mention these things, did not the want of candour, as well as truth, which distinguishes almost

all the accounts of our country published in England, render it an act of self defence to proclaim our kindnesses to this ungrateful enemy, who measures our character by his own antipathies, and who, in the mortification of his defeats, forgets that justice is due even to an opponent.

“Against this loss,” continues the officer, “we have to place the capture of the *Vixen*, and the *Viper*, of similar force to the *Nautilus*.” He wisely however abstains from giving the relative force in these instances. It did not suit his purpose, for the *Vixen* was taken by the Southampton frigate of thirty-six guns, and much as we feel our superiority, we hardly think an American brig of sixteen guns a match for a British frigate of six and thirty. The *Viper* was originally built for an anchor hoy, then turned into a gun-boat—was afterwards rigged as a cutter, but being found unfit for either gun-boat or cutter, was rigged as a brig, and laughed at by every body. She was taken by a frigate or seventy-four, we forget which. These two brilliant victories are, however, put forth as a sort of offset against one of the finest victories ever gained by one sloop of war over another; and although they seem to have little to do in a question of superior skill and gallantry, we are willing to let them go for what they are worth. In an account current, like that of our great arithmetician, where the balance is so heavy against him, it would be ungenerous to scrutinize his little credits too severely, and therefore let them pass.

When people have but little to boast of they are somewhat excusable to make as much of a small matter as they can; and we are therefore neither surprised nor mortified at the triumphant exhibition of the battle between the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* for the *second* time in the *Synopsis*. It was fought, says the writer, “on the ever glorious first of June,” which the reader may possibly recollect is the anniversary of lord Howe’s victory. The result of this action every body knows; and though it was fought under many disadvantages

on our side, as well as with an inferiority of force, we will give them the credit of this victory, not only because we can well spare it, but because we wish to set them an example of candour. True it is, that the Shannon was a thirty-eight gun frigate, carrying fifty-three, according to the testimony of all the surviving officers of the Chesapeake, and carrying, by the admission of this writer himself, three hundred and thirty men. The victualling book of the Chesapeake, to which he refers, is of little authority, when it is known that captain Lawrence put to sea almost immediately on the appearance of the Shannon, and that his men having leave, were many of them on shore, and could not be found in time. From the best authority we state, that her crew, at the time of the action, did not come up to three hundred and fifty men—so far from being “picked,” as the writer of the Synopsis states, that they were in a state of great discontent, in consequence of some delay in the receipt of prize money. The Chesapeake mounted but forty-eight guns; and it is worthy of remark that this difference of five guns is precisely what in reality constituted the difference in the number of the guns of the Constitution, the Guerriere, and the Java. But we will not descend to imitate the English in their excuses. If the crew, and the inferior officers of the Chesapeake, were disaffected, or inexperienced, they were in this instance inferior to their enemy; and so far as this instance, and that of the Argus, can weigh against eighteen or twenty on the other side, let it have its full weight. Far be it from us to say, that accident, or some other cause, will not sometimes give a victory to our enemies: for we know that there are cases in which a French ship has beat a British one of equal force. Yet we never inferred from this, that the former was superior to the latter in skill and bravery. This would be a new species of demonstration, making the truth of a position to depend, not upon the number, but the rarity of its proofs, and establishing a fact on the basis of nineteen contradictions out of twenty. It would be like breaking down a general rule on the authority of a single exception, and con-

verting that single exception into a general rule. We recollect a blustering sort of an English sailor in one of our country villages, a sort of *Pindar of Wakefield*, that is, a kind of rural champion, who goes to town meetings, reviews, and horse racings, picking quarrels with peaceable people, and bullying those who he thinks will not fight. In the same village was a queer, slouching, good-natured countryman, a great talker, but withal of a quiet, peaceable disposition, and very slow to anger. These two never met but the bully, who by dint of being beaten tolerably often had got pretty well used to it, made it a point to force this peaceable man into a fight. True, he always got the worst of it except once, when his antagonist was a little out of order. But although beaten a dozen times afterwards, he insisted upon it that this one case was a decided proof that he was the greater bruiser of the two. His rival, who was, as we said before, a good-natured lad, sometimes laughed at the braggart, and sometimes beat him, just as he happened to be in the humour. But he could never cure him of boasting of his single victory to his dying day.

Thus it is with this affair of the Chesapeake, which, according to the writer of the Synopsis, is to weigh against every other proof to the contrary, and to establish the fact of British naval superiority beyond contradiction. At such preposterous claims a man can do nothing but laugh, for it would be ridiculous to fall into a passion because the enemy we have beaten will not acknowledge himself beaten. This would be too much to expect from honest John Bull, as he calls himself, who, so far as we recollect, was never yet known to acknowledge any thing to his disadvantage.

The loss of the Chesapeake was nothing; and had she sunk to the bottom of the ocean, the people would have rejoiced that a vessel, through whose sides the nation had long before been stabbed to the heart, had disappeared forever. But the loss of the brave Lawrence was felt, and long will be felt, as a national calamity. His death, coupled with the circumstances which attended it:—with his bodily wounds—his

mental anxieties—his glorious and ever to be remembered exclamation of “Don’t give up the ship”—all these, combined with the knowledge that his valiant spirit prompted him to accept the challenge unprepared, and with the memory of his previous victory, excited a feeling towards him in this country which we would not exchange for the knighthood and the silver plate of captain Broke, or the pompous eulogiums of the British naval officer.

There are some things brought into the statement of this action, which we think the writer had better have let alone. His attempt to prove that the men of the Chesapeake were all giants, because their *irons* pinched them, savours too much of ancient fable. The breed of giants is generally supposed to be extinct, and the attempt to revive a belief in their existence is rather what we might call a forlorn hope at best. The early discoverers of Patagonia, being obliged to run away before the natives, called them in revenge giants, and the British naval officers, being equally alarmed, have resorted to the same expedient as a salvo to their honour—to varnish over their defeats, or swell a solitary victory into a factitious consequence. The impudence of these pretences is almost equal to their folly. Every body conversant with the two nations knows, that Englishmen are in general larger and heavier than the Americans. It is a difference that strikes every traveller; and the idea of picking out large men for our ships is too ridiculous to be credited any where except in England, which has suffered for her ignorance of America, and will suffer still more in all probability, unless more pains are taken to come at the truth.

So with respect to the relative loss of the two vessels. He has swelled that of the Chesapeake from one hundred and forty-six to one hundred and seventy, as if determined to glut himself this once at least with blood and carnage. He riots to the very lips in slaughter; and, in order to have full play, kills and wounds twenty-four men with a stroke of his sanguinary pen. Then being fully sated, it would seem, with his

bloody banquet, he becomes exceeding merry and jocular withal, as your fat fellows are wont to do after dinner, before they fall asleep. "The whole of the inside of the Chesapeake's bulwarks, fore and aft," says he, "was covered with nettings to catch the splinters! So much for the *tenderness* of the enemy; his *bitterness* created general amusement in the cart-loads of langridge, iron bolts, and other *American artillery*, that were exposed to sale at *public auction*." Poor John Bull! as this is one of the few opportunities for being merry, afforded by the late war, he would have been inexcusable not to make the most of it, and we should be unreasonable to break in upon his merriment, was it not founded upon very common circumstances. In the first place, *splinter nets* are no uncommon proof of "*tenderness*," for they are in common use among all nations having ships of war. In the second place, langridge and iron bolts are also very usual, the one as "*artillery*," if the gentleman chooses to call it so; the other for various purposes, which are quite unnecessary to particularize. It was paltry, therefore, to bring forward these things as unusual in like situations, because, as a joke, it is but a poor one at best; and if the writer is in earnest, he either shows that he is utterly ignorant himself of the usages of naval warfare, or that he wishes to impose upon the ignorance of his readers. If these articles were exposed to sale at *public auction*, we presume this was done by way of giving celebrity to the victory, by thus causing it to be well advertised in the newspapers, where men, who never read any thing else, would stand a good chance of seeing it, accompanied by the puffs of the auctioneer.

Nothing indeed of the kind ever made so much noise in England as the capture of the Chesapeake. The bells rung, and the tower guns were fired. All Grub street was inspired to pour forth its notes of triumph on the occasion; and even *lord Thurlow*, the undoubted head of that inspired tribe, wrote a ballad on the occasion. We regret it is not in our power to present a specimen of this ballad to our readers, as

a proof of the superiority of lordly nonsense over that of common men. Perhaps however his lordship may have been out of his wits with joy when he wrote it, and if so, we cannot refrain from excusing its enormous folly, and hoping he will do better another time. In addition to all these demonstrations of public exultation, the victory was advertised like a quack medicine, or Packwood's razor strops, and for several nights after, "Rule Britannia" was sung at the theatres without being hissed.

WASP AND FROLICK.*

THE following article was received too late for insertion in our last number, which contains some remarks on the engagement between these two ships, as detailed in an article in the *British Naval Chronicle*. The reasonings and inferences it contains are so conclusive, as to carry the fullest conviction, and the facts stated are from an authority, which, if we were permitted to mention it, would be conclusive as to their truth. The facts we know to have been furnished by an eye-witness to the action.

To the Editor of the American Naval Chronicle.

SIR,

HAVING observed that you have begun an examination of an article in the *British Naval Chronicle*, in which is contained a studied misstatement of every naval action fought during the late war, and professedly written by "a British naval officer on the American station," I take the liberty to offer you the following remarks. They relate entirely to the action between the *Wasp* and *Frolick*—they are given on the authority of one who was present at the engagement, and it is believed will effectually establish the want of veracity in the writer of

* The very name of the *Frolick*, it will be recollected, became, in consequence of this action, disagreeable and painful, not only to my lords commissioners of the admiralty, but to the whole British people. The British government, wisely regarding these feelings and prejudices, ordered the *Frolick*, on her arrival in England, although she was nearly a new vessel, and very excellent of her class, to be broken up, and thus expunged the very name from their navy list.

the "Synopsis." I shall examine the different positions of this writer as they occur.

"*The Wasp, now the Peacock in our service,*" he observes, "*is certainly a much finer ship than any sloop of war we have, and has her bulwarks nearly as thick as a frigate.*" That the Wasp was a fine ship I am ready to admit, and the only conclusion I shall draw from the admission, is that this country, young as it is in naval architecture, already surpasses England, which, for centuries, has been exercising her ingenuity in bringing this science to perfection. To a nation labouring under such an incurable lack of genius as ours (if we believe our cousin England) it is not a little creditable that such has been the result of our early exertions, and it is earnestly hoped that this success will inspire us to attempt greater things. But the assertion that the bulwarks of the Wasp were nearly as thick as those of a frigate, is palpably absurd, and in direct contradiction of the first part of the sentence; because a sloop of eighteen guns, with such bulwarks, could not be a fine vessel. Such a disproportion between her hull and her armament never occurred in a fine ship, because it is at war with that nice and indispensable harmony of parts, without which no vessel can be entitled to that appellation. The assertion is, therefore, improbable, absurd, and contradictory, and requires a stronger support than the mere assertion of an anonymous British naval officer.

"*But,*" says the officer, "*the evening previous to the action, the Frolick carried away her main-yard, lost her topsails, and sprung her maintop-mast, consequently was quite in a disabled state.*"

The assertion that this disastrous gale happened on the evening previous to the action, is taken from the British official statement, and is made for very obvious reasons; but it is, nevertheless, incorrect. Captain Jones says, in his official letter, "We had left the Delaware on the 13th. The 16th had a heavy gale, in which we lost our jib-boom, and two men. Half past 11, in the night of the 17th, in lat. 37 and long. 65

west, we saw several sail, two of them appearing very large. We stood from them for some time, then shortened sail, and steered the remainder of the night the course we had perceived them on. At daylight, on the 18th, we saw them ahead; gave chase, and soon discovered them to be a convoy of six sail, under the protection of a sloop of war, &c." Captain Whinyates states, in his official letter, the following particulars: "On the night of the 17th, we were overtaken by a most violent gale of wind, in which the Frolick carried away her main-yard, lost her main-topsail, and sprung the main-topmast. On the morning of the 18th, as we were repairing the damages sustained in the storm, and reassembling the scattered ships, a suspicious ship came in sight, and gave chase to the convoy. The merchant vessels continued their voyage before the wind under all sail; the Frolick dropt astern, and *hoisted Spanish colours, in order to decoy the stranger under her guns, &c.*"

From this extract it would appear, that while captain Jones was cruising on the 17th, he saw several strange sail, some of them apparently large, and stood from them, till, at a convenient distance, he shortened sail—that during the night he steered the course he had observed them to be pursuing, and, at daylight in the morning of the 18th, made them out to be a convoy of six sail, under the protection of a sloop of war. All this time, and while so near the enemy, he remained utterly ignorant of this tremendous gale, which shattered the Frolick and dispersed her convoy, having, it seems, anticipated it two days before. Yet, in this very latitude, and within the distance of a few miles, captain Whinyates was suffering these terrible disasters. His convoy, which was thus dispersed at this very time, was seen together, by captain Jones, at 11 at night on the 17th, and at daylight on the morning of the 18th, that is the very morning of the action. There is here a contradiction which cannot be reconciled, and one of the statements must necessarily be incorrect.

Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that the testimony of one man is as good as another, abstractedly considered; yet as one man has a much stronger motive for falsifying his word than another, his testimony labours under a weakness of probability, which, in all cases, necessarily deprives it of its greatest support, and gives a preference to that of the other. In addition to this test of truth, there is another equally calculated to throw light on conflicting testimony, and that is the mass of accompanying circumstances, among which will almost always be found something that will irresistibly incline the mind to one side or the other. Let us apply these rules to the present case:

Captain Jones had fairly and gallantly beaten his enemy; he could, therefore, have no feeling of humiliation on the occasion—no spiteful motive of revenge to satiate, by undervaluing or overrating the force or efficiency of those over whom he had just triumphed—nor was it of the least consequence to his reputation, whether there was a tempest or a calm before or after the action. Where then shall we look for the impulse which could possibly actuate captain Jones to misrepresent, without any conceivable motive? With captain Whinyates, just conquered by an enemy he had been accustomed from his youth upwards to despise, the case is far different. To be beaten by one whom a man has been in the habit of contemning as weak, or cowardly, must be a bitter pill, most especially to such bullies as the British naval officers who have lorded it so long over the subject seas. There is no situation in which I should expect such men to be actuated by an inveterate dislike towards the victor, and, consequently, where I should anticipate a stronger disposition to deprive the latter, by every possible means, of the credit of his gallantry, "*It is with the most bitter sorrow and distress,*" says captain Whinyates in his official letter, "I have to report to your excellency the capture of his majesty's brig Frolick, by the ship Wasp, &c." Again, he adds: "I shall ever deplore the unhappy issue of this conflict, &c." This is the very language of ex-

were mortification and chagrin, and indicates a mind precisely in that state to seize on every thing that could palliate the disgrace or sooth the wounds of feeling—in short, when all the ingenuity of pretext, and every possible extenuation will be resorted to, in order to diminish individual and national disgrace. We all perceive from captain Whinyates' letter that he seems to consider himself called upon to make such an official statement, as will most effectually screen himself and solace the wounded pride of his nation. Captain Jones had no conceivable motive to disguise the truth, while captain Whinyates had powerful ones to tempt him to deviate into misstatements.

“*It is stated,*” says the writer of the Synopsis, “*that captain Whinyates, her commander, was not apprised of the war, even when he met the Wasp.*”

This fact, I believe, now comes abroad for the first time. Most certainly the officers of the Frolick did not marshal this among their excuses; on the contrary, one of the officers of that ship, in a conversation with an officer of the Wasp, after the capture of the former, casually mentioned where they were when they first heard of the war. In addition to this, some of the Frolick's officers also mentioned, that they had obtained from a neutral vessel, some American newspapers, which spoke of the capture of the *Guerriere*; which, however, they paid little attention to, as they had not the remotest idea that any one of our frigates *could* take the *Guerriere*. But this point is placed beyond all doubt. “At thirty-two minutes past 11, A. M.” says captain Jones's letter, “we engaged the sloop of war, *having first received her fire.*” Captain Whinyates says: “About ten o'clock, both vessels being within hail, we hauled to the wind and the battle began.” If he did not know of the war, he here most unaccountably omits stating the very circumstance, of all others, that would have gone furthest in extenuating his defeat; and that he did not state it, is a better proof against it than the mere assertion of an anonymous writer in its favour. But, in fact, it is not asserted—the writer

was too cautious for that:—he knew that it could be disproved, and that the detection of one falsehood must inevitably weaken the authority of every other part of his statement. He, therefore, merely intimates it, well knowing that those for whom alone his statement is intended, would give it all the weight of an unqualified assertion, while at the same time he would have a snug excuse in case the insinuation should be proved unfounded.

“*Then as to men,*” continues the British officer on the American station, “*she (the Frolick) was miserably defective.*” *Her station had been Jamaica.*” “*With a crew partly consisting of invalids from the naval hospital.*” “*With a crew at least twenty-five short of her complement (one hundred and twenty-one)—and part of them just recovering from that dreadful West India malady, the yellow fever.*” “*With a crew, feeble as it was, of little more than half the number opposed to them.*”

These are very remarkable assertions, and it is still more remarkable that we should never have heard of them before. It is remarkable that captain Whinyates knew nothing of the melancholy state of his crew. It is remarkable that none of his officers ever mentioned it after the capture—and it is absolutely astonishing that this material fact should never have come to light until three years after the action! It is a fact, sir, that nothing of this kind was ever hinted by either of them in any of their conversations with the Americans, nor was this circumstance ever before presented to the public in any one of the numerous apologies for this signal defeat. I have no means of ascertaining the number of the Frolick’s crew, but a circumstance which took place at the time, leads me to suppose that it had been augmented from the convoy on the *Wasp* heaving in sight. One of the ships of the convoy was observed to keep to windward during the action. She afterwards came down in company with the *Poictiers*, and put into Bermuda for want of hands. The inference is irresistible, that her crew had been borrowed by the Frolick, who, unfortunately, could not afterwards return them.

“*The Wasp*,” says the British naval officer, “*the Americans will not now deny, had for a crew one hundred and sixty-five of the best men captain Jones could procure, and had only left the Delaware about a fortnight previous to the action. She was, therefore, fully prepared to meet an enemy’s vessel every way her equal.*”

This paragraph is written with a deal of petty art and disingenuousness. In saying that the Americans will not *now* deny the fact which he states, he insinuates, and doubtless his readers will believe, that the Americans had at first denied it, but that it had since been so undeniably established, that they had at last been forced to acknowledge the truth even against their will. The fact is, it never has nor ever will be acknowledged by the Americans, either that the crew of the *Wasp* consisted of one hundred and sixty-five men, or that they were all picked men, because neither of these assertions are true. The *Poictiers*, which captured the *Wasp* after the action with the *Frolick*, became entitled, by the usages of the British service, to *head-money* for each person on board the *Wasp*. In order to ascertain the precise number, captain Jones and one of his officers, were desired to give their depositions before the court of admiralty at Bermuda. They testified, on oath, that the whole number of persons on board the *Wasp*, *previous to the action*, was one hundred and thirty-seven, and for that number the captors were paid *head-money*. If the writer of the Synopsis doubts this, he may, if he pleases, consult the archives of the court. It is equally incorrect, that the crew of the *Wasp* were picked men. She was on her way from France, with despatches, when captain Jones first heard of the war; and no alteration afterwards took place in her crew, except what occurred in consequence of the discharge of a very few men, who claimed to be British subjects, and were fearful of being hanged if they were taken. That the *Wasp*, as the writer of the Synopsis affirms, “*was fully prepared to meet a vessel every way her equal,*” is an honest truism, which I have not the hardihood to deny, because every vessel that

ever sailed the ocean, must, of necessity, be prepared to meet another which is only "every way her equal." Equality precludes any advantage, or to state the proposition of this logical writer more at large, equality precludes any superiority, and, therefore, every vessel is prepared to meet another vessel, which is only equal to herself; for, if she be equal to the enemy, the enemy cannot be her superior, and, *therefore*, I admit that the Wasp was, in reality, equal to any vessel not superior to herself. This is, in fact, the amount of the "British naval officer's" proposition, as expressed in the Synopsis; and, if he really meant any thing else, the poverty of his language or his ideas, it would seem, prevented him from expressing his meaning so as to be understood.

"*Captain Whinyates,*" continues our author, "*speaks decidedly of the unmanageable state of the Frolick in the action, owing to the loss of her main-yard, and of the power it gave the enemy to rake him repeatedly.*"

The same motives which induced captain Whinyates to state that the gale happened the evening before the action, which is not true, undoubtedly prompted him to exaggerate the injuries he received from it. During the whole action the Frolick was never once raked, nor was the Wasp in a situation to rake her. Captain Jones states, in his official letter, that the action commenced at the distance of fifty or sixty yards, both vessels right before the wind, and that they gradually lessened this distance, until he ran on board the Frolick. If this vessel had been in reality thus disabled by the gale two days before, was it probable that captain Whinyates would have decoyed this "suspicious sail" under his guns, thus making sure of a battle, under circumstances so every way disadvantageous to himself? I believe no one will suspect him of such temerity. The truth is, that the loss of the main-yard, the only loss sustained in the previous gale—(for every man on board the Wasp saw, at daylight, on the morning of the action, the main-topsail of the Frolick furled, and her fore-topsail set)—was of no consequence in the manner in which

captain Whinyates fought the action. He kept right before the wind, and every nautical man knows well, that in such a situation, it is not of the smallest consequence whether any after sail is set or not. Captain Whinyates kept right before the wind, because in so doing he experienced no disadvantage from the want of his main-yard; and captain Jones also kept before the wind, because it was in this way alone he could keep company with his adversary.

Very early in the action the Wasp was very much crippled in her spars and rigging, and hence arose the idea of the "superiority of his fire," which so tickled the hopes of captain Whinyates. He saw distinctly the effect of his fire, but he could not so distinctly ascertain that of the Wasp, which, being entirely directed to the hull of his ship, swept away his men; as distinctly appeared to the Americans, from the blood that poured through the scuppers, and the gradual slackening of the enemy's fire. It was not the superiority of the Frolick's fire that induced captain Jones to run her on board, but the apprehension that his masts would go over the side, by which means the enemy, having *then* all his spars standing, might be enabled to make his escape. If by *superior* fire, captain Whinyates means *higher*, I fully agree with him; for he seemed exclusively to direct his guns at the spars and rigging of the Wasp. In any other point of view, the result of the action is sufficiently convincing that the "superiority of his fire" was not very remarkable.

The writer next gives a statement of the relative size, armament, &c. of the two vessels, which is founded on no authority whatever, as is virtually contradicted by the silence of captain Whinyates on the subject. We find the commanding officers of the *Guerriere*, the *Macedonian*, the *Java*, and every other captured ship, stating, in the broadest, most prominent manner, the superiority of the ships to which they were compelled to surrender; but captain Whinyates, who made so much of his gale, and the loss of his main-yard, is entirely silent as to any disproportion of force. He says not a word of the

superiority of his enemy—he says not a word of his being short of men—that his crew was sickly—he does not complain that the American boys were as big as his men—and he is altogether silent on the subject of the mighty bulwarks of the Wasp, “almost equal to those of a frigate.” Is it to be supposed for a moment, that captain Whinyates, in “his bitter sorrow and distress,” “at the unhappy issue of this contest,” would not have urged these things in extenuation of that “unhappy issue?” The author of the Synopsis has stated the number of the Wasp’s guns correctly; but says, “the Frolick mounted eighteen guns, besides, *perhaps*, a single boat-gun.” Captain Jones says, “the Frolick of twenty-two guns, sixteen of them thirty-two-pound carronades, four twelve-pounders on the main-deck, and two twelve-pound carronades on the topgallant-forecastle, making her superior to us by four twelve-pounders;” and certainly the official statement of captain Jones is at least of equal authority to the assertion of an anonymous writer in the British Naval Chronicle. We may judge of the accuracy of this writer, when he says, that the Wasp of eighteen guns, was, in measurement, as four to three, compared with the Frolick of twenty-two guns, both vessels carrying guns of the same calibre. The falsehood as well as folly of this statement, must be apparent to every man of experience. It is equally ridiculous, because it must strike the least reflecting mind, that captain Whinyates, who sailed in company with the Wasp, after she was taken by the Poitiers, to Bermuda, must have perceived this vast difference, and seeing it, would most assuredly have stated it in his official communication.—So with regard to the alleged inferiority of the crew of the Frolick. Captain Whinyates had an equal opportunity of ascertaining the number of men on board of the Wasp; yet he is silent also as to any superiority. Is not this conclusive proof, that no such superiority, in number at least, existed?

“*The British official account of the action,*” says the writer of the Synopsis, “omits stating the number of killed and wounded on either side, only mentioning that not twenty of the Frolick’s men remained unhurt.”

The reason why captain Whinyates departed from the usual practice on such occasions, of stating the number remaining unhurt, instead of the number killed and wounded, is obvious enough. If he had given a fair account of his killed and wounded, he would have betrayed, probably, an alarming fact respecting the number of his crew before the action. By merely stating the number of the survivors he betrays nothing. It is ridiculous to say that he was separated from the Frolick, and, therefore, could not furnish the list; for his letter, if really written on board the Poictiers the day it is dated, could not have been sent till her arrival at Bermuda; and, at the date of that letter, the Poictiers, the Frolick, and the Wasp, were all proceeding together on their way to that island. The same reason that prevented his ascertaining the number lost, would have operated equally in preventing him from finding out how many survived. It is sufficiently evident, therefore, that the usual mode of making returns, was studiously and designedly departed from in this instance, in order to disguise, not only the number of the Frolick's crew before the action, as well as the dreadful loss she sustained.

"It is not attempted to be insinuated," says the Synopsis, *"that any of our people had left their quarters that were not disabled."*

It is true that no such insinuation is made by captain Jones in his official letter; but it is, nevertheless, a fact, that the survivors of the Frolick's crew did quit their quarters and go below. When our people first saw the deck of the Frolick, nobody remained on it but the seaman at the wheel and three officers. If twenty of the crew, as captain Whinyates states; remained unhurt, where were they at that time? The truth is, they were below, and had broken into the spirit-room; information of which being given to one of our officers, a sentinel was placed over the room in consequence.

The last part of the Synopsis I shall notice, is that in which the writer is "under the painful necessity," as he affirms, "of comparing the Americans with the Algerines, be-

cause they did not board the Frolick, immediately on running upon her." The inference the writer plainly attempts to palm upon his readers, is, that the Americans are not only cowardly but cruel. The charge of cowardice recoils on himself; for if the Americans, who have so frequently beaten the British in naval actions, are cowards, what must be those whom they have conquered, and what egregious folly it was to make such a noise about the capture of the Chesapeake! The charge of cruelty, in taking advantage of an enemy whose flag was still flying, by making the most of a favourable position, is equally ridiculous and unsupported. The assertion that the Frolick fell on board the Wasp, "very soon after the action commenced," is equally unfounded, as this did not occur until the conclusion of the affair, and but one gun was fired into the Frolick after the two vessels fell on board each other. By referring his readers to the American papers for confirmation of all he says, the writer displays the petty art of a disingenuous mind. He well knew that few or none of his readers would ever see these papers, and very safely made them the foundation of statements which never received any support from any American publication, or any admissions on the part of the Americans. This is a safe way of propagating falsehoods, and fully answers every purpose of deception, since it appeals confidently to authorities to which his readers can have no access, and states facts of which the contradiction will probably never be seen by those intended to be made the dupes. Nothing can more strikingly indicate the declining state of the British navy, once so renowned, than the desperate misrepresentations and low-bred arts resorted to by "a British naval officer," to cover its numerous disgraces and deceive his credulous countrymen.

1 am. &c.

OFFICIAL LETTER OF CAPTAIN JONES, REFERRED TO IN THE
FOREGOING COMMUNICATION.*New York, 24th November, 1812.*

SIR,

I HERE avail myself of the first opportunity of informing you of the occurrences of our cruise, which terminated in the capture of the *Wasp*, on the 18th October, by the *Poictiers*, of seventy-four guns, while a wreck from damages received in an engagement with the British sloop of war *Frolick*, of twenty-two guns, sixteen of them thirty-two pound carronades, four twelve pounders on the main deck, and two twelve pound carronades on the top-gallant fore-castle, making her superior in force to us by four twelve pounders. The *Frolick* had struck to us, and was taken possession of, about two hours before our surrendering to the *Poictiers*.

We had left the *Delaware* on the 13th. The 15th had a heavy gale, in which we lost our jibboom and two men. Half past eleven, on the night of the 17th, in latitude thirty-seven degrees north, longitude sixty-five west, we saw several sail, two of them appearing very large. We stood from them some time, then shortened sail, and steered the remainder of the night the course we had perceived them on. At day-light, on Sunday the 18th, we saw them ahead—gave chase, and soon discovered them to be a convoy of six sail, under the protection of a sloop of war, four of them large ships, mounting from sixteen to eighteen guns. At thirty-two minutes past eleven, A. M. we engaged the sloop of war, having first received her fire, at the distance of fifty or sixty yards, which space we gradually lessened, until we laid her on board, after a well supported fire of forty-three minutes; and although so near while loading the last broadside that our rammers were shoved against the sides of the enemy, our men exhibited the same alacrity which they had done during the whole of the action. They immediately surrendered upon our gaining their fore-castle, so that no loss was sustained on either side after boarding.

Our main topmast was shot away between four and five minutes from the commencement of the firing,—and falling, together with the main topsail yard, across the larboard fore, and fore topsail braces, rendered our head yards unmanageable the remainder of the action. At eight minutes the gaff and mizen top gallant mast came down; and at twenty minutes from the beginning of the action, every brace, and most of the rigging was shot away. A few minutes after separating from the *Frolick*, both her masts fell upon deck; the mainmast going close by the deck, and the foremast twelve or fifteen feet above it.

The courage and exertions of the officers and crew fully answered my expectations and wishes. Lieutenant Biddle's active conduct contributed much to our success, by the exact attention paid to every department during the engagement, and the animating example afforded the crew by his intrepidity. Lieutenants Rodgers, Booth, and Mr. Rapp, showed, by the incessant fire from their divisions, that they were not to be surpassed in resolution and skill. Mr. Knight, and every other officer, acted with a courage and promptitude highly honourable, and I trust they may be relied on whenever their services may be required.

I could not ascertain the exact loss of the enemy, as many of the dead lay buried under the masts and spars that had fallen on deck, which two hours exertion had not sufficiently removed. Mr. Biddle, who had charge of the *Frolick*, states, that from what he saw, and from the information of the officers, the number of killed must have been about thirty, and that of the wounded between forty and fifty. Of the killed, is her first lieutenant and sailing master,—of the wounded, captain Whinyates and the second lieutenant.

We had five killed and five wounded, as per list. The wounded are recovering. Lieutenant Claxton, who was confined by sickness, left his bed a little previous to the action; and though too much indisposed to be at his division, re-

mained upon deck, and showed by his composed manner of noticing the incidents, that we had lost by his illness the services of a brave officer.

I am, &c.

JACOB JONES.

Hon. Paul Hamilton, Secretary of the Navy.

CAPTURE OF THE FROLICK.

From the London Gazette, December 26.

LETTER FROM THE CAPTAIN OF THE FROLICK TO ADMIRAL WARREN.

His Majesty's ship Poictiers, at sea, October 23.

SIR,

It is with the most bitter sorrow and distress I have to report to your excellency the capture of his majesty's brig Frolick, by the ship Wasp, belonging to the United States of America, on the 18th instant.

Having under convoy the homeward bound trade from the bay of Honduras, and being in latitude thirty-six degrees north, and sixty-four degrees west, on the night of the 17th, we were overtaken by a most violent gale of wind, in which the Frolick carried away her mainyard, lost her topsails, and sprung the main topmast. On the morning of the 18th, as we were repairing the damages sustained in the storm, and reassembling the scattered ships, a suspicious ship came in sight, and gave chase to the convoy.

The merchant ships continued their voyage before the wind under all sail: the Frolick dropt astern, and hoisted Spanish colours, in order to decoy the stranger under her guns, and to give time for the convoy to escape. About ten o'clock, both vessels being within hail, we hauled to the wind, and the battle began. The superior fire of our guns, gave every reason to expect its speedy termination in our favour, but the gaff-head braces being shot away, and there being no sail on the mainmast, the brig became unmanageable, and the enemy succeeded in taking a position to rake her, while she was unable to bring a gun to bear.

After laying some time exposed to a most destructive fire, she fell with the bowsprit betwixt the enemy's main and mizzen rigging, still unable to return his fire.

At length the enemy boarded, and made himself master of the brig, every individual officer being wounded, and the greater part of the men either killed or wounded, there not being twenty persons remaining unhurt.

Although I shall ever deplore the unhappy issue of this contest, it would be great injustice to the merits of the officers and crew, if I failed to report that their bravery and coolness are deserving of every praise; and I am convinced, if the Frolick had not been crippled in the gale, I should have to make a very different report to your excellency. The Wasp was taken, and the Frolick recaptured the same afternoon, by his majesty's ship Poictiers. Being separated from them, I cannot transmit at present a list of killed and wounded. Mr. Charles M'Kay, the first lieutenant, and Mr. Stephens, the master, have died of their wounds.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

T. WHINYATES.

DESCRIPTION OF MINORCA.

Description of the Island of Minorca, and Port Mahon, the present rendezvous of the United States' squadron in the Mediterranean. Compiled from the best authorities.

MINORCA, anciently called *Insula Minor*, with reference to its neighbour Majorca, the largest of the Balearic isles, is situated in the Mediterranean sea, in latitude $39^{\circ} 59'$ north, and longitude $30^{\circ} 45'$ east, and about fifty miles east of the river Ebro, in Spain. It forms part of a circle from south-east to north-west, and is about thirteen leagues in length and nearly thirty-eight leagues in circumference. The inhabitants were anciently celebrated as *slingers*, whence this group of islands acquired the name of Balears. Minorca was successively possessed by the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Vandals, the Moors, the Arragonese and Castilians, the English, the French, and the Spaniards. It is surrounded by a number of small rocks and islets, and the whole of the south side, with very little exception, is level. The air is moist, but the soil is naturally dry. The island is divided into districts called terminos, the chief towns of which are, Ciudadella; Mahon, Alayor, Ferarias, and Mercadal. Its principal ports are, Mahon on the east; Fomella on the north; and Ciudadella on the west. The latter, which is also known by the name of Samna, is the capital, and is a small distance inland, about ten or eleven leagues from Mahon. When the island was successively possessed by the Carthaginians and Romans, it was a place of considerable magnificence, but it has greatly declined since, and is now a place of little consequence, its port being greatly inferior to that of Mahon. It is merely a canal, bounded by rocks. The entrance is difficult, and is defended by two large cannon. The city is surrounded partly by an old wall of Moorish origin, and partly by one of modern construction, formed of bastions, with curtains of hewn stone. The streets, like those of most old cities, are narrow, and paved with unhewn stone. The most remarkable building is a cathedral, flanked with a fine tower, said to be built in the third century. The total population of the termino of

which Ciudadella is the capital, probably does not amount to eight hundred.

Port Mahon, where the American squadron has its depot, is the capital of the termino of the same name. It is the most considerable of the island, containing about sixty thousand acres, and is situated on the south-east extremity of Minorca. Nearly one half the inhabitants of the island reside in this termino. The town of Mahon derives its name from Mago, the Carthaginian general, who is universally acknowledged to have been its founder. It stands on a pretty steep eminence, at the west side of the harbour, and is a tolerably large town, with narrow, ill paved, and crooked streets. The fort of St. Philip is near the entrance of the harbour, which it entirely commands, being very extensive, of great strength, with subterraneous works bomb proof, large magazines, numerous and well appointed guns, and every thing else necessary to a complete fortification. Port Mahon is the finest harbour in the Mediterranean, about ninety fathoms wide at its entrance, but widening into a capacious bay within, and extending nearly a league into the island. Beneath the town there is a fine quay, one side of which is appropriated to ships of war, and furnished with every convenience for repairing or refitting; the other to merchantmen. The castle of St. Philip was esteemed to be impregnable, before the English took it. By them it was greatly improved and strengthened; but whatever may be the opinion of its present possessors, experience has pretty well demonstrated, that no place can be considered impregnable that is not defended by a brave and vigilant garrison.

Besides the ports of Ciudadella and Mahon, the most remarkable are, Fornella and Adaya. The former is about six miles from mount Toro, the highest land on the island, is of a circular form, with a narrow entrance towards the south, and is capable of containing the largest fleet. It is defended by a small square fort, with bastions and fosses, capable of containing about three hundred men. The entrance to the

port of Adaya, is hid by high lands, and is only used by fishermen. Monte Toro, is within a short distance of Mercadal, and commands the whole island. Its form is that of the frustum of a cone. Mount St. Agatha is situated N. W. of Mercadal, and is next in altitude to Monte Toro. On the summit is a chapel dedicated to the saint, and held in great veneration by the people of the island, who are exceedingly superstitious. The whole of this region is inhabited by shepherds, who feed their flocks principally on these mountains.

Minorca is exposed to the north winds, which are unfavourable to vegetation, but notwithstanding this, snow is seldom or ever seen there in winter, and the air of spring is delightfully serene and temperate. The summer is hot and dry, and in the autumn there falls a great deal of rain. The island is in many parts fertile in vegetation. Its products are wheat, barley, and maize—it produces red and white wines for exportation—plenty of olive trees are every where seen, and oranges, pomegranates, figs, lemons, water-melons, &c. together with garden vegetables, are in great plenty. By late accounts, the horses, mules, and asses, were estimated at 2000—the horned cattle at 7000—sheep, goats, and smaller animals, at 45,000—and hogs at 10,000. Little poultry is raised, but the fish all around the island are excellent, and in great abundance. Its natural curiosities are, a grotto called La Cava Pevalla, near Ciudadella, and a subterranean lake; and its antiquities are Phœnician, Macedonian, Carthaginian, Grecian, Roman, and Spanish medals, in gold, silver, and bronze, that are sometimes dug up. There are likewise a number of sepulchres, vases, lamps, urns, &c. made of reddish earth, with illegible inscriptions. The inhabitants are a quiet, peaceable people, attached to their old customs, and very ceremonious in their devotions. Minorca exports cheese, salt, wax, honey and wine, to the amount perhaps of twenty thousand pounds sterling; and receives in return, corn, rice, sugar, coffee, brandy, spices, tobacco, linen, fine cloths, boards, naval stores, and some little furniture.

MONUMENT OF LAWRENCE.

THIS monument is now erecting in Trinity church. The design is simple, and affectingly appropriate. It is a broken column of white marble, of the pure Doric, the cap broken off and resting on the base. The inscription is, we think, singularly beautiful, and does great honour to the author, whose name we have not heard. It presents a fine contrast to the unfeeling and inflated bombast which so often disgraces this species of composition, exhibiting a rare specimen of that sweet yet dignified simplicity which so well accords with the records and the emblems of perishing mortality. The introduction of the dying words of this gallant officer, is in the highest degree affecting.

In Memory of
 Captain JAMES LAWRENCE,
 of the United States Navy,
 Who fell
 on the first day of June, 1813, in the 23d year
 of his age,
 In the action between the frigates Chesapeake and Shannon.
 He distinguished himself on various occasions;
 But particularly when he commanded the
 sloop of war Hornet,
 By capturing and sinking
 His Britannic Majesty's sloop of war Peacock,
 After a desperate action of 14 minutes.
 His bravery in action,
 Was only equalled by his modesty in triumph,
 And his magnanimity to the
 vanquished.
 In private life,
 He was a gentleman of the most
 generous and endearing qualities.
 And so acknowledged was his public worth,
 That the whole nation mourned his loss;
 And the enemy contended with his countrymen,
 Who most should honour his remains.

[ON THE REVERSE.]

The Hero,
 Whose remains are here deposited,
 With his expiring breath,
 Expressed his devotion to his Country.
 Neither the fury of battle;
 The anguish of a mortal wound;
 Nor the horrors of approaching Death,
 Could subdue his gallant spirit.
 His dying words were,
 "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

ORIGINAL.

A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE PARSONS.

THERE is no department of knowledge, no pursuit of intellectual enterprize or industry, which offers in the United States such munificent rewards to those who deserve them, as the science and practice of the law. Wealth, reputation, and power, are the splendid prizes held out to incite the candidate for forensic eminence. We find, accordingly, that the profession of the law has furnished most of the very distinguished men of whom our country can boast. While we had no native poetry of extraordinary excellence, while the muse of history was almost silent, and our general literature confined to the ephemeral columns of gazettes, our jurisprudence and forensic eloquence might vie with those of the most celebrated nations. The person whose portrait is exhibited in our present number, stood high among the illustrious lawyers and judges of America. We present our readers with a brief sketch of his character. It is taken, on the contracted scale to which our limits restrict us, from an address delivered to the grand jury of the county of Suffolk, soon after his death, by his friend and associate, the honourable judge Parker.

Chief justice Theophilus Parsons was born in February, A. D. 1750, and received the rudiments of his education at Dummer academy, in his native parish of Byefield, within the ancient town of Newbury. His father was minister of that parish. His youth was so successfully devoted to study, that before he arrived at the age of twenty-one, he had acquired a critical knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and made considerable progress in logic, metaphysics, and the mathematical sciences. He received the ordinary honours of the university of Cambridge in 1769. He entered upon the study of the law under the late judge Bradbury in Falmouth, now Portland,

and kept for some time the grammar school in that town. He practised law there a few years; but in consequence of the destruction of the town by the British, he retired to the house of his father in Newbury, where he met judge Trowbridge, who had sought shelter from the confusion of the times in the same hospitable mansion. This venerable old man, perhaps the most profound common lawyer of New England before the revolution, had pursued his legal studies and disquisitions, long after he had ceased to be actively engaged in the profession, and had employed himself in composing essays upon abstruse and difficult points of law. To have met in a peaceful village, secure from the alarms of war, with such a learned instructor, fraught with the lore of half a century's laborious study, and willing to communicate what he knew, was to Mr. Parsons a most fortunate occurrence. He regarded it as an uncommon blessing, and frequently observed that this early interruption of his business, which seemed to threaten poverty and misfortune, was one of the most useful and happy events of his life. In about a year from this time he opened his office in Newburyport.

Never was fame more early or more just, than that of Parsons as a lawyer. At an age when most of the profession are but *beginning* to exhibit their talents and to take a fixed rank at the bar, he was confessedly, in point of legal knowledge, among the first of its professors.

His professional services were generally sought for. In his native county, and in the neighbouring state of New Hampshire, scarcely a cause of importance was litigated in which he was not an advocate. His fame had spread from the country to the capital, to which he was almost constantly called to take a share in trials of intricacy and interest. Having entered upon business early in our revolutionary war, when the courts of admiralty jurisdiction were crowded with causes, in the management of which he had a large share, he was led to study with diligence the civil law, the law of nations, and the principles of belligerent and neutral rights.

In special pleading, which more than any thing tests the learning of a common lawyer, he had then few competitors.

He possessed the happy talent of penetrating through the mass of circumstances which sometimes surround and obscure a cause.

His arguments were directed to the understandings of men, seldom to their passions; and yet instances may be recollected, when, in causes which required it, he has assailed the hearts of his hearers with as powerful appeals as were ever made in the cause of humanity. His great talent was that of condensation. He presented his propositions in lucid order, drew his inferences with justness, and enforced his arguments with a simplicity yet fulness which left nothing obscure or misunderstood.

He had a quick perception of the cardinal points of a cause, upon which he poured out the whole treasures of his mind, while he rejected all minor facts and principles from his consideration.

With this fulness of learning and reputation, having had thirty-five years of extensive practice in the law, and having indeed for the last ten years acted unofficially as judge in many of the most important mercantile disputes which occurred in Boston, he was, on the resignation of chief justice Dana, appointed to preside in the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts; and took his seat accordingly on the first Tuesday of July, 1806. This was the first instance of a departure from the ordinary rule of succession; and, considering the character and talents of some who had been many years on the bench, perhaps no greater proof could be given of his pre-eminent legal endowments, than that this elevation should have been universally approved. Perhaps there never was a period when the regular succession would have been more generally acquiesced in, and yet the departure from it in this instance, was every where gratifying.

The imperfect system of judicature, which had prevailed in Massachusetts until about that period, had rendered great

legal abilities requisite to the establishment of a course of proceedings, and uniformity of decisions, so necessary to the safe and satisfactory administration of justice. There had been no history of past transactions preserved by a reporter, the sage opinions of departed judges had been lost even from the memory, and precedents were sought for only in the books of a foreign country. The most interesting points of law had been settled in the hurry and confusion of jury trials; and conflicting opinions of judges, arising from pressure of business and want of time to deliberate, were adjusted by that body which is supposed by the constitution and the laws to be competent to try the fact alone.

But a new era had arisen. A system of jurisprudence, assimilated to that of England, but with great improvements, had been adopted. Its success however depended much upon those who were to administer it. The appointment of Parsons was therefore hailed by all with the highest approbation. His profound learning, his great experience as a practitioner of the law in the country and in the capital, and his accurate knowledge of forms and practice peculiarly fitted him to take the lead in the new order of things: The public expectation was not disappointed. The regularity of trials, and the promptness and correctness of decisions throughout the commonwealth, soon attested the beneficial effects of a system, which he so much contributed to render popular and permanent. The first six volumes of the reports of the court in which he presided, will long endure as a monument of his accurate juridical reasonings, and his deep and extensive knowledge of the common law, and the constitutions and statutes of his country.

But he possessed other important qualities of an upright judge, not exposed to the public eye. He was a patient and diligent inquirer after truth, revolving and revising his own opinions, communicating freely to his brethren his own reasonings, and candidly listening to theirs, suppressing all pride

of opinion, and being ready to adopt another's instead of his own, if found more conformable to truth.

Though fraught with all the technical learning of the bar, and accustomed to a strict adherence to rules in his own practice, he yet, like lord Mansfield, was averse from suffering justice to be entangled in the net of forms; and he, therefore, exerted all his ingenuity to support the principles of equity and right.

In the administration of criminal law, however, he was strict, and almost punctilious, in adhering to forms. He required of the public prosecutors the most scrupulous exactness, believing it to be the right, even of the guilty, to be tried according to known and practised rules; and that it was a less evil for a criminal to escape, than that the barriers established for the security of innocence should be overthrown.

He was a humane judge, and adopted, in its fullest extent, the maxim of lord chief justice Hale, that doubts should always be placed in the scale of mercy.

Having thus attempted a sketch of the professional and judicial character of chief justice Parsons, his political character requires some attention.

Although unwilling to take so great a share in public councils as his townsmen and the people of his county desired, yet on great and solemn occasions, he yielded to the impulse of patriotism, and the solicitations of his neighbours, and gave his time and talents to the state. Accordingly, in 1779, he became a member of the convention which formed the frame of state government for Massachusetts, which has continued to the present day. At a time when the people had freed themselves from a tyrannical government, when they were held together as a body politic by a sense of danger rather than by the restraints of law, and when an enthusiastic love of liberty was almost universally felt, it was no easy task to introduce into the compact vigour enough to prolong its existence beyond the time of peril. Parsons was indefatigable in his exertions to obtain as energetic a system as the people would bear.

Many of the most important articles of the constitution were of his draught; and those provisions which were the least popular, such as dignity and power to the executive, independence to the judiciary, and a separation of the branches of the legislative department, were supported by him with great eloquence and force of argument.

After this constitution had been adopted by the people, and had gone into operation, he appeared but seldom in the political assemblies of the state. The ordinary business of legislation was not of importance enough in his mind to draw him from a profitable pursuit of his profession, which was necessary for the support and education of an increasing family. Yet when the seeds of disorder sprang up in the community, he was again prevailed upon to take a seat in the legislature, where his great political knowledge, and his peculiar address, contributed largely to the preservation of that constitution he had done so much to establish.

But another great national revolution occurred. The constitution of the United States was presented to the people for their approbation, and a convention of delegates from the several towns of Massachusetts was assembled to discuss its merits, and adopt or reject it. Parsons appeared in this assembly, the powerful and zealous advocate of the proposed plan, as new as it was grand, to unite thirteen sovereign republics under a single federative government, without endangering the freedom or independence of any of them, although that federative government was to act directly upon the people, and not upon the governments of those states, and was vested with the unlimited power of the sword and the purse. Parsons was eminently distinguished on this occasion, even among such men as Ames, King, Dana, and Strong. This finished his political engagements, except some few years in the legislature at subsequent periods, when his influence was visible; but the subjects in which it was exercised were only of ordinary import.

But though he was only occasionally engaged as a member of the legislature, he yet was an active observer of public measures, and contributed his councils in many of the arrangements which took place. His political friends frequently sought his advice, and they always found him well acquainted with passing events, and ready to communicate his opinions.

In his political, as well as in his judicial character, there was an apparent suddenness of opinion, which at the moment seemed precipitancy, but which in most instances was discovered to be the effect of a rapid process of reasoning, or the immediate decision of judgment upon facts and principles stored in his memory and always ready for use. Instances could be adduced, in which his friends have rejected his opinions, from a doubt of their correctness, and yet have been brought, by the course of events which he had the sagacity to foresee, to the very point from which they had prudently, as they thought, receded.

His private character remains to be briefly exhibited. He was just, regular, and punctual in his transactions. Simplicity and order presided over his household; hospitality, without ostentation or ceremony, reigned within his mansion. Domestic tranquillity and cheerfulness beamed from his countenance, and was reflected back upon him from his delighted family. It has been the misfortune of many who have been devoted to literature, and who have attained great celebrity, to have been so much absorbed in grave contemplations as to acquire a distaste to those charities of life which are the sources of its happiness, or to become insensible to the ordinary excitements to recreation and pleasure. It was not so with Parsons. His conversation could instruct or amuse, as times and seasons suited. Neither philosophers nor children could leave his society without being improved or entertained. Amid the multifarious occupations of his mind, he had still found room for the lighter literature, and was ready with his critique even upon the ephemeral works of fancy and of taste. The more solid productions of polite literature had passed the

ordeal of his judgment, so that his materials for social converse were abundant. Indeed, his memory might be considered a capacious store house, separated into a multitude of apartments, in which principles, facts, and anecdotes were laid up according to their classes, marked and numbered, so that he could draw them out and appropriate them whenever occasion offered. His conversation was illumined with flashes of wit and merriment, which captivated his hearers, and rendered him at the same time an edifying and entertaining companion. He was accessible, familiar, and communicative, a patron of literature and literary men, a warm friend to the clergy and to the institutions of religion and learning, and an admirer and promoter of merit among the young. He was not an avaricious man, for, after a long life of labour in a lucrative profession, he left no greater estate than is frequently accumulated by a prudent and respectable tradesman.

His attainments in classical literature were great. The late Mr. John Luzac, professor of Greek in the university of Leyden, spoke of him as a "giant in Greek criticism," as his professional admirers styled him "the giant of the law." He loved, and occasionally cultivated the mathematical sciences. The learned and modest Bowditch, in his practical navigator, speaking, on the subject of lunar observations, of a method of correcting the apparent distance of the moon from the sun, acknowledges that it is an improvement on Witchell's method, in consequence of a suggestion from judge Parsons. When fatigued with the labour of deep legal research, he would often *amuse* himself, as he called it, with mathematical calculations, or relax his mind by the perusal of some popular and interesting novel.

He lived to the age of sixty-three years; a long life for such a man, whose mind had been so active, and whose body had seldom been in exercise. He made a public profession of his belief in the christian revelation: his was the belief of a strong mind, unobscured by superstition, and undisturbed by the apprehensions of death. It was declared repeatedly in

the best state of his health, and confirmed in the serene contemplation of his expected change.

He died on the 30th of October, 1813, at his house in Boston, in the strength of his understanding, and the zenith of his reputation; and on the Tuesday following his remains were entombed, accompanied by a long procession of relatives and friends. The general sense of the public loss in the death of this learned jurist, exemplary magistrate, and sincere christian, alike honourable to the community and to the deceased, was shown in the unanimous act of the legislature, directing the secretary of the commonwealth to request of the honourable judge Parker a copy of that part of his charge to the grand jury of the county of Suffolk, "wherein he delineated the character of the late venerated chief justice Parsons," and to cause it to be inserted in the next volume of the reports.*

In a note annexed to judge Parker's published address, he states the following circumstances:

About three months before the chief justice died, I had a conversation with him upon the subject of the christian religion, and particularly upon the proofs of the resurrection contained in the New Testament. He told me, that he felt the most perfect satisfaction on that subject; that he had once taken it up with a view to ascertain the weight of the evidence by comparing the accounts given by the four evangelists with each other; and that from their agreement in all substantial and important facts, as well as their disagreement in minor circumstances—considering them all as separate and independent witnesses, giving their testimony at different periods, he believed that the evidence would be considered perfect, if the question was tried at any human tribunal.

A similar conversation was held by him with the rev. Mr. Thacher during his late sickness, through the whole of which he evinced a patience and resignation, which, considering his extreme nervous irritability and apprehensions of disease, when in his best state of health, can be accounted for only by the enlightened and satisfactory hopes he entertained of a happy immortality.

* See Massachusetts' Reports, vol. 10, p. 372.

SELECT REVIEWS.

The Colonial Policy of Great Britain, considered with relation to her North American Provinces, and West India Possessions; wherein the dangerous tendency of American Competition is attempted to be developed, and the necessity of recommencing a Colonial System on a vigorous and extensive Scale, exhibited and defended; with Plans for the promotion of Emigration, and Strictures on the Treaty of Ghent. By a British Traveller. 8vo. pp. 238.

[From the Critical Review.]

We are glad to have an opportunity of selecting from an *English* periodical publication, an answer to the execrable work of an English writer, hostile to the peace, reputation and prosperity of our country.

At no period within our recollection, could a book, holding forth and defending the ill-imagined and impracticable system delineated in this bad-spirited volume, have appeared with less chance of establishing its immoral doctrines, or even of procuring for them a patient discussion, than the year 1816. In that golden æra of *ministerial* prosperity, when Napoleon occupied the throne of Europe, and was daily drawing the lines of circumvallation closer round the shores of England;—when the “Empress of the Seas” had, by her singular policy towards the ATLANTIC REPUBLIC, forced the deeply-injured citizens of her flourishing and peaceful commonwealths to appeal to the sword;—when a spirit of aversion against France, and every country whom it pleased the “great men” of England to represent combined with her in plan, principle, and interest, was carefully cherished;—when an occasional advantage in Spain, or the capture of a West India island, sufficed to inflame the mind of the populace, and set them raving about Talavera and Salamanca, with a greater degree of frenzy than their forefathers indulged in the days of Blenheim and La Hogue; and lastly, when nineteen blockheads out of twenty, talked in a crazy style concerning the conquest of America; and solaced themselves by such silly prattle for the unprecedented expenditure required for the prosecution of their magnanimous wars;—why, aye, in those bewitched and bewitching days, a pretty, well-printed book against our American brethren—abounding with all sorts of virtuous devices to increase the resentment already entertained against us by the republic, highly seasoned in every page with bombastic compliments to

English *heroism*, and on the other hand, plentifully interspersed with malignant, stupid abuse against the states, would, we think, have been received with rapture by all the aged dames and *vieux garçons* of the kingdom,—tea-table and card-table would have been enlivened by the sagacious observations and diffusive rhetoric of those venerable worthies; and we think it perfectly consistent with the prevalent mania of those curious times, that such a person as the author before us should have been looked up to as a most surprising gentleman, and that his political theories should have been regarded with a veneration equal to that once paid to Thomas Aquinas. But our hero is, we think, utterly in an error, if he suppose for a moment that his *patriotic* labours to kindle war between her and the republic, enjoy any thing like the same chance of success which they would in the course of the unfortunate period to which we have reluctantly turned our contemplation. Madmen, in the hour of their frenzy, are sure to adopt with fury all expedients that strike them as likely to injure their supposed enemies, thoughtless whether or not themselves are liable to suffer by their use, calamities greater than any they have it in their power to wreak upon their imaginary foes. But when a lucid interval permits them to comprehend the bitter truth—and when they have sense and leisure to understand how little evil they have been able to inflict on the objects of their rage, and how grievously they themselves have suffered by the furious exertions of their delirious hostility,—and when, besides, they are rendered fully conscious of the *debility* superinduced by such a wreckless expenditure of strength, it is to be presumed that from every consideration suggested by returning wisdom, (laying aside the dictates of morality, since it is unnecessary to provide more *causes* than are adequate to the *effect*, and that it is the most unlikely thing we can suppose, to imagine that the conduct which is prompted only by feebleness and inability, can have any pretensions to a feeling of rectitude) they will comport themselves towards those whom they have offended, in such a manner, and exhibit such evident tokens of contrition for their recent misbehaviour, as shall, at least, give them a chance of pardon.

The whole and avowed object of this writer, is to promote the adoption of a plan on the part of England, that will, he conceives, go nigh to the ruin of American industry, and deprive her, by means which, were they not happily impracticable, would yet be utterly abhorrent, by reason of their iniquity, of that vast trade which has been secured to her, partly by her geographical position, partly by the perseverance and ac-

tive, adventurous disposition of her free and enterprising citizens. After a long extract (see Preface) from the able tract of M. Talleyrand on America, in which that reverend person descants upon the prodigious advantages that would accrue to France by obtaining the *mastery* of the Mississippi navigation, the worthy author proceeds thus:—

“ This region, so valuable, has been transferred from one deadly rival of this country to another; whose inclinations and opportunities assume a more tremendous character than the former; whose restless hatred and ambition is in consequence rendered comparatively impotent; but which, at the same time, has given to the latter a source of power not to be viewed without the greatest concern; and our government tamely looking on, while the United States most fraudulently took possession of this fine country, in trust for Napoleon; being the first step of a projected concert between the ruler of France, and the American government, for depriving Great Britain of her Canadian territories. By this strange imbecility on our part, we have permitted a source of the most stable greatness to pass from our hands; the value of which to us must have been greatly enhanced by its contiguity to our West Indian islands; by its being the key to the rich and fertile plains of the Ohio and Mississippi; by the avenue it would open for our manufactures into one of the most populous and wealthy of all the Spanish colonies;—but most of all, by the command this would have given us, in union with the Canadas, over the United States, which would then have been surrounded by British power, and the whole length of internal frontier open at all times to the admission of our merchandize.”

So all that we have got to do is to go to war immediately, at the rate of about three millions and a half sterling *per* month, actual cost, and consent to the cessation of our American trade for an indefinite period, and the endurance of all the incalculable evils and distress consequent to hostilities with nearly the whole of our remaining customers, and the creation of an eternal and implacable animosity against us, in the hearts of our American brethren, teaching them to couple instinctively the name of *Britain* with that of *enemy*;—and all for what? To wrest from the republic a territory incorporated with her own, by all the solemnities of a treaty; a territory, of the advantages of which, to herself, she shows a thorough comprehension; in the peopling of which she is systematically and wisely assiduous; which, in fine, from its naval facilities, she prizes as one of the chief organs of her certain grandeur, and for which, rather than relinquish it, she would wage unceasing war. On the insurmountable obstacles attending the realization of any plan on our part to obtain the command of the

Mississippi, we conceive it perfectly unnecessary to expatiate;—but, granting that we had obtained it, how are we to keep it?—Fortified places there are scarcely any; and how should we manage for provisions?—The cultivation of the immense regions through which the Mississippi pours his majestic waters, does not amount to that carried on in the smallest of the English counties; and we should be somewhat surprised, if we were told that its inhabitants, even under the very liberal system acted upon by the republic, would equal, years hence, the population of Wales. As rationally might we indulge the notion of commanding the Senegal or the Niger, as of becoming the sovereigns of the “American Nile.” If we had it, we could not retain it, even on the supposition of our being unmolested by the States;—but when we know that they would be at war with us for ever, rather than resign their unquestionable right to its possession, it really becomes foolish to doubt, for an instant, that to attempt such a design as is covertly hinted at by our author, would be the extremity of political madness.

We have refrained from noticing the verbiage with which the above extract abounds, or those sentences, in which the author talks about the restless hatred and ambition of France, as directed against this country, and insinuates that the United States are not less distinguished by their animosity and ambition; for were we to observe upon a tythe of the language of this kind contained in the book, we should not have room left to remark upon any of the material parts descanted upon by the author. Abuse of all nations but their own has long been the privilege of British writers:—it would have been vastly impudent in Louis the Fourteenth to have attempted to restore the Stuarts to the throne of England; but it is very proper that his Britannic majesty should lead back the descendants of that person into the metropolis of France, and force upon the French people as a ruler the natural enemy of his own family and country;—and, lastly, it is vastly wise, and no less dignified in the gentleman now before our tribunal, to anathematise the ambition of the United States, and in the same breath, inform us how very proper it would be in us to appropriate to ourselves a part of their dominions; but it would be truly abominable, and even wicked, in her citizens to covet the possession of Canada.

For the political opinions of this gentleman, we only feel a compassion, which makes us right glad that he has refrained from putting his name to his book;—for the tone of irritation in which he speaks of the republicans, we were prepared,—

so, we may suppose, were our readers:—the rivalship of contending nations, and the impulse, whether right or wrong we do not stop to inquire, of nationality, will, we are aware, almost always carry a man blind-fold into the most mischievous conceits; but we were, we confess, completely taken by surprise, when we perused the following passage:—

“It is indeed much to be regretted, that government, in order to obtain more accurate information, does not employ SECRET EMISSARIES. An intelligent active man, who might visit a colony, or the United States, as a mere traveller, would prove of the greatest service to Great Britain; furnished with credentials to show, in cases of necessity only, and funds which would be comparatively trifling, to defray his expenses. He might mix in various societies, inspect the forts, sea-ports, &c. without exciting the least suspicion; and thus communicate to the government at home the fac-similies of the real state of things abroad, which neither an accredited agent, or (*nor*) any person in his suit, could ever possess. Persons in abundance could be selected from the *middle class* of society, who, for a slender travelling stipend, and a trifling remuneration for their time and labour, might prosecute the necessary inquiries, and do the business most effectually.”

Good God! *are* we then really such an unprincipled and vile-hearted nation as the above atrocious proposition takes it for granted we are? *Is* our government conducted on a system so fundamentally hostile to all the ordinances of morality, as that any individual shall DARE to breathe in its ears such devilish counsel? Does this wretched man desire to behold his country paying such baleful homage to the arch-enemy of mankind, and without securing the wages, perform the drudgery of sin? And can it be, that it would please this unhappy person to see her embrace measures so inexpressibly wicked as to rouse all the nations of the earth against her, with the resolution of putting her down, and extinguishing her very name, as an abomination too great to be endured? A paragraph like the above we have never, and we rejoice to say it, been shocked with in any volume issuing from a British press: it delights us again to know that the spirit of our constitution will never permit the *secure* practice of the infamous system now for the first time broached in the indignant hearing of the English public;—we cannot sufficiently express our thanks to that gracious Providence who has hitherto spread before us the shield of his omnipotence, and enveloped us in the mantle of his mercy, that not only has he, by the intellectual keenness and penetration with which it hath pleased him to endow the GREAT NATION against whom it is proposed to adopt these

indescribably vicious measures, rendered their execution futile, and, we might say, impossible, but cast the hearts of Englishmen in a mould utterly incompatible with principles of such extreme turpitude. The wonder is not that neither among the "middle," nor any other class of the British people, it would be easy to find "*in abundance*" persons sufficiently depraved to take upon themselves the odious office of *professional spies*, but that there should exist among us *any* individual so loose and licentious in his moral system as to entertain such criminal notions, and so unprecedentedly audacious as to present them in print to those whom he insults with the name of countrymen. Mark, too, the cruel and insidious blow he aims at that body of the community, whose integrity it is of the deepest importance to preserve sound and untaint. "*Persons in abundance might be selected from the MIDDLE class of society, who, for a slender stipend, and a trifling remuneration for their time and labour, could prosecute the necessary inquiries, and do the business most effectually.*" We trust that this is an aspersion on the character of this country, altogether as unfounded as it is execrable;—persons of depraved habits and morals are, is true, to be found in every nation, men, "who, for a slender stipend, and a trifling remuneration," would infract every law human and divine, and who, wherever the work of wickedness were to be performed, "would do the business most effectually." We have no doubt of this bad person's large and intimate acquaintance with whatever number of such individuals may have fallen to the lot of England:—but we implore him to rest satisfied with his present circle of friendships, and to discontinue his efforts for the universal corruption of his countrymen. The contagion is, at present, confined within a narrow and congenial field, and the healthy atmosphere of the surrounding districts is not permitted to be contaminated by the foul blasts and fœtid vapours which exhale from its baneful soil.

Though we can scarcely suppose that our readers, after this example of the author's detestation of English principles, and cordial antipathy to all measures not assimilating themselves with a system destructive of British honour and prosperity, can feel very strongly inclined to become farther acquainted with such a bad book, we shall yet beseech their patience for a few more extracts, simply to show them the wretched arts played off by the author for the purpose of creating an interminable and ruinous war with the American republic.

“Ambition and the lust of dominion characterize the republicans of America. An ardent desire to extend their sway over every part of the continent, and to extirpate all authority but their own, has strongly marked their public acts, manifesting itself even in their favourite toasts and sentiments. In short, it is the darling object of the whole nation, which sooner or later may be gratified, if we neglect to strengthen Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but not otherwise.

“Inflated with partial successes on the ocean, their national vanity displayed itself in the most extravagant eulogies on the superior skill and prowess of their seamen. This theme was loudly touched by the federal party. A navy had long been an unpopular measure; the ruling faction had neglected and opposed its formation: the federalists alone saw the vast importance of a naval power, and were the original founders of it. This circumstance ought to be particularly considered by the British public, because those have been esteemed friends, who were in fact the most dangerous foes.

“At the present period the federalists and democrats coincide in the full persuasion of the declining state of the British naval power, and of the brilliant destinies now awaiting their own; expecting to divest the parent of her trophies, and to annihilate her commerce as well as her navy, at a period not far distant! Various circumstances have contributed to flatter them into this opinion. Great Britain has been fondly designated “*a magnificent but sinking vessel.*” This will prove delusive, if they by whom she is directed exert those energies and that ability they so amply possess: on the contrary, she shall ride safely amidst contending storms, till her glories shall be merged only in the last, the general convulsion, while she has existed to dispense peace and beneficence to every shore.”

“Ambition and the lust of dominion,” do not “characterise the republicans of America,” in a greater degree, assuredly, than the *slaves* of absolute monarchies, or the *subjects* of limited sovereigns. The titled *villein* of a Tzar of Muscovy is, to say the least, “characterised” as violently by the passion of widening his master’s despotic sway, as is the patriot of America and friend of the world, by the desire of extending the blessings of his admirable government over as large a tract, and to as considerable a portion of the human species as possible. If the converse of this be the fact, we confess ourselves completely at a loss to account for the immense increase of the Muscovite dominions since the reign of Peter Romanof, the repeated and unprovoked wars with the Porte, the butchery of Ismail, and the nefarious partition of Poland. “Ambition and lust of dominion,” should not have been lightly imparted to the United States by the *subject* of a monarchy,

whose possessions in Asia are the fruits of that glorious spirit. "An ardent desire to extend their sway" as wide as possible has manifested itself among all the nations and in all the governments of which mention is made in historical record;—and assuredly this reproach of ambition comes with a decidedly bad grace from the lip or pen of an Englishman, who cannot, if he would, conceal from himself the lamentable fact, that of all the nations of whom he has ever read or heard, his own is the most conspicuous for an unquenchable thirst of dominion, and that in the mischievous disposition so "manifested," and the desire she is unceasingly tormented with of interfering with the concerns of other nations, she should and will be taught to look for the causes of her present condition.

We extract the following remarks of this gentleman "on the respective natures of British and American warfare, and the necessity of anticipating hostile operations."

"As one war with America, which originated partly in French policy, has recently terminated, and as others, from various causes, may be expected to arise, a few remarks on the mode of American warfare may not be impertinent. Its peculiarities being developed, means may be taken to prevent a recurrence of the disasters which characterized the contest, and which unhappily gave the enemy plausible ground to boast of their superior courage and ability; though the cause might be soon discovered, since a radical difference, in the war maxims, and conduct of the British and Americans is obvious, and will be found to embrace generally the following particulars:

"First, The British scrupulously regard the point of honour, while the Americans hold whatever is expedient, to be also lawful, imitating, in this respect, the French. Secondly, The British maintain a strict discipline; which, though it be carried to excess, restrains the brutal licentiousness of victorious soldiers: the Americans, on the contrary, cannot enact, much less enforce, laws authorizing severity of discipline. Hence licentiousness being tolerated, plunder is connived at, with all its concomitants.—Thirdly, In the British army, not only obedience to, but respect for officers is maintained; while, in the American, the soldier is a companion for his officer. Fourthly, The British soldier, unless from patriotism, is without any strong inducement to fight. When discharged, and unless his wounds entitle him to a pension, he is not sure of a recompense; hence, when he discovers that the Americans, besides their usual pay, &c. give to every private, on his discharge, *three hundred acres of land*, this not only damps his loyalty; but he is under the strongest temptation to desertion.—Fifthly, The military evolutions of the British are well adapted to European countries, comparatively clear of wood, but are in a great measure useless in the wilder parts of America; hence,

while particular posts on the frontiers should be invested, the war ought to be carried into the heart of the cleared parts of the country. On the contrary, the American tactics are simple and rude; efficient only on the frontier, where their militia can defend a post, or practise a surprise to advantage.—Sixthly, In naval affairs, the British have long rejected the use of other missiles than round and grape; while the Americans use langridge, composed of old knife-blades, copper nails, glass, buck-shot, &c.; also, crow-bars, chain-shot, bar-shot, and various other kinds.—Seventhly, The British, in consequence of having employed their large navy for so long a period, at the commencement of the late war, could not man their ships to the full complement; and even the major part of them not being *ordinary seamen*; while the Americans not only took care to select able seamen, but almost doubled the usual complement, and appointed miscreant deserters for quarter-gunners, boatswains, &c.—Eighthly, The British being in the habit of rather under-rating their force in guns, the Americans improved on this circumstance, and enlarging the dimensions of their vessels, rated them low: and though their guns were rated as British, they were really of French calibre.—Lastly, The British, at the commencement of the war, were elate with victory, too confident of success; and by despising the force of the enemy, gave him a decided advantage, which by the Americans was carefully improved. The more thinking part among them, even before the war commenced, anticipated success, which they grounded on the neglect observable in the preparations on the part of the British. When the *Guerriere* was defeated, the ease with which the victory was obtained, excited surprise; but when a second and a third British frigate were captured, the impression of positive superiority over us, was forcibly made on the public mind.

“There were opportunities of bringing the late war to an end, without compromising either our national character or interest: these, however, were not only neglected, in consequence of those fatal prepossessions already named, but the general disasters of the war must be attributed to the same source. New Orleans, even according to the opinion of American officers, might have been captured with the greatest ease, during the first year of the war; but, by giving time to fortify what was truly a defenceless coast, we, in fact, deprived ourselves of that important possession. By displaying a large force, and an injudicious mock bombardment of Stonington, we excited contempt and indignation.”

“The British scrupulously regard the point of honour.” As a proof of this fact, we suppose the author of this *brochure* will request us to recollect the fate of Washington; and gravely inform us that the destruction of the civil buildings, and *military* edifices of an enemy’s city, is an undeniable demonstration of a scrupulous regard for the “point of honour.”

The observations on the utility of "discipline," when applied to bodies of men who practise war as a trade, but when the necessity of its introduction in the ardent ranks of patriots combating for the maintenance of their rights and independence, is argued, we conceive such a presumption on the part of him who presumes, to be a gross mistake, perhaps a designed misstatement of the exceeding difference between a *regular* and *paid* army, and those irregular, but in the long run, invincible assemblages of men, who have no reward to look to but the safety and the thanks of their country. The regular soldier has all his sympathies necessarily diverted out of their ordinary channel;—the professional practice of war dries up in time the sources of compassion, and obedience to the command of his officer is the only check upon the artificial and habitual ferocity of the soldier. If a regular army be a necessary institution, *discipline* is absolutely indispensable to ameliorate the evils that would universally arise from the uncontrolled indulgence of the military disposition. But where individual safety, and an enlarged and generous comprehension of the interests and dangers of a country are the sole stimulants in the breasts of her sons;—when her native and unhired defenders rally themselves round her sacred standard, war, with such an army as this, being the result of necessity, and not of choice and long practice, will not run the hazard of having its fair and honourable features obscured by the clouds of dishonour, nor will the triumphs of such an array of bold and unsullied spirits be polluted with the licentiousness attendant upon the existence and victories of regular armies.

The charge of encouraging desertion from British ships of war, is one that it has long been in vogue to advance against the REPUBLIC, and in all probability it is one that her citizens would retort upon us with equal vehemence; but what excites our surprise is the fact, so repeatedly and mournfully insisted upon, that '*British seamen*' do desert.—How is this? We have always been eager to believe that the condition was too happy, and enviable, to allow their entertaining, for a moment, the notion of quitting the service of old England. There certainly must be some mystery in this with which we are unacquainted. Is the PAY better?—No! this can never be—the United States, able to afford higher wages than England.—England who has not yet a national debt of much above nine hundred millions sterling, and is contemplating a peace establishment to the amount of thirty millions *per annum*—scarcely the interest of three hundred millions more—oh, no! this is ludicrous. Is the TREATMENT better? This we cannot bring ourselves to credit—the *wholesome* DISCIPLINE of an English

man of war is, indubitably, more attractive to the mind of the sailor than the system of the Americans, who, "on the contrary cannot enact, much less enforce, laws authorizing severity of discipline." What is it, then, that induces our brave mariners to flock in such crowds round the flag of the REPUBLIC? We must leave the solution of this enigma to persons of superior ingenuity to that possessed by ourselves, or *who may happen to be in the secret.*

"The British, at the commencement of the war, were elate with victory; too confident of success; (very true) and by despising the force of the enemy, gave him a decided advantage, which by the Americans was carefully improved." Was this the case with the expedition of sir G. Prevost? Yet what Englishman can reflect, without shame, on an enterprise in which above twelve thousand British troops were compelled to retreat before as many hundred raw American militia-men? Was this the case at New Orleans? Yet with what other feelings than those of disgrace can we, do we, recall the remembrance of that fatal conflict—and the repulse of English veterans by the bush-fighters and riflemen of Kentucky?

The mixture of truth with error in the following passages, would be amusing enough, were we not feelingly, *most* feelingly, convinced of the facts which the opening sentences contain.

"Her proportion of poor" (the poor of England) "is very large, whose necessities even her immense wealth, flowing so copiously through innumerable channels, can scarcely supply. Frequent wars have loaded her with taxes, and increased the poverty of some; while others, by their means, have been raised to high dignities and great wealth. It must, however, be confessed, that the condition of the poor has not improved in the same proportion as that of the rich; yet these differences arise from causes inherent and direct, not from combinations of the rich to oppress the poor, as some imagine, and as the Americans attempt to prove. From this state of things arise effects equally beneficial and injurious. The number of poor diminishes the price of labour, and thereby benefits the mercantile and manufacturing interests; and the numbers whom a small bounty will induce to enlist, give facilities for warlike operations, without which they could not be carried on. But, in opposition to this, paupers and depredators increase, and the poor are compelled to emigrate to those countries where greater advantages are expected to be obtained.

"No people know the origin of property better than the Americans: none have it so immediately before their eyes. Not only have they hewed it from their forests, but they have expelled thence the native proprietors. And if the white Americans claim absolute right to lands obtained from the aborigines by treaty, or

force of arms; if the richer Americans amass property, to the exclusion of the poor;—with what countenance can they accuse the opulent in Britain of tyranny and oppression, merely because they apply their property agreeably to the dictates of their own minds? If the poor in this country are debarred the possession of land, the wants of the rich furnish them with employment. But certainly when the numbers overflow, care should be taken to remove the willing superfluity, by the colonization of foreign possessions, where they may take root and flourish, and eventually prove of the greatest utility to the parent country. For want of due attention to this point, great numbers of British subjects, disaffected to the government, or borne down by adverse circumstances, have sought the shores of independent America. The long continuance of a state of war in Europe, has greatly contributed to swell the lists of emigrants, who, carrying with them their arts and collective experience, have increased both the numerical force and the political importance of the American states, beyond all precedent. To this have been added, the advantages of neutral commerce, when all Europe were engaged in war; the connivance of the British to (*at*) an illicit intercourse with their colonies; and the increased demand for American flour;—a fortunate concurrence of events, which have so contributed to their greatness, since their disunion with the British empire, that it is not surprising that the people should be elated, and draw comparisons to the disadvantage of other nations.”

“The Americans, it seems, are well acquainted with the *origin* of property”—and they are not less versed in the knowledge of its *worth*—a species of information in which the people of this country, are, we take it, as deficient as could well be expected in such a “*thinking*” nation. The Americans could give them some very useful hints upon this topic, and put them in a way to save some few millions annually.

The following is a pretty strong instance of the manner in which this anonymous writer falsifies the facts which he brings forward, and the audacity with which he is in the habit of wantonly defaming our transatlantic brethren.

“When Napoleon’s ambition was apparent, the allies declared they could not treat with him, nor with any of his family. And if no peace with him could be regarded as permanent, so, by parity of reason, must that just concluded with the United States, be received in the same light. For as the democratic government is notoriously influenced by Buonapartean politics, and as it has for the sole purpose of serving him, declared one war, under every symptom of rashness and presumption, unprovided with funds, with a dubious, defective, and untried force, do these circumstances give us reason to expect greater sincerity, more prudence, and love of concord for the future?—more especially, as the objects of the government have been advanced, hostile experi-

ments successfully made, even war itself rendered instrumental in the promotion of native manufactures, and the nation elated with victory? What bond of security, then, and of lasting amity, can there be in the treaty which has been recently concluded?—

“With regard to commissioners, is it not surprising that this country could not appoint men thoroughly acquainted with American affairs? No doubt lord Gambier, and his worthy coadjutors, acted from the dictates of honour and benevolence; but were they competent to the task of negotiating with such shrewd, not to say subtle men, as Bayard and Gallatin?—for, as in the treaty of 1783, so in the present instance, the British delegates have been foiled by American sophistry. It is much to be regretted that some native of the provinces, was not added to the list of British negotiators, as many gentlemen of superior talents, might have been really obtained from either of the colonies. Our interests would then have been ascertained, and as certainly defended. The author feels assured, that ignorance, and not conscious weakness, swayed our councils in the signature of the treaty. The spirit of that part of it, at least, which relates to the boundaries, is founded on the American claims, established by the treaty of 1783. The arrangements made on the late occasion, relate to surveying this frontier, and ascertaining with precision, its exact geographical limits, in order to prevent disputes in future. In ordinary cases this would be just and equitable on both sides; but it must be recollected, that although disputes had arisen on this subject, it was not even a collateral cause of the war: on the contrary, the United States commenced hostilities for the real, though concealed, purpose of wresting Canada from Great Britain altogether. It was this circumstance *alone* that produced the war vote in congress: and, therefore, sanctioned a departure from terms of reciprocity, and the enforcement of measures necessary to the security and repose of those provinces, against which the enemy's force was directed, The ostensible motives assigned by the American government for the declaration of war, such as the establishment of sailors' rights and a free trade, &c. were rather political engines, employed to gain popularity, than real causes of hostility. Subjects calculated to inflame the public mind were forced into notice, and commented on with the utmost malignity and virulence; false statements, and even palpable absurdities, were assiduously propagated, both by newspapers, and various other means: and it is a fact, worthy the serious consideration of Britons, because it develops, in some measure, the deadly rancour of the ruling party, and the dangerous principles of American policy, that these injurious comments and assertions were intended to *shake the loyalty of British seamen*, whom they designedly hold up, as being *at present no better than degraded slaves.*”

We gladly close our remarks upon this noxious book. Our report of its contents will, we are persuaded, deter all good men from wishing to peruse it further.

The Siege of Corinth, a Poem. Parisina, a Poem.

[From the Monthly Review.]

THOUGH lord Byron has not chosen to give his name to these poems, the public cannot entertain any doubt of their legitimacy; since, in addition to the voice of report and the testimony of the publisher in the advertisements of the work, sufficient internal evidence of the fact is furnished not only by the general style and character of the compositions, but by various particular expressions and references contained in them. Nor do we see any sufficient ground for supposing (and this is the most material point to the reader) that the circumstance, to which we have alluded, has arisen from any consciousness of inferiority in these compared with his lordship's former productions: because, even if they should be judged to contain nothing quite equal to the best parts which might be selected from their predecessors, they possess the same vigorous conception, and brilliant and successful elicitation, which have been by general consent ascribed to lord Byron's muse.

On the general merits and defects of this noble author's poetry, we have had so many opportunities of expressing our opinion, that we shall not on the present occasion detain our readers with any such discussion. It will only be necessary to repeat that the greatest merit of the writer consists in his skill in dissecting the human character, and in drawing and contrasting the effects of the more violent passions; while his most general faults are a want of variety, a perpetual gloominess, and an unpardonable license both of phraseology and of versification. His pictures exhibit the bold and decisive lines and striking contrasts which, in the sister art, are to be found in the works of Rembrandt, accompanied by the same depth of shadow, and the same brilliancy of the few bright tints which they contain: but they seldom display any of the breadth of light, and the gay variety of colouring, which characterize the Italian school. We cannot better express our general ideas than by the above illustration, since these poems are too original to be compared with any other productions in the same art.

Of the two tales which are at present before us, the first is, in our opinion, endued with the least interest and merit; and the story is extremely meagre. It is well known that, in the year 1715, the city of Corinth underwent a siege and storm by the Turkish army which was led by the famous vizier Ali Coumougi; and this is the action which the poem describes.

Alp, a Venetian renegade, has a high command in the vizier's army, and is incited to a vigorous prosecution of the siege not less by his thirst of revenge against his injured country than by the hope of possessing himself, in the assault, of the person of Francesca, the daughter of Minotti, the governor of the town; to whom, in earlier days, before his crime, he had been a favoured suitor. Having wandered, in the night before the storm, through the infidel camp to the very gates of the town, the renegade encounters the form of his mistress, who earnestly warns him of the danger in which he stands of immediate and everlasting perdition: but he refuses to listen, and returns to the camp to prepare for the assault. The town is carried; and in the conflict Alp encounters Minotti, against whom he hesitates to raise his hand, eagerly mentioning Francesca, but he receives for answer that she died 'yester-night.' Horror-struck with the recollection of the vision which at the same moment he had himself witnessed, the wretched warrior recoils, and immediately receives his death by a shot through his head. Such of our readers, as are acquainted with this portion of history, will recollect that a dreadful explosion of gun-powder took place at this storm, which lord Byron has worked up into a fine incident for the conclusion of his poem.

We shall now quote a part of the description of the repose of the night-scene, when Alp commences his solitary walk:

'The waves on either shore lay there
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmured meekly as the brook.
 The winds were pillowed on the waves;
 The banners drooped along their staves,
 And, as they fell around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling;
 And that deep silence was *unbroke*,
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,
 Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
 And echo answered from the hill,
 And the wide hum of that wild host
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
 In midnight call to wonted prayer;
It rose, that chaunted mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.

It seemed to those within the wall
 A cry prophetic of their fall:
 It struck even the besieger's ear
 With something ominous and drear,
 An undefined and sudden thrill,
 Which makes the heart a moment still,
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
 Of that strange sense its silence framed;
 Such as a sudden passing-bell
 Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.'

The simile printed in italics is extremely beautiful, and indeed the whole is excellent. The contrast to this stillness in the agitation of the hero is equally well-drawn:

' His head grows fevered, and his pulse
 The quick successive throbs convulse;
 In vain from side to side he throws
 His form, in courtship of repose;
 Or if he dozed, a sound, a start
 Awoke him with a sunken heart.
 The turban on his hot brow pressed,
 The mail weighed lead-like on his breast,
 Though oft and long beneath its weight
 Upon his eyes *had* slumber *sate*,
 Without or couch or canopy,
 Except a rougher field and sky
 Than now might yield a warrior's bed,
 Than now along the heaven was spread.
 He could not rest, he could not stay
 Within his tent to wait for day,
 But walked him forth along the sand,
 Where thousand sleepers strewed the strand.
 What pillowed them! and why should he
 More wakeful than the humblest be?
 Since more their peril, worse their toil,
 And yet they fearless dream of spoil;
 While he alone, where thousands passed
 A night of sleep, perchance their last,
 In sickly vigil wandered on,
 And envied all he gazed upon.'

This is followed by another fine passage,* in which the author, describing the surrounding objects, ('Lepanto's gulf: - - - - the brow of Delphi's hill,' &c.) is led to apostrophize their ancient glories: but we have not space to extract it.

* This was given in our last number, p. 455.

Hitherto, the metre has been regular: but the reader must prepare to find in the subsequent extracts a change in that particular, which not even their utmost beauties can withhold us from censuring. It seems a strange perversion of taste, that when the subject is rising in interest, and the incidents are becoming more powerful and affecting, the verse should on a sudden be changed to a style which is removed the farthest of all from dignity, and scarcely susceptible of it in any hands.

The faults of this poem are of the same character which we have described as belonging to lord Byron's writings in general; and it is perhaps the best praise that we can bestow on him to say that, in order to exhibit his beauties, we are led to extract whole passages, while to show his faults we are forced to pick out individual lines and expressions. On that ungrateful labour, we do not feel ourselves now obliged to spend many moments: but we cannot forbear to censure such expressions as that which occurs at line 910, which describes the Madonna 'and the *boy-god* on her knee;' and we hope that the author will, in the next edition, expunge or alter the four lines from line 957 to 960, the subject of which will scarcely be deemed proper for such a poem as the present.

Parisina, the second of the tales before us, is on the whole one of lord Byron's happiest efforts: but, from the nature of the story, we doubt whether it will, in general, meet with the admiration which it appears to us to deserve.

This tale is written throughout in the octosyllabic metre, to which lord Byron has in most of his works given a force and dignity that were before unknown to it. In phraseology, too, this poem is, with very few exceptions, not open to censure. It is in fact the most equable of all the writer's works. Though it is occupied with some of the most violent and fatal of the human passions, and describes some of the most distressing situations in which human beings can be placed, the noble author has dealt with them more calmly than his usual custom would have led us to expect. The picture is indeed all gloom, but the *keeping* is good, and the general effect is as pleasing as any display of such tragical circumstances can be made.

The Eclectic Review thus concludes its examen of these two poems:

"It is surely a singular circumstance, that lord Byron has hitherto confined himself to the narration of crime, and to the delineation of vicious character. His spirited sketches, for they are after all sketches, exquisitely spirited and powerful, but nothing more, are all devoted to the illustration of the

energies of evil. This certainly evinces either a great deficiency of taste, or very limited powers of conception. The gloomy phantasmagoria of his pencil, though differing in form and costume, are all of one character, or rather of one cast; for the sentiments and feelings which lord Byron attributes to the personages in his poems, do not constitute them *characters*. There is no individuality of feature in his portraits. He describes admirably a certain class of emotions; but these should have been imbodyed in character, rather than described; and his characters should have been developed by their actions. As there is no individuality in his conceptions, so there is little variety. It should seem that one strongly imagined personification had taken possession of the poet's mind, so that whatever be the scene or the story, this ideal actor is still the hero of the drama.

We are far from depreciating lord Byron's genius. In energy of expression, and in the power of giving to words the life and breath of poetry, we think he is almost unequalled by any contemporary. We conclude that his powers are circumscribed, from the way in which he has employed them, rather than from any other circumstance. To go down to posterity, however, as a great poet, something more than genius is requisite. There must be a high and holy ambition of legitimate fame; there must be a moral discipline of the intellect and feelings: the good, the true, and the beautiful, must, as ideal archetypes, occupy the visions of the poet; and he must be the partaker of an elevating and purifying faith, by which his mind may be brought into contact with "things unseen" and infinite. All these requisites must meet in a great poet; and there must be an appearance at least of approximation to them, in the character of any one that aspires to maintain, by means of his writings, a permanent influence over the minds and sympathies of his fellow men. There must be at least the semblance of virtue, or of the love of virtue."

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF MARSHAL NEY.

[Abridged from the French.]

DURING the long wars which for more than a quarter of a century have desolated Europe, marshal Ney has been associated to all the victories, which have signalized the French armies. History will decide whether so much valour and so many military virtues, will be able to efface a moment of forgetfulness and a single instant of error.

Born at Sarre-Louis, February 10, 1769, of an honest, but not very opulent family, marshal Ney embraced early the profession of arms; before the revolution, he enlisted as a volunteer in the fourth regiment of hussars; his vivacity, his strength, his skill in managing a horse, decided him to give a preference to the light cavalry. His activity, zeal, and great intelligence, were not long in distinguishing themselves, and after having passed successively through all inferior ranks, he was made captain in 1794; it was then that he became acquainted with general Kleber. The frankness of his manners, and his military air, pleased this general, who soon appointed Ney to the command of a squadron, and employed him near his person. He intrusted him with several missions, in which he acquitted himself with the greatest success.

He particularly signalized himself at the passage of the Lahn in 1794.

Being placed two years after in the division of general Collard, with the army of the Sambre and Meuse, his valour and boldness were remarked in the battles of Altenkirchen, Dierdorff, Montabor, and Berndorff. He assisted in the affair of the village of Obermel, which was taken and retaken four times in two days. On the 24th of July, with 100 men, he took prisoners, near Wurtzburg, 2000 of the enemy's soldiers, and got possession of a considerable quantity of stores. At Zell, at the head of four hundred horse, he sabred 300 of the enemy. The 8th of August, he forced the passage of the Rednitz, defended by fourteen pieces of artillery, and got possession of Pfortzein, where he took seventy pieces of cannon; soon after this brilliant action, he was appointed general of brigade.

In the following campaign, Ney repulsed the enemy at Glessen, and pursued it to Steinburg, but repulsed by superior

force; and constrained to yield to numbers, he retreated: his horse was killed under him; he was made prisoner. The army of the Sambre and Muese was then commanded by general Hoche, who had a great esteem for general Ney, and who soon obtained him by exchange; on his return to the army, he received the rank of general of division.

The command of the cavalry of the French in Switzerland was confided to him, and he powerfully contributed to the victory gained by the French armies on the Thur, May 26, 1799.

Shortly after, general Ney was opposed to prince Charles; he fought against him, and took Manheim. In the action, the advanced guard of the army had been surrounded near Lauffen; Ney came to its assistance, put the enemy to flight, and made 1500 prisoners.

In 1800, general Ney was employed in the army of the Rhine, as commander of the fourth division, which occupied Worms and Frankendal. The fifth of June he gained the battle of the Iller, and took all the enemy's artillery.

Soon after general Ney was charged with the command of the bodies of troops dispersed between Huningen and Dusseldorf; in less than eight days he made thirteen attacks, which all succeeded, and gave him the facility of causing all the regiments under his orders to cross the Rhine at the same moment. While this passage was effected, the general, at the head of 9000 men, marched to the walls of Frankfort, where he routed 20,000 Mayençais, in English pay, who had been joined by 2000 Austrians. He then returned to pass the Maine near Mentz. He passed as a conqueror, overthrowing all that opposed him, again took possession of Manheim, Heidelberg, Bruchsal, Heilbron, and reached the walls of Stuttgart, without experiencing the least check. These bold movements obliged Austria to evacuate a part of Switzerland, and thus contributed to the victory of Zurich.

Employed successively under the orders of general Massena in Switzerland, under general Moreau in Germany, general Ney, after the peace of Luneville, was charged with the general inspection of the cavalry. He soon left this office for a mission to Switzerland, as minister plenipotentiary.—At the epoch of the projected expedition against England, he was appointed commander of the camp of Montreuil.

General Ney received the reward of so much glorious service; he was included in the first promotion of marshals by the imperial government.

The war between Austria and France having again broken out in 1805, furnished marshal Ney an occasion to signalize himself by new exploits.—He left the camp of Montreuil for Germany, with his *corps d'armee*. On his arrival there he gave battle at Elchingen (which afterwards gave him the title of duke)—in this action he displayed all the resources of skill and valour. He remained master of the field of battle, and gained a complete victory.

After the capitulation of Ulm, marshal Ney conquered the Tyrol, and made his entrance into Inspruck on the 7th November, 1805. He then marched into Carinthia, where he remained until the peace of Presburg.

At the famous battle of Jena, marshal Ney commanded the 6th corps of the grand army; his skilful dispositions, and his heroic courage, contributed to the gaining this memorable battle, where the French armies covered themselves with immortal glory.

Marshal Ney was then charged with the blockade of Magdeburg; this important fortress capitulated on the 9th November, 1806. The garrison were made prisoners, and there were found in the fortress 300 pieces of cannon, and immense magazines.

It was marshal Ney who, after many bloody combats, took, in 1807, the town of Friedland, which has given a name to one of the thousand victories which have rendered for ever illustrious the French arms.

After the peace of Tilsit, marshal Ney conducted his army into Spain. It was in that fatal war that the marshal, having to combat innumerable obstacles, which the natural difficulties of the country, and exalted patriotism of the inhabitants opposed to him, constantly displayed the military skill, the prudence, and the valour of the greatest captains.

During the retreat of the army in Spain, marshal Ney constantly commanded the rear guard; and on this occasion, as well as on many others, France owed to his valour the preservation of so many thousands of her bravest defenders.

After this retreat the marshal was called to the command of a *corps d'armee* in the disastrous campaign in Russia. Without entering into a detail of the many bloody actions which happened in this campaign, and in which marshal Ney took so distinguished a part; without speaking of that victory at Moskwa, which gave the duke of Elchingen the title of prince, which the conqueror and the conquered alike conferred on him, we shall merely call to mind that this illustrious and generous warrior saved the wrecks of an army, pursued at

once by fire, hunger, and all the horrors of a climate where a speedy death was the last wish, and seemed to be the only hope of the soldier.

It was at this epoch of mourning and consternation that marshal Ney crowned in some sort his military career, and deserved to be placed at the head of the battalions of heroes whom he alone knew how to preserve for France. We shall pass rapidly over the campaign of 1813, where marshal Ney, in the midst of innumerable reverses, always showed himself worthy of his great reputation—we shall not even stop at the battle of Lutzen, where he fought like a hero—we shall only name the desperate day of Leipsic, and we shall leave to history the care of relating the high deeds of the prince of the Moskwa, at the different battles of Troyes, of Champ-Aubert, of Soissons, of Montereau, of Craon, of Laon, of Arcis-sur-Aube, and of La Fere Champenoise.

Marshal Ney has been present in more than 500 actions or pitched battles, and in this long career of glory and of danger he has never disgraced the noble title of the *bravest of the brave*, which had been conferred on him.

When, in the month of March, 1814, Buonaparte, who had retired to Fontainebleau, wished to carry on negotiations with the allied monarchs, marshal Ney was charged to signify to the ex-emperor that he had ceased to reign in France; soon after he made his submission to the provisional government.

When the king entered France, the prince of Moskwa, was named a member of the chamber of peers.

His majesty then entrusted him with the government of the 6th military division; he exercised those functions in the name of the king till March 14, 1815, the period at which he unfortunately joined the standard of Buonaparte.

In the last short campaign of the month of June, marshal Ney had again occasion to show his wonted valour; we shall borrow his own words to relate the result of the disastrous day of Waterloo.

[Here follows Ney's letter to Fouché, which is already before the public.]

The allied troops, in virtue of the convention signed the third of July, occupied Paris.

The king returned to the capital the eighth of the same month.

Marshal Ney thought fit to remove from it: it appears that he had at first the intention of taking refuge in a foreign country; but having experienced difficulties as to passing the frontier, he retired into Auvergne, in the environs of Aurillac,

to a relation of his wife's: it was there that he was comprised in the ordinance of the 24th of July; he was arrested on the 5th of August.

An officer of the gendarmerie (M. Jaumard), in whose custody he was placed, was charged to conduct him to Paris.

Before the journey, the marshal gave his word of honour to the officer not to make any attempt to escape. This officer had formerly served under the orders of the marshal, and he thought fit to rely on the word of his former general. He had no reason to repent of his confidence.

Between Moulieur and Aurillac, marshal Ney and his conductor stopped in a village to take some refreshment and repose. After the repast, a public functionary of the neighbourhood came to inform the officer of gendarmerie, that at some distance thence he would find on the road persons posted, who had formed a plan to carry off the marshal. The latter was in the same room where this communication took place; some words that he heard gave him an easy insight into the subject of the conversation; he advanced and said to the officer, "captain, I shall merely remind you that I have given you my word of honour to go with you to Paris; if, contrary to my expectation and to all probability, an attempt is made to carry me off, I shall demand arms of you to oppose it, and to fulfil to the end the sacred promise which I have made to you."

The travellers continued their journey, and no attempt was made to carry off the marshal.

Arrived within four leagues of Paris, marshal Ney found in an inn his lady, who had come to meet him in a hired chaise. They had a conversation together of two hours, at the end of which the marshal told the captain that he was ready to go on: some tears flowed from his eyes. "Do not be surprised," said he to the officer, "if I have not been able to restrain my tears. It is not for myself I weep, but for the fate of my children; when my children are concerned I am no longer master of my sorrow."

The marshal and his wife entered the carriage, and the officer of the gendarmerie placed himself in it.

It was thus they arrived at Paris, August 19th. After having passed several streets of the capital, the coach arrived at the end of the street de Sevres; the officer of gendarmerie alighted to seek another vehicle, at sixty or eighty paces distant.

The marshal bade adieu to his wife, ascended the second *fiacre*, and alighted in the military prison of the Abbaye.

Some days after, he was transferred to the Conciergerie; he remained there till the moment when, being brought before the court of Peers, his fate was decided by its decree of December 6, 1815.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE TWO LAST DUKES OF BRUNSWICK,
FATHER AND SON.

[From the European Magazine.]

CHARLES FERDINAND, the father, was one of the most amiable and dignified princes of his time. He was the particular favourite of Frederick the Second. He displayed the greatest valour in the field during the seven years' war, when, by his daringness and skill, he often gained important actions with very small means. His fine figure, his wit, and discreet observance of circumstances, distinguished him above all the German princes of his time.

He succeeded to the government of a country of no great extent, oppressed with court expenditure and debts. He dedicated himself at the same time to the Prussian army; and he took part, also, in the politics of Prussia. His merit, however, as a wise ruler of his own paternal dominions is least known. Here he was inimitable.

It was remarkable, that in his own state he should have refused to indulge his fondness for a numerous and brilliant army: of all the lesser princes he maintained the fewest troops. The care nearest his heart was to lighten in every way the burdens of his people. The expensive opera was abolished, the court establishment placed on the simplest footing, intriguing favourites banished, and order and economy introduced in the right place. The duke inquired minutely into every thing—he was always accessible to the distressed—he had a singular memory, and knew the history of a very great number of his subjects. He willingly conversed with his people: he sought opportunities of allowing the lower orders to communicate with him; all were known to him, but he left every man at full liberty in his operations; for, very different from so many other petty princes, he never attempted to intermeddle in affairs which ought always to be left perfectly free. The state debts were soon honestly discharged, the prosperity of his state increased; the taxes, which rose in all the other states, were (a singular fact in all times) actually diminished in his. His memory is held among all classes of Brunswickers, in

the highest affection. In every village of the country he is the subject on which the people fondly dwell.

Frederick William, the son of Charles Ferdinand, distinguished himself in two events, in the last of which he fell with glory.

When the dependence of Europe was sealed by the peace of 1809, the duke of Brunswick was on the Bohemian frontiers, in the middle of subjugated Germany. Disdaining, though it was in his power, to remain subject to the enemy, he undertook the passage which seemed hardly possible, through a number of hostile bands, every one of which was superior to his own, till he reached the sea, on which he did not possess a single boat. The adventure became a great achievement, from the prodigious efforts made, and the valour displayed in so many rencounters, the skill in countermarching to escape, the dexterity in obtaining vessels, and the good fortune with which so difficult an undertaking was crowned.

The evening before his death, the duke of Brunswick and lord Wellington were at a ball at Brussels. The duke, whose whole mind was occupied by the awfulness of the crisis, was often absent—he listened and heard a distant cannonading. He communicated the circumstance, and expressed himself afraid of a surprise. Wellington did not entertain any such belief, but thought that it was a salutation on the arrival of the king of Prussia at his army. Brunswick repeated his apprehensions several times. He requested urgently to be permitted to march out immediately with a corps, by way of guarding against danger. This was conceded, and he was allowed to take with him his Brunswickers and 2000 Saxons. He immediately began his march, a considerable time before midnight, allowed his troops to rest and march by turns, and advanced four German miles. He fell in all at once with a very large army of French destined to fall on Wellington. He had the good fortune to transmit immediate intelligence to Wellington, who availed himself of the precious hours. The devoted valour with which the duke and his warriors for eight long hours occupied the French, to allow time for the assembling together of the army—the obstinacy with which he threw himself with his small and wearied band in the way of the hostile army—the loss of nearly three thousand men on the part of the Brunswickers—the two severe wounds which the duke allowed to be bound up, and the three slighter wounds which he disregarded—his never leaving the fight, but advancing always again to the front, and though enfeebled at last from loss of blood, his calling out perpetually to his people to

fight for their country, till a new wound laid his breast open, and stretched him on the field:—these circumstances will always constitute one of the proudest subjects of history.—Honour to the sacred ashes of the son of Henry the Lion.

In the character of the duke, the military inclination predominated. The number of troops which he maintained and seemed to wish to continue, was much too great for a country of a quarter of a million of inhabitants; though in this new and unexpected danger the circumstance has been particularly useful. From the ardent disposition of the duke, his precipitate zeal, and his want of proper knowledge of civil affairs, he allowed himself at first to be influenced by persons whose measures, if they had not at length been put a stop to, were in a fair way of depriving him of the love of his subjects. When the duke found his mistake, he listened to wiser counsel, and things were every day taking a better train, when he was called to act a part in the late events.

A Translation of a Greek Inscription, erected to the honour of Crato, 150 years before Christ.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

IN the time of Statyrus, the priest, and Nicoletes, president of the games, and priest of king Eumenes, an order made by the society of the artists of Bacchus, in Ionia and the Hellespont, and those under the protection of Bacchus,

Whereas Crato, the son Zotychus, a beneficent musician, hath formerly made it his whole study and care to promote the common advantage of the society, and being deservedly honoured for his benefactions, still distinguishes himself by his benevolence and friendship to the artists, striving in all things to advance their interest; it hath pleased the society of the artists of Bacchus to join in commendation of Crato, the son of Zotychus, a beneficent musician, because he constantly preserves the same generous disposition to all the artists; and, besides the honours already conferred upon him, to appoint also the proclamation of a crown, as the law prescribes, which the president of the games, and priest of king Eumenes shall perform upon the festival of king Eumenes, whenever the procession shall pass by, and the rights of coronation are celebrated; and likewise, that the declaration of the crown be made on the same day by the magistrates, at their feast, after the libation; and that, at the shows and procession, a tripod

and censor be placed in the theatre, near the statue of Crato; and that the president of the games, and priest of king Eumenes, for the time being, constantly every year take care of the incense.

An Order of the Society of Artists.

Whereas Crato, the son of Zotychus, a Chalcedonian musician, continues his benevolence and generosity to the society of artists, and both by words and deeds is continually promoting their interest; and having been formerly chosen priest, showed the greatest care in performing all the sacrifices with reverence to the gods and kings, and well and honourably with regard to his fellow-artists, sparing no expense nor pains; and being since made president of the games, hath faithfully discharged that office, and by observing the laws, left an example ever memorable to those who come after him. To the end, therefore, that the society of artists may at all times testify their honour to those who are of their society, it has pleased the society of artists to crown Crato, the Chalcedonian, the son of Zotychus, so long as he shall live; and that, in the common-feast of the fellow-artists, and in the theatre, the crier shall make the following proclamation:—The society of artists crowns Crato, the son of Zotychus, the Chalcedonian, as the law prescribes, for the benevolent disposition he continues to express towards his fellow-artists; and that the magistrates, who are annually chosen, take care this proclamation of the crown be accordingly made; and, to manifest the gratitude of the society of artists for ever to all others, that this decree be inscribed on a stone pillar, and set up near the temple of Bacchus, in the most conspicuous place; and his statue, at full length, be placed in the temple of Bacchus, with this inscription—The society of artists crowns Crato, the Chalcedonian, the son of Zotychus, for his goodness and benevolence towards them.

An Order of the Artists in the Isthmus and Nemea.

Whereas Crato, the son of Zotychus, a general musician of Pergamus, hath formerly done many great services, as well in particular to those with whom he was conversant, &c.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE OF FRANCO SACCHETTI.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

THIS celebrated poet lived towards the close of the fourteenth century. He was the author of three hundred tales

[*novellas*], written with great fancy; and of an infinite number of sonnets, madrigals, &c. Among the most pleasing of his productions is a poem, containing one hundred and thirty-seven stanzas, into which he introduces a description of all the beautiful women who flourished in his time at Florence; describing the contests between the younger and those of a maturer age. His epistles being greatly esteemed, we here introduce two of them, hitherto unpublished.

Letter from Franco Sacchetti to Master Donato Acciaiuoli, written in the month of June, 1391; the said Master Donato being chief magistrate of justice in the city of Florence, and during the war between the count di Virtu and the Florentines.

Magnificent and eminent chief magistrate Master Donato,

It is strongly rumoured that, in the exercise of your power, you are about to give peace to many, which, with my hands raised to heaven, I invoke; and because peace is a blessing, than which no one is greater, and without which no good is perfect, and, also, without which no kingdom can say that it has stability;—I, who desire it most earnestly, have been moved to write to your paternity. Considering, therefore, how honourable it will be at the present time, and how necessary it is that we should be relieved from the many dangers induced by war; I think I see in you the glory which was ascribed to the Roman Brutus, who was entitled the second Romulus, because Romulus founded the city of Rome, and Brutus maintained the liberty of that capital. And will not this renown belong to you? Certainly yes, because nothing is so hostile to liberty as war, and the wastes it occasions. This is that which has subjugated the nations and communities of the universe, as our country has twice approved. God grant that the evil may not overtake us a third time. War is extraneous to celestial glory: it reigns in the centre of the abyss. There are many who say, “we cannot place our trust,” &c. And I reply, that we have not any pledge to give to the enemy. If in this contest he had come off triumphantly, and with honour, what is said by these persons might give us serious apprehensions. But seeing that the contrary is the case, I entertain a firm hope that he will have a constant dread of making any attempt against us, inasmuch as we have diminished his state, and have laid open that which still remains to him. Has he not lost the city of Padua? And, in the way in which he holds Verona, disabled as it is, may it not be said to be rather an expense to him than of any utility? Have not Ferrara and Modena been taken from his confine, and the way opened for the

passage of the Appennines, and all the other mountains? In the early spring, did not the ensigns of your warriors wave over his Lombardian territory? Is not your army now at his very gates? And is not the other army of Gascony either at present on his territory, or about to penetrate? Have not the Paduans and Bolognese risen in arms against him, while another of your gallant commanders, at the head of your militia, has entered the Sanese territory? These are not viands, which, when *rightly minced*, the enemy will return a second time to taste, but will rather shun them on the proof. Who among his soldiery, unless furtively, has had a sight of your territory? Certainly, all things considered, neither in writing, nor on record, has so much honor before fallen to the share of our republic. For all the reasons I have given, it may be said that peace will be secure. Hannibal observes: "better is a secure peace than an expected victory;" and Petrarch goes still farther in one of his epistles, saying that "a secure peace is better than a certain victory." The end of a war is not certain, but very doubtful, when we consider the various accidents to which it is exposed. We are warned by Cato: *Non eodem cursu respondent ultima primis*. Some will say, Peace cannot be procured without the consent of others. *Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines*. Without a beginning, there can be neither middle nor end. The Venetians, when they make war, establish an office of war, and an office of peace. This is a thing acceptable to God, and on many accounts grateful to the world. We have a famous city, and a delightful territory; but let us hear Scipio Africanus. "Of what avail," he observes, "is the possession of a great city, of fine palaces, and of high walls, when the foundations of virtue are overthrown." Peace is the principal benefit of all the virtues. Having this, therefore, we shall have every good.

Briefly to conclude, my dear lord, I congratulate you on so worthy and laudable an undertaking, which is to give life to our city, and a mortal grief to those who bear it in hatred, and look forward to its ruin. You being the author of this, have in my opinion acquired three names. The first, Brutus, as I have said above; the second, Hercules, which has so powerful and glorious a sound; and the third, Solomon, by which is implied the vision of peace. And may He who is all peace, grant you his grace in this, and, in every thing beside, do that which may be for the good and advancement of our country. Death and eternal punishment to him who may wish the contrary.

Reply of Master Donato Acciaiuoli to Franco Sacchetti.

If I had the pen and the intellect, I would make you a suitable answer; but this is not possible, seeing that, however I may be advanced in years, I am not so in virtue, and am sensible of my insufficiency. Nevertheless, I will not on any occasion neglect to furnish a simple reply.

Franco, it sometimes happens that fame is less than the truth, and sometimes greater; on this occasion, however, I shall study to testify the truth which I feel, to every one who will not spurn the knowledge of it through passion, as sometimes happens. The truly benevolent consolation you give to the country, and to me, I willingly receive; and the useful example of ancient history you adduce, animates me with the desire of following the traces of those whose memory will be eternal. Fancy portrays to me Romulus, the first king of the Romans, a chief of a lofty mind, the founder of the city, of the empire, and of the power which other nations attained. And then, that first founder of liberty, Junius Brutus, who, moved with disdain and grief for Lucretia, and animated by the favour of the people and the love of justice, dared to assail the regal pride of king Tarquin, and, having driven him from Rome, was constituted first consul, as father of the city and of justice.

Many things might be said by you, who are acquainted with them; but I shall not neglect to speak of Numa Pompilius, the second king of the Romans, who obtained so high a celebrity as the lover of peace, of religion, and of justice. He was the enemy of war, and, as you know, built the temple dedicated to Janus, to be kept open during war, and shut in peace. Throughout the whole of his life he kept it closed by *the locks* of his providence, and of justice; pacifying, by the gentlest means, the irritation of those who were bent on war, and restraining the fury of their arms by the blessings of peace, and the right exercise of power.

I well recollect to have heard of that famous and consummate commander Hannibal, the leader of the Carthaginians, who was, above all others, victorious in arms, and who confessed that a secure peace was better than the hope of a victory. And, if I should hear or should read the contrary, I would not believe it. What hopes of victory had not Pompey the Great in Thessaly, where, having at his command three parts of the world, he despised the peace so often tendered to him by Cæsar; still, skilful as he was in *seats* of arms; he was the first to flee.

Peace preserves, and augments within itself, whatever is useful: with war it is otherwise. It bursts asunder the bonds of friendship, and imposes shackles of its own forging. May the ardour of war be cooled, and justice prevail under favour of the Divinity! I conclude this reply by reminding you of the words of Petrarca, so familiar to you, where, in his letters addressed to Italy, he speaks of morals.

Written, or I should rather say, scrawled, with my own hand, this tenth day of July. May God preserve you.

DONATO ACCIAIUOLI.

—

Letter from Franco Sacchetti to Astore, Lord of Faenza, with twelve sonnets in praise of peace.

No comfort is greater to the servant than this, that when he is labouring under afflictions he should convey his lamentations to his lord. I may be compared to one who, coming out of the tomb, knows what death is. If in the space of thirty-three years I have twice received the shock, I am the better able to judge how painful is the blow: and I will sing that others may not weep as I have wept. Magnificent lord, if I should finally receive the gift of eternal life, as happened to Job, I feel, according to my faculty, a considerable portion of his pains. In recounting them I shall not go a great way back, but shall confine myself to the mention of those which have befallen me since I left your clemency. On my way hither, men in arms were assembling from every side, and beginning to *weave a web*, which was wrought in such a form as to cause a greater dread for the future. Amid these preparations I was assailed by a confluence of twenty mouths, complaining of divers diseases, one of one infirmity, one of another; and, in addition to this, one of my sisters, who had made an advantageous match some years before, now bereft of every property, and broken-hearted, sought refuge in my house. I myself had to taste *the fruit of count Alberigo* [bitter fruit], all my possessions, and the furniture of five apartments, having been burnt, with the exception of the bedding. My oil jars were broken, and the oil spilled, of the value of a hundred and twenty florins; and my loss in wine was nearly of the same amount. Twenty fine orange-trees had been cut down for fuel; and the houses of my labourers burnt, with their furniture and utensils, together with many other losses, which it would be impossible to note down. The roofs and planks having all been consumed by fire, nothing remained but the terraces and the decayed walls, well stored within with ashes. I have

praised, and I praise God, beseeching him that he will not do me so much evil as I have sustained, and which I did not formerly think to receive, notwithstanding I have, for a long time, anticipated the calamitous events which have overtaken my country. Some comfort me, by saying, that God visits his friends; and I reply, that I am content, but that this appears to me to be a new kind of friendship. Others tell me, that, as I have always been an enemy to war, I have received four times as much damage as another citizen. My answer to this is, that I am truly grieved for those who have not received any; and that, if I should desire the contrary, I should add to my misfortunes envy, which would make me more sorrowful than I am. The day after my property was burned, my commune wished to recompense me from the stores which had been laid by. I was thankful, and glad that so good a provision had been made; but observed, that when dead, I should be freed from so many pains, the burthen of which brought on a fever of nearly a month's duration. This has been succeeded by another attack, from which I am nearly recovered. And to the end, that every one may be certain that I have always been a lover of peace, for which I have a greater fondness than ever, because I have a greater need of it; I have composed the twelve sonnets, which I send to your lordship; and which, as a rude man, I have rudely composed, to the end that they may be clearly understood; seeing that subtile writings are by many interpreted variously, and contrary to the intention of the authors who frame them, more especially when it is the aim of malevolent persons to calumniate the latter.

Dated at Florence, this 15th day of April, 1397, with a recommendation for your servant—

FRANCO DE SACCHETTI.

Account of Pope Joan, extracted from the work of a celebrated clergyman of the church of England.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

I here insert, says this divine, the following extract, copied, verbatim, by my own hand, from that scarce and curious old book, entitled, "The Nuremburgh Chronicle;" which was printed at Nuremburgh, 1493, in a popish city, by popish printers, and compiled by popish hands, no less than twenty-four years before the reformation by Luther.

"Johannes Anglicus," &c.

TRANSLATION.

“John, of English descent, but said to have been born at Mentz, obtained the popedom by sinister arts; for, she palmed herself upon the world as a man, when, in reality, she was a woman. In her youth, she accompanied a learned lover of hers to Athens; and there, by attending the lectures of the best literary professors, she made so great a progress in erudition, that, on her arrival in Rome, she had few equals, and no superiors, in all kinds of theological knowledge. By her learned lectures, and by her masterly disputations, she acquired so much esteem and authority, that on the death of Leo, she was, by universal consent, (as Martinius affirms,) created pope. Some time after her elevation to the pontifical dignity, she became criminally familiar with one of her domestics, and pregnancy was the consequence. She took care, by every precaution, to conceal this circumstance, as long as possible; until, at last, as she was walking (in public procession) to the Lateran church, (in Rome,) she was suddenly seized with labour-pains, and brought forth her infant, in that part of the street which lies between the theatre and the church of St. Clement. She died on the spot; having held the popedom two years, one month, and four days. Some writers affirm, that, to this very day, whenever the pope walks in procession to the Lateran church, he constantly goes thither by another way, to avoid reviving the memory of the above-mentioned detestable event; and that, in order to prevent a similar imposition, (that is, in order that the infallible church may not again mistake the sex of her popes,) the new-elected pontiff is properly examined by the junior deacon, at the time of his holiness’s first enthronement in St. Peter’s chair—* * * *

This said Mrs. Joan, (who called herself John VIII.) was successor in the popedom to Leo IV. who died A. D. 855; and she, herself, was succeeded by Benedict III. Was not this pope, at least, the “*whore of Babylon?*”

 A DASHING ADVERTISEMENT.

“*St. Helena, Feb. 21st. 1811.*—To the Public. Stolen or mislaid, a *devilish* good silver hunting watch, made by M’Cabe, London, (number forgot,) with a *dashing* gold chain, and two huge seals, without inscriptions. Whoever has found the said watch and seals, and will deposit them at the bar of the tavern, or give any information relative to them, will, besides the thanks of the advertiser, receive *any reward he thinks proper.*”

CHARACTER OF THE MOREAN GREEKS.

From F. C. Pouqueville's Travels in the Morea, Albania, and other parts of the Ottoman empire.

THE Morean women have undoubtedly a claim to the prize of beauty, perhaps also to the palm of virtue. They may probably owe the first advantage to physical causes not difficult to be assigned. During the greater part of the year the sun warms the Morea with its benignant rays: the air is free from all humidity, and charged with the perfume of thousands of flowers—is pure and vivifying, while the temperature is mild and serene as in our finest days of spring. If to this be added the moderate share of labour to which the women of the East are subjected, and the regular lives they lead,—in these united causes a sufficient reason will be found for the beauty which has always distinguished the women of Peloponnesus.

The models which inspired Apelles and Phidias are still to be found among them. They are generally tall and finely formed; their eyes are full of fire, and they have a beautiful mouth ornamented with the finest teeth. There are, however, degrees in their beauty, though all in general may be called handsome. The Spartan woman is fair, of a slender make, but with a noble air; the women of Taygetes have the carriage of Pallas when she flourished her formidable ægis in the midst of a battle. The Messenian woman is low in stature and distinguished for her *embonpoint*; she has regular features, large blue eyes, and long black hair. The Arcadian, in her coarse woollen garment, scarcely suffers the regularity of her form to appear; but her countenance is expressive of great purity of mind, and her smile is the smile of innocence. Chaste as daughters, the women of the Morea assume as wives even a character of austerity. Rarely after the death of a husband whom she loved does the widow ever think of contracting a new engagement. Supporting life with difficulty, deprived of the object of her affections, the remainder of her days are often passed in weeping her loss. Endowed with organs sensible to melody, most of the Greek women sing in a pleasing manner, accompanying themselves with a tetrachord, the tones of which are an excellent support to the voice. In their songs they do not extol the favours of love, they do not arraign the coldness and inconstancy of a lover; it is rather a young man who pines away with love, as the grass is withered on the house tops; who complains of the cruelty of his inflexible mistress,—who compares himself to a bird deprived of his mate, to a solitary turtle-dove;—who requires all nature, in short, to share in his sorrows. At this long recital of woes, the companions of the songstress are often melted into tears, and quit her with warm expressions of delight at the pleasure they have received.

If the Greek women have received from the hand of nature the gift of beauty as their common dower, and a heart that loves with ardour and sincerity, they have the defects of being vain, avaricious, an ambitious; at least this is the case with those in the higher ranks of society. Totally destitute of instruction, they are incapable of keeping up a conversation in any degree interesting, nor can they supply their want of education by a natural playfulness of imagination which gives birth intuitively to lively sallies, and often charms in women more than cultivation of mind. It may be said in general that the Greek women know nothing: even those who are born in the higher ranks are ignorant of the art of presiding in their own houses; an art so well known, and so well practised in our own country, that a woman destitute of real knowledge has often by this means drawn around her a circle of the most cultivated and most amiable among the other sex. As a proof of the total want of education among the Greek women, I cannot help adding that I have often heard at Constantinople, even from the mouths of those who bore the title of princesses, the grossest language used towards their servants, such as would not be endured among us but from the very lowest dregs of the people. It is not difficult, from the specimen, to form an idea of the charm which such sort of female society presents to Europeans of polished countries.

A belief in sorcery or witchcraft, that great stumbling-block of the human understanding in all ages and climes, is exceedingly prevalent in modern Greece. A number of old Sibyls, withered sorceresses of the race known among us by the name of Bohemians or Egyptians, the refuse of Thessaly, a country celebrated in all times for female magicians, are in high repute in every part of the Morea. They explain signs, interpret dreams, and all the delirious wanderings of the imagination. Reverenced, feared, caressed, nothing is done without consulting them; nor is it difficult to conceive how unbounded an empire these impostors obtain over imaginations as ardent, united with minds as little cultivated as characterize the Grecian women.

A Young woman wishes to know what sort of a husband she is to have. She consults one of these oracles of fate, who gives her a pie seasoned with mint and other aromatic herbs gathered from the mountains. This she is to eat at night without drinking, and go to bed immediately, first hanging round her neck, in a little enchanted bag, three flowers; one white, another red, and the third yellow. The next morning she puts her hand into the bag and draws out one of the flowers: if it be the white, she is to marry a young man; if the red, one of a middle age; if the yellow, a widower. She is then to relate what she has dreamt in the night, and from her dreams the Sibyl draws omens, whether the husband is to be rich, and whether the marriage is to prove happy or not. If the predictions be not accomplished, no fault is ever ascribed to the oracle; either her orders were not exactly observed,

or the *Evil-eye*, has rendered her divinations abortive. This *Evil-eye*, the *Arimanes* of the ancients, is a dæmon, the enemy of all happiness, the very name of whom terrifies even the most courageous. According to the Greeks, this spirit or invisible power is grieved at all prosperity, groans at success, is indignant at a plentiful harvest, or at the fecundity of the flocks, murmurs even against Heaven for having made a young girl pleasing or handsome. In consequence of so strange a superstition, no one thinks of congratulating another upon having handsome children, and they carefully avoid admiring the beauty of a neighbour's horse, for the *Evil-eye* would very probably at the same instant afflict the children with a leprosy, or the horses with lameness. The power of this genius even extends to taking away treasures of every kind from those by whom they are possessed. If, however, in complimenting the beauty of the children or the horses, care is taken to talk of *garlic* or to *spit*, the charm is broken.

After having shown how much the modern Greeks are given up to superstition, and the degree of debasement to which their minds are reduced by the slavery under which they have so long languished, another feature of their character will appear the more extraordinary; this is the vanity which all have more or less of being distinguished by the most pompous titles. Nothing is heard among them but the titles of archon, prince, most illustrious, and others equally high-sounding; the title of his holiness is given to their priests. The child accustomed to forget the most endearing of appellations, the wife forgetting that which she ought most to cherish, salute the father and the husband with the title of signor, at the same time kissing his hand. This name, which is only a term of submission, is by the pride of the Greeks preferred to all others, for the very reason that it seems to acknowledge superiority in the person to whom it is addressed.

It is from this sentiment of vanity that those Greeks who have acquired any knowledge of the history of their country, speak with so much pride of the ancient relics still scattered over it. According to the affinity which may be found in their names to any of those celebrated in antiquity, they call themselves the descendants of Codrus, of Phidias, of Themistocles, of Belisarius. The same sentiment leads them to hoard up money, that they may be enabled at last to purchase some situation which shall give them the power of domineering over their brethren; and this achieved, it is by no means unusual to see them become more insolent and tyrannical towards them than the Turks themselves: they justify in this respect but too fully the common saying, that the Turk has no better instrument for enforcing slavery than the Greek.

POETRY.

SPECIMENS OF A VOLUME OF POETRY, ABOUT TO BE PUBLISHED
AT BALTIMORE.

A health to my native land, on her birth-day, the fourth of July.

LAND of the exile—my own native land,
Sweet refuge to the wretched of this earth!
To thee I lift the bowl with eager hand,
And hail the glorious morn that gave thee birth.

Here's to our country—our dear native home!
Where all that breathe the breath of life are free;
Here's to the happy land where strangers come,
To share the sweets of virtuous liberty.

The blue-eyed German smokes his pipe at ease,
Oppressed Erin finds a refuge here,
And, free as his own native Highland breeze,
Treads hardy Caledonia's mountaineer.

The conq'ror check'd in his career of blood;
The peaceful monarch banish'd from his throne;
The patriot who against oppression stood,
Here seek a refuge—here, and *here* alone.

Rage wild Ambition's tempest where it may;
One bloody deluge roll o'er all the world—
Our ark shall swim, regardless of its sway,
While tottering despots from their seats are hurl'd.

E'vn as when one wide water covered all,
And veil'd from every eye sweet Nature's face,
The ark of yore sailed o'er the drowned ball,
And saved the remnant of the human race.

Land of the exile—my own native land,
Sweet refuge to the banish'd of the earth!
To thee I lift the bowl with eager hand,
And hail the glorious morn that gave thee birth.

Still may thy stripes triumphant wave in war;
Still thy bright stars like glorious fires of Heav'n,
Shine quenchless guides, to welcome from afar,
The exile from his home and country driv'n.

From every corner of the suffering earth,
Oh may Oppression's victim hither come!
And while he mourns the land that gave him birth,
Cherish the land in which he found a home.

Land of the exile—my own native land,
Mother of heroes, child of liberty!
God give thee strength against thy foes to stand;
Flourish forever—be forever free!

SONG,

IN IMITATION OF THE OLD WRITERS.

Things common are not sought.

[From the same.]

I LOVE the sun that shines on every flower;
 I love the flower that gives to all its sweets;
 I love the breeze that, whispering, woos each bower—
 But I love not the maid that smiles on all she meets.
 Sweet is the modest rose that blushes at a kiss;
 Sweet the wan breeze that woos each waving bower:
 Sweet the bright sunshine at blithe morning hour—
 Sweet every *common benefit* but this.

But did the sun by day and night aye warm,
 And did the warm breeze breathe through all the year,
 And the red rose through every season charm,
 Nor very bright or sweet would they appear.
 And so—if woman's breath be ne'er so sweet,
 And if her lips are redder than the rose,
 And if those lips a thousand sweets disclose,
 Who cares for them, if they do smile on all they meet?

INSPIRATION.

[From the same.]

Who is't that tells
 Bright Inspiration dwells
 In silent vales and waving woods,
 Or rocky dells, by foaming floods,
 Where never sunbeam breaks,
 And nought but nature wakes?
 He lies—
 It dwells in Beauty's eyes.

Vain all the powers of solitude;
 Vain silent vale and waving wood,
 And rocky dell, and foaming flood
 They cannot waken Fancy's fires!
 'Tis Beauty, Beauty, that inspires
 The soul to genius warm and true—
 That *wakens* and *rewards* it too.

FOR THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

THE BACHELOR.

They say my heart is cold,
 And never has for lady sigh'd;
 They say I'm solitary, and grow old
 Without a lover's joy, or father's manly pride.

And let them say their will,
 And call me names, with scornful jeer;
 By heav'n, there's not a man among them still,
 Who flatters woman less, yet holds her half so dear.

How could I ask a maid
 To leave her high, ambitious aim,
 And share with me the dull and humble shade,
 Where Mediocrity laments her slighted name?

I dont prefer to live
 A solitary in the crowd;
 Let me enjoy the smile a wife can give,
 When love performs the half of what it once has vow'd.

But, O! avert from me
 The disappointed husband's sigh,
 Who finds too late, that woman's constancy
 Scarce lasts till other charms seduce her wand'ring eye.

O, no, I cannot sue,
 For neither rank nor wealth is mine;
 The thought of thee, my girl, would pierce me through,
 Whene'er I saw thee sigh for joys that once were thine.

NURUZ;

OR THE LOVES OF THE ROSE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

[From the Asiatic Journal.]

The following *jeu-d'esprit* has a reference to *The Loves of the Rose and the Nightingale*, an eastern allegory, founded on the reputed fondness of the bird for that flower in the vernal season.

THE Nightingale a sonnet owes
 In season to the love-ripe Rose,
 Whose fairy perfumes haunt the gale,
 That they may listen to his tale,
 Where Echo, hid in thicket nigh,
 O'erhears and tells the chanter's joy:
 The youthful flowers, in spring-ropes drest,
 Envy the rose her am'rous guest;
 But, as her charms unfold, the sun
 Is by the blooming syren won,
 And daily homage to her pays,
 A rival to the warbler's lays.
 To baffle, then, this adverse spell,
 Oh, spare thy notes, sweet Philomel!
 For Sol, at eve, must bid adieu,
 When thou thy suit can best renew;
 With magic arm'd, the moment seize,
 Pour forth thy philters on the breeze;
 And, as his fickle warmth grows less,
 Be this the hour for thy caress;
 Now serenade; and, ere the morn,
 The Rose is thine, and his the Thorn.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A continuation of Burke's History of Virginia, by L. H. Girardin, Esq. is in the press. Mr. Burke's work, consisting of three volumes octavo, brings the history of Virginia, from the first settlement of it as a colony of Great Britain, to the year 1775. Mr. Girardin's work, which will form a large octavo volume of about eight hundred pages, will bring the history of that state to the peace of 1783. He is collecting materials for a separate work, which will be the sequel of the one last mentioned, and continue that history to the peace of Ghent.

Doctor V. Seamen, of New York, has published a discourse upon Vaccination, with remarks on the occasional prevalence of the small pox, and the measures necessary to prevent it.

Mr. John Mellish has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, a six sheet Map of the United States, and contiguous British and Spanish possessions. This work will be accompanied by *A statistical account of the United States, with topographical tables, and tables of distances*; to which will be added, A description of the British and Spanish possessions. The price of the Map and Description to subscribers will be \$10, payable on delivery.

Eleazer Early has issued proposals for publishing Daniel Sturges's Map of Georgia, from actual survey. This map is stated to have been prepared with great labour and care by Mr. Sturges during the period of fourteen years in which he held the office of surveyor-general of Georgia. The map is so constructed as to give a view of the adjacent countries, particularly that part of South Carolina bordering on the state of Georgia, that part of the Mississippi territory which was the seat of the war with the Creek Indians, and a considerable portion of the Floridas. The price of this map to subscribers will be ten dollars.

Darby's Map of Louisiana and the adjacent country is in the press.

Wells & Lilly, of Boston, have republished *Rhoda*, a novel, from the London edition. "We have seldom," observe the critical reviewers, "had an opportunity of noticing a novel possessing such claims to approbation as the volumes before us. We deprecate the injurious consequences too generally produced in the female mind by this species of reading. But the work we are about to introduce to the attention of our readers, is not merely exempt from the ordinary objections preferred against publications of this description, but presents such numerous excellencies, and illustrates so sound a moral, that we recommend it to the perusal of all our female readers; particularly to those whose pretty faces and fascinating manners become dangerous possessions, from being the allies of vanity, irresolution and frivolity."

After giving a general view of the incidents and characters, they conclude thus:—"We have traced the leading outlines of this novel. The story conveys an instructive moral; and is related in language perfectly suited to this description of writing. The characters are all well drawn. That of *Rhoda* is a very just delineation of the weak and wavering disposition of a young female placed in so embarrassing a situation, moral rectitude on the one hand, and seductive pleasure and glittering ambition on the other. The follies and manners of fashionable life are faithfully described; and these again are well relieved by some ably conceived characters, in whom the beauty of virtue shines forth with resplendent freshness; forcibly impressing upon the worshippers of fashionable depravity the meanness as well as the criminality of their adoration."

M. Correa de Serra is now giving a course of lectures on botany to the ladies and gentlemen of this city.

The publication of Mr. Cobbett's Weekly Political Register, in the United States, commenced on the 21st ultimo, at New York. The first number published there was No. 1. vol. XXX. written in England, on the 6th of January last. The work is to be continued weekly, as nearly as possible, and to consist partly of Mr. Cobbett's essays, which have been published in the corresponding numbers in England, with the addition of notes; but chiefly of original matter from the same pen, sent out from England *in manuscript*.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

[Selected and abridged from late British publications.]

Eolian Harp, of a new kind.

The following article has in it something extremely whimsical. The notion of a musical instrument *five hundred feet* in length, seems all but ridiculous; and yet if these wires really are affected by variations in the atmosphere, why may they not be rendered musical by means of proportionate length, thickness, composition of metal, or combination of metals? To say the least, the vigilance of such an instrument would be incessant. A man might lie in his bed, and receive notice by a *recitative* of a change in the weather: he might gather from the sprightly tones of his monitor, better than from any watchman, the beautiful morning about to break on him; or he might infer from the melancholy tones of his wires, the probability of a wet day, and provide himself with clothing accordingly. What else?—let the reader surmise.

“Not only animals and vegetables, but mineral bodies also are affected by the changes of atmospheric temperature. Metals are well known to expand or contract by such alteration; and in the 75th volume of Philosophical Transactions, general Roy has shown that the expansion of the steel pendulum of a clock is such, that every four degrees of the thermometer will cause a variation of a second per day in the going of a clock. Brass will be absolutely altered in its nature, merely by being suspended in a damp atmosphere. Madame Roland describes a very singular kind of harp, which she saw in a garden of M. Haz, letter-press founder at Basle, in Switzerland, which must have been made on this principle of expansion. ‘It is composed,’ she says, ‘of fourteen wires closely disposed, fastened at one end to a pavillion, and at the other end to a wall at the extremity of the garden, and at the distance of about five hundred feet. The variations of the atmosphere excite the vibrations of these wires, and make them sound in a singular manner. In settled weather, constantly fair or constantly rainy, the instrument is silent. If any change is to happen; if any distant storm is rising, of which no appearance is yet perceived; if contrary winds are ready to contend for empire; the aerial music begins, and thus announces the revolutions of its elements sometimes twenty-four hours beforehand.’”

Benevolence.—Bible Society.

The following extract shows that the plan and principles of modern Bible Societies are by no means absolute novelties, or things before unheard of:—why such benevolent institutions were not continued? is another question.

The London Journal, Saturday, Feb. 24, 1721.

“Our Petersburg letters make mention, that the czar of Muscovy, has given orders for printing the Old and New Testament in the Russian language. The edition is to be made at Amsterdam, and a fair side left against every page for theological remarks, to be therein inserted by such divines as shall be appointed for that purpose. Each family is to buy one of these bibles, and some are to be sold at a moderate price, for the use of the poor. Would every prince fol-

low so laudable an example, and give their subjects a right to think for themselves in religious matters, the Romish communion would be greatly lessened, by there being but few left to believe the absurd doctrine of transubstantiation."

Antiquities.

Vienna, January 13.—The part of Istria belonging to the government of the Littorale, forming a part of Illyrium, and since the time of Augustus joined to Italy, contains numerous monuments of that brilliant period of the Roman empire, particularly in the formerly flourishing, now decayed town of Pola, and in the neighbourhood of Triest. The remains of the Roman amphitheatre at Pola have been frequently described, but insufficiently. Marshal Marmont set some workmen to dig round it, which procured some information respecting this monument of antiquity; but it was reserved for Mr. Peter Nobile, architect at Triest, to proceed so far this summer that as much has been discovered under ground as was before above it, and to prove the possibility of clearing the whole of this magnificent building from the rubbish, he has also, out of zeal for the arts, uncovered more of a temple of Augustus, and of a Roman gate, at Pola, and secured them as far as possible, in order to give the friends of antiquity a complete work upon the subject. The same Mr. Nobile has also drawn from the rubbish and from oblivion, the admirable aqueducts in the territory of Triest, that are also of Roman origin. He has set people to dig in above thirty places, and has discovered the whole line of the aqueduct from Triest to the source which supplied it with water. His imperial majesty has granted Mr. Nobile three thousand silver florins to continue the digging out of the Roman antiquities at Pola, and an equal sum to examine farther the antiquities in the neighbourhood of Triest.

Government of Egypt.

One of the best proofs which could be offered, perhaps, of the superior stability of the present government in Egypt to that of the Mamelukes which preceded it, is, that during the two years absence of the present Pasha in Arabia, accompanied by all the male branches of his family as military commanders, and nearly the whole of his army, the most perfect and undisturbed tranquillity has prevailed throughout the whole of the country, from the sea coast of the Delta, to the cataracts of the Nile; while it is known that under the government of the Mameluke beys, the banks of the river were divided at every fifty miles into districts commanded by Arab sheiks and petty chieftains, continually at war, as well as that the reigning bey dared scarcely quit the citadel of Cairo before insurrection and tumult followed. The travels of Norden, Pocock, Niebuhr, Volney, and Savary, with all the still earlier writers on that country, give a picture of constant and general anarchy, and represent it as almost impossible to quit the banks of the river, or the edge of cultivation without being robbed and plundered, while the dress of a Christian was sufficient to draw down the insults of the lowest orders on the individual who wore it. At this moment, on the contrary, tranquillity and safety every where prevail; deserts are now passable, unattended and unarmed, which were not then to be crossed in safety without a large military escort, and the dress of an European has become the surest passport to obtain accommodation, protection, and respect.

FRANCE.

Points of public instruction and education.

1. That religion should form the essential basis of education.
2. That colleges and boarding-schools should not only be under the superintendence of the local authorities, but under that of the archbishops and bishops, who should have power to reform the abuses they may discover therein.
3. That the bishops should be empowered to augment the number of seminaries in proportion to the deficiencies of religious instruction, and the resources of the population and the dioceses.

4. That the bishops should have the right of appointing to the places of principals in the colleges and schools. The principal to appoint the professors; but the bishops to be nevertheless empowered to dismiss persons who may be incapable, or whose principles may be recognised as dangerous.

5. That the universities, as they now exist, shall be continued under the superintendance of the minister of the interior. The minister to be advised as to the means of joining thereto religious instruction, and of making literary talents flourish.

6. That the central commission of public instruction, the zeal and talents of which his majesty will honour and reward, should remain suppressed.

Engine Pipes: new manufacture.

The pipes of the engines used in France, for extinguishing fire, are made of flax, and are found to answer the purpose much better than those made of leather. They are woven in the same manner as the wicks of patent lamps, and can be made of any length without a seam or joining. When the water runs a short time through the pipes, the flax swells and no water escapes, though the pressure be very great. They are more portable, not so liable to be out of repair, and do not cost by one half so much as the leather ones used in this country. This article is now manufactured in Glasgow.

The Bank of France.

The *Moniteur* of January 26 contains a long report on the state of the bank of France, made by M. Lafitte, provisional governor, at a general meeting of proprietors on the preceding day. He gave the following statement of the operations of the bank during the previous year. The sums discounted on commercial bills, for the first half year, amounted to 106,210,830 fr. and for the second half year to 97,554,493 fr. making a total of 203,565,323 francs. There were besides bills on the departments, to the amount of 10,966,243 fr. negotiated by the treasury.

M. Lafitte also stated, that the profits of the bank during the same year, arising from the interest on its capital and its discounts, amounted to 5,989,174 fr. The shareholders had in consequence received five and one-third per cent. on their shares, calculated at 1,200 fr. each, or six and two-fifths per cent. on their original value of 1,000 fr. The capital of the bank had also been increased by 5180 fr. which were carried to the reserve account, as directed by law.

The following are a few of the general observations with which the reporter concludes.—

“In laying before you the state of the bank at such a period, the council-general consoles itself for the smallness of the dividend which it has to offer you by congratulating itself and you that a part of the capital was not swallowed up in the general political wreck of France. An event unparalleled in history, which brought under our walls all Europe in arms against us, seemed impossible to occur again in the same century. Unfortunately, however, it did occur again, almost in the same year; for a different cause indeed, but attended with more alarming symptoms. Trade, the friend of peace, and the bank, which cannot prosper but with trade, are both necessarily compromised by great political convulsions. Nevertheless, in spite of so many dangers, and obstructions, you will see, certainly not without some surprise, that though the bank has not relaxed in its operations, and though its discounts have been very considerable, it has not sustained one single loss in this confusion, and not one known house has ceased to honour its engagements.”

GERMANY.

A curious paper on the magnetism of the earth has been published in Schwegger's Journal, by Aansten. He endeavours to show that the earth has four magnetic poles. In 1769 one of the north magnetic poles was situated in north latitude 9 deg. 17 min. and east long. from Ferrol 277 deg. 40 min. 5 sec.

The Siberian north magnetic pole, in 1815, was situated in north lat. 85 deg. 21 min. 5 sec. and long. east. from Ferrol 133 deg. 42 min. In 1775, one of the south magnetic poles was in south lat. 71 deg. 26 min. 5 sec. and 150 deg. 53 and 3-4 min. east long. from Ferrol; the second in south lat. 77 deg. 16 min. 75 sec. and 254 deg. 23 min. east long. from Ferrol.

Antiquities.

Rome, Oct. 28.—There has just been found upon the Appian Way an ancient sun-dial, drawn upon marble, with the names of the winds in Greek. It is exactly calculated for the latitude of Rome. According to local circumstances, it is concluded to be the discus belonging to Herodes Atticus, and described by Vitruvius.

The statues from France are to be placed in the Vatican museum: 73,000 Scudi are to be devoted to its enlargement.

The king of Naples has ordered the continuation of the works at the excavation of Pompeii: two hundred workmen have been added to the former number; workmen are digging about the villa Mattei, by order of the prince of peace. Besides a Mosaic pavement, Sarcophagi, fragments of columns, &c. they have found a bust of Seneca, inscribed with his name.

Ancient Map of the world.

The late Dr. Vincent obtained for this country a fac simile of an ancient planisphere, or map of the world, delineated in the convent of Murano, at Venice. It is now in the British museum.

The first number is just published, of *Popular Pastimes*, being picturesque representations, beautifully coloured, of the customs and amusements of Great Britain, in ancient and modern times, accompanied with historical descriptions. To be continued monthly till completed in one volume.

Part IV. of the selection of one hundred and ten engravings, from baron Denon's celebrated travels in Egypt, is ready for publication. It contains a view of ruins at Medinet Abou: immense blocks of granite: view of the garden of the institute at Cairo: Egyptian barber: mode of passing the Nile: assembly of sheikhs: mode of making macaroni: hieroglyphics, size of nature: historical bas-relief. This splendid work will be completed in twenty parts, folio, price five shillings each.

W. T. Brande, esq. has nearly ready to appear, *A Descriptive Catalogue of the British Specimens deposited in the geological collection of the royal institution,*

Limborch's *Account of the Inquisition*, abridged, and continued by extracts from subsequent writers, is printing in an octavo volume, with engravings.

Dr. Styles is preparing for the press, *Considerations on the Revival of Popery in Europe*, and the character and influence of secular establishments of religion, one volume, octavo. This work will embrace a particular view of the present state of ecclesiastical affairs in France.

A translation of Kotzebue's interesting work, entitled, *The Russian Prisoner of War in France*, will very shortly appear.

A *Narrative of a Ten Years Residence at the Court of Tripoli*, from the original correspondence in the possession of the family of the late Richard Tully, esq. British consul, is preparing for the press, in a quarto volume, illustrated by several coloured plates.

Mr. Allen has in the press, *Modern Judaism*, or a brief account of the opinions, traditions, rites, and ceremonies, maintained and practised by the Jews in modern times.

Mr. Robert Buchanan, of Glasgow, will soon publish a work on the *History and Construction of Steam Boats*, illustrated by numerous engravings.

Shortly will be published, handsomely printed in three large quarto volumes, price 6*l.* 15*s.* *The Origin of Pagan Idolatry*, ascertained from historical testimony and circumstantial evidence. By the Rev. G. S. Faber, rector of Long Newton, Yarm.

Mr. T. Williams is preparing for the press, *An Essay on Religious Liberty*, in which will be considered—the primitive terms of Christian communion, the right of private judgment, the nature of Christ's kingdom, and the horrid effects of intolerance.

To commence on the 1st of March, with a correct likeness highly finished of a well known fashionable fop, No. I. splendidly printed in post octavo, price 1*s.* 6*d.* of a new monthly work, entitled, *The Busy Body*, or men and manners, edited by Humphrey Hedgehog, esq. author of *The General Post Bag*, *Rejected Odes*, *A month in Town*, &c. &c.

Mr. Thibert of the university of Paris, proposes to publish *A Genealogical Table*, displaying the science of the French language, after a modern and excellent French author, who wrote and died in England. The price of the work to subscribers is not to exceed one guinea.

Mr. C. Earnshaw has in the press, in royal 16mo. *An Abridgment of Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary*; with additions, alterations, corrections, and critical remarks. The explanatory part, a principle feature, will be copious, and the pronunciation intended to be subservient, will be simple and obvious.

Speedily will be published, *The City of the Plague*, a dramatic poem. By John Wilson, author of *The Isle of Palms*, &c.

Mr. John Weyland has in the press, in an octavo volume, *The Principle of Population*, as affected by the progress of society, with a view to moral and political consequences.

In the press, a new work entitled, *The Elements and Genius of the French Language*, being a natural and rational method of teaching a language with sciences, deduced from the analysis of the human mind.

Memoirs of the Ionian Isles, and of their relations with European Turkey, translated from the original manuscript of M. de Vandencourt, late general in the Italian service, with a very accurate and comprehensive map.

M. Puigblanch, the Spanish patriot, is about to publish *The Inquisition Unmasked*; or the triumph of humanity and liberality in Spain; being a history of the conduct and objects of that tribunal, and a dissertation on the necessity of its suppression.

Mr. C. J. Metcalfe is preparing *A Translation of a Selection of the Letters of Ganganelli (Clement XIV.)* in a duodecimo volume, with a sketch of his life prefixed.

Mr. Belsham is preparing *A Letter to the Unitarians of South Wales*, containing a reply to the bishop of St. David.

An Abridgment of Robinson's Scripture Characters is in a forward state, at press, in one volume, 12mo. for the use of schools.

The Rev. Dr. Hawker has nearly completed his *Commentary on the Old and New Testaments*, with the text at large. Part 37 is just published, and the work will be finished in the ensuing spring, making in the whole 40 parts. An edition of a smaller size, without the text, is also printed at a very moderate price.

A Treatise on Greyhounds, with observations on their treatment and disorders, is in the press.

Recently Published.

Egypt; a series of engravings, exhibiting the scenery, antiquities, architecture, costume, inhabitants, animals, &c. of that country; selected from the celebrated work by Vivant Denon. Part III. containing the temple of Thebes, at Kournou; the statues of Memnon: view of Karnak, at day-break: view of Luxor: remarkable ancient planisphere: Egyptian antiquities: twenty-two portraits of natives: will be completed in twenty parts, price 5s. each.

Histoire de l'Origine des Progrès et de la Décadence des Diverses Factions, qui ont agité la France depuis 1789, jusqu'à l'abdication de Napoleon. Par Joseph Lavallée, ancien capitaine d'infanterie et ancien chef de division à la grande chancellerie de la légion d'honneur. 3 vol. 8vo. 17. 7s.

The Monthly Magazine for March last, having inserted some articles from the Analectic Magazine, makes the following remarks, in answer to a reproach contained in one of those articles against the affected contempt with which the writers of old England, and especially the critics, treat every thing written in this new world.—“Writers and editors in America, and in other countries, complain justly of that wicked spirit of writers in England, which seeks to create and perpetuate national animosities; justice, however, to the intelligent part of our country, compels us to explain that the writers in question are no legitimate part of the English public, but sordid agents of unprincipled ministers, who flourish best in times of public calamity, and are happy only in the degree in which they see others miserable. The practice is also part of a series of political frauds, designed to reconcile to political impositions the great and small vulgar, who, in every country, constitute the majority of the population; for he will not grumble who allows himself to be persuaded, that, whatever be the extent and variety of his sufferings, he is better off than all other people. This principle is illustrated at length in Machiavel; who is still the standard of truth and virtue among European statesmen; though its influence, happily, has not reached America. There is, besides, another and a better apology for our national literati, namely:—that many of the writers in question are not Englishmen, but *anglicised Germans*, who are preferred for such dirty work; and, having obtained the control of several of our public journals, propagate, through their medium, doctrines of servility and passive obedience, and other sentiments which are alien to the ancient and honoured feelings of Englishmen.”

John Scott, the author of *A Visit to Paris in 1814*, has published a volume entitled, *Paris Revisited in 1815*, by way of Brussels. We select a passage which does credit to the author:—“The political institutions of society are at least as far from having reached perfection, as the arts and sciences; and if change and experiment are not so practicable in the former as in the latter, yet, in proportion as it is mischievous to tamper with them but when the occasion is clear, the opportunity striking, and the call urgent, it is dangerous and guilty to withstand those great invitations which at intervals summon mankind to improve their condition.—It would be stupidly base to set down all these disturbances that have of late years agitated Europe, to a wilful and unfounded temper of popular insubordination:—the convulsion can only fairly be considered as a natural working, accompanied with painful and diseased symptoms, but occasioned by the growth of men's minds beyond the institutions that had their origin in a very inferior state of information. Nor should England consider herself out of the need of advancing herself further, because she is already advanced beyond her neighbours; on the contrary, her strength and wisdom lies in maintaining her wonted prerogative of being the first to move forward in a safe road,—of first catching the bright prospect of further attainments,—and securing for herself, in the independence and fortitude of her judgment, what others tardily copy from her practice. The vigorous habits of action and thought, which her rulers

have found so valuable in the late struggle for national fame and pre-eminence, are only to be preserved, as they were engendered,—namely, by admitting popular opinion to busy itself with the internal affairs of the country, to exercise itself freely on the character of its political establishments, to grapple on even ground with professional and official prejudices and prepossessions, and finally, to knock every thing down that does not stand firm in its own moral strength.—This is England's duty to herself,—and to the world at large she owes an equally sacred one: viz. so to regulate the application of her influence and power, that it shall oppose no tendency to good,—that it shall never be available to evil and bigoted designs, masking themselves under canting professions,—but justify those loud and confident calls which she has every where addressed to generous hearts and fine spirits.”

The hon. and rev. FRANCIS HENRY EGERTON is printing at Paris a new edition of the Life of his ancestor the lord high chancellor EGERTON, which was written by him, and published in the fifth volume of the *Biographia Britannica*; the author will subjoin a Life of JOHN EGERTON, bishop of Durham, and FRANCIS, late duke of BRIDGEWATER. A family whose name is so intimately interwoven with our domestic history, distinguished as it has been in the annals of the law, the church, and of our internal commercial prosperity, certainly deserved such a monument, in which at some future period a niche will doubtless be allotted to the worthy successor by whom it is raised. This work, which will extend to at least two 4to. volumes of 500 pages each, will comprise about 2,000 manuscript pieces, important state-papers, and other authentic documents. It treats of a great number of points of law, equity, and divinity—civil, military, and ecclesiastical history—finance and parliamentary affairs—literature, and the discoveries recently made in the arts and sciences during the period which it embraces—as also of the state of society, manners, and character of the English nation, at the time when the bases of our civil and religious liberty began to be fixed. It is not intended for sale, but merely for the gratification of the author's friends; on the other hand, we congratulate the public on the free access allowed by this gentleman to his vast collection of manuscripts. Under the head of Turenne, he communicates the following intelligence, which every lover of literature will know how to appreciate:—

“I have had no objection to state as one of the curious and rare articles with which my collection abounds that, amongst my manuscripts, henceforth denominated ‘ASHBRIDGE COLLECTION: MSS. FRANCIS HENRY EGERTON, there exist, at letter T, v. xxxiv. 1, thirty original autograph letters of the Mareschal de Turenne, and also two other pieces which particularly relate to the history of his life.

Mr. THOS. TAYLOR, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, in 2 vols. royal quarto, a translation of the Six Books of Proclus on the theology of Plato; to which a Seventh Book will be added, in order to supply the deficiency of another book on this subject, which was written by Proclus, but since lost; also a translation of Proclus' Elements of Theology. In these volumes will also be included, by the same, a translation of the Treatise of Proclus on Providence and Fate; a translation of extracts from his treatise, entitled Ten Doubts concerning Providence: and a translation of extracts from his treatise on the Subsistence of Evil: as preserved in the *Bibliotheca Gr.* of Fabricius.—250 copies only will be printed.

The Life of the late Thomas Holcroft, written by himself, and announced for publication soon after his death, has been for some reason not assigned hitherto, withheld. It is however now about to be laid before the public, with a continuation to the time of his death, by some literary members of his family.

Dr. Granville has in the press a translation of that part of Orfila's General Toxicology which more particularly relates to poisons derived from the animal and vegetable kingdoms. This subject having formed a very important part of Dr. Granville's scientific studies, he has been enabled to accompany his translation with copious notes and additions.

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