





















S. 446.

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LITERATURE,

AND THE FINE ARTS.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

IN starting a proposal for the commencement of a periodical it is usual to enter into an elaborate statement of its intended utility and pre-eminence: profession is put forth upon the most liberal scale, whilst correspondent contemporary efforts are, not infrequently, subjected to invidious remark. Deprecating the tendency of this practice, the Editor of "The Analyst" adopts the less questionable measure of submitting a mere outline of contents, leaving the work in contemplation to make its own impression upon the public.

That the Editor should project an addition to the existing number of periodicals, may create some surprise; but when the rapid and universal advance of human enquiry is dispassionately considered, and when it is recollected that almost every city of consequence in the kingdom possesses its Literary, Philosophic, and Scientific Institutions—its Natural History, and Antiquarian Societies, sustained by a spirit of laudable research, perpetually on the wing, a desire to promote the admirable ends of these establishments can scarcely be decried. With but few exceptions, the metropolis has been, hitherto, the only source from which valuable works of a scientific character, appearing at stated intervals, have emanated. Attended with particular local inconvenience, this circumstance has long been a cause of general complaint,—and so far may justify the seeming temerity of the present undertaking. Although the Editor has ventured to enter the lists with his metropolitan brethren, who necessarily enjoy

many advantages denied to the occupiers of less favourable positions, he derives sufficient confidence from the fact that genius and learning, unmonopolized by the capital of any country, are in this era to be found scattered abundantly over every part of the empire: and if he contribute to develop and bring forward those high intellectual endowments which might otherwise be lost in obscurity, he feels that he shall have performed an acceptable service to the republic of letters. That such is his ambition, he, unhesitatingly, declares.

Opposition to any similar publication, either in possession or expectancy of public favour, the Editor most unequivocally disclaims: having one end in view, the diffusion of knowledge and of polite literature, he aims at establishing in this quarter of the kingdom, a vehicle of information, the want of which is an admitted matter of regret.

On the talent engaged in "The Analyst" the Editor refrains from expatiating; but aware that the success of his experiment must, in a great measure, depend on the mental calibre employed, due care has been taken to secure the most efficient assistance.

In conclusion it may be only requisite to state that political and polemical discussions are wholly excluded, the contemplated publication being entirely devoted to the interests of Literature, Science, and the Arts—and from the patronage already conceded, the Editor calculates on its extensive circulation.

All communications are requested to be addressed to the Editor, (post-paid), 72, High-street, Worcester; or at Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall's, Stationers' Hall Court, London.

WORCESTER, JULY 26th, 1834.

## ADDRESS.

A PREFACE to a new work is always expected, and to a Magazine it becomes as necessary a fixture as the title-page. In accordance, therefore, with the taste and fashion of the times, the Editor of "The Analyst" ventures a few observations in the shape of an introduction to the present number.

If it be asked why another periodical should be added to the accumulated stock now in existence, the Editor's reply is—"There is no monthly publication in the shape of Magazine or Review in either of the Midland Counties—a part of the empire which is inferior to none in science, in arts, in literature, and in general knowledge—and the want of which has for a very considerable period been a source of regret to the numerous intellectual residents within its enlightened circle."

Had the Editor not been repeatedly urged by many of the most erudite and leading individuals in this and the neighbouring counties, to undertake the superintendency of a publication similar to the one now launched, it is more than probable that "The Analyst" had never seen the light. The want of such a medium of communicative knowledge having been too long felt and regretted, he obeyed the summons without the slightest hesitation, even in the face of obstacles which might have appalled more experienced men—and the commencement of his labours is submitted to critical investigation in the annexed pages. Whether the experiment

be such as will fulfil the general desire—whether the ends proposed have been successfully accomplished—time will soon disclose—to the attainment of such object, the Editor's unceasing exertions have been devoted, and he trusts that his solicitous endeavours to be useful will not terminate in the vexatiousness of disappointment. Allowances will doubtless be made for a first attempt—if it be received favourably, the Editor pledges himself that no relaxation of energy shall at any future time be manifested—and the succeeding numbers, with the important aid of experience to guide them, will, he hopes, continue to advance rather than to recede in literary attractiveness.

It were easy to swell out this address with ostentatious promises—but perfectly aware that the success of all literary works depends on their intrinsic merits, the Editor abstains from commenting on a theme which is so often liable to misconstruction and doubt. The world is the arbiter of literary honour, and to the world's opinion the Editor must bow.

For whatever of capability and interest may be observable in most of the subjects which occupy this number, the Editor unhesitatingly avows he is chiefly indebted to his able and talented coadjutors—and in expressing his fervent thanks generally, he should be wanting in common liberality and courtesy, if he did not, in a peculiar manner, return his best acknowledgments to those highly-gifted female contributors, whose intellectual acumen, warm fancy, and deep feeling, have been called forth to give interest, and grace, and attraction to its pages. This is a coadjuvancy and an honour of which the Editor may well be proud.

In compliance with some strong recommendations, the Editor has included in his table of contents the lives of eminent and illustrious men, clerical preferments, University intelligence, the improvements in the arts of life for which patents have been granted, and a regular monthly account of the marriages, births, and deaths.

# ON THE MORAL POWER OF THE PRESS.

BY WM. CAREY, H. C. M. A. R. B. A., H. M. A. N. Y. & C.

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THE prodigious advance of Europe in all the arts of war and peace since the discovery of typography in 1441, is a proof of the vast importance of that art to mankind; it, also, inculcates the wisdom, wherever an opportunity occurs, of actively employing the press to promote local advantages and the general welfare. The wonderful influence of this mighty engine extends to the interests of every class, from the King to the peasant. The sound and free exercise of its function is as necessary for the security of the throne and the prosperity of the community, as the free circulation of the blood and breath of the lungs, are to the health of the body. The various diurnal, weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications have greatly multiplied and diffused its benefits. The information, which they so rapidly convey from county to county, and kingdom to kingdom, of every new improvement and invention, extends the action and sphere of our agriculture, manufactures, trade, commerce, navigation, and every department in which human genius, ingenuity, enterprise, and industry can find room for exertion. The members of all professions however learned, have it in their power to increase their funds of knowledge from these epitomes of science and amusement; and the humble cottager or mechanic in his lodging-room, finds hints in them to render his daily labours more speedy and profitable; and lessons to instruct him in his rights and duties.

The history of the last four centuries furnishes a succession of memorable proofs that the press possesses a power, when honestly and ably exerted, to exalt, and, when abused, to degrade and subvert, whatever it steadily advocates or denounces. Almost all the gradual changes, in that period, which have produced an improvement of manners and customs in England, and on the continent of Europe, have been either wholly wrought, or mainly assisted by its influence. Those countries, where it was earliest introduced, and most freely used, have received the greatest advantages, of which England, though late in receiving it, is a signal instance. No extreme of bad taste, error, or ignorance, can long withstand its well-directed energies.

This estimate does not exceed reality. The general course of daily experience proves it is no more than the expression of a sincere conviction, in agreement with public opinion. In all orders and degrees of men, we find some of the ablest individuals writing, printing, and publishing, to promote the interests of their own particular station, art, or employment. We see each, with a centripetal force, resorting to the same engine as an universal means of accomplishing their proposed object. However different in pursuit, theory, or practical usage, they all agree in one point, of bringing the press to bear on the main obstacles to their progress. They launch this intellectual thunder with the same confidence that an experienced general batters the strongest fortifications of his enemy, with his most powerful ordnance.

It is not necessary to illustrate these observations by particular instances in the practice of the numerous Societies long existing in the old and new world, for the promotion of learning and the sciences, by means of the press. There are two, whose recent establishment in London, forms a memorable era in the British annals. Each includes a valuable portion of the high rank and dignity, the talent, property, wisdom, and public and private virtue of the united kingdom. If there are some shades of difference in their systems, that discrepancy places in a stronger light their separate agreement in opinion, that their arduous and comprehensive object can only be effected by the same means, that is, by entering into an offensive and defensive alliance with the press. Their sublime aim, to dispel the mists of ignorance and error, to teach men their true interests, and to make the millions of this great kingdom as *one* in Christian charity and useful knowledge, called for an almost omnipotent organ. They have put that organ into weekly requisition, and have already worked a great change for the better in various orders of the population. Numbers, who, heretofore, stumbled in the darkness of prejudice, now walk in the light of truth. The act of their formation, and the efforts of these two inestimable Societies must have arisen from a conviction that the useful capabilities of the press had not been sufficiently exerted before; and that its powers were still more available for the common-weal to an extent beyond immediate calculation.

From a similar conviction of its sovereign efficacy to contribute to the same noble end, the press has been, for some time, employed by the Society of Friends, a class of straight-forward men, whose unblemished integrity, vigilant industry, and habits of order and regularity, afford a living example, wherever they are established. Long distinguished for the good sense and certainty, with which, when having any object in view, they proportion the means to the end, they have contributed a fund for printing and gratuitously distributing moral tracts to lessen the amount of social evil and promote the practice of Christian



virtue. These little books make a greater impression and in a much wider circle, because, in the true spirit of brotherly love, the Friends wisely exclude every thing, which might offend their fellow-subjects of the other religious denominations.

These Societies have deemed it necessary to call in the aid of the press, under their own particular directions; although, in almost every parish in England, piety and learning and eloquent zeal have been employed, for centuries, to pour instruction from the pulpit;—although public and private seminaries, far more numerous, are as actively employed in education; and although, in addition to the Societies for distributing the book of the Divine word, many thousand volumes of religious and useful instruction, are continually printing, publishing, and circulating by the booksellers in every part of the realm. Add to this prodigious mass of means and efforts, the fact that the British people are characterised as a “thinking people,” and, with some exceptions, are very generally inclined to acquire knowledge.

Yet, it may well be repeated, with all this prodigious mass of means and long continued efforts, these two recent Societies, and the Society of Friends did not deem them sufficient. The two former associated separately, to superadd the energies of the periodical press on a far more extensive scale, and, with increased facilities, to give those energies a due direction. Their high rank and commanding station on the foreground of the State rendered the publicity of their outset, wisdom; it drew greater attention and gave more effect to the lessons of peaceful instruction, with which, in a movement, like that of the Nile, they overspread and fructified the whole face of the land. The Friends, with an admirable consistency, befitting the primitive simplicity of their principles and practice, proceeded in silence; like pure wellsprings, enriching the fields with a gentle irrigation, and gladdening the hearts of the husbandmen: without a public declaration, without calling for aid; without show, parade, or bustle; sincerely intending to effect their proposed object, and having the *means*, the *press*, within their reach, they diligently employed it in printing and circulating, doing good daily without making any profession. What a lesson for those, in a certain distant county, who “*Vox et præterea nihil*,” associate, as it were with a flourish of trumpets, declarations, resolutions, and manifestoes in the newspapers, full of sounding promise; attract attention, and are eloquent at quarterly or annual dinners, on the sovereign efficacy of the PRESS as the palladium of liberty, the source of every improvement, and the cure for every evil. Yet, with this universal remedy, the *local press*, at their disposal, actively deserving and virtually calling for their liberal support, they leave it to its own expensive risk and chance, and having got a feather in their caps, and inveighed against the apathy and indifference of the public, either fall asleep on their posts, or do little or nothing. It would be easy to name towns and cities, where, within these ten years, the *lamp* of science (judiciously excluding politics and

party) has been lighted and held up by the local periodical press to the professed friends of improvement; but, unfortunately, procrastination proved the death of good intentions; the timely *oil* was withheld; the opportunity lost; and, after the discredit and discouragement of failure, not likely to be for years, if ever, regained.

The Platonic dreams of human perfectability render many most worthy men dissatisfied with practical advantages. The press cannot realize a golden age, nor altogether free the nation from misconceptions, errors, and the heated struggles of adverse parties in politics and religion. Man is a creature of imperfection, and all his projects and works, however anxiously and laudably studied, must, in some degree, partake of his imperfect nature. There are serious evils in every state and condition, which it is our duty to endeavour to amend; but which no legislation, however pure and wise, can wholly remedy. Where the free press is temperately and firmly used, with enlarged views and a sincere desire to promote the public good and contribute to the general harmony, its influence, as in this country, produces the most salutary effect. This truth is not controverted by the misfortune that the powerful machine is far too frequently misapplied. Although, generally speaking, the laws are admitted to be defective in some points, and are liable to abuse, they have been for some years in a course of improvement; in no country is personal liberty more secure, or the law more respected. In a great trading nation, where the principle of gain is the main spring of manufactures, and the excitement to successful speculation, the temptations to indirect practices for the increase of profits and rapid accumulation of fortune, must occasionally occur; but the name of a British merchant is held in the highest credit and honour in every foreign market. Wealth and luxury have introduced a latitude in morals, in certain fashionable circles; but the splendid and accomplished British aristocracy rise high, in comparison with the most distinguished and accomplished of the same class on the continent. Open profligacy is infrequent and the observances of religion are devoutly attended to by the great majority of the people. There is no nation so ready to assist the distressed, or so distinguished for the number of public charities, alms-houses for decayed age, infirmaries, and hospitals. This truly Christian feature of the British character is so known and eulogised abroad, that foreign countries suffering to a great extent by conflagrations, tempests, earthquakes, famine, or other calamitous visitations of Providence, generally turn their eyes to England for compassionate aid, and are not often disappointed. During the late legislative reforms, the deep interest manifested by all ranks, sects, and persons of different opinions, evinced a zeal for the public welfare highly honourable to the times. When such intense discussions are conducted without personal animosities, violence, or an infraction of the laws, they cannot but be productive of happy results.

The British pencil and chisel are first in modern fame. British manufactures defy competition. British commerce knows no limits but the boundaries of the universe. British Valour, by sea and land, is wedded to Victory. The dominions of his Majesty, William the IVth, exceed those of Rome in the utmost extent of her colossal power; and the British Monarchy, at this eventful crisis, holds the scales, which are to decide the destinies of the world. It is too true, that those brilliant lights are not without clouds and dark shadows; those rich and pre-eminent points of elevation without headlong and sterile precipices, the descents of Poverty and Sorrow. But Hope looks forward with cheering animation to the wisdom of the King and Parliament, and the happy continuance of peace. The tranquil refinements of civilization are constantly progressive, and the sun of knowledge calmly ascends to its meridian glory.

The free press has been more extensively employed in this, than any other country. It is, therefore, only reasonable, without any extravagant estimate, and without extenuation of their faults or exaggeration of their virtues, to attribute, in a liberal degree, the superiority of the British people and their unparalleled wealth, commerce, and dominion, to that cause, in co-operation with the influence of religion, the laws, and constitution.

When we look abroad we find a striking contrast, where the press has not been introduced. Such is the general conviction, in all countries, of its irresistible power, that the enemies of public freedom and improvement have, every where, exerted themselves to restrict, or if possible, destroy, its free agency; the friends of liberty and science, to display its true character and lawfully extend its salutary influence.

Mahmoud, the present Sultan, in Turkey, after the weakness and disorganization, produced by ages of misrule and darkness, has only, in the last scenes of a great tragedy, to no purpose, invoked the aid of that powerful ally, the press, which Peter the Great resorted to for the instruction and civilization of his subjects, in the commencement of his glorious career. To convert his savages into men, he caused types, in the Muscovite character, to be cast, and printing-presses constructed in Holland; these, with French types, printers, designers, painters, architects, and engravers, men of learning and science, and ingenious artificers, he established in Petersburg; set the artists to paint and engrave; the architects to build; the artificers to teach apprentices; and caused a number of books in the Russian and French languages, to be printed and widely circulated among his nobles and wealthy boyars.

Mehemet Ali has pursued a similar course. To raise fallen Egypt again into an empire, he has not only levied armies and equipped fleets, but he has called in the more powerful aid of literature, the sciences, and fine arts. He has brought painters, engravers, printers, and the press into his dominions. If the

press can be mainly instrumental in civilizing a whole nation of impoverished, illiterate barbarians, sunk into the lowest and most stupid ignorance, by slavery and oppression, surely the local press cannot fail, if stedfastly supported, to excite a taste for polite literature and the fine arts, in any wealthy and talented county in England, a country where the people are raised so high in the scale of intellect by the solid acquisitions and refinements of education, and the cultivation of morals and manners with the elegant accomplishments.

It is obvious from the examples herein referred to, that provincial associations for the encouragement of any useful purpose, have a peculiar interest in a liberal support and active employment of the local periodical press. If this support be deemed so necessary for all such bodies and individuals, who would make an impression on public opinion, in the capital, it must be still more so in towns and cities at a distance, where the inhabitants are generally less alive to such pursuits. A monthly publication in the midland district, *solely* devoted to the interests of literature, the sciences, and fine arts, if zealously seconded by a sufficiency of subscribers, is a moral steam-engine, which must enable all institutions founded within that circuit, for the promotion of these objects, to advance with more speed and certainty to the accomplishment of their laudable ends.

The fine arts have been recently introduced into notice by the Worcester Institution, whose strenuous endeavours to promote that great national interest will ever redound to their honour. Perhaps no other essential public concern merits the aid of the press more than British painting; and none has so scantily received its countenance and support, or been so harshly and unjustly treated by certain publications in the capital. This is the more to be lamented, as it is principally by a liberal co-operation of the press with the institutions, that those patriotic associations hope effectually to assist the progress and increase the patronage of the British School. Long experience has fully proved that every other effort must be comparatively slow, partial in its effect, and uncertain in duration, without the well-directed aid of that powerful organ, which moulds and directs public opinion for good or evil, forms the national taste, and contributes so largely to the moral elevation and prosperity of man.

"The Analyst," after having been now six months before the public, conducted with talent, and honoured by the approbation of some of the most esteemed critical publications in London and the country, offers this very great advantage to all the local institutions in the centre of England. It has made way and is in fair circulation; but still, those, who are sensible of its importance, cannot but be aware that every thing does not depend on the public spirit and unremitting exertions of the proprietor. The writer of this communication can truly declare, that in more

than fifty years' communication with the periodical press in England, Scotland, and Ireland, he has not met with any instance of so much earnest devotion to the interests of the fine arts, as in the Editor. This is no common claim on the support of those, who profess to be lovers of the arts and friends of native genius. It also shews to artists that it is their own interest and the interests of their profession, which they are called on to support. A similar attention has been paid in his pages, to the valuable lectures delivered at the various institutions. Where so fortunate an opportunity is open for the promotion of their public objects, the zealous aid of the members, in subscribing and endeavouring to increase the number of subscribers, is due to the interests of literature and science, as well as to their own good feelings, consistency, and self-respect. The *local* periodical is their artillery, and a General, who would march into the field without his artillery, would be thought rather playing a part to shew off himself, than marching in earnest against the enemy. That single neglect would excite suspicion and discontent among his troops, and deprive him of the confidence of his country. It is so with all individuals or associations, in every nation, who appeal to public opinion and can only hope to extend their influence by earning public confidence. If, even with a warm interest at heart, having the most powerful means of obtaining their end within their reach, they overlook or appear by delay, to neglect that means, they unconsciously defeat their own purpose. Such a neglect and public confidence cannot be co-existent; they are incompatible. The meritorious labours of the numerous midland Institutions, and the concentration of high rank, property, talents, distinguished men of learning, science and zealous public spirit, in the immediate circuit, render success easy and certain, with *timely* exertions to increase the list of subscribers. In the language of Shakspeare—

—————“An it were well 'twere done,  
'Twere well 'twere done quickly.”——

Fortunately, here, all agree in the propriety and necessity of promptitude to obtain that increase. A new periodical may be compared to a fort besieged: while the garrison manfully stand the breach, is the hour for the aids to pour in. When, as at present, the drum beats the call “*to arms*” within the citadel, the auxiliaries *without*, in the true spirit of the chivalrous ages, cry “to the rescue,” and press forward with redoubled speed and alacrity to “strike while the iron is hot”—and decide the victory. It would be a painful matter for after reflection, if any neglect, leaving too heavy a part of the burden on the proprietor, should risk the loss of so indispensable a means of public improvement.

The first volume will be finished with this number; and the editor, by judiciously interspersing tales of elegant fancy and interest, with moral essays, sallies of wit and pleasantry, instructive

and entertaining anecdotes, sound literary criticism, eloquent articles of science and tasteful poetry, has already obtained for the preceding numbers a place in many family libraries, as a specimen of a periodical, which reflects credit on the vicinity. It has gone through the ordeal, and its intrinsic merits are its best recommendation.

Dec. 24th, 1834.

*W. H. Weldon.*

25 NOV. 1916



# THE ANALYST.

AUGUST, 1834.

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## ON THE ARCH.

*To the Editor of the Analyst.*

SIR,—It has been remarked by Mr. Locke that the mind receives more pleasure in the contemplation of things past than in those which are present, and that the former, handed down by the pages of history, reach us through a medium mellowed by the hand of time, and sanctified by the admiration of intermediate ages. This study has not only its advantages in delighting the imagination, but also in tranquillizing the mind and improving the better faculties of humanity. We war not with the past, for even if we dissent from the conclusions of those who have gone before us, we at least venerate their authority, and whether we contemplate the virtues of eminently good men of former days—whether the deep researches of the philosopher—the charmed voice of the poet—the luminous pages of the historian, or the gigantic efforts of the scientific—we see them unmixed with prejudice, unswayed by passion. We behold through the mind's eye “the great of old” with wonder and delight, nor is our astonishment less excited by the fruits of their superior knowledge in those splendid remains, both in science and in art, which at this day direct our judgment and induce our imitation. To this subject my attention has been lately more particularly called by looking over some splendid representations of Greek architecture, the perfection of taste and durability, and upon whose model almost all our public and private buildings, pretending to distinction, have, since their introduction by Inigo Jones, been erected. It is not, however, with a view of dilating upon their excellence that I have introduced these splendid remains to your notice, but I have done so with the view of affording a few remarks upon a long disputed point connected with one of these works of former days—the arch of Adrian—but by some called the arch of Ægeus. Were

it really the arch of Ægeus, or had that monarch ever erected a similar structure, the often discussed and still undecided question as to the origin of the arch would long since have been put to rest; but as that is not the case, I shall, with every respect for those learned disquisitionists who have so ably treated the subject, offer a few remarks upon this elegant and useful order.

It may be difficult to fix the exact period of the reign of Ægeus, but it is universally allowed to be much anterior to the retreat of Xerxes, and it appears more than probable, had an arch been understood in his day, that it would have been introduced into some at least of those magnificent structures whose erection followed that important æra of Greek history. It must be admitted that the applicability of the segment of a circle to architectural purposes, as exhibited in the lanthorn of Demosthenes, was known to the Greeks, but the applicability of the arch was not known, consequently, so far as I am acquainted with early Greek architecture, never used by them at the time or anterior to such retreat. Although Mr. Pope, in his beautiful paraphrase of Homer's Iliad, repeatedly describes *domes* and *arched columns*, yet little is he borne out by the original text, in which not one word is discoverable warranting their use, or which could convey to the reader the inference even that in the whole of Priam's spacious palace one arch existed; nor has one been discovered in the ruins of Persepolis, nor in the other ancient buildings upon which time has laid a more gentle hand. It is well known that there are writers who maintain an opposite opinion. A late very entertaining traveller maintained that the pointed arch had existed in Asia Minor from the earliest periods, but the investigations of a friend proved the fallacy of the hypothesis, and shewed to him that it existed only in his sanguine expectation. The supposed tomb of Ajax presented the wished for construction, but a little cool enquiry discovered that the keystone was wanting, and that the approach of two walls, even to contact, could not by possibility form an arch. The friends to the antiquity of the arch have not been more fortunate in their Egyptian researches, nor is a single unquestionable authority to be found through the whole of its architectural range, of a date preceding the invasion of Cæsar. Belzoni, a traveller of great perseverance and industry, found a single arched doorway in one of the pyramids, a model of which pyramid was, years back, exhibited in London; but, be it remembered, that the Romans were in possession of Egypt for several hundred years after the introduction of the arch into their own country, and there can be little doubt that, after breaking through the solid wall, they adopted the then Roman method of making an arched doorway as the means of future entrance into the pyramid. The Romans were accustomed to make architectural alterations in all countries which they conquered, and were peculiarly fond of introducing the arch wherever opportunity allowed. This opinion is farther



confirmed by the absence of any other arch in the pyramid above alluded to, or in others of those wonderful structures wherein, at this period of time, it is clearly demonstrable that the chambers were not coved or vaulted, but were formed by stones projecting inwards, as the wall increased in height, and thus gradually sloping until the sides approaching each other, the roof was completed by cross stones. This will be seen more at large by reference to Norden's Travels in Egypt. The internal structure of the pyramid of Sakhara, which has been deemed an authority for the antiquity of the arch, is shewn by Mr. Burckhardt to have a roof of two plain surfaces, meeting at a point. The same principle of building by walls sloping inwards appears to have been applied to ancient bridges, and, judging from the remaining ruins, modern travellers have concluded that a similar plan was used in the erection of some of the stupendous structures which formed the once celebrated Babylon. How strongly is the view here taken, that the arch was unknown, antecedent to and during the time of Pericles, confirmed by the fact that the Greeks had not then a word descriptive of that order. It has been asserted by Mons. Dutens, in his work "*Recherches an le tems le plus reculé des l'usage des Vontes chez les Anciens,*" that Aristotle applied the word  $\Psi\alpha\lambda\iota\varsigma$  to the expression of that figure. Had there been any Greek word in general use at that period, the Seventy must have known it, nor would they have used  $\tau\omicron\epsilon\omicron\nu$  to describe the rainbow. Supposing Aristotle was in possession of so much geometrical knowledge, a fact much doubted, let it not escape our recollection that he lived one hundred years after Pericles, the patron of the arts, and under whose sway Athens was ornamented with the greater part of its public buildings, and by whom others raised before his time were repaired and improved. But even if Aristotle discovered the principle of the arch, it by no means follows that it was applied in his day any more than gunpowder was used in that of Friar Bacon, who fully understood its power, or than steam in that of the celebrated Marquess of Worcester, who foresaw its extraordinary properties; and we know that neither were applied until long after the decease of their respective discoverers. By pursuing this subject further at present, I shall intrude too much upon your space; I will therefore take my leave with requesting permission to resume it in a future number, when I will endeavour to shew when the arch was first used.

I am, Sir,

Your's, very respectfully,

R. F.

## MYSTERIES OF MEMORY.

" I saw or dreamed of such,—but let them go—  
They came like truth, and disappeared like dreams,  
And whatsoe'er they were,—are now but so."

*Childe Harold.*

THE Summer—the joyous Summer! who is there that, free to behold the face of nature, can resist the influence of a glorious day in the early summer, when the earth in its softest verdure seems a gleaming emerald, veined with lapis-lazuli, as the bright rivers wander by, dispensing freshness, and beauty, and salubrity around? When the thickets, the hedges, and orchards, the gardens, the banks, and the waysides are ringing with the harmony of unseen choristers, and the clouds themselves fleeting over the hill tops, seem to echo the glad cadence. When nature smiles in every feature, and displays but benevolence and love, can the soul of man be wrapped in the austerities of sadness and gloom? Impossible! unless there be something radically wrong within his breast. As the sun opens the calix of the flower, so does the aspect of creation expand the purest sympathies of the heart; infancy gladdens in the fresh meadow, laughs and exults at the sight of the grass, the daffodils, the hawthorn, the bee, the butterfly, the lady-bird, and claps its little hands from the impulses of a pleasure for which it cannot—and cares not to—account. Youth feels a glow, an elasticity, a revelling of the blood and a dancing of the heart as though sin and sorrow had no footing in the world, and, filled with sweet sensations, it goes forth wooing the brightest dreams of poetry. And age—yes, "frosted age" itself, experiences a sort of new vitality; it throws off the burthen of years, buries for a time its solitudes, its apprehensions, its regrets, and its infirmities, and with kindling eye and a mantling cheek—with a freer gait and a firmer step—welcomes the smiling train of *memory* to dismiss them with a peaceful abiding of the future, and a happy confidence in an all-protecting PROVIDENCE. From dwelling on the beautiful scenes of life, it can in such moments, calmly and fearlessly, and even with placidity, gaze on the "valley of the shadow of death," and piercing through the gloom, catch the murmur of the still waters, and the shades of the green pastures by which the Divine shepherd shall lead his flock. \* \* \* \*

But all seasons have something sweet for memory, and winter brings its pleasant phantasmagoria. Creeping upon the steps of the autumn, it renders sea-coal fires, and air-tight window sashes, soft carpets and shadowy sinumbras, admirable components of

comfort, and while the wind whistles without, and the rain rattles fiercely against the casement, there is to the solitary man a kind of dreamy delight in resigning himself to his *fauteuil* and his cigar, and as he bends an abstracted eye upon the cheering blaze, calling up the scenes that are no more. On such occasions Memory and Imagination rove arm-in-arm, and the paths of reality are often beautifully varied with the blossoms of fancy. With the old, the past has a power over the mind never possessed by the present moment; as an elder brother, it lays claim to the superiority of inheritance; "its joys were more elastic and its sorrows more poignant; its smiles were brighter and more beguiling, and its friendships and affections stronger and more engaging." In fact, its whole *materiel*, physical and moral, is weighed heavily against that of the time being. "The world is *not* what it was *in my time!*" sighs out the silver-haired Octogenarian, folding his hands with an air of tender regret—" '*Bel et brave*' was *then* the motto of the day; Man was chivalrous and Woman was divine! But, alas! our religion, our politics, our government, our laws, our commerce, our institutions, our manners and customs—even the very beauty, and grace, and intellect, and sociability of our land, are fast degenerating into their extremes. Well, well,

'All that's bright *must* fade!' "

and with this suspiciously *modern* quotation upon his lips, the venerable gentleman draws his head, tortoise-like, into the folds of his *robe-de-chambre*, and yields himself up to a slumber, in which the wit, the gallantry, the valour, the high breeding, the gaiety, the birth, the loveliness, the vivacity, the enchantments of the departed century rise in a brilliant galaxy before him. The grave gives up the dead, and pulseless age issues from the cauldron, glowing with the exquisite attractions of youth. Eyes that have long shone but on the canvas or the cherished ivory of the painter, by a mysterious resuscitation, beam and melt, and sparkle into life; and lips, whose bloom is *but a memory*, again deepen into ruby, and clothe themselves in the glorious witchery of smiles. And sweeter than the breeze stealing over the harp of Æolus, mellow and lute-like voices salute the ear of the dreamer. Lost in a revelation of ecstasy, he utters a suitable apostrophe, and wakens to find that his *Trufitt* has fallen upon the floor, and that his spectacles have, modestly, elected themselves to a sinecure upon his chin. The spell is destroyed; Time snatches up his crutch, his scythe, and his horologe, and the flattering delusion resolves into the realities of *four-score*.

It is the lustre with which the affections love to envelope all that they preserve, which gives to the past a charm so indescriba-

ble and omnipotent. It is this that makes the landscape of the by-gone time seem greener and fairer to the eye than any we *now* gaze upon; this that makes the very echo of the olden song come back upon the ear with a thrilling luxury of sound with which no strain of novelty is laden, and that invests the sweet phantasm of early love with a robe of holiness never appertaining to the new-formed tie.

“ Et l'on revient toujours, toujours  
A ses premieres amours !”

*St. Pierre* says truly, “ Our first affections are likewise the last. They accompany us through the events with which human life is variegated. They re-appear in old age, and then revive the sensibilities of childhood with still greater force than those of mature age.” Seen through the visionary arcade of years, the haunts of our youth appear steeped in the hues of the rainbow—in sunshine and loveliness, unsullied with the shades or the coldness of reality. Memory has turned alchymist, and all is transmuted into gold. Bound in beguiling spells, we rove through the enchanting vista, and return to recollection only to sigh, with heaviness, for “ *Auld lang syne!*” Well, indeed, may the poetess exclaim—

“ Long ago! oh, long ago!  
Do not these words recall past years,  
And scarcely knowing why they flow,  
Force to the eyes unbidden tears?  
Do ye not feel as back they come,  
Those dim sweet dreams of olden days,  
A yearning to your childhood's home?  
Peopled with tones of love and praise—  
Long, long ago!”\*

Memory! mysterious power! what bringest thou not back on thy untiring wings? Joy and hope, and youth, and loveliness, the forms that are no more, and the dreams of confidence and love. Eyes pure as they are bright, and fond looks, sweet tones, and smiles of content, and tears without sorrow, soft and refreshing as the dew that lies on the green branch through the long hours of the night. The young love thee, but theirs is a precarious attachment; the present is for ever rising up to rival thy creations, when the morning of life is, what it was destined, the season of happiness; alas! for that youthhood which with glance reverted, finds pleasure only in the shades of the past; it is a tree untimely withered, a rose snapped ere it blooms, a

\* The Hon. Mrs. Norton.

violet beaten down by chill rains. Thy worshippers, oh Memory! are the aged, the weary, and the heavy-laden; those venerable pilgrims who have trodden through the paths of this world, and turn to take a lingering retrospect of the way which they have journeyed. For these, *the present* can have but small *value*, *the past* and *the future* are to them the *Alpha* and *Omega* of their contemplations. The old man nestles by his warm hearth, or meditates in some sunny spot in his garden, and with folded hands, and head bent upon his breast, retraces "the days that are gone." His grand-children gambol before him—they chase the butterfly from the rose to the lily, from the lily to the ranunculus, and from the ranunculus through the hidden paths of the air—they laugh eagerly as they think of success, and passionately they weep when the flutterer, speeding zig-zag over the fence of sweet-briar, hurries to far distant fields. The joy and the grief of his descendants mingle with the musings of the old man, again he feels himself *a child*—a happy, careless, sportive child; and the smell of the flowers and of the mellow fruit, the humming of the bees, the wild harmony of the birds, the murmur of the little brook, the hushing of the trees, like the soft falling of waters, become sweeter to his senses. The daisy at his foot, the pet kitten rushing after the rolling ball, the grasshopper in the hedge with its shrill greeting, the balloon, the soap bubbles sailing through the air, all the little marvels and favourites, and playthings of infancy, claim an interest, once more, in his breast. And from the first scene, the old man goes, by rotation, through the whole, till he finds himself, at three score and ten, in his garden chair, mild and venerable, and purified from the jarring turmoil and anxieties of too-busy life. His brow is furrowed, perhaps with trials, and suffering, and care, as well as time, but still he gracefully wears "the blossoms of the grave," and, tranquilly, awaits the closing scene of mortality. From his reveries he looks up with a gladsome smile upon his features; a tear has, perchance, dimmed his vision, but it has passed away; it was a tribute to an awakened memory—for who shall look back upon many years with unmingled emotion? And to the captive and the exile, and the broken-hearted, thou art dear, oh! Memory! for thou bringest back the free limb, and the unfettered will; the flight of the eagle and the roe, the mountain solitude, the wide-waving wood, the valley, and the bright waters in its breast. The prisoner turns to thee in his cell, and the gyves are forgotten, and the barred lattice is unseen; and the exile gazes on thy scenery with a rapturous delight, and sits, once more, beneath the tree of his forefathers. Exquisite are thy delights, and bitter, too, thy pangs, oh! Memory, and of varied hues are the shadowy pictures which I now describe.

## PERIOD I.

*The Soldier ; the Cemetery ; the Funeral ; the Two Letters.*

————— “Where amid the Indian ocean, far  
Rises the earthly paradise, Ceyloon,\*  
Shedding rich odours o’er the eastern wave,  
Within her winding vales and woody dells  
Sweet breathing cinnamon and citron groves,  
Or on the gently undulating slope  
Of her green hills reflected in the stream,  
The smiling seasons hail the radiant morn.”

WILLIAM CAREY.

“So bright at first—so dark at last,  
————— it was love’s history.”

L. E. L.

First of thy revelations, oh! mystic power! I behold a wide valley, covered with the rich vegetation of a tropical clime. Dark where all else is bright, a lofty cypress rises to the left; its head bends slowly in the breeze, and its swart foliage flutters upon the spray, like wood-birds trembling on the parent nest. In the background are the marble vestiges of an ancient mausoleum; the flowering betel wreathes them with fantastic tapestry, and a cluster of palm trees inclining over them, forms a canopy beneath which, in snowy vest and turban, slumbers a weary native. Groves of the cocoa-tree and banana occupy the distance, and beyond these may be traced a chain of stupendous mountains, whose summits seem to touch the skies. Stay—is there no immediate actor in the scene? A youth of gallant bearing stands beneath the cypress; golden hair plays upon his temples, and slight mustachios curl above his mouth; his features are bold and handsome, and a blue and merry eye looks out upon the spectator; yet his glance is like that of the falcon, as, from time to time, it traverses the plain. The chord of *memory* vibrates—he draws a locket from his bosom—it is a miniature;—he gazes on it—he hurries it to his lips—the smile vanishes as a sunbeam from his face, and a tear glistening on his cheek, descends upon the unconscious crystal. The gloom of the dark tree flickers across his brow—I see no more—the picture changes, and memory beholds a place of graves.

Cypress and cedar fling gigantic shadows on the ground; the deepest verdure is opposed to the brightest blue, for, like a precious sapphire, the cloudless sky gleams through the interwoven boughs. All in this hallowed spot seems sacred to meditation, to stillness, and repose; “pale records of mortality,” carved with many a christian text, arrest the eye;—fair flowers are blooming on the turf;—the rose, the lily, and the amaranth, the

\* The scene is not presumed to be in the island of Ceylon.

tuberose, the jessamine, and the nilicia, pay soft tribute to the dead, and the cinnamon, the silver-blossomed almond-tree, and the starry jessamine, lavish their sweet incense on the air. Wreaths of the water-lotus, twined with dark leaves of emerald, hang from the low branches of the myrtle; insects brilliant as the gems of the mine hover by, and birds of resplendent plumage flitting from bough to bough, chant mysterious dirges from the perfumed recesses of the grove. Their melody is hushed, for the wail of a trumpet comes, mournfully, upon the ear, and the dull roll of the muffled drum bodes, drearily, of death; a martial train sweep through the ground; with arms reversed and down-cast eyes, they bear a coffin in their midst; banners, bound with funereal crape, are lowered upon the bier, and a helm and sword are laid upon the pall. In sumptuous trappings the war-horse of the dead brings up the rear; lowered is the proud arch of his neck; his head droops to the earth, and his disordered mane hangs loosely upon his chest. His saddle is vacant, the bridle is held by a stranger curb, and a consciousness of sorrow seems to press upon the noble steed. Again the shrill blast of the trumpet, and the roll of the drum break on the ear; the war-horse starts, and, neighing wildly as in answer, rears high his head, and flings his broad mane upon the air. The procession halts beneath a new-made grave; the man of GOD approaches; piety and meekness are upon his brow; the ceremony begins; the nodding plumes of the warriors sink upon their breasts, and tears bedew their cheeks as the coffin is, slowly, committed to the earth. I hear the rattling of dust upon the lid, and the ringing discharge of musketry; again the wail of the trumpet floats, sadly, upon the breeze. No more—oh! Memory! no more! \* \*

A mist has gathered upon the scene: it gradually disperses, revealing a dimly illumined chamber; the panels are of a dusky hue, and the lofty ceiling is decorated with a gothic fret-work, colossal busts, in marble, stationed upon brackets, start, like spectral visions, through the gloom, and faintly-detected portraits, in frames of antique carving, ornament the walls. Rich and massive, the furniture is of other times; and curtains of velvet, falling in heavy folds to the matted floor, close out the aspect of the hour. The light of a lamp discovers a dark-haired girl seated at a table in the centre of the room; she is occupied in writing, papers are strewn before her, and the pen is in her fingers, but for a moment she has suspended her employment, and, with her head leaning on her left hand, is evidently lost in abstraction. By her position her features are concealed from view, and the light falls, broadly, upon her forehead. Her reverie is over; she removes her hand, and again begins to write; a deep bloom is on her cheek, and a smile hovers for awhile around her mouth. Is that the bloom of youthful health? Behold it fades—it passes, utterly, away, and the cheek is cold as statuary marble, while an air of gentle seriousness steals

athwart her brow. Suddenly she pauses, and, with a lingering motion, lays aside her pen,—she reads what she has written—it is a *letter*, and as her downcast eyes are fixed upon the page, a thousand rapid changes flit across her face; the hues of joy, of fear, of doubt—and, last, the roseate blush of tender hope. Her task is ended, and, rising from her seat, the youthful student crosses to the window, and throwing aside the ample curtains, puts back the sash. The moon is up; her path in the cerulean sky is marked by a track of drifting clouds, and brighter than so many diamonds, a few scattered stars glitter in that sea of purple azure. The landscape is part-illuminated by her beams; its character is that of solemnity and deep repose; trees of majestic growth bow to the choral winds, and taper pines and firs of gloomy foliage, tower upon the view. Beyond is seen a desert mountain wrapt in unbroken shade, and, at its base, a sheet of water, bright as a silver shield, receives upon its surface the reflections of the agitated boughs.

The young enthusiast dwells upon the scene with delight, and something like inspiration mingles with her expression. She seems to say, with the poet,\*

“ How beautiful is Night !  
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;  
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,  
     Breaks the serene of heaven :  
 In full orb'd glory, yonder moon divine  
     Rolls through the dark blue depths ;  
     Beneath her steady ray  
     The desert circle spreads,  
 Like the round ocean girdled with the sky,  
     How beautiful is Night !”

But she is interrupted—one knocks at the chamber door—the girl drops the thick curtains, which, closing instantaneously, shut out the view; and, desiring the applicant to enter, she advances as if to meet her at the door. A female appearing, delivers a packet to her mistress who motions her to retire; she obeys, and now left once more to solitude, the girl hastens to the perusal of her letters. A quick blush chases away the paleness of her complexion, a bright beam springs up into her eyes, tearful with gladness, and a smile, again, plays around her mouth. She presses the packet to her lips, and then turns to break the wax. Why fades the colour upon her cheek? Why is the smile lost in that sudden shade of terror? The seal is *black*—death broods upon the omen, and for an instant, the girl seems as if converted into stone; but, bursting from the trance, with wild alarm she rends the seal and drags the letter from the envelope. She opens it, a lock of sunny hair falls from the sheet—she sees it not—her heart and soul are centred

\* Southey.



in the fatal lines. She reads,—a livid paleness descends upon her brow,—her eye sparkles with a keen and searching brightness, and her ashy lip quivers with emotion. Suddenly she drops the letter, and clasps her hands with convulsive energy, her eyes are raised but they are unblest with the sweet relief of tears. Again she rivets her glance upon the letter—again she reads, and snatching up the auburn tress kisses it a hundred and a hundred times: her sighs break forth, they quicken, they deepen into sobs; her agony is strong as though nature was rending its tabernacle of clay. But the struggle was too bitter for endurance; she throws her arms wildly upon the table, her head sinks upon them in despairing abandonment, and the springs of grief burst forth with passionate vehemence.

The curtains became, suddenly, agitated; they sweep forward with a sullen movement—a hollow gust rushes round the chamber, and the wail of a trumpet seems borne upon its wings. The scene dissolves.

## PERIOD II.

*The Dream of Love; the Ball Room; the Reign of Vanity; the Re-union.*

“Are there no ties to keep the heart  
A vow'd and sacred thing?”

L. E. L.

\* \* The mist of the last scene has passed away: an antique garden meets my view; its gravelled paths are straight and narrow, and borders of well-clipped box surround the separate beds; a sun-dial is in the centre—old fashioned, and filigreed with moss—the gnomon indicates that the eleventh hour is approaching, and a mellow glow dwells upon the spot. The rarer flowers of the summer have vanished from the scene; but trees redolent with the fruits of the autumn, bend like pilgrims to the earth, and spread their fantastic branches over those that, still, tell of the departed season. Tall, clustering chimneys, whence issues many a curling wreath of smoke, rise above a grove in which the birch, the elder, the walnut tree, and the sycamore mingle their contrasted hues. At the end of the garden a rustic paling, luxuriantly overgrown with many coloured lichen, divides it from the adjoining fields; and four mighty poplars, rooted near the margin of a rivulet, aid the soft music of the breeze. The wild-bee booms by on vagrant wing, and a few wandering butterflies, seeking the lost roses, flutter round the bloomless stems. The wood-pigeon coos in a far-off oak, a lone robin answers, plaintively, from a neighbouring barn, and the sweet melody of bells is sounding on the air.

Midway in the centre path, beneath an aged apple-tree, a young and fair girl stands in an attitude of timid attention; her dark and simple robe of russet hue, descends in graceful folds

around her slender form; her head is averted; tresses of the richest auburn float in glossy ringlets down her neck, shadowing her features with their golden pomp. Her hand reposes in the gentle grasp of one dressed in a garb of green, who appeals to her with touching earnestness; a rising blush spreads upon her brow and neck till it deepens to the dye of the damask rose, then fades, insensibly, away. The dark-haired stranger puts a ring upon her finger; it is set with pearls and emeralds—emblems of innocence and hope—on the circle is engraven "*Fidelity unto death*"—the girl turns, she throws back the wild profusion of her hair, and discloses a face upon which sentiment has placed its noblest stamp. Fifteen summers have scarcely passed above her head, yet the "pale, transparent" hue of thought is spread on brow and cheek; but her lip is brighter than the brightest rose that ever bloomed beneath the vault of heaven. A faint yet thrilling smile plays round that lip, and tears of tenderness more precious than the flawless diamond, float in her dove-like eyes as she fixes them eloquently, fondly, *confidingly* upon the speaker. Her gaze is of the moment—again it seeks the ground, and, again, brow, cheek, and neck are dyed with crimson.—Oh! flower of loveliness! before *thou art forgotten*, memory shall have passed into oblivion. \* \* The vision fleets in air; another steals upon the void. The wizard wand has conjured up a dazzling hall: the blaze of a thousand lamps illumines the gorgeous scene; flowers wreath the painted walls, and perfumes freight the atmosphere with sweets. The voice of song with syren witchery salutes the ear, and music swells the charm—

"Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony."

A gay and festive throng await the opening of the revel. Fairest among the fair appears the garden sylph—the bright unknown. Time has matured her loveliness, and a few revolving months have lent a prouder sweetness to both lip and eye; the costly robes of fashion float about her graceful form, and pearls gleam around her throat, and peep, like pendant lilies, through her hair. Still those "alluring locks" descend upon her neck; but art has checked the wildness of their display; and the shining tresses that flowed in *simpler* days upon her shoulders, are now gathered into a classic knot. All behold her with admiration; she is conscious of her power—the unresisted power of youth and loveliness—and her pale cheek flushes with emotion. A lucid brilliancy, soft as the star of evening, beams in her trembling glance; her bosom labours with the dream of *conquest*—the tones of adulation fall in dulcet murmurs on her ear—she shrinks yet seems to greet the sound, and amidst her rapid blushes, rewards the incense with her *priceless* smiles. But *is the garden all forgotten?* and have rarer gems displaced the

*once-loved ring?* Where is the dark-haired stranger? Still beside her, but with looks in which conflicting feelings mingle; love, withering jealousy, and grief, by turns usurp the sway. Strange are the vacillations of the heart! Coldly the fair-browed girl receives the homage of that breast, which once, in woodland shades, she coveted no less than life,—she barely deigns to listen to the voice that then could charm her, and smiles lavished upon the worthless crowd are alas! denied to the claims of other days!

Engagements are now entered into for the dance; a host of giddy triflers seek the fair girl's hand—a monarch might sue for it and be honoured in acceptance—the dark-haired stranger whispers in her ear; she answers only with a freezing look, and a shallow fopling leads her, with exultation, to the set. The music commences; a prelude is executed, and the air and the figure, simultaneously, begin. The fair girl excels in the accomplishment, and her partner is, equally, an adept; she glides, like a wood-nymph, through the mazes of the dance, her steps are delicate and buoyant, and her attitudes full of chastened gracefulness. Triumph swells her *still* artless bosom, and, with a glowing cheek and kindling eye, she suffers herself to be conducted to her seat. Her relations greet her with signs of pleasure—she looks for the neglected—the *forsaken*—but that familiar form is gone!

I see no more—a cloud envelopes the glittering throng—it subsides—it clears off like a vapour in the morning, and a new scene occupies the stage.

I behold an apartment furnished with unostentatious elegance, yet marked with the attributes of wealth. Feminine taste seems to have directed its appointments, prescribing to each the character of luxurious refinement. The marble mantel-shelf is adorned with ornaments of bronze, fashioned after the patterns of Etruria, and with little porcelain vases of classic design; of the latter the largest, in the centre, is crowned with roses which, the production of art, appear almost as beautiful as those with which nature decorates her loveliest parterres. A table, covered with purple, stands in the middle of the floor, upon it are a work-box, inlaid with pearl, and an open volume, and near to it is a vacant chair. Stretched upon the rug, a jet black kitten is reposing in Epicurean ease, and unfolding its sables to the genial influence of a cheerful fire, which diffuses a picturesque glow over every object: a recess upon either side of the chimney is supplied by a lofty cabinet, and a musical instrument occupies the space between the windows. A sideboard of dark and polished mahogany fills up the further end of the room, and, opposite the piano, an open door reveals an inner apartment. A lady advances from the latter: she is in the flower of life; and her aspect is that of command and condescension, of dignity and sweetness. A mixture of fashion and fine taste is, immediately, discernible in her toilette; she is dressed in a robe of

raven grey; a fichu of Brussels shades her bosom, and she wears a cap of the same material; a cross of burnished gold is suspended from her neck, and pendants of the same glitter in her ears. She is of the middle size; in person slender and graceful; and the exquisite adjustment of her attire, as remote from negligence as it is from a too formal precision, enhances the attractions of her figure. Her features are fraught with interest indescribable, and her brilliant eyes seem fitted to express every emotion of the heart and mind. A tender colour, "delicate as that of the rose-leaf," reigns upon her cheek, and deepens into ruby upon a lip invested with the thrilling charms of intellect and sweetness. \* \* \*

The lady enters the apartment, and seating herself at the table, takes up the needle; presently she drops it—she cannot pursue her task; the book arrests her attention—what is it? "*Corinne*,"—the mighty genius of *De Staël* for once fails in its command, and the volume is laid aside. Something of import is passing in the lady's thoughts, and, by degrees, an air of perturbation supersedes the abstraction of her mien. She rises—she paces the room, throwing hurried and eager glances upon the time-piece: she draws near to the piano, strikes a chord or two mechanically, then, as though soothed by the power of music, plays the first bars of a touching melody; a canary, caged on high, is wakened by the sounds, and, happy in his vassalage, the feathered prisoner twitters a few notes in response; his mistress heeds them not—her interest circles round a wider orbit, and the favourite is forgotten.

A silver chime proclaims the hour of seven—the lady starts from the instrument; strong but transient agitation is visible in her countenance,—pride and tenderness struggle for ascendancy, and *the former* is victorious. A knock is heard—some one is announced, and a well-remembered footstep echoes upon the stairs. In another instant the door is unclosed, and the *dark-haired stranger* stands before the lady—*the forsaken* appeals to *the forsaken*.

The stranger presents a sealed paper to the lady, who, with haughty self-possession, opens and peruses it. Wrapped in a cloak of shadowy green, the bearer stands aloof, and gazes upon the reader with a thrilling and tremulous tenderness; dark chesnut curls sit, loosely, round the stranger's head, contrasting with the death-like paleness of a brow and cheek which malady, as well as care, has blanched. As the lady draws to the conclusion of the paper—as she reads the direct acknowledgment of error and repentance—the command, the indifference which she had struggled to assume, gradually desert her; she looks towards the writer—pity softens into a warmer sentiment—the transgressor is forgiven—she rises precipitately, and a sudden hectic flashes across the face of the stranger, whose outstretched arms enfold the lady in a long and rapturous embrace. The vision dies.

## LEES'S LECTURE ON THE AFFINITIES OF PLANTS WITH MAN AND ANIMALS.\*

THE pamphlet before us, exclusive of its intrinsic merit, possesses a strong claim upon our attention, as being the *first* publication issued under the auspices of "*The Worcestershire Natural History Society.*" To this we add another gratifying feature, in stating it to be the production of a fellow citizen whose attachment to botanical pursuits has beguiled him into a long train of enquiry into the features, organization, attributes, and arrangement of the vegetable kingdom. Of this enquiry, prosecuted with the ardour and assiduity of an enthusiast, a portion of the fruit is submitted to the world in the present publication, and this portion includes not only the result of the observations of some of our most scientific writers upon Natural History, but much curious and original information conveyed in a pleasing and luminous style.

The lecture was delivered, by desire, before the members of "*The Worcestershire Natural History Society*" (to the Patron, President, and Council of which it is inscribed), and a very numerous audience, on the twenty-sixth of November, 1833, and the interest which it created, strengthened by a sense of its utility and importance, induced the Council of the Society to forward a requisition to Mr. Lees, calling upon him to enhance the value of his "lecture" by its diffusion in print. With this requisition (a gratifying and honourable testimonial in his favour) Mr. Lees deemed it fitting to comply, and after carefully revising his MS. and introducing many very valuable notes, illustrative and explanatory, has presented us with an instructive memorial of the wisdom of Divine Providence. A conviction of the power, the majesty, the goodness, and the mercy of God being *absolutely inseparable* from the study of Natural History, it is impossible to lay down any volume on the subject without acknowledging the moral dignity of a pursuit which brings before the mind a succession of the most irrefragable proofs of omnipotence; and as we have always felt that the lover of nature—unless actually blinded by the delusions of error—must be a believer in the truths of religion, we would earnestly recommend the science as a mental exercise, meet to go hand-in-hand with the reading of the Scriptures. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches."

In the course of an unostentatious preface, elucidatory not only of the very laudable view with which he consented to the publication of his lecture, but of the purpose to which he has applied the materials of his predecessors, Mr. Lees proceeds to remark that some "may object that he has made a copious use of the stores of others;" but when Mr. L. informs us that he has "employed these researches as a foundation for his superstructure in the same manner as the architect uses the stones brought from the rough quarry, and that he has duly acknowledged the sources of information wherever it was important to do so" (preface, p. vii.), the possible objection and its reply increase the credit of a work, which, in addition

\* The Affinities of Plants with Man and Animals, their Analogies and Associations; a Lecture delivered before the Worcestershire Natural History Society, Nov. 26, 1833, by Edwin Lees, Honorary Curator, Honorary Secretary of the Worcestershire Horticultural Society, Member of the Entomological Society of London, &c. with additional notes and illustrations. London, William Edwards, 12, Ave Maria Lane. 8vo. pp. 122.

to the author's personal observations, puts us in possession of a multitude of facts, gathered from many volumes, some not of easy access to the ordinary reader. The currency of knowledge would be indeed limited if the objections of the sage cavillers to whom Mr. Lees makes allusion, were to be held valid, and "the stores of the illustrious dead" to remain a mystical treasure hidden in a sepulchre, and sealed hermetically from the eyes and hands of posterity. Hypothesis, unsupported by authority, however borne out by evidence, is apt to be questioned in an age somewhat disputatious and sceptical, even upon matters of less doubtful character than those connected with scientific opinion. Mr. Lees has, therefore, very prudently selected the soundest testimony in aid of his statements, and by fortifying his positions with the investigations of the most eminent naturalists, has built a wall of security round his own very admirable structure. The charge of plagiarism levelled against a treatise which must, of necessity, be compiled from the research and experience of others as well as of the author, would be as ridiculous as contemptible, and should any individual advance the accusation against Mr. Lees, we advise the latter to leave him quietly to his own unenviable feelings. Upon the subject of plagiarism, Lord Byron judiciously expressed himself when he said, "Who is the author that is not either intentionally or unintentionally a plagiarist? Many more, I am persuaded, the latter than the former, for if one has read much, it is impossible to avoid adopting, not only the thoughts, but the expressions of others, which, after they have been stored sometime in our mind, come forth ready formed, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, and we fancy them our own progeny instead of our adoption." (Vide Lady Blessington's Conversations.)

That Mr. Lees has not perused the book of nature as the elder Richardson (the painter) perused the classics,\* is manifest from the numerous novel deductions and accurate remarks interspersing his pages. "The affinities of plants with man and animals," or those traits of resemblance and the degree of relationship subsisting between the animal and vegetable worlds, constitutes the basis of his lecture; a subject which is one of delightful tendency, and fertile in matter for speculation. After a sketch of the attractions of Natural History, Mr. Lees enters into a brief but sufficiently intelligible outline of the three principal divisions of botanical enquiry; viz.—*Systematic Botany*; *the Geographical and Natural Distribution of Plants*; and *Vegetable Physiology*. Having dismissed these preliminaries, he gradually develops his theme, exhibiting "those points of resemblance which seem to connect them (plants and animals) with each other, the hold which they have upon our wants and pleasures, and that subservient relationship which incontestibly proves on the one hand that plants were created for the use of our species, and on the other that without them neither man nor animals could exist on this material globe." (P. 3.) In pursuit of his subject, Mr. Lees professes to "descend in regular gradation from the most perfect specimen of creative wisdom, along the successive links in this curious chain, till we at length approach that dubious zoophytic boundary where sensation and perception are so blended with apparent vegetation, that it is difficult to determine where the vegetable ends and the animal begins." (P. 13.) This promise would appear, at "the first blush," much more likely to

\* When Richardson (who was a man of limited education) brought out his volumes, he thought proper to account for the appearance of the numerous classical quotations with which they were garnished, by confessing that he had made use of the eyes of his son in perusing the ancients.

bring forth a folio of no inconsiderable size than a slender 8vo. of 114 pages; yet Mr. Lees has, with much ingenuity, avoided encumbering his subject with extraneous detail, or abridging it of *that* which was vital to his purpose. Choosing his evidence with due discrimination, he expatiates upon its features, passing from one to another rapidly but impressively, and ultimately producing a very satisfactory outline of the affinities he proclaims. His description of various trees remarkable for their antiquity, or their great dimensions, or rendered subjects of interest by historical event or local tradition, are spirited records of these "sylvan monarchs—these aged patriarchs of the glade." A few clever illustrations on wood appertain to this portion of the essay; they are elaborately engraved, and their fidelity of likeness and neatness of effect, notwithstanding a slight degree of *hardness* in the execution, must recommend them to the observer. The Mitre Oak, on Hartlebury Common, Worcestershire, engraved by Jewitt, from a drawing by Smith, the Sorb tree in Wyre Forest, by the same, and the antique sculpture above the door of Ribbesford Church, by Wood, are among the best. The necessity of limiting the number of embellishments, precluded the introduction of many beautiful graphic designs with which Mr. Lees accompanied the delivery of his lecture.

Worcestershire, it may be noticed, is rich in sylvan associations. Among other trees situated in different parts of the kingdom, we may name the Magdalen oak, which grew near the gate of the water walk by Magdalen College, Oxford; and Dumery's oak, near Blandford, Dorsetshire, which measured sixty-eight feet in circumference at the base; and we may add three magnificent trees at Tredville, the seat of John Plumtre, in the county of Kent, Esq.; the splendid cedar of Lebanon, now flourishing in the grounds of Stanford Court; and the Shelton oak, near Shrewsbury, which tradition informs us was ascended by Owen Glendwr for the purpose of *reconnoitre*, when on his march to effect a junction with Hotspur against Henry IV. The list might be easily extended, but we refrain from a fear of exceeding our boundary.

Mr. Lees has successfully demonstrated the affinities between plants, man, and animals, but very properly considering that "the province of the lecturer should be chiefly to trace a few prominent objects that may serve as beacons to the memory in private study, instead of wearying with minute description," he has left much untouched, or merely alluded to. The affinities between insects, birds, reptiles, and trees are almost inexhaustible, and offer infinite scope for observation; a singular fact connected with the subject, we will here submit to the reader. The bark of trees possesses the faculty of increasing sufficiently to enclose any substance by which it may be either wounded or encompassed; a remarkable evidence of this is presented in the following circumstance, communicated to us by a gentleman upon whose intelligence and accuracy we can rely. According to our informant, whose words we have endeavoured to preserve, "his attention was attracted towards a fine young lime tree, the sap of which was rapidly exuding from between two of the principal branches." "On examination," pursues our friend, "I discovered, partially enclosed by the bark which had grown round him, a huge toad, which would, in all probability, have been, ere long, entirely encased, had I not, from an anxiety to preserve my tree, ordered the animal to be removed. I conceive the toad must have been hybernized in the recess formed between the branches, and that on waking, in his efforts to free himself from this novel species of trap, he had wounded the rind and caused the extraordinary flow of sap." This anecdote may assist in throwing some light upon the undecided question by what

means foreign substances have become imbedded in the very centre of trees.\*

From a very clever account of particular trees, among others, of the Fortingal yew, the Tortworth chesnut, the Cowthorpe oak, the gigantic Baobab of Africa, the Zaymang of Guayra, &c. &c., the lecturer proceeds to an investigation of the affinities of herbs and flowers, entering into some exceedingly amusing details; his brief view of "magical plants" and their presumed virtues, the superstition with which they were regarded, together with the explanation of the simple and natural causes of what were, of yore, deemed *super-natural* indications, will, we doubt not, be read with interest. The "*wars*," or, as we would rather term them, the "*usurpations*" of plants, their sleep, hybernation, social relations and immigrations are respectively commented upon with much clearness. The irritability of plants the lecturer points out in a very interesting manner—"so touchy," remarks he, "is the *cardamine impatiens*, so susceptible the '*touch-me-not*' (*impatiens noli-me-tangere*), that the slightest movement irritates them, and at a breath they unsheath their arms, to scatter around—not the desolation of the warrior—but a countless progeny to rise up and adorn the earth." (P. 49.) The eleterium (commonly known as the "*spirting cucumber*") is one of this peevish description of plants: as a medicine it is possessed of singular properties, but such is the nature of these, that it should never be exhibited but by one of the faculty. On the diffusion, or as the writer denominates it, the "*immigration*" of plants, many curious and original observations well deserving attention are brought forward by the lecturer.

From the affinities of plants with man, Mr. Lees passes to their affinities with animals, birds, insects, &c., tracing them with equal effect; and terminates his able lecture with a glance at the radiate and zoophytic bodies popularly known as *animal flowers, corals, and sponges*. Upon the whole we have derived much real pleasure from the perusal of a pamphlet which displays the chain of dependence running through creation, and uniting by perceptible links the members of the animal and vegetable worlds from "man himself down to the lowest zoophyte." Mr. Lees is stimulated by a love of his subject, and labours to communicate a similar excitement to his reader; this, perhaps, now and then leads him to indulge in metaphor, and to theorize somewhat more fancifully than he might otherwise have done; but that he has bestowed much serious attention upon his discourse is apparent, and his diligent research reflects great credit upon his zeal and assiduity. Some few inaccuracies of expression, a trifling inflation of style, only occasional we admit, a "*leetle*" too much sentiment, and a certain shade of sickliness in the complexion of that sentiment, can scarcely be referred to as defects worthy of censure where the object of the writer is so laudable as to place in view "the skill and wisdom everywhere displayed by a beneficent CREATOR." Still we must indulge our own cynical humour before we lay down our pen. To us it appears that the amusements of childhood, the plucking king-cups and daffodils in the meadows, the wading breast-high in the long grass, and blowing the down from the feathery globe of the *leontodon taraxacum* are pleasures innocent, and meet enough for the babe and the schoolboy, but that nobler employments and aspirations and prospects await the dawning of manhood, and more than recompense the loss of the former: the maturity of intellect,

\* Sir Ashton Lever's museum contained an extraordinary item—viz., the thigh bone of a stag, incorporated with a piece of heart-of-oak. *Vide Catalogue.*



the highest boon bestowed by Providence on our mortal estate, is surely more than adequate exchange for the aimless enjoyments of infancy. The power of doing good; the privilege of framing our ways according to the dictates of God; the capability of seeing with the eye of reflection all that is beautiful and well-ordered and wise in the universe, *the work of His hands*; and the permission to consecrate ourselves to His worship and glory, are among the rich blessings of our riper years, and with these in our possession we can scarcely sigh for the grey dawn that preceded the meridian splendour of day. Besides he who is for ever regretting the past, poisons the present, and sows the seed of bitterness and disappointment for the future: surely this is a poor philosophy and one by which Mr. Lees will scarcely venture to abide.

And now a word or two on another topic: to apply the epithet "*tastefully*" to any emanation of the genius of Shakspeare, is to make a most unhappy choice of expression; the adjective "pretty," used to characterise the magnificent visions of Michael Angelo, or the sublime conceptions of Milton, would not be more inappropriate. Where Shakspeare adorns, he flings the fiery grace of a master, or touches his outline with indescribable beauty; but the Swan of Avon to illustrate a subject "*tastefully*!" Again, Mr. Lees celebrates Dr. Darwin as "*most poetically*" illustrating the Linnæan system; to this we object also; Dr. Darwin was an ingenious and indefatigable botanist, an amiable man, a frequenter of tea-table coteries, an admirer of Anna Seward's muse, and a smooth and elaborate versifier, but we shake our head at his *poetry*, and recommend the term "*tastefully*" to be clipped out of the passage on Shakspeare, and delicately pasted over the more flattering epithet with which the lecturer (from his passion for botany, we suppose,) has eulogised the Doctor's effusions. In conclusion, we may affirm that this little pamphlet deserves to become popular, and ranks among the many honourable proofs of talent in a Society instituted for one of the noblest objects of human enquiry. The moderate price of the publication, when the style of the engravings and the typography is estimated, is an additional reason why its number of purchasers should be great; and we hope it will circulate widely among the lovers of Natural History, and those less ardent votaries who do not choose to bestow the necessary time and labour upon the perusal of more scientific and formidable volumes.

To dismiss the writer without affording the reader an opportunity of judging of his authorship would be an injustice to the merits of his little work, and though our remarks have occupied more room than we originally designed, we present the following as fair specimens of his pages.

"Plants have their peculiar social or solitary habits, similar to the solitary or gregarious animals. Some, like the heaths or the violets, associate in tribes or families; others, like the solemn yew, have dozed in moody solitude for ages. Some, like the *drosera*, the *pinguicula*, and the rose-pimpernel, delight in each other's society, and, in secluded spots among verdant hills and tinkling rivulets, hold sweet communion. \* \* On the other hand, lurid and poisonous plants, as the sullen *Paris quadrifolia*, the *hyosciamus*, or the *Atropa belladonna*, sternly refuse associates, and, like the speckled snake, appear meditating mischief within their gloomy holds. The localities of plants are as various as their habits, and become peculiarly interesting from their connecting associations. With what delight the wanderer beholds the white water lily of the mountain lakes, reclining like an Indian beauty upon the water, while its white tiara is surrounded by spreading leaves that flap and play as the zephyr curls the sparkling water. There too the buck-bean displays its pale fringed clusters, and the amphibious *polygonum*, launching its verdant boats on the waves, quickly decorates them with those pink

ensigns which were strangers to it while lingering on the barren shore. Some plants, as the tooth-wort, the primrose-root, or the wood-vetch, are confined to the deepest recesses of the shade; while the butter-cup riots gorgeously in the laughing meadow. \* \* Some, like the sensitive plant, are ready even to shrink into themselves; or like the purple sandwort, close their flowers instantly, if plucked; while the hardy and officious thistle, thrusting himself every where in spite of rebuffs, displays his innumerable prickles, and seems to say in scorn—'Nemo me impune lacessit.' But delightful is the sandstone rock, in whose recesses the *cotyledon* or *sedum* have fixed their hermit cells; gracefully beneath them, the blue *campanula* waves her fairy bells; the yellow *cistus* sparkles upon the bright slope lower down, and the slender climbing fumitory clings among the rubbish at the very edge of the precipice; while, where that bush of roses shrouds the chrysal spring from view that faintly drops its tears down the steep, the forget-me-not, like a presiding Naiad, decorates the shaded solitude with its blue corymbs, and year after year delights the eyes of those who first pledged their faith in the summer twilight at that hallowed spot. Some plants, as the vervain, attend upon the footsteps of man, and only flourish about his habitation; others, as the elder and 'way-faring tree,' delight in the vicinity of roads; while the flaming poppy still denotes its association with eastern manners, and the worship of the goddess whose brow was adorned with a wreath of poppies and wheat. But I cannot, at present, enlarge here; suffice it to say, that the mountain, the valley, the wood, the plain, the cave, and the waters, have all their flowery inhabitants,—nor can man, universal claimant as he is, find a spot where the flower has not preceded him in his pilgrimage." (P. 45.)

"The affinities presented by plants with birds are not the least pleasing, but I am compelled reluctantly to review them quickly. In their associations with flowers, birds present materials for a natural calendar. The snowdrop displays its pendant flakes of vegetable snow just as the birds are pruning up their feathers and thinking of pairing, and when the raven has actually commenced incubation. The daffodil 'comes before the swallow dares,'—the cowslip when he is come. The marsh marigold and cuckoo-flower diversify the moist meadows with the richest hues of gold and silver, marking the arrival of the cuckoo; and numerous other coincidences between the appearance of birds, flowers, and insects, might be easily shown and dilated upon. When the solstitial flowers appear, the woods are silent; but when the robin renews his melody, we at once anticipate the autumnal gust and the falling leaves. In Persian poetry the nightingale and the rose are perpetually associated; hence it is said—'you may place a hundred handful of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not in his constant heart for more than the sweet perfume (or breath) of his beloved rose.' This eastern hyperbole arises from the singing of the nightingale and the flowering of the rose being simultaneous in Persia, and hence the rose and the nightingale are constantly united in the minds of the Persians." (P. 94.)

One more extract and we have done.

"Plants and insects are inseparable in their companionship. The first golden catkin of the vernal day calls them on rapid wing to repair humming to its embraces, and the last tuft of ivy that spreads its stamens in the declining sun of the dying year, witnesses their expiring ardour. Even in winter, amidst ice and snow, minute gnats hover in sportive flight about the evergreens, and their voice in summer sounds ceaseless from the first boom of the waking humble-bee to the droning evening horn of the beetle, winging his rounds in the solemn twilight:—

— 'Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum  
To him who wanders through the woods at noon.'

"But when refulgent summer displays his brightest robes—when the garden blooms with its richest lustre—then every flower teems with insect hosts, and the utmost exertion of insect splendour seems put forth as if in competition with the resplendent tints of the odour-breathing flowers. The *celonia aurata*, or rose-beetle, like a living emerald, carouses amid the beauties of the rose—the ruby-spotted, or pure-white butterflies, delicately and coyly sport from flower to flower, as if uncertain on which to fix—while the humming-bird sphinx, darting like an arrow, quivers over the white jessamine, and extracts its luxurious sweets, as if by enchantment. Meantime, the bees, like men of business, relax not their duties for a moment—some are gathering honey, some are collecting the farina on

their thighs, others are cutting the rose-leaves or poppy petals\* to line their curious habitations, and a strange, yet harmonious, amalgamation of sounds meets the ear. If we look a little closer upon the plants, we shall see sentinels, with red abdomens and quivering antennæ, guarding apparently the avenues to the leaves; these are the *ichneumonidæ*, who are preparing to deposit their parasitical offspring upon the various unfortunate caterpillars their different species assail. Here and there the curious white froth of the *cicada spumaria* appears shrouding the naked insect below. The ants are also upon the alert on the raspberry trees, bearing thence the aphides, that they may regale themselves at home on the honey dew these omnivorous feeders supply. All are active and awake; even the spider bustles about to add new meshes to his web, which the breeze or some rude humble-bee has broken from its hold upon the laburnum tree, and the swift dragon-fly takes a passing glance at the scene as he hurries on to dash around the rushes and purple arrow-heads of his native pond. (P. 101.)

In parting, we may suggest to Mr. Lees in any future essay of his pen, to adopt less metaphor, and indulge, at all times, *very cautiously* in its admission; he will thus secure a still further hold on the reader of taste, and we are persuaded that he will finally admit the truth of our assertion, that his simplest passages are invariably *his best*.

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### STANZAS.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."  
*Psalm li. v. 17.*

"A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench."  
*Isaiah xlii. v. 3.*

DEEP in my heart—my trembling heart,  
A sacred shrine that none may see,  
Is rear'd with sweet mysterious art;  
And there, when dreams of earth depart,  
My soul bows fervently.

On that pure shrine is grav'd a name  
At which the host of darkness flees;  
Bright Seraphim its might proclaim,  
Yet lowly babes lisp forth the same  
At eve on bended knees.

A broken, contrite heart that woe  
Has stricken and has sorely blench'd,  
A bruised reed, tost to and fro,  
And smoking flax whose hidden glow  
Shall not be quench'd.

These off'rings undespis'd I lay  
Upon that shrine of many fears,  
And HE whose mercy and whose sway  
Are not the shadows of a day,  
"Will dry the Mourner's tears."

C.

\* "The *apis papaveris*, or drapery-bee, hangs her apartment with the splendid petals of the poppy, which she cuts out from the half-expanded flowers, and carefully fits them around the walls of her cell; here she deposits honey and pollen for her young brood, who thus awake to life in a beautiful apartment, surrounded with comforts, when the tender mother who provided it for them is no more."

## RUDHALL, HEREFORDSHIRE.

*To the Editor of the Analyst.*

SIR,—Conceiving the intention of your Magazine to be for the purpose of preserving from decay memorials of the manners and customs of past ages, I am induced to send you the bill of fare annually on new year's eve set before the tenants of the Westfaling family assembled at Rudhall, near Ross, in this county. The dinner was instituted by Herbert Westfaling, Esq. son of the Bishop of Hereford, who, in the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, married Miss Rudhall, the heiress. The late Mrs. Westfaling, the last of the family, died between three and four years ago, and the reversion to the property having been purchased by Alexander Baring, Esq., M. P., the furniture and pictures were sold soon after. Here I bought the portrait of the above-mentioned Herbert Westfaling, the two table cloths used for this dinner, dated H. W., 1598, and H. W., 1601, and twenty-seven napkins, dated H. W., 1622, with the pewter dishes and plates, but, I regret to say, the leathern jacks which held the ale had been destroyed. The dinner was spread on a large thick-legged table of the period, and there were four three-cornered ones placed in the angles of the room. The dinner was thus:—

## FIRST COURSE.

Six large fowls, replenished as often as wanted.  
 Large mince pies, in patty pans, shaped like hearts and stars.  
 Vegetables.  
 Baked currant bread pudding.  
 Mutton pasty.  
 Vegetables.  
 Large mince pies, as before.  
 Gammon of bacon.

## SECOND COURSE.

Loin of Veal.  
 Large mince pies, as before.  
 Vegetables.  
 Roast goose.  
 Apple pie.  
 Pigeon pie.  
 Apple pie.  
 Roast goose.  
 Vegetables.  
 Large mince pies, as before.  
 Surloin of beef.  
 Two of the corner tables held boiled legs of mutton, another a boiled rump of beef, and on the fourth was a large boiled plum suet pudding.

The ancient house of Rudhall was burnt down in the latter part of the reign of James 1st, during the absence on the Con-

tinent of the young heir, with the exception of one side of the quadrangle, which still displays gable-ends with beautiful barge-boards, on which, among other devices, are the feathers of Edward, son of Henry VIII. as Prince of Wales, being seven in number, three in front and four behind. Some doors of beautiful open carvings of that reign are put up at Goodrich Court. This gentleman, however, began to rebuild it in the reign of Charles I., and the front, with its porch of entrance, at right angles to the side described, are of that period, but the remainder of the house is modern.

The following account of the family is from a MS. written at different times by Herbert Rudhall Westfaling, Esq. who died in the year 1743, at the age of 73 :—

“John Harbart, the first that I can find of my family, who, by oral tradition, was a younger brother, or descended from a younger branch of the family of the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke, the particulars of which, through the remissness of my trustees, is left much in the dark to me. This John Harbart as appears by his picture in Rudhall House, was a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, supposed to be about the time of the dissolution of the order in the reign of Henry VIII. upon which he travelled beyond sea. My great aunt Elmhurst and others of my relations have told me that he then changed his name to Westfaling. I have no account whom he married, but he left issue one son Herbert, whom he bred up a scholar, and placed him a student in Christ-church College, Oxford. He being of the reformed religion in the year of Queen Mary, when those who separated from the errors of the church of Rome were persecuted, he fled for his religion into foreign countries. And others of my relations have told me that he then changed his name from the surname of Herbert to Westfaling, and called himself Herbert Westfaling. But of the truth of this I am wholly ignorant as is above mentioned. Anno Dom., 1585, he was made Bishop of Hereford (in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.) I shall not give any account of his life, there being several short relations of his life in print, which were done by those contemporary with him, and who, by ocular testimony, knew the truth of what they published to the world. He was certainly an extraordinary good man. He, in some part, beautified the Bishop's Palace in Hereford, and gave an estate to Jesus College, in Oxford, sufficient for the maintenance of two fellows and two scholars in the college. He left to his son a plentiful estate, viz., at Pomfret, in Yorkshire, houses in London, the lordship of Mansel, with leasehold and freehold lands in Hampshire, the great tithes of Marcle, the leases of Warham and Mills at Bromyard, and other estates in the counties of Hereford and Worcester—all, or most in Worcestershire and Herefordshire, with this Bishop's money. He had likewise an estate in the city and county of Oxford,

which has given me thought whether the Bishop's father was not descended from the family of the Herberts of Oxfordshire, who are said to be descended from the same family of the Herberts as the Earls of Pembroke, but prior to the honour. He likewise left his son a considerable sum of money, but of what certain value his lands and personal estate were I never heard. Anno Dom. 1567, this Bishop married Anne, the daughter of Dr. William Bradbridge, alias Barloe, a Bishop\* (which Bishop Barloe had five daughters, who married five Bishops.) He (Westfaling) had issue one son, Herbert, born the 4th of February, 1572,† and four daughters, viz. : Anne, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Frances. Anne married Jefferys, an ancient family of Hom Castle, in the county of Worcester, a family very flourishing at this day—the present Henry Jefferys a person of great learning and other qualifications to be equalled by few gentleman in England. Margaret married Dr. Edes, Dean of Worcester, who died and left her a rich widow, worth, in money and lands, ten thousand pounds—afterwards she married — Littleton, of the county of Worcester, by whom she had issue. Elizabeth married — Walwyn, of Newland, in the same county—afterwards she married — Dickens, of Leaton, county Stafford, and had issue by both, from whom Mr. Dickens, a drysalter, by London Bridge, a very rich man, is descended. Frances married — Jenks, of Newhall, county Salop, and had issue. He died March 10th, 1601, and was buried in Hereford Cathedral Church, in the north side, where his monument is erected. Herbert the son was bred up a good scholar at the University of Oxford. He had the character of a virtuous, ingenious man, began to enter the world supported by a plentiful estate and a sum of money besides his wife's fortune. Given to no vice as ever I heard of, except sinning against his posterity by consuming a considerable part of his estate, which would otherwise have descended to them, by turning his ingenuity to fanciful projects, which were attended with much loss and no profit to him. He was unhappy in his economy, never continuing long with his family in any one place, but very often removing, verified to his posterity the proverb, that "the rolling stone does not gather moss"—for he sold his estates in the counties of York, Oxford, Worcester, and in London, and left to his eldest posterity only the lordship of Mansell and leases for lives in Hampshire. In his time was the civil war. He was on the King's side. He lived to be fourscore years of age or upwards. He died about 800*l.* in debt at Hampton, and was buried at Mansell Church. He married Frances, the daughter of William Rudhall, of Rudhall, Esq. This family of the

\* First of St. Asaph, then of St. David's, and last of Bath and Wells.

† The portrait at Goodrich Court calls him 36 in 1609, which would make him a year o'der.

Rudhalls is one of the ancientest in this county of Hereford, supposed by some of the family to be descended from the Saxons, blessed with a very large estate of nearly 3000*l.* per annum of reserved rents, before it was diminished by my great uncle John Rudhall. By Frances he had issue four sons, Herbert, William, James, and Samuel; the two last died unmarried, and five daughters, Anne, Elizabeth, Mary, Margaret, and Frances; the two last died unmarried. To his second son William, whose posterity now live at Grafton, near Hereford, he gave the great tithes of Marcle and the Mills at Bromyard. Anne married — Murders, of Burghill. Elizabeth, to whom he gave his freehold lands in Hampton, in portion, married — Whittington, of the Castle. Mary, to whom he gave his lease of Warham, married — Elmhurst, a divine. The eldest son, Herbert, was bred up in Lincoln College, Oxford, a good scholar. He was a very virtuous, prudent man. His father settled on him only Mansell, out of which he was to pay 60*l.* per annui. He had several children. He lived in good repute, and kept within the bounds of his small estate. He died near 40 years of age, at his house at Mansell, of the small pox, in the life time of his father. In all probability it had been much happier for his posterity if he had survived his father some years. He was buried in Mansell Church. He married Elizabeth, the daughter of John Frogmore, of Claines, in the county of Worcester, and left issue four sons, Herbert, John, William, and James, the three last died unmarried; and three daughters, Frances, died unmarried, Elizabeth, married John Barnes, of Hartleton, and Anne, who died a child. Herbert, the eldest, who is my father, was bred up in the time of the civil wars, which prevented his being kept to his book. The estate which descended to him was the lordship of Mansell and the leases at Hampton Bishop. About his age of 28 years he was chosen a member of convocation for Hereford, which brought in King Charles the 2nd, which was soon dissolved, when he was chosen again for Hereford for the Parliament which sat 18 years. In his second election he had great opposition from Sir Edward Hopton, who likewise endeavoured for Hereford, and was falsely returned by the mayor. We have heard that this election and his contest in the House of Commons cost 1200*l.* In his time my uncles John and William Rudhall, dying without issue, the remaining estate of Rudhall unsold, was divided by the heirs of the sisters into eighteen shares, as appears by the will, whereof my father had four shares, and being descended from the eldest daughter of the Rudhalls, had the house, and a larger allotment than any of the others, with a proportion of timber for rebuilding Rudhall House. But the wood was sold, and nothing done but the rebuilding of the malt-house. He was a person of an extraordinary good nature, which, in many things, turned to his prejudice, as his being bound for

several people, and particularly for his relation Roger Vaughan, of Bretherden, Esq. for whom he paid 1000*l.* He was very free from vice. He had issue one son (myself), Herbert Rudhall Westfaling, and four daughters, two died very young, and two are now living. Anne, the eldest, married Mr. Wiseman, of London, surgeon, and Lucy, the youngest, married John Tryst, of the city of Hereford, Esq., descended of a good family in the county of Northampton; his father being a younger brother of Mr. Tryste, of Medford, in that county, married the sole daughter and heiress of Dr. Skinner, of this county, and settled in this county."

In addition to this I have been favoured by Mrs. Mary Hill, descended from John Barnes, of Hartleton, before mentioned, with the following:—

"William Rudhall was the last male descendant of the Rudhalls. He died abroad, and his property came amongst his seven sisters; Frances, Mrs. Westfaling, inheriting four shares of it with the mansion house, as the eldest sister. The six other daughters were as follows:—Lady Pye, of St. Helen's, in the parish of Marcle; Mrs. Aubrey, of Clehonger, near Hereford; Mrs. Morgan, supposed of Tredegar, Monmouthshire; Mrs. Broughton; Mrs. Price; Mrs. Mary Rudhall, who died single. Several farms in the parish of Brampton and its neighbourhood, near Ross, continue in the Aubrey family (in the female line) at this present time. Herbert Rudhall Westfaling, the late Mrs. Westfaling's grandfather, died in 1743. Mrs. Westfaling above-mentioned, was the daughter of the Rev. James Westfaling, a younger son of the aforesaid Herbert Rudhall Westfaling, who had besides four other sons, namely, Herbert Rudhall, who died a batchelor in 1773; Philip, who married a Miss Scudamore, of Kentchurch, but left no issue; Charles and Thomas, both unmarried; and two daughters, Anne and Mary, who both died single. It is a singular circumstance that some of the Rudhalls are still left (1832), but not a Westfaling in existence."

I shall terminate this communication with a pedigree of the Westfaling family, from the Visitation in the College of Arms, dated "Rosse, 11th of September, 1683," and continued to the present time.

The arms were granted 24th Elizabeth, by Robert Cook, Clarencieux, to Herbert Westfaling, of Brightwell, in the county of Oxford, Gentleman, and are azure, a cross or between four caltraps of the 2nd. They were quartered with those of Rudhall, viz. Or on a bend azure, three Catherine wheels of the first.



Herbert Westfaling, of Maunsell = Frances, eldest daughter and co-heir  
 Gamage, Esq. living an. 1634, obijt | of William Rudhall, of Rudhall, in  
 circa anno. 1652, æt. circa 80. | the county of Hereford, 1st wife.

|                                       |   |  |                                     |                                 |  |   |
|---------------------------------------|---|--|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|--|---|
| 3<br>James<br>died<br>unmar-<br>ried. | 1<br>Herbert, W.<br>of Rudhall,<br>ob. circa an.<br>1637, ætat. | = Elizabeth, el-<br>dest d. of John<br>Frogmore, of<br>Worcester.<br>She died<br>about 1636. | 4<br>Samuel<br>died un-<br>married. | 2<br>William,<br>of<br>Hereford | = Elizabeth, d.<br>of Richard<br>Thurston, of<br>Challock, in<br>Kent. | 3<br>Francis<br>died<br>unmar-<br>ried. |
|---------------------------------------|---|--|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|--|---|

From the descendants at Grafton, near Hereford, come the Apperleys, who  
 sold the reversion of Rudhall to Alexander Baring, Esq.

|  |                                       |  |  |
|--|---------------------------------------|--|--|
| 4<br>Mary = Rev. John<br>Elmhurst,<br>Vicar of<br>Linton, in co.<br>of Hereford. | 5<br>Margaret<br>died un-<br>married. | 1<br>Anne = Jas. Maisters,<br>of<br>Bury Hill. | 2<br>Elizabeth = John Whitting-<br>ton, of the Castle,<br>in the parish of<br>Yarkhill, in co.<br>of Hereford. |
|--|---------------------------------------|--|--|

|  |   |                                     |   |                          |
|--|---|-------------------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| 3<br>William<br>now living<br>unmarried. | 2<br>John<br>4 James<br>died<br>unmarried | Frances<br>now living<br>unmarried. | Elizabeth = John Barnes, of Hartle-<br>ton, in the parish of Lin-<br>ton, in co. of Hereford. | Anne<br>died a<br>child. |
|--|---|-------------------------------------|---|--------------------------|

Herbert W., of Rudhall, Esq. now = Anne,\* sole daughter of Sir Thos.  
 living, 1683, ætat. 53, one of his | Edwards, Bart. of Shrewsbury, by  
 Majesty's Justices of the Peace and | his first wife Mary, daughter of Bon-  
 Deputy Lieutenant for the county | ham Norton, of London.
 of Hereford.

|   |  |   |  |
|---|--|---|--|
| Herbert Rudhall † =<br>Westfaling, eldest<br>now living, ætat.<br>13, ann. 1683 | 1<br>Mary and<br>3 Elizabeth<br>died in-<br>fants. | 2<br>Anne = Jacques<br>Wiseman,<br>of London. | 4<br>Lucy = John Tryst, of<br>the city of<br>Hereford, Esq |
|---|--|---|--|

|   |                        |  |   |                           |                           |                              |
|---|------------------------|--|---|---------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| Herb. Rud. W.<br>died unmarried<br>in 1773. | Philip W.<br>ob. s. p. | Catherine, d. of<br>— Scudamore,<br>of Rolstone<br>Court, near<br>Kenchurch. | Charles<br>Thomas<br>died un-<br>married. | Rev. Jas.<br>Westfaling = | Mary d.<br>of —<br>Verry. | Anne<br>Mary<br>ob. s.<br>p. |
|---|------------------------|--|---|---------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------|

Mary Westfaling, † = Thomas Brereton, of Wootton, near  
 born January, 1760,  
 died 25th July, 1830,  
 s. p.  
 Gloucester, and Edgworth, near Ciren-  
 cester, in the same county, took the  
 name of Westfaling, died some time  
 before his wife.

\* Her portrait, which was at Rudhall, shews that she was fair.

† His portrait, as a child sitting in a blue dress, was at Rudhall.

‡ Her portrait, by Pickersgill, was at Rudhall, and bequeathed by her to Mr. Scudamore, of Kenchurch.

Among the monuments in the church at Ross, is one of the altar kind, on which are two recumbent figures for William Rudhall and his wife, Margaret, daughter of Sir James Croft, of Croft Castle, in this county, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Next is one with the effigies of John Rudhall, his son, and the Lady Cholke, whom he married, most beautifully executed, and no doubt of Italian workmanship. Close to this is a statue erect in armour of William, brother of this John, who both died without issue.

As family memorials so soon pass into oblivion, and as what I have sent you are no where recorded, I hope you will deem this contribution worthy of your notice. With every wish for the success of your Magazine,

I remain, most respectfully, your's,

SAMUEL R. MEYRICK.

Goodrich Court, Herefordshire,  
7th July, 1834.

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#### TRANSACTIONS OF THE PROVINCIAL MEDICAL AND SURGICAL ASSOCIATION.\*

AMONG the distinguishing features characteristic of the present era, one the most striking is that system of co-operation which has spread, more or less, into every active pursuit. It is foreign to our present purpose to enter upon any investigation of the causes which have lead to these combinations, or to attempt to trace these causes through their varied ramifications in the production of the important effects which have already resulted from their operation upon the general mass of the intelligence of the community. It will suffice if we make some observations upon such of the effects produced as relate more especially to the cultivation and dissemination of scientific knowledge.

The assembling together of the luminaries of the world of science, and the blending in one common object—the advancement of the sum total of human knowledge—of the high intellectual acquirements and energies of the leading spirits of the age, was an idea first acted upon in Germany—a country ever distinguished for originality and depth of research, and for a closeness of investigation and reasoning, which, though deeply tinctured with the philosophy of rationalism, drinks deep of, we had almost said exhausts, the fountains of knowledge. But if Germany has the merit of setting so illustrious an example of the combination of intellectual power, our own country has not been backward in treading the same path, nor in the energy and ability with which she has entered upon pursuits leading to the attainment of the same ends. The proceedings of the British Association for the advancement of Science at York—at Oxford—at Cambridge, bear ample testimony to the truth of these observations; and an institution established upon similar principles to which our own county has given birth, and which

\* Vols. 1 and 2, 8vo. London, 1833 and 1834.

has been fostered and nurtured within the precincts of its capital, by the noble utility of its objects, by the admirable manner in which they have been followed up, and by the excellence of the effects which have already been obtained from the judicious arrangements taken to ensure that combination of intellect and acquirement necessary for success, has already taken a high rank amongst the numerous societies for the promotion of science of which this country has just reason to boast.

The Provincial Medical and Surgical Association, to the Transactions of which we are about to call the attention of our readers, was founded at Worcester in the year 1832, and owes its formation, as we are given to understand, to the unwearied exertions of Dr. Hastings, one of its secretaries. By a steady perseverance in the course originally marked out, and by a continuance of these exertions, it has arrived at a degree of prosperity which we will venture to assert no institution of a similar kind ever attained in so short a period of time. It is not our intention to enter here upon the history of this society, though, we trust, upon some future occasion, some individual better qualified than ourselves for the task,—some one of the many eminent men who are already enrolled among its numbers, will favour us with a document of so much interest. Of the nature of its objects a competent idea may be formed from the volumes before us. Most of the papers which these volumes contain relate exclusively to the branches of scientific enquiry, for the cultivation of which the association was more especially established, and of these, though we have reason to know that much valuable matter is contained in them, we do not profess to give any account; but there are others which, though intimately connected with the science of medicine, are no less so with general literature. Of this nature are,—a paper on the Theory of the Frontal Sinus, by the late Dr. Milligan;—Dr. Malden's Essay on the Reciprocal Influence of the Mind and Body of Man in Health and Disease;—Dr. Conolly's Proposal for the Establishment of County Natural History Societies;—the Observations upon Sleep, by Dr. Wakefield Scott;—and the Biographical Memoirs of the late Dr. Thackeray, of Bedford, in the first volume:—the Topographical Papers of Drs. Forbes, Carrick, and Symonds, and Mr. Watson;—the Continuation of Dr. Scott's Observations on Sleep;—and the Memoirs of the lamented Dr. Darwall, in the second. Upon the present occasion we shall confine our remarks to the Phrenological Paper from the pen of the late Dr. Milligan. In selecting this Essay, we are perfectly aware that we run considerable risk of disturbing the repose and arousing the ire of that very sensitive race—those exquisite specimens of the *irritabile genus*, the phrenologists; but, in truth, the observations of the learned author of the short essay in question are so just in themselves and of so pithy a nature, that we cannot resist the temptation of transferring the marrow\* of the subject to our pages, with such observations upon them as occur to us during the perusal.

After some anatomical observations tending to establish the fact that the attention of the cultivators of the medical art was early turned to the various prominences of the cranium or skull, and to the inequality existing in the thickness of its walls in different parts, the learned author

\* Lest some captious critic should hereafter make the remark that we are under a mistake in supposing the Frontal Sinus to contain marrow, we wish it to be understood that the course of anatomical reading which we have followed for the purpose of enabling us to comprehend the merits of this question, has been sufficient to inform us that the osseous cavities of the frontal bone do not contain marrow; but we beg to assure our readers, and the critic, that Dr. Milligan's paper, though short, contains a great deal.

of the paper proceeds to notice briefly the theories proposed at different periods, to account for these irregularities of surface and substance, and directs especial attention to those proposed by Monro and others. "The first Monro, Haller, and Albinus," he remarks, "showed that it is the soft parts that give form to the hard parts in contact with them, and not the hard that give form to the soft; a proposition easily deduced from the absorption naturally effected by the impetus of circulation, and which, consequently, becomes greatest in those tissues which are made to suffer all the shock of a lively circulation, but possess not an equally active reparative force to make restitution for the waste it occasions." But as it is subsequently remarked, though the muscles may appear to be the instruments employed in effecting these developements, it is not to be supposed that they are themselves the cause by which the irregularities of the bony surface and substance have been produced. For this we must take a closer and a deeper view of the subject, until we are brought, as the author eloquently and justly remarks, "to see that the formation of all such parts is comprehended in the original design of the author of the animal microcosm, and for the evolution of which, certain springs or forces have been impressed from the beginning upon the embryotic mass, which act as truly in response to their time and object, as the compound forces which exhibit and preserve the harmonious movements of the heavenly bodies."

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the adepts in the School of Phrenology entertain very different views upon the formation of the skull to those which had been previously advanced. Considering as they do that the outward form of the skull is regulated by, or at least in conformity with, the developement of the brain, of which it constitutes the covering and protection, it was incumbent upon them to shew that such a relationship actually exists. The skull, as is well known, is of an oval or ovoid shape, and the bones of which it is composed may be said, in a general point of view, to consist of an outer plate, called, in the language of anatomy, the outer table; of an inner plate or table; and an intermediate cancellated or cellular structure, to which the name of diploe has been given. It is allowed by Dr. Milligan that the inner table of the skull is adapted to the configuration of the brain, with which it lies in immediate contact. "If we contemplate the interior of a skull, we shall at once perceive that the inner table has every where penetrated as far as it could into the recesses which open on the surface of the brain. Every convolution has hollowed out its corresponding mould in the vitreous table; every fissure between the convolutions has its corresponding ridge on the same table. The *alæ minores*, the angles of the petrous portions laterally, the *crista galli* and spinous process before, the vertical and transverse spines behind, all shew the tendency of this table to adapt itself to the fissures of the encephalon; nor does it ever neglect to do so, except where strong membranes projecting from it, nourished by its vessels, tense like bone, and sometimes becoming bone, supply its place; it is smooth and glassy, as all bones are which are subjected to a gentle but never-ceasing motion; and evinces, by this single property, its perpetual contact with the brain, and obedience to the impetus of its double pulsation. Lastly, the inner table has no relation, no attachment to any organ whatever, except the brain, its membranes, and vessels. To the protection of this viscus it is exclusively devoted, and a sagacious anatomist might infer as much from the ordinary course taken by the meningeal arteries."

It being thus granted that the inner table of the skull is, as it were, moulded upon the brain itself, it necessarily follows that the point in

dispute between Dr. Milligan and the Phrenologist is the relationship existing between the outer table and subjacent diploe on the one hand, with the inner or vitreous table, as it is termed in the passage just quoted, on the other. A genuine specimen of the Phrenological tribe exhibits so much versatility in argument,—such an extraordinary facility in changing the grounds of his position upon all occasions in which THE SCIENCE seems to be in danger, that we really hesitate to place our index upon any one opinion as a certain and indubitable tenet of the sect. We believe, however, that, although every Phrenologist is constantly differing from every other, and each one not unfrequently differing from himself, we shall express the general views of the majority of these singularly curious philosophers, when we say that the external table of the skull in the thickness of its own substance, conjoined with the expansion of the subjacent diploe, bears such a relationship to the internal table, as to render it possible to ascertain the configuration of individual portions of brain, by the external configuration of corresponding portions of the exterior table. Now it is here that Dr. Milligan meets the Phrenologist, by shewing that the causes which act in the development of the external table, and consequently of its irregularities of surface, are alike independent of the brain and of the inner table of the skull; at the same time, that those which are concerned in the production of the diploe, with its variations in expansion, seem to be, in part at least, equally unconnected either with the brain or with the more solid portions of its bony coverings. “A single glance of the eye,” he observes, “or a touch of the finger, evinces that, in many places where the brain recedes, the outer table projects; in others, as in the orbit, behind the mastoid process, behind the condyloid process, and behind the *foramen magnum*, where the outer table recedes, the brain on the contrary projects.”—“As the inner table everywhere adheres closely to the brain, whilst at some points the outer table recedes two inches from it, and in others, approaches within a quarter of a line, it is evidently not modified by the only inter-jacent body, the internal table, so as to bear in its expanded parts any certain or fixed relation to the brain within. Taking these two facts together, they afford an unanswerable demonstration of the fallacy of the averment, that augmented developments of the external table, correspond to internal developments of the surface of the brain, or of the organs marked thereon, at their pleasure, by writers on phrenology.”

The author's views of the formation of the outer table and its projections are detailed at length in the following passage:—“Considered in relation to the brain, the membranes, the inner table, and the diploe itself, the outer table presents no other definite organization beyond that of an irregular envelope, which is in some places as thin as a wafer, in others thicker than all the rest of the cranium. But, if we view it from without, we find that every particle of its surface is adapted to some purpose which it has to answer in combination with the soft parts with which it is in contact. Many processes are levers for the muscles; others are merely scabrous surfaces for their insertion; others are condyles for joints; others, organs of hearing; others, organs of fixation; others, of protection; and all this in direct reference to the organs in contact, but without the least relation, that can be discovered, to the encephalon. Hence we are forced to conclude that its projections solely originate under the influence, and for the completion of functions that are all external to the cranium; and the same thing must necessarily be inferred of the external table, which is merely their substratum.”

The diploe or intermediate cancellated structure, he considers to be merely a cellular tissue connecting the two tables of the cranium, and chiefly destined to increase the elasticity of the whole.

We must not conclude our remarks without some allusion to the author's views of the formation of the frontal sinuses. These are the cavities formed in the frontal bone immediately above the orbits, and are situated precisely in the spot where some of the most important organs of the phrenological systems are placed. The irregularity in their development and the causes assigned by the author as conducing to their formation, for a statement of which, however, our limits compel us to refer to the paper itself, must necessarily throw great doubts upon the theories of the advocates of this pseudo-science, even were we disposed to allow the invariability of the facts to which they so constantly profess to appeal. We will, however, remark, that according to Dr. Milligan, the evolution of the frontal sinus does not commence till the seventh year, although, at this age, the brain is stated by the best anatomists to have attained its full size. The difference in development of the exterior portion of the cranium observed at this age, and at that of twenty-one, by which time the frontal sinus usually attains its complete growth, is very considerable, and the phrenological indications consequently very different, although the development of the brain itself, which these indications are supposed to point out, may not have varied in the smallest perceptible point.

In conclusion, we must remark that the conciseness of Dr. Milligan's observations renders abridgment almost impossible, while the closeness of his reasonings, and the indubitable facts upon which they are founded, are certainly calculated to make a very strong impression against the doctrines which he opposes. Upon one point we feel inclined to pass our verdict of censure; and that is, the technicality of the language in which the paper is written, and we beg to remind all writers upon scientific subjects, that although reviewers are expected to be acquainted with the abstruse terminology in which they appear to deem it a necessary part of their vocation to involve, we might have said to disguise, their sentiments, yet, if it be wished to make subjects of science generally acceptable to his Majesty's lieges, the language in which they are stated should be such as his Majesty's lieges may be expected to comprehend.

The consideration of some of the other papers contained in these admirable volumes will be resumed on a future occasion. Those relating to topography and statistics will occupy our attention at an early opportunity.

C. R.

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### MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

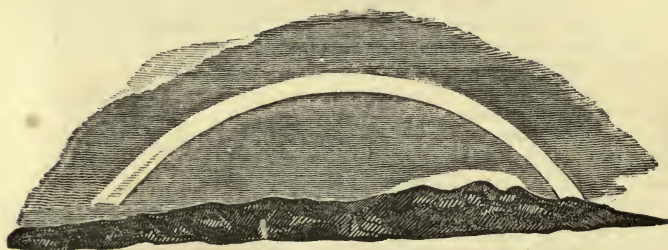
THE needless sigh, the idly wasted tear  
 I ask not, wish not, stranger! want not here.  
 What once I was availeth naught to thee;  
 What now I am, poor trembler! wouldst thou see,  
 Profane the tomb, the shrouded maze unfold,  
 And in that form thy future self behold,  
 Brace up thy nerves! with sober judgment gaze,  
 Then go! reflect and oh! reform thy ways.

S. \* \*

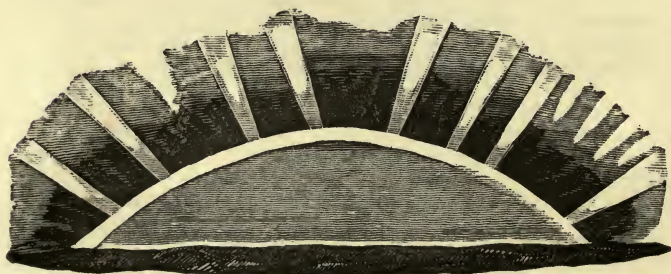




*Fig 1*



*Fig 2*



*Fig 3*

Fig. 1. Primary Aspect of the Luminous Arch, September 29, 1828.

Fig. 2. Luminous Arch, complete.

Fig. 3. Commencement of the Aurora Borealis, October 12, 1833.



ON THE CONNEXION OF  
METEOROLOGICAL APPEARANCES

WITH  
CHANGES IN THE TEMPERATURE AND WEATHER,

*With more especial reference to the Aurora Borealis. Read at the Annual Meeting of the Worcestershire Natural History Society, by Edwin Lees, Secretary of the Meteorological Committee.*

“ And through the evening sky far gleams the Northern Light ! ”

CHATTERTON.

As Secretary of the Meteorological Committee of this Society, it became my duty to draw up the Annual Report of its proceedings, and in doing this I necessarily adverted to some remarkable meteorological appearances, that had been visible in the autumn of 1833, and more especially to a very vivid Aurora Borealis, that presented itself on the evening of October 12th, last, with its precursor—a splendid luminous arch. It was considered by the Council that these facts were curious and important enough to form a topic for separate discussion, and as it may have the effect of directing your attention more particularly to the aspect of the Heavens, when

—————“ Silent from the north  
A blaze of meteors shoots : ”—————

I shall briefly mention the splendid phenomena that preceded and accompanied our late extraordinarily mild weather, when frost and snow were almost entirely unknown, and the primroses and violets of April were scattered profusely upon the lap of January; while the gardens displayed a ceaseless train of beauties in their bright parterres. Thus beguiled by the smiles of Flora, old Winter was detained from his usual visitation, and consequently displayed his testy humour in the severe and unexpected frosts of April.

A very remarkable flight of falling stars was seen between 10, p. m., and midnight on the evening of August 10th, about midway between Worcester and Great Malvern. They resembled the

\* I think it right to observe that in complying with the wish of the editor of “the Analyst,” I am only furnishing a very incomplete paper. As such, these cursory observations must be considered; they were drawn up *currente calamo*, and my avocations will not at present allow of my entering more fully into details. If, however, abler observers should have their attention directed to the point by anything I have stated, the object I had in view will be obtained. *Author.*

almost incessant discharge of sky-rockets in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and the trailing light they left upon the sky was particularly curious and beautiful. This appearance continued for a considerable time; the velocity with which these meteors appeared to move was very great. Some of them were nearly in the zenith, but none approached the horizon. The general direction of their course was from north-west to south-east.

On the evening of Saturday October 12th, there was a very splendid exhibition of the Aurora Borealis, which was preceded by a luminous arch that appeared about half-past six o'clock, p. m. nearly in the direction of the magnetic equator. I was not fortunate enough to see this arch, but from the description of a scientific friend, it must have very nearly resembled the luminous arch of September 29, 1828, and occupied almost a similar situation in the heavens. It is thus described by the gentleman alluded to.—

“On the evening of the 12th I was about to make an observation on an eclipse of one of Jupiter's satellites, when the planet became so obscured that I was compelled to desist. Turning to the north, I perceived the beams of the Aurora, and at this moment my servant came in to inform me that a luminous arch was visible in the heavens. I instantly went out, and perceived a magnificent white band stretching across the sky from west to east, about three degrees in breadth, and passing through Alpha Lyræ down to Jupiter, at that time about thirty degrees above the eastern horizon. For some minutes the arch gradually grew brighter, and at last reached the eastern horizon, but the western limb was by far the brightest. At a quarter past 7 p. m. it had reached the acme of its brilliancy; it then somewhat declined to the south, and continued to grow fainter till a quarter past 7, by which time it had almost totally disappeared.”

Thus far my informant, and it is evident that the beautiful luminous arch of September 29, 1828, which I attentively observed, and which has been described by Mr. Davies Gilbert, late President of the Royal Society, Dr. Forster and others, occupied nearly a similar situation to this of October 12, 1833, and both of them finally deflexed to the south. In each case, too, the western limb was brightest, and while these arches maintained a vivid splendor for about half an hour, the common evanescent beams of the Aurora shot forth their transient rays in rapid succession from the north. Thus these luminous arches spanning the heavens from west to east were coincident with the appearance of the Aurora in the north. But while the latter phenomenon was stationary during the greater part of the night, the arches appeared to pass over and disappear, and no second display of the same kind was manifested. The connection sustained by these luminous arches with the Aurora Borealis is not at present very satisfactorily accounted for, and their comparative rare appearance serves to augment the mystery upon the subject. Successive and repeated careful observation is yet required before we have sufficient data to generalize upon the subject. What is very remarkable is, that

the luminous bands appear very soon after the first commencement of the Aurora, and thus are frequently unseen by observers, who perceiving the Aurora in the north are unsuspecting of a previous display of superior brightness. Thus in the "Tabular Conspectus of Observations on the Aurora of the 12th of October, 1833," published by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, out of nine observers whose records are given, only two notice the extraordinary appearance adverted to, Mr. R. Potter, jun., and Mr. J. Phillips, of York. The latter thus mentions it;—"6, 44. By this time the doubt was entirely removed: beams had been seen playing, and bright fluctuating light was at intervals excited at detached points *along an arch rectangled to the magnetic meridian*, as if along this line thin vapourous clouds or smoke-wreaths were illuminated from behind." Mr. Potter says, that "at 41½ m. past 6, there was a long and large streamer directed towards the zenith," I am not quite certain that he means the luminous arch before described, as he does not state the period of its continuance. Dr. Forster considered the arch of 1828 was occasioned by the passage of electric matter at a vast height in the atmosphere, the brilliant appearance being visible to the whole of Europe.

I shall now proceed to describe the succeeding appearances presented by the Aurora of October 12th. At half-past eight in the evening, as I was proceeding along the new road toward St. Johns, I was struck by the appearance of a broad semicircular belt of white light stretching across the northern side of the heavens. Its breadth was considerable, its height about 18 degrees, and the vertex of the arch was nearly in the magnetic meridian. The sketch I have made will give a tolerably accurate idea of its appearance at this time. Below the luminous zone, the sky down to the horizon was of a very remarkable dark dirty grey colour, somewhat similar to a fog in winter, when the sun's rays are entirely intercepted.\* This nearly resembles the Aurora Borealis as represented by De Capel Brooke, in his journey through Lapland. While attentively observing the luminous bow, brilliant radii shot up from the convexity of the arch, varying in breadth and in the time of their duration, but generally disseminating themselves over the hemisphere in very narrow wavy streaks. The arch itself rather undulated, and appeared considerably brighter at one time than another. About 9 o'clock the western limb seemed to shift its position, and point somewhat towards the south. I noticed also a very distant luminous cloud on the eastern horizon, for which at the time I could not account, but it is probable it was the relics

\* Professor Sedgewick, who observed this Aurora at Dent, in Yorkshire, thus remarks—"9. 25. Arch nearly as before, its lower edge better defined, breadth nearly equal to the distance between the pointers of Ursa Major, and the upper pointer was nearly in the centre of the bright space between the upper and lower curves. The vertex still nearly in the magnetic meridian. Below the luminous zone, sky down to the horizon was of a most remarkable dark dirty grey colour, through which Arcturus was seen to shine dimly, as if through a fog." *Tab. Conspectus of British Association.*

of the bright arch before adverted to, that had passed over early in the evening." This does not seem noticed by other observers.

Mr. W. L. Wharton, of Guisborough, makes the following observations on the Aurora, as seen by him at 9 o'clock. "9. 0. Brilliant radiations with prismatic colours, converging to Alpha Andromeda, accompanied with sheets of light moving with vast rapidity to the same part of the heavens; summit of arch moved considerably eastward. 9. 10. Continuous sheets of light and radiations from the whole horizon between W. N. W. and E. N. E. all converging to the same part of Andromeda, but upon reaching that point apparently checked in their further progress, and (those from the N. W. especially) twisted as it were for a short distance, towards the S. E. and then dissipated in space."

The most splendid aspect of this remarkable Aurora was at 10, p. m., when it assumed a totally new and far more imposing character. The white arc of light now appeared like the segment of an immense globe of fire, beams of greater brilliancy shot up in the west, waves of orange-coloured light seemed to spring from the fiery mass in rapid succession, and from these sprung many short beams of a paler colour, advancing towards the zenith with a continually accelerated motion. It might now have been well described in the following lines of an observer of these phenomena:—

"Mark you the light that beams in air,  
Amidst the troubled sky!  
That flashing now with sudden glare,  
Sweeps to the zenith high;  
Dispersing round its fearful flame—  
From yon illumin'd arch it came!

"The fleecy clouds promiscuous roll  
Across the azure clear;  
An awful feeling thrills the soul,—  
Some mighty Spirit here,  
Commands ethereal flames to rise,  
And dart successive o'er the skies."

This remarkable Aurora was noticed by Mr. Fielding, at Hull; Professor Sedgewick, at Sedbergh; Mr. Phillips, at York; Professor Airy, at Cambridge; the Hon. Charles Harris, at Christchurch, Hants; the Rev. Dr. Robinson, at Armagh, Ireland; and by myself and others, at Worcester. The statements of observers, however, vary as to its effects upon the dipping needle. Its height from the earth is said to have been very great; but on this point a singular discrepancy prevails, and it is by no means settled by philosophers at what elevation from the earth the Aurora has its origin. Some observers have commenced with the very moderate calculation of 100 miles, which Dr. Dalton assigns to the Aurora of 1826; Sir Richard Phillips leaps to 500 miles, which he considers its mean distance; Mairan strains it to 600 *at least*, and another calculator advances to 825 miles; while Euler, determined not to strain at a

gnat, makes the elevation of the Aurora amount to some *thousands* of miles! The next theory may possibly lead us up to the moon, but it certainly seems more advisable to keep a little nearer *terra firma*, particularly as Dr. Richardson's observations in North America seem to shew that the Aurora in reality has its origin near the region of the clouds, though often varying in its altitude. Still, notwithstanding the attention that has been paid to the subject, and the various hypotheses that have been imagined to explain the Aurora, there does seem a want of information on some points most necessary as bases of induction.

One thing seems certain, that this phenomenon is connected with electricity,\* and with changes of temperature, for extraordinary mutations both in that and the weather followed the uncommon exhibition of the Aurora I have been adverting to. The wind from the north-west veered to south the next morning, and before evening blew strong in gusts from the south-west, with heavy showers of rain and occasional flashes of lightning, manifesting the presence of electrical excitement. The south-west gales having thus commenced, continued for an unprecedented length of time, and vessels were detained in consequence to such an extent, that at one period during the winter nearly 300 sail were detained at Liverpool, vainly waiting for an easterly wind to waft them across the Atlantic.

Some telluric disturbances, according to the learned Mr. Clarke, in an elaborate paper in Loudon's Magazine of Natural History, always accompany appearances in the atmosphere; and to this cause he attributes the extraordinary meteors of 1833. "All point out" he says "1833 as a peculiar year, the result of that great volcanic cause which has shaken the earth, the sea, and the air, and rendered the last few months more memorable for earthquakes, floods, meteors, and hurricanes, than any on record since 1348."

The connection between the appearance of the Aurora Borealis and gales from the south-west deserves especial notice, since a naval captain of considerable experience has observed that by constantly making for port after a brilliant display of the Aurora, he

\* An old work entitled "Time's Telescope" (for there is nothing new under the sun) published in 1734, thus mentions the Aurora.—"Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, vulgarly called *Streamers*, or *Merry Dancers*, because they mix and shuffle, like a set of country dancers, or like the streamers of a great fleet on the main in a windy day. Strange are the conjectures of the unlearned concerning this appearance in the heavens: some imagine they see armies of men, horses and chariots fighting in the air, which they take to be sure presages of war, &c." Indeed in confirmation of this, Florence of Worcester, and Mathew of Westminster, in describing portentous appearances in the air in the years 555, 567, 743, 776, &c. which were no doubt Auroræ, designate them as "fiery spears seen in the air"—"appearances as it were of lances, &c." It has been thought, too, that a brilliant Aurora was visible in Germany just before Julius Cæsar's death, for several authors observe that a crackling noise is heard when the Aurora is very bright; and Virgil, in his 1st Georgick, in reference to this says—

"Armorum sonitum toto Germania cælo  
Audiit."

The sound of arms in the air was heard throughout Germany.

has escaped danger, when his less fortunate compeers have been wrecked.\* So that in this respect, science may probably contribute in future to the safety of the seaman, by directing his attention more particularly to this phenomenon, with a view to precautionary measures; and thus humanity may be taught to hail the Aurora as the friendly beacon designed by Providence to be a precursor of the gale, and thus act, not as the vulgar believe, as the companion of superstition, but as the hallowed guardian of human life.

These are the uses of researches into science and natural history;—while the idle observer gazes with alarm on phenomena like these, the true philosopher, ever on the alert to detect the workings of nature, finds that the most secret operations in her laboratory have an object of utility in view, demonstrating the consummate wisdom of an Almighty Governor.

\* "I believe the observation is new, that the Aurora Borealis is constantly succeeded by hard southerly, or south-west winds, attended with hazy weather and small rain. I think I am warranted from experience to say *constantly*, for, in twenty-three instances that have occurred since I first made the observation, it has invariably obtained."—"The benefit which this observation on the Aurora Borealis may be of to seamen is obvious, in navigating near coasts which extend east and west, particularly in the British Channel. They may, when warned by the Aurora, get into port, and evade the impending storm; or, by stretching over to the southward, facilitate their passage by that very storm, which might otherwise have destroyed them." *Captain Winn, in Rennie's Field Naturalist Magazine, March, 1833.*

It is probable, however, that sailors have in reality taken advantage of the presage afforded by these appearances, long prior to this intimation of Captain Winn's, for I remember on the morning after the luminous arch of Sep. 29, 1828, hearing a bargeman on the Severn remark to a comrade, that "*the sky-rocket*," as he termed it, of the night before, would be sure to be followed by a gale of wind.

E. L.

To E \* \* \* .

"Farewell ! thou dearest of all things  
Beneath the bright and blessed sky !"  
*Chatelet's Adieu.* (HON. MRS. NORTON.)

We meet no more ! thy latest tone  
Hath died within my shrinking ear !  
My brain is sear'd, my heart is lone,  
It owneth neither hope nor fear :  
We meet no more !

We meet no more ! Oh, drear decree  
That shuts, for ever, from my view  
All that with love's pure fervency  
Soft sunshine o'er my spirit threw !  
We meet no more !

We meet no more ! ah, never more !  
Vain, vain the joyless years may fly,  
Nought can the bury'd past restore,  
Nought teach too faithful love to die !  
WE MEET NO MORE !

\*  
\* \*

## FINE ARTS.

The national importance of the Fine Arts is a point now so universally conceded that we deem no apology necessary for devoting to their consideration an adequate share of our pages. A feeling for the Arts has been too coldly cultivated in this country for the fair developement of that genius which the works of the BRITISH SCHOOL, in the nineteenth century, most triumphantly display; but we cannot help cherishing an expectation (probably born of our hope) that something like the auspicious patronage of the ancients, will at length extend fitting encouragement to—and diffuse a vitality through every branch of the arts of design, that shall put forth fruit in due season, and place us at least on a par with the other nations of Europe. To remove the necessity for calling into exercise the invention of foreigners in preference to that of our own countrymen is, indeed, an end worthy of attainment. We by no means admit that such “necessity” does actually exist, but we know that it is alleged in defence of a most injurious and unpatriotic prejudice: and yet how unjustly, past and present experience are not wanting to prove. Aided by British enterprize, British genius in the potteries of Etruria rivalled the most exquisite conceptions of Grecian beauty and elegance, and under the direction of Flaxman, that sculptor of immortality, the unfashioned and valueless material rose moulded into forms of classical grace and purity, coveted by kings, and worthy of comparison with the happiest creations of antiquity. Many similar proofs could be adduced, to which thousands might be added if once the scales fell from the eyes of our countrymen, and they could be brought to recognize the presence of excellence or of simple merit and accuracy in a *native production*. While we would do justice to all—to France, to Italy, to Germany, or to any other part of the Continent, we would take care that Great Britain maintained her superiority in arts, as she has always done in arms, and we would lead Englishmen to an intimate communion with that genius which they have, unhappily, overlooked in a yearning after the productions of antiquity, or of alien contemporaries. We are neither bigot—nor partisan—but we confess that we are moved by an ardent solicitude for the advancement of all that can contribute to the glory and prosperity of the empire. We profess not that undesirable “liberality”—that frozen philosophy which turns the telescope on the luminary of our “father-land,” and proclaims with unwearied vigilance, the number and magnitude of the spots on its surface; or which dissects the social and political structure of the same, and apathetically announces the disease that may have abated its strength, or the paralysis that may have warped its proportions. We consider that latitude

of sentiment may be carried too far, and that to shake hands with anti-national prejudices, to echo the huc-and-cry of the envious, to join in the sneer and to disseminate the calumny or misconception of the narrow-minded defamers of Britain, is to purchase the name of "*a liberal*" and "*a philosopher*" somewhat too dearly. *Ad ogni uccello, suo nido e bello*, or rather ought to be; a leaning towards our hearth, our home and our country, is honorable to all,—the source of virtue private and public—the stay and security of a kingdom. And so, gentle Reader, we in our critical capacity will always endeavour to sustain the honor of Old England by demonstrating her excellence in the arts of design, and this we can do openly and candidly without tarnishing the merits of her competitors, or offering up truth as a sacrifice to zeal. We would, however, be distinctly understood as intending to discharge the duties of our office with even-handed justice, praising and censuring not according to our partiality or pique, but according to the best of our judgment dispassionately and truly; and "having conscience and tender heart," we doubt not "to do our spiriting gently." With these preliminary remarks we shall close the page of profession, choosing rather to be estimated by our fulfilment than our pledge; for it is in truth so easy—so alluring—so very very agreeable to dwell upon the fair things *we mean to do*, that one of tolerable fancy and fluency may write himself up to the seventh heaven, before he has exhausted his foolscap, or new-nibbed his pen.

#### EXHIBITIONS, &c.

*Exhibition of Modern Works of Art, Athenæum, Foregate-street, Worcester, MDCCCXXXIV. The first.*

WE hail this exhibition as a gratifying proof that at a period when a passion for the arts as well as sciences, is gradually awaking all over the empire, when city after city, and town after town are rising into eminence and taking their station among the enlightened and refined, WORCESTER is not less susceptible of the glorious rivalry, nor less adequate to the task of appearing with honor in the lists. The members of the Worcester Literary and Scientific Institution have established a claim to public acknowledgment in projecting and getting up this display of modern art. A great sensation had been created by the announcement of their wise and liberal intention, and many of our most distinguished metropolitan artists, together with several *local* painters of brilliant acquirement, seconded the object of the Institution by forwarding selections from their works; added to this the surrounding nobility and gentry, anxious to assist the effort, with equal promptitude transmitted choice specimens from their galleries and cabinets. The array consequently was strong, and the vein rich in quality: by Monday, the 2nd of June, the arrangements were completed, and the room was opened to the public. As the pictures have been now some time on view, and have been amply criticised in the Worcester papers, to enter into descriptive details would be superfluous; the pleasure of *dwelling* minutely upon the excellence of the *Athenæum Exhibition* must be reserved for the next annual display. At



present we may touch briefly upon a few of the principal objects of attraction. For the reasons we have given, ours will be but a running glance. Six specimens by the late *P. Reinagle, R. A.*, grace the walls; of these, "116—*A Distillery on Fire*," is the most striking in point of effect; the wild glare of the flames; the vivid and singular reflections; the dense obscurity of the masses unilluminated by the conflagration; and the dimmed and struggling light of the moon half veiled by drifting clouds, produce a powerful impression; the depth, transparency, and tone of this inimitable picture, entitle it to a high rank in art; Vander Poel never painted a finer scene. "20—*Hampstead Heath, an effect after rain*," is a very captivating morceau, subdued and verdurous, with a solemn breadth of shadowy blue in the distance. *R. R. Reinagle, R. A.*, exhibits two. "1—*A Lady and her Daughters*," broadly and vigorously painted, and "30—*A Young Lady*," the portrait of a sweet, animated and ingenuous-looking girl;—this picture is one of the happiest productions of the artist's pencil. *Stanfield's* view of "*L'île Berb on the Soane*" (the property of the Rt. Hon. the Lord Northwick), 190, is an exquisite picture; air, earth, and water are depicted with a fidelity and beauty incomparable. "170—*River Scene*," with a dun and threatening sky, is not so felicitous. *S. Smith* contributes eleven very charming pictures; woodland scenery; the far-spreading champaign; the lone village; the mountainous districts of Cumberland; the beach, with its grey cliffs and wild headlands; and the broad ocean, with skiff and boat tossed upon its bosom, form the subjects of his pencil. Taste and feeling, much practical skill, and a fine disposition of objects, are manifest in these specimens. "144—*Keswick*," is an admirably chosen view; the execution free yet delicate, and the colouring bright and glowing, without a sacrifice of "tone." "147—*Near Eastbourne*," is a delightful little bit; and the sea views are exceedingly attractive, clearly coloured, and finished with much beauty of handling. To complete their impression, a degree more of *local* tint might be desired in this artist's performances; that he is studious of excellence we can perceive from a glance at his works; let him dip his pencil a little more freely in the soft blues and greens, and thousand varying hues of nature, and his success will be secured. *C. Calvert* has two very pleasing landscapes—"6," and "153." *H. H. Lines* sends nine of extraordinary claim; among them are some of the most brilliant and bewitching little gems which we have had the good fortune to behold; in touch, sparkle, tone, colour, depth, and transparency, they are without superior. "13—*The Woods at Maxstoke*;" "44—*View on the Irwell, Manchester*;" 76—an enchanting view of "*Malvern*;" "117—*The Terrace—Haddon Hall*;" "159—*Monks Hopton, Salop*;" "146—*A Lane with a beech tree*;" and "181—*Trees from Nature*," are specimens of the very highest class in the landscape department of art; the figures introduced are pure diamonds—all glitter and beauty. His principal picture is "124—*A Floodgate at Perry Bar*," the property of *W. Roberts, Esq.* a splendid performance, indeed, with a force of colour and power of execution which we have seldom seen equalled. "177—*Upton Cressett Church, Shropshire*," is a finely painted interior. *P. F. Poole*; "14—*A Cottage Girl at a Spring*;" with a beautiful expression of simple village nature, and a touch of pathos in the character; the head, hands, and feet are drawn with purity, and carefully detailed; the tall fox-glove, the earthen pitcher, and the silver droppings of the water, are delicately elaborated; a greater fulness of pencil or *discrimination of surface* is all that remains to be desired. *J. Pitman* has six pictures. "89—*A Stag's Head*," possessing con-

siderable freedom; "120—*A Norman Horse*," clever and spirited; "148—*Horse and Dog*," one of his best; "190—*Pets*," a plump and pampered tortoiseshell repelling the advance of a fat, quiet little spaniel, evidently her participator in the luxuries of the drawing-room rug, and matin saucer of milk. 15—A fair equestrian (the lady painted by *J. Clements*)—a pretty little memorial. *T. Creswick* contributes four jewels of price, fit for a monarch's cabinet. "156—*Landscape near Battle, Kent*;" "186—*Storm clearing off*;" "187—*Near Bromley, Kent*," &c.; the dark crystal waters of a forest well are not more pure and transparent than the verdant shades in these delicious little scenes. *H. Singleton*—four; the most interesting are, "19—*The Sailor's Home*;" the brave mariner narrating his toils, his perils, and his "hair-breadth escapes" to his beloved wife and babes; the incident is full of tender pathos;—the sailor's head is a capital study from nature. 29—An innocent cherub: "a wee bit toddlin thing," wrapt in the delicious slumber of infancy, with its friend and playmate, a bonnie little kitten, lying asleep in its arms. *S. Cole*—four portraits. "18—*James Mann, Esq.*," a reputed likeness; "23—*The Rev. W. E. Wall, A.M.*," clearly painted, but too florid in tone; "155—*Wm. Wall, Esq.*," a resemblance, but by no means the artist's happiest effort; why is the head brought so low in the picture? "169—*Apphia, Baroness Lyttelton*," firmly painted, mellow and rich in the general effect; perhaps among the cleverest of his portraits. *J. Constable, R. A.*—two; the best, as well as one of the best of his performances, is "141—*A Barge passing a Lock*"—a superb picture, entirely free from the capricious spottiness of effect, and the equally capricious bravado of pencil conspicuous in many of his works. *J. R. Walker*—three. "27—*Near Loscoe, Derbyshire*," not his largest, but probably his most pleasing. *P. Nasmyth*—one; "33—*Cottage Scene*"—effective. *D. Roberts* gives only one, it's true, but then it is a star of the first magnitude; "34—*Antwerp Cathedral*" (the property of the Lord Northwick), a magnificent representation of that most imposing and venerable structure; the figures are all bustle, gaiety, and animation: a *chef d'œuvre*. *Miss Derby*—two; the most successful, her copy after *Vandyck*; her original performance indicates immatured study. *G. Jones, R. A.*—two fascinating sketches; "37—*Trajan's Column, Rome*;" and "42—*Prague*." *H. W. Pickersgill, R. A.*—one; "45—*Baron d'Humboldt*," a very noble portrait, clear in the carnations, and mellow in the execution; the hands are, however, at variance with the general excellence of the whole. *Liverseege*, "38—A clever, tasteful, spirited little head of Mr. J. Stephens, jun. *Wm. Etty, R. A.*, 39—One of his almost priceless sketches, "*Cupid interceding for Psyche*," brilliant in colour and exquisite in conception, but liable to an objection frequently pointed out, yet still unhappily too common in this divine master's productions. *W. Derby*—three; "40—*Henry VIII. and Catherine Parr*," a charming picture; the drawing fine, the colour mellow and sparkling, and the penciling delicately elaborate. We must, however, protest against the diminutive stature of the Queen; Mr. Derby has made her Majesty an absolute dwarf, much to the detriment of the effect; a certain degree of height is essential to grace as well as dignity: the artist has, in compensation, given us one of the best representations of the bluff tyrant which we have seen; Holbein may have been more accurate, but is not so elevated. "41—*The Bewildered Maid*," is far from a pleasing ideal; the figure and face are heavy, and the drapery is ill cast; the drawing is good and the penciling sweet. "131—*The Snake in the Grass*," after *J. Reynolds*, a brilliant copy. *H. Howard, R. A.*—

This charming painter exhibits one—"An Antwerp Girl" (47); it has much truth of nature; the colouring is clear and harmonious, and the handling broad and effective; but we prefer Howard's Greek and Florentine maidens to this Dutch beauty. G. Lance—two; "51—Fruit," very racy, but faded in tint; the freshness of the melon is gone, but the grapes are illusive: we saw this picture in its prime. "154—The Vanquished." The winged combatants are very exquisitely painted; the feathers, the down upon the breast, the bills, the sparkling eyeballs fraught with deadly animosity, are surprisingly correct. The dark and lurid sky, the broad trunk of the tree opposed to it, with the startled bird sailing through the air and giving shrill note of the contest, are poetically imagined. The position of the conqueror is not so happily designed; the bird with its long neck reared above its stricken-down enemy, its pinions confined in play and its body almost hidden, presents but an undignified spectacle; Mudie, that fascinating ornithologist, may, however, decide upon its accuracy: sufficient for us that the high merit of the picture counterbalances the defect. G. Leslie has four very clever specimens of "Still Life,"—pigeons and teal, &c. hanging against a wainscot—the birds capital, and the graining of the wood inimitable; no Dutch artist ever surpassed its fidelity. F. Danby, R. A., one only—"A View on the Thames" (the property of Mr. Nash), a sketch in quiet tone. J. Powell has several sweetly painted little landscapes; "70—Little Malvern Church," is a desirable morceau. F. Lines—two; "72—Head of a Lady," in chalk, beautifully drawn, and finely handled; "74—H. Clifton, Esq.," a bold, mellow, well defined portrait, in oil; the accessories judiciously introduced; we should have been glad to have obtained a nearer view of this picture; it is hung rather high for a close inspection of its merits. Copley Fielding has four of his admirable landscapes, full of charm and loveliness. Charles Day, "90—The New County Courts, Worcester"—the figures introduced are very tasteful and spirited. Robson, "91—Worcester, from Diglis," a most bewitching specimen, in the possession of the Bishop of Worcester. S. Astles—one; "94—Flowers" (in water colours), well grouped, richly coloured, and painted with a full, free, and flowing pencil; the characteristics marked with taste and accuracy; the butterflies are vivid and delicately wrought. Mr. Astles is an artist most deserving of patronage, and we trust that he will receive it in proportion to his merits. Edw. Everett—four pleasing, romantic landscapes. J. J. Chalou, A. R. A., "114—Church and Market-place of La Fusterie, at Geneva," so very clayey in colouring and (must we say it?) coarse in execution, that the many genuine merits of the composition are seen through a most unfavourable medium. Surely this accomplished artist—so capable of excellence—does not dream of adopting the style of this picture. T. C. Hofland—three; "118—Llangollen," an attractive view; 116—A clever "Moonlight;" and "175—The Upper End of Dovedale, Derbyshire," a very agreeable specimen of the artist. A. Fraser—two; among the principal features of the exhibition, "119—The Antiquary;" and "145—Teniers in his Study," pictures so well known to the public that description is needless; they are the artist's chefs d'œuvre, and the noble proprietor may be envied their possession. The flaws—for we are always detecting flaws—are the female figures and Teniers, the former have not the grace and loveliness of woman, and the latter is strangely uncouth in form and attitude. C. Hancock, an animal painter worthy of comparison with Edwin Landseer, has one small specimen, "119—A Visit to the Spring," a pensive girl, in deep dejection perusing a letter, while her faithful dog

lies crouched at her feet: the head seems a close transcript of nature, and there is much of affecting character in the countenance. *J. Phillips, R. A.*,—two portraits by this distinguished artist ornament the room; 133—that enterprising officer, “*Sir Edward Parry, R. N.*” an unrivalled head; a glory and master-piece of art: 129—a small cabinet-sized portrait of “*The Lord Lyttelton*,” finely and elaborately painted, but more of sparkle in the lights would be no injury to the effect; it is in a felicitous state for a few brilliant finishing touches. *R. Evans*, “125—*The finding of Æsculapius*,” a picture of considerable claim, and promising still better things. *E. Doe*—three enamels; “135—*The Young Queen of Portugal*,” from Sir Thomas Lawrence. *A. E. Chalon, R. A.*,—this favoured painter of grace, loveliness, and fashion, has one bewitching specimen of his pencil, an illustration of Moliere’s comedy of “*Les Précieuses Ridicules*,”—Scene X. a roguish valet imposing himself as a Marquess upon two credulous Parisian belles; and in the “borrowed plumes” making desperate love to both at the same time. An inimitable picture. *James Clements*—six miniatures of no ordinary pretensions. *J. Jackson, R. A.*, “143—*Dr. Adam Clarke*,” time appears to have had an injurious effect upon the tone of this head; at all events, though finely drawn, it is not a good specimen of the artist. *A. G. Vickers*, an artist whose fancy and historical subjects have acquired him much reputation, has apparently turned his attention to landscape; a pleasing little view, “*On the Sands at Boulogne-sur-Mer*,” is in the exhibition; there are also three other views marked in the catalogue by “*A. Vickers*.” *B. Barker*, “151—*Evening*,” a twilight scene full of lonely charms. *J. Coleman*—two; 152—a three-quarter portrait of a lady; great truth of nature is in this cleverly painted head: 157—a group of fish, most surprisingly effective; clear, silvery, and beautiful, the scales with their golden tinges, most admirably described. *J. Ward, R. A.*; “*The Interior of a Kitchen*” (161), in the artist’s usual excellent style. *Thos. Woodward*—two; “31—*A Rural Scene*,” a milkmaid charming an attentive rustic with a ballad—probably one of Burns’s; the cattle are rather heavy in form, but are well pencilled and coloured; the tone of the whole is harmonious. “162—*Aping the Jockeys*,” a trio of monkeys, with cap, whip, and jockey-boots, mounted upon three dogs, of different species, and making all speed to the goal; a little picture of merit and humour. *H. H. H. Horseley*—four; “109—*The Dead Canary*,” an incident of juvenile interest; 163—more matured in character—“*The Poet at Home*,” an inspired starveling in a cellar or an attic, for we cannot say which; &c. Two clever busts by *J. Stephens, jun.* 193 and 194, deserve attention. There are other artists to whom notice is due, but as it is we have exceeded our limits from an anxiety to do what justice we could. The local artists we have particularly included in our “*bird’s-eye*,” desirous that “their light should not be hid under a bushel,” and well knowing how difficult it is for provincial talent to make itself known beyond its own little circle. And surely it will be admitted that we have very daintily and courteously handed the reader through the room, and held up our glass to the walls. On the day that we last attended, we had the pleasure of finding the exhibition very duly appreciated by a galaxy of fair fashionables, whose elegant figures and fascinating features would do honour to the pencil of *Chalon*.

## REVIEWS OF PRINTS AND ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

“*Wolsey receiving the Cardinal's Hat in Westminster Abbey;*” in mezzotinto; engraved by William Giller, from the original picture by G. H. Harlow. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall.

This subject was peculiarly favourable to the development of Harlow's genius, and the picture he has produced is a splendid memorial of his powers. The venerable and imposing figure of the chief ecclesiastics, the majestic presence of Wolsey, the inspired countenances of the Bishop of Exeter and the Dean of St. Paul's, their gorgeous mitres, flowing beards and ample robes, contrast finely with the gallant and stately forms of the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, their martial heads, jewelled caps, courtly array, and proud chivalrous bearing; and the impression is completed by the fair youthful heads, bright looks, and undimmed expression of the attendant boys. The head of Howard of Norfolk is superb; the *Sforza of Titian* steals upon the mind in looking at it; it is of kindred stamp. The scene is laid before the high altar, and the accessories, the crucifix, the massy candlesticks, huge tapers, &c. &c., serve as rich subordinates to the composition. A fine breadth of sun-light falls in upon the principal personages, and while it lights up the figures of the new Cardinal, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Dean of Exeter, glancing over the features of those more retired, it serves as a balance to the commanding masses of shade. The print, finely engraved, is admirably calculated for framing, and would form a noble appendage to an apartment.

“*Fairy Mab;*” from H. Fuseli, R. A., by W. Raddon. Ackermann, Strand; Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall.

Drawn with great purity, and very exquisitely engraved with a sharp, clear, delicate line; the face and hands are beautifully made out; the tenderness of the flesh, and the supernatural light of countenance—that unearthliness of tone which is in the original picture, most skilfully sustained. Mr. Raddon has fully entered into the spirit of the painter, in a subject of extreme difficulty of management, and has at the same time displayed a genuine feeling of the real excellence of his art. There are no forced oppositions of black and white, nor is there any ostentatious parade of tooling, frequently mis-termed “brilliant;” all is fine repose, yet without the slightest approach to tameness or insipidity.

“*Hide and Seek;*” painted and engraved by James Stewart. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

A cluster of happy little rogues, boys as well as girls enjoying the old game in most gleesome spirit; a slender village child cautiously entering the cottage door, is about to commence her search, while her partners in the romp bustle under beds, chairs, &c. &c., to elude her observation. Pleasingly imagined and executed in Stewart's admirable style.

“*A Musical Bore;*” from E. W. Buss, by Robert Graves. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

Buss has a rich vein of the humorous in his composition, strongly developed, but never falling into caricature. The very beautiful engraving before us represents one of his clever and amusing designs. A fat, bald-headed enthusiast, with his soul in his eyes, at half-past two in the morning rouses the distracted household by his “fierce and furious” flourishing upon his favourite instrument; “deaf as Ailsa Craig” to the agonized remonstrances of his landlord, and utterly regardless of the apparition of his fair hostess with a chamber candlestick in one hand and a screaming infant in the other, he continues the war of sounds. The portrait of Handel look-

ing with horror at the murderer of science, adds to the comic impression of the incident. An extremely desirable print for the porte-feuille, and a fine specimen of the modern British School of engraving.

"*Studies from Nature*;" by J. Inskipp, engraved by C. E. Wagstaff. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street. Plates 1 and 2.

Two very charming heads from this original and deservedly admired artist. No. 1 represents a fair-browed girl with a large broad-brimmed hat tied under her chin; the face is seen in three-quarter, the eyes turned upon the spectator; a delicious air of sensibility and sweetness is diffused over the countenance. No. 2, a dark-eyed chubby little rustic, hat on head, leaning on a gate, the face in a front view. Beautiful gleanings from Nature, without a single particle of affectation, or the *false* picturesque to mar their effect. The plates deserve our highest encomium; they are imitabably engraved in the chalk manner, by C. E. Wagstaff.

"*Engravings from the Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds*;" by S. W. Reynolds. Part VIII. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall. (Monthly.)

We hail the successful prosecution of this work with pleasure; to the admirers of the President, and the friends of the British School, it is an interesting and valuable offering. The subjects in the present number are, the Countess of Carlisle, (very fine;) Mrs. Abington, (ditto;) Master John Crewe, as Henry VIII.; Sir Joseph Banks, (fine); and the group containing the portraits of Earl de Grey, the Earl of Ripon, and the Hon. Philip Robinson.

"*Illustrations of the Bible*," Bull and Churton, Holles Street. Part IV.

This number is equal to its predecessors; the subjects are of great interest. Martin's splendid scenery, his magnificent piles of architecture, his majestic wildernesses, and stupendous precipices, with the wild flight of his genius in the supernatural, and Westall's practical facility in delineating the human form, his taste and skill in composition, and accuracy in depicting the passions and emotions, produce a happy union of the requisites for a graphic illustration of "Holy writ." The engravers exhibit a laudable spirit of emulation, and nothing is neglected to render this series of miniature wood cuts worthy of patronage.

"*Fisher's National Portrait Gallery*." (New edition.) Parts I. to XIII. (Imperial 8vo.)

A national work conceived in a truly national spirit, and every way deserving of the popularity it has acquired. Three portraits (in some numbers four) elaborately executed from authentic originals, and accompanied by well-written memoirs, are here offered at the singularly low charge of two shillings and sixpence, or two thirds less than the price of Lodge's "Illustrious characters." The majority are finely engraved, and stamped with their legitimate value—accuracy of resemblance; some of the heads are admirable specimens of calcography. The autograph of the individual is appended to each, and the trio—the head, the hand-writing, and the history, aid in composing a "gallery" which must be matter of proud contemplation to every subject of Britain. Their Majesties' portraits are highly wrought, and genuine likenesses; the Princess Victoria, in her ninth year, is a charming little gem—sweet and placid, with an air of meditation natural and unobtrusive. Lord Eldon, firmly engraved by H. Robinson, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture; Sir R. Abercromby, from Hoppner, by Cook; Hannah More, from Pickersgill, by Finden; Lord Lynedoch, by Meyer, from Sir Thomas; Earl Grey, by Cochrane, from ditto; and a very capital head of Sir David Brewster, by W. Holl, from Raeburn, of Edinburgh, may be mentioned as the principal. Cochrane is an artist who has risen into just celebrity; he has produced so many beautiful proofs of his ability that we may be pardoned suggesting that in an anxiety to secure *delicacy of finish*, he is occasionally apt to impair the general impressiveness of his effect. Were his stippling a little bolder, as in Thomson's exquisite productions, and some others, his prints would be still more acceptable to the connoisseur. The spirit too frequently evaporates in the process of mechanical elaboration. We do not offer these remarks upon an individual artist, in depreciation of a valuable work submitted to our

opinion—a work which honorable in its design and fulfilment, presents claims of far more than ordinary magnitude to the patronage of the public. Its extensive diffusion leads us to presume that few Englishmen, proud of their country and its pre-eminence, are not possessors of “*the National Portrait Gallery.*”

“*Gallery of Portraits.*” (Under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.) No. XXV., June. London, Charles Knight, 22, Ludgate Street.

This is an admirable number of a most admirable work, not *strictly national* like Fisher's, but universally interesting. The portraits are the Chancellor Daguesseau, finely engraved by J. Mollison, from Mignard; Cromwell, that daring spirit among men, superbly engraved by E. Scriven; and the musician, poet, painter, sculptor and engineer, the immortal Da Vinci, by J. Posselwhite, from the print by Raffaele Morghen. An outline group, from the “*Battle of the Standard,*” the celebrated transcript of which, by Girard Edelinck, is well known to connoisseurs, and two or three clever little vignettes, are interspersed. Twenty-eight pages of letter-press, in the shape of memoirs accompany the plates. No. XXVI. of this highly attractive and really valuable series, contains very noble heads of Vauban; William III.; and Goethe; from Le Brun, Netscher, and Dawe, the Academician; beautifully engraved by W. Fry, W. Holl, and J. Posselwhite. The memoirs are of striking interest. This “*Gallery*” is invaluable, and in point of cheapness not to be surpassed.

“*Fishers' Picturesque Illustrations.*” 4th Series. Lake Scenery, Seats, &c., of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland, from original Drawings by Thomas Alton, with Historical and Topographical notices, by T. Rose. 4to. (Monthly.)

Of these exquisite illustrations it is indeed difficult to speak in terms of adequate eulogium. The scenery is not more enchanting than the execution is admirable; many of the plates exhibit all that the graver can effect in sparkle, delicacy, breadth, richness and harmony. Air and earth, wood and water; the multitudinous changes of atmosphere consequent upon difference of time and season, the picturesque incidents of light and shade, the hurried shower, the sudden beam, the vacillations of an April day, the gloom and menace of the mountain storm, all the adjuncts of scenery in which the poet and the painter find inspiration and loveliness, are discriminated with a truth and sentiment perfectly beyond praise. Middiman never produced any thing more fascinating or more elaborate than some of the gems before us; the spirit of the foregrounds, the lightness, beauty, and freedom of the foliage, the transparency of the water, the broad masses of the hills and wild uplands, the airy tenderness of the skies; the fleeciness of the clouds rolled together as a scroll by the strong breath of the hurricane, or floating tranquilly in the still air, are features of excellence in which these prints are not to be surpassed. The “*finish*” is the glitter of the diamond, yet there is nothing tame, cold or *metallic* in the effect, nothing of the mere mechanical excellence which a successful apprenticeship may acquire, and which is often substituted for the higher requisites of the art. The figures and animals are judiciously introduced, full of fire and attraction; the cattle and sheep are bijoux, portrayed with a fidelity of detail not only as to the general form but as to the individual species. Landscape figures, even among the first masters, are often either slight indications negligently thrown in, or laboured, ill-drawn and imagined: these are the reverse, and harmonize with their relative situations. The sportsman making his way through the heather; the angler by the deep stream; the shepherd driving his flock through the vale; the mariner, the gleaner, the fruit-picker, all have their appropriate place. The feudal fray, the sortie, the knightly gathering animate the mountain pass like the figures of Salvator, or appear to challenge the time-worn fortalice: again we have the bridal of olden times, the son of chivalry and the flower of loveliness escorted by a gallant retinue through the castle yard to the chapel; and, contrasting with these, we have the belles and beaux of modern days assembled in joyous groups at the spa, or regatta, or exploring some noble park or pleasure ground. Chalon need not disdain to countenance these little knots of fashionables. We may say without hesitation that a more captivating series

of modern views never came under our eye ; they are in their class, literal miracles of art, and when we discover that *eight* of these exquisite productions with letter-press, are attainable for *two shillings*, we are utterly at a loss to express our surprise : to the lover of art two shillings would be but a moderate demand for a single specimen. England and Ireland owe much to the publishers of this splendid volume, and its companion, "Ireland illustrated ;" the taste, spirit, liberality and generous enterprise of these gentlemen have produced a work which, gratifying to our national feelings, must render remote nations as intimately acquainted with the sublime and beautiful scenery of the two countries, as it is possible to be from engraved delineation. While we offer a just tribute to the artist whose admirable drawings have been thus happily translated on copper, we feel that to pass over his coadjutors would be to sanction a neglect too common, though manifestly injurious and unfair ; we subjoin a list of the names we have seen, and cannot do so without remarking that so great has been the strife of rivalry that to adjudge the palm of superiority would be a matter of long and anxious deliberation. The names are given as we set them down, without attaching distinction to priority. W. Le Petit ; S. Lacey ; W. Miller ; W. Taylor ; W. Tombleson ; R. and J. Sands ; J. Jeavons ; W. Floyd ; A. W. Graham ; J. Thomas ; J. C. Bentley ; E. Challis ; C. Mottram ; M. J. Starling ; H. Bond ; and J. W. Lowry.

"*Illustrations to the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.*" London : Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, &c. 8vo. (Monthly.)

Five plates ; 1, the hall at Abbotsford, from Roberts, by Jeavons ; 2, "Margaret of Branksome," not one of the inimitable Chalon's happiest productions ; the face is meagre, the eye tumid, the left hand disproportionately small, and the ear is not the exquisitely formed ear of "the peerless fair." The print is beautifully engraved by James Thomson, and by many will be esteemed the principal charm of the number. 3, is cleverly executed by Adlard, from a drawing by J. H. Nixon : the artist has not been eminently successful in his design, his power as a draughtsman is as yet immature : 4, by Cleghorn, from Pugin, is of value to the antiquary : 5, Waterloo, from Cooper, by H. C. Shenton, is perhaps the gem of the whole. The work is one of uncommon interest, and, considering the price, the merit of the engravings is extraordinary. An appendix to the "Illustrations" has made its appearance, and, as descriptive of the prints, constitutes a very requisite companion,

"*Memorials of Oxford : Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Colleges, Churches, and other Public Buildings ;*" edited by the Rev. James Ingram, D. D., President of Trinity College ; with engravings by Le Keux, from original drawings by F. Mackenzie. Oxford, J. N. Parker ; London, Charles Tilt, &c. 8vo. No. XX. (Monthly.)

An interesting and portable record of this venerable and beautiful city. The present number contains two views by Le Keux, viz. "the west front" and "the chapel, &c." of Lincoln College ; with three vignettes on wood, by Jewitt. The prints by Le Keux are most delicately engraved, perhaps to an excess, a little more depth and freedom of handling in the foregrounds, and principal masses, with a few sharp touches on the tracery of the windows and other leading details, would wonderfully improve the spirit of these attractive *morceaux*. Le Keux knows how to avail himself of the hint. The descriptive notices are brief but accurate ; dates, names and dimensions being carefully preserved.

"*Newstead Abbey ;*" by L. Haghe, from M. Webster. A. Barber, Nottingham.

An interesting and very charming lithograph.

"*The Botanic Garden ;*" by B. Maund, F. L. S. Patronized by Her Most Gracious Majesty. No. 115. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court.

This most elegant and accurate work progresses with characteristic excellence, presenting a charming assemblage of botanical favorites. The



engravings are exquisitely delicate and beautiful, and the tinting in the most finished and tasteful style : the great difficulty of colouring subjects of natural history in periodical works, is to give *truth* without *gaudiness* ; brilliancy and variety of hue, so frequently combined in a single flower, plant, bird or insect, are formidable trials of skill, and we cannot refrain from expressing the extreme satisfaction we have had in examining the "Bordered Edition" of Mr. Maund's invaluable and charming publication. There is not the slightest tendency to coarseness or heaviness of colour in the specimens before us ; the pencil of taste as well as of science, has presided over their delineation. "The Botanic Garden" with its estimable accompaniment of letter-press, is a work worthy of the Royal patronage it has acquired ; and we cordially recommend it to the attention of those who admire beautiful fac-similes of beautiful plants, as well as to the kind greetings of botanists. We are glad to perceive by a notice on the cover, that *all the back numbers* are procurable, so that no possible disappointment in completing a set can occur.

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### CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Autobiography, Times, Opinions, and Contemporaries of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., PER LEGEM TERRÆ, Baron Chandos, of Sudeley, &c.* 2 vols. London : Cochrane and M'Crone. 1834.

He who writes his own history is usually supposed to leave out the dark shades of his character, and to exhibit only such portions of it as may tend to elevate not degrade him in the opinion of society. For this reason, however entertaining Biography may be to the general reader, he usually gets up from the perusal with the conviction that the fair side only is brought into view, and rationally infers that none but an idiot would expose his weaknesses, his follies, and his vices, to the scrutiny of the world.

It is this impression which usually renders all the attempts of Autobiographers abortive—and their effusions are read as compositions of imagination, not for their truth and moral reflections—but for the sake of the gossip likely to be scattered through their pages, or for the terse and polished language with which they may happen to be imbued.

With the work under consideration, however, the literary reader will be impressed with a different feeling. In these volumes he will discern the workings and throes of a deeply read, thoughtful, and supremely gifted man, whose sensibilities and disappointments are depicted with the attributes of high-wrought genius and deep reflection.

It is melancholy to think how acutely the sense of suffering is aggravated when misfortune falls on the intellectual and the contemplative. Disappointed hopes and unsuccessful plans, bringing with them, as they invariably do, the contumely, the injustice, the detraction, and the scorn of mankind, never come with such bitter and harrowing cogency as when they assail spirits of this transeu-

dent order. The gay, the coarse-minded, the inconsiderate, the fortunate, and the callous, will vainly endeavour to appreciate the feeling, intense and ardent almost to frenzy, which corrodes and wastes the heart of the enthusiastic visionary.

Some men there are who consider there is no actual deprivation in life save that of health and wealth—that all else is imaginary—the vapour and conceit of dreaming folly. To such beings the life of Sir Egerton Brydges will be deemed a medley of vanity and affectation, because they only look at the surface of things, and have no idea of scrutinizing those minute shades and almost imperceptible gradations of contemplative abstraction which develop thought, feeling, and character.

Of the state of his mental perception at different periods of his existence, we quote Sir Egerton Brydges's own narration:—

“My sensitiveness from childhood was the source of the most morbid sufferings, as well as of the most intense pleasures. It unfitted me for concourse with [the companionship of] other boys, and took away all self-possession in society. It also produced ebbs and flows in my spirits, and made me capricious and humoursome; and the opinions formed of me were most opposite—some thinking well of my faculties, others deeming me little above an idiot. I was so timid on entering into school, and my spirits were so broken by separation from home, and the rudeness of my companions, that in my first schoolboy years I never enjoyed a moment of ease or cheerfulness. At Canterbury, however, I was next to C. Abbott, (afterwards Lord Tenterden) the head of my form.”

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“The years from 1785 to 1791 were not amongst the most dangerous, but amongst the most wearisome and low-spirited of my life, and those on which I look back with the most regret;—in which my pride was most mortified, and my self-complacence most disturbed. The years from twenty-two to twenty-nine ought to have been the most vigorous period of life: with me it was a fall of faculties which I cannot contemplate without deep debasement. I remember how I pored over ‘Dugdale’s Baronage’ during that time, and transcribed pedigrees from the British Museum! The consequence was, that I sunk in the estimation of the few who knew me into the character of a mere compiler. I suspect that I did so even in my own estimation. I can scarcely account for the spell that broke through this superincumbence. It was a mist that broke it too!—a walk of an October morning through the thickest grey vapours I ever encountered. Then it was that the outline of the tale of “Mary de Clifford” darted upon me; and I went home and wrote the first sheet, and sent it to the printer in London by that post.”

The losses in the common concerns of daily life by that abstractedness which books and airy visions never fail to fasten on literary men, occasion the following severe philippic against his bailiff:—

“Taking up the amusement of agriculture on a large scale, without looking into my bailiff’s accounts, or attending to the details of the management, I lost very large sums of money by it, notwithstanding that during all that time the prices of corn and stock were very high. Bailiffs and stewards are very willing to receive everything and disburse nothing: when anything is to be paid they always come upon the master. No receiver of money will be honest, unless he is very sharply looked to: and in making up a long account, a cunning man can turn the balance either way in a surprising manner, as I have lately discovered to my utter astonishment and great loss. Within a few days of writing this passage, I have discovered a fraud of this kind practised against me to the amount of £2,200, and upwards, by means of calculations made by parties of whom I should not have had the least suspicion. But practised agents habitually do this, and in a course of ten or twenty years may thus absorb the largest fortune. It is common for these vile agents thus

to swindle two or three thousand pounds a-year, by means of alleged disbursements of what they never paid, so that it is necessary to call strictly for every voucher, and most carefully to examine it.—I have an aversion to accounts, and nothing but the most pressing necessity can induce me to examine them. An agent soon finds out this, and step by step goes on from robbery to robbery, till nothing will satisfy the rapacity of his appetite. The difficulty of the task accumulates from day to day; and who, that shrinks from examining a month's accounts, will undertake to examine those of a year?"

At the early age of twenty-two Sir Egerton Brydges married, and without an income adequate to expensive and careless habits, it will not create surprise that he was constantly involved in pecuniary difficulties. According to his own statement, he could not "sift bills, cast up accounts, examine prices, nor make bargains"—and if a man cannot do these things, the riches of Cræsus will not save him from beggary. The influence this state of affairs had on his spirits, his health and his happiness, he describes very forcibly, and with all the truth of nature. His excess of expenditure beyond his income he attributes to carelessness—but there are various other causes by which genteel and even splendid fortunes may be absorbed—amongst these are vanity and a false notion of the character of mankind. Truly does he say—

"A mind not sound is apt to value others according to their station and riches; and as there is a natural passion in mankind to be well estimated, they are thus compelled to put on outward appearances, which may induce the belief that they possess a consideration and wealth which do not belong to them. The mind that cannot purify itself from these vapourous delusions must be unhappy. Right thinking, therefore, and dignity of sentiment on these important subjects, which occur every day of our lives, are absolutely necessary to our moral well-being. Mankind always take the ill-natured side, and confound the expenditure of carelessness and erroneous calculation with the expenditure of vanity. There is nothing therefore more unfortunate, from whatever cause it proceeds, than excess of expenditure beyond income. The greater part of the harpies of society live and gorge themselves by taking advantage of this imprudence. Half the population of London live upon it; three-fourths of the ravenous lawyers live upon it; all sorts of agents live upon it; and half the demoralization of society is generated by it.—Pecuniary embarrassment weakens and chains the mind; and perhaps the worst effect of all is in the indignities to which it subjects its victim. There is no rule of life, therefore, more urgent than to avoid it; nor has a careless man the slightest suspicion of what may be the effect of overlooking a comparatively slight error."

The following extract from the second volume exhibits the author's intimate knowledge of mankind in the different tastes and feelings evinced on literary subjects:—

"I am aware that there is great difference of taste among readers as to the sort of matter which is most interesting in autobiography. The greater part like facts; the better part like opinions, reflections, and sentiments. The reason is, that facts are more easily understood than what is intellectual. But the chances are, that he who has had an eventful life has little to say which is instructive to others.—Some may remark on this, that then essays would be better than biography, and that it would be preferable to have the whole matter general at once. But when associated with an individual life they have something of a personified animation, and the force of individual feeling and experience. We want to know of an author, who has written on subjects extraneous to himself, what are his own private convictions and sentiments. I believe that this curiosity is very generally prevalent."

There is a melancholy tone in the following observations which is peculiarly indicative of the author's general frame of mind when not stirred up by any peculiar excitement.

"But no author can surely anticipate where he shall please or displease. He can do no more than seek for truth, without looking to the right or left. Folly, and flattery, and falsehood, will be discovered and laid bare, though they may gratify the momentary appetite of the multitude. He who pursues his mournful path undauntedly amid storms, and chills, and blights, will awaken some sympathy and some good wishes. Whatever disperses the mists of the mind gives some amusement and cheer of spirit. We can accompany a recluse sage in his fate, and in our imagination sit with him in his solitude, and partake his melancholy reflections, his complaints, and his regrets. We are soothed by finding that wisdom and talent are sometimes as weak and helpless as ourselves; and that the haughty frown of genius cannot throw off adversity, and insult, and neglect."

Genius and abilities, Sir Egerton Brydges justly contends, are given as lights to the world, not merely as auxiliaries to man's own individual aggrandizement.

"The intellectual powers of man are not given merely for self: they are not intended to aid his own cunning, and craft, and intrigues, and conspiracies, and enrichment. They will do nothing for these base purposes. The instinct of a tiger, a vulture, or a fox, will do better. Genius and abilities are given as lamps to the world, not to self. I cannot contain my indignation at those vile wretches who contend that a man cannot have sound abilities if they have not taught him to play the part of his own personal interests well."

Something will be expected, perhaps, in the shape of critical disquisition. There never was a publication issued from the press that could withstand the rigid test of searching criticism. To assert, therefore, that Sir Egerton Brydges as a writer is faultless, would be an impeachment on our judgment. In some parts there is an inaccuracy of style, a pompous verbosity, which is less pardonable in a practised than an inexperienced writer, and there are also interspersed occasionally some verbal negligences. Taken as a whole, however, it would be unjust to withhold the praise of nervous and elegant language—and the construction of the sentences in general is singularly felicitous. Objections and powerful objections there are as a literary composition against that interminable recurrence of egotistic phraseology which pervades all its pages—but it may be fairly asked how a writer of autobiography can avoid a defect of this description? He professedly sets out with the intention of recording his own actions and feelings, and this therefore is the fault of the subject, not the composition. There are a few sonnets, of which our limited space will not allow us to give a specimen—but these are absorbed in the more extensive interest of the times, opinions, and contemporaries of the writer. Altogether this work cannot fail to excite the attention and gratification of the gentleman and scholar, as well as the general reader.

"*History of British Costume*;"—forming part of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. By J. R. Planche. Charles Knight, Ludgate Street. 1834.

A work of greater research, on a limited scale, or one embodying more graphic information, has rarely issued from the public press. With great chronological accuracy, it commences from that early period when the Cimbrians and the Celts wandered from the shores of the Thracian Bosphorus to the northern coasts of Europe, and passed, some from Gaul across the Channel, others through the German Ocean to these islands—interspersed with a few slight and scattered notices by the Greek and Latin Writers, and an occasional passage in the Welsh Triads. No speculation is indulged in to give it an exclusive interest with the ingenious and the antiquary—there is nothing but what can be grasped and retained with the utmost facility by the unlearned as well as the inquisitive reader. It is curious and instructive to trace the various gradations of civilization in all the uses and arts of life from a period so remote to the present day; and to such as delight in these pursuits, the perusal of this work cannot fail to afford much mingled information and amusement. To give an extract from this publication is a somewhat difficult undertaking, it being one of continued concatenation—however, the following chance-directed pages will fully explain the tone and character of this amusing production.

“REIGN OF EDWARD III., A. D. 1327—1377.

“*Effigy of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey.*

“The reign of Edward III. is one of the most important eras in the history of Costume. The complete changes that take place in every habit, civil or military, render its effigies and illuminations more distinctly conspicuous than those perhaps of any other period, from the conquest to the days of Elizabeth. The effigy of this great monarch is remarkable for its noble simplicity. The number of the royal vestments does not exceed that of his predecessors, but their form is rather different. The dalmatica is lower in the neck and shorter in the sleeves than the under tunic, and the sleeves of the latter come lower than the wrist, and are decorated by a closely-set row of very small buttons, the continuation of a fashion of the reign of Edward I. His shoes or buskins are richly embroidered, and his hair and beard are patriarchal. He bears the remains of a sceptre in each hand; the crown has been removed or lost from the effigy.

“The habits of the nobility in general were by no means so simple. The long robes and tunics of the preceding reigns vanished altogether, and a close-fitting body garment, called a *cote-hardie*, buttoned all the way down the front, and reaching to the middle of the thigh, became the prevailing dress of the higher classes. It was sometimes magnificently embroidered, and the splendid military belt was worn by every knight, buckled across the hips over this new and peculiar garment. From the sleeves of this *cote*, which sometimes only descended to the elbow, (discovering the sleeves of an under vest or doublet, buttoned from thence to the wrist,) depended long slips of cloth, generally painted white in the illuminations, which were called *tippetts*, and over this dress was worn occasionally a mantle, exceedingly long, and fastened by four or five large buttons upon the right shoulder, so that when suffered to hang loose it covered the wearer entirely to the feet; but the front part being thrown back over the left shoulder, it hung in folds behind, and formed a sort of *cape* upon the breast, as may be seen in the effigy of William of Hatfield, son of Edward III., who was buried in York cathedral. His mantle is cut at the edges into the form of leaves, a fashion very prevalent at this period. The frequent tournaments and pageants of this time, as Mr. Strutt observes, contributed not a little to promote the succession of new fashions. The knights who attended them from all parts of Europe, were usually decorated with some quaint

device suggested by gallantry, and endeavoured to outstrip each other in brilliancy of appearance."

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"In the thirty-seventh year of this reign, A. D. 1363, the commons exhibited a complaint in parliament against the general usage of expensive apparel not suited either to the degree or income of the people; and an act was passed by which suitable regulations on this head were enforced with heavy penalties for their infringement."

"Caps of several shapes continue to be worn, and the knight's *chapeau* is frequently met with in nearly its present heraldic form; but one of the most important novelties in civil costume is the occasional appearance of feathers—or rather a feather—for it is always single, and generally worn upright in front of the bonnet or cap. Beaver hats are spoken of about this time. They were probably manufactured in Flanders, and these caps and hats were frequently worn over the capuchon. The golden chaplets or fillets round the heads of princes or princesses of the blood royal begin to be surmounted with pearls or leaves about this period, and assume the form of coronets, but without uniformity of pattern to distinguish the particular rank."

"The habits of the ladies of this reign were exceedingly sumptuous and extravagant, 'passing the men in all manner of arrais and curious clothing;' and several distinct fashions appear to have existed at the same period. One consisted of the gown or kirtle, with tight sleeves, sometimes reaching to the wrist, sometimes only to the elbow, and, in the latter case, with the same pendent streamers or tippets attached to them, that we have noticed in the dress of the other sex. The gown was cut rather lower in the neck, fitted remarkably close to the waist, and was occasionally worn so long, not only in the train but in front, as to be necessarily held up in walking. Another, and newer fashion, was the wearing of a sort of spencer, jacket, or waistcoat, for it resembles either, or rather all three, faced and bordered with furs, according to the rank of the wearer. It has sometimes sleeves reaching to the wrist, at others it seems to be little more than the skeleton, if we may so speak, of a garment, with long and full skirts, wanting sides as well as sleeves, or at least the arm-holes cut so large that the girdle of the kirtle worn under it is visible at the hips. The *cote-hardie* was also worn by the ladies in this reign, buttoned down the front like that of the men, sometimes with tippets at the elbow, and there is an appearance of pockets in some of the illuminations of this period. At the tournaments and public shows the ladies rode in party-coloured tunics, one half being of one colour, and the other half of another, with short hoods and *liripipes* (the long tails or tippets of the hoods) wrapped about their heads like chords [cords.] Their girdles were handsomely ornamented with gold and silver, and they wore small swords, 'commonly called daggers,' before them in pouches, and thus habited they were mounted on the finest horses that could be procured, and ornamented with the richest furniture. The fashion of wearing daggers stuck through pouches became very general amongst knights and gentlemen about this period; and we may therefore fairly presume, that the ladies then, as now, affected male attire in their riding habits, with peculiar alterations, caprices of their own, which were in turn eagerly caught at and imitated by the fops and gallants of the day."

"The military habits of this reign present several striking novelties—amongst others, the casing of the body so nearly in complete steel, that plate armour may be said to commence from this period—unequivocal testimonies of the chivalric spirit of the age, and the splendour with which it was considered incumbent and politic to invest the honourable profession of arms.—The principal causes of the adoption of plate armour were, according to Sir S. Meyrick, the excessive weight of the chain mail, with its accompanying garments. Indeed it was so great that the knights sometimes sank under it, suffocated with the heat, as well as the burden. The new steel-back and breast-plate enabled the wearer to dispense with the hauberk and the plastron, and the jupon was a much lighter and less cumbrous garment than either the surcoat or *cyclas*. Besides, if of well-tempered metal, the plate could not be pierced or pushed into the body of the knight, as the hauberk was apt to be if the gambeson or hacketon was imperfect underneath, the breast only having at that time the additional protection of a steel plate. This great improvement was of Italian origin. The Florentine annals give the year 1315 as the date of a new

regulation in armour, by which every horseman who went to battle was to have his helmet, breast-plate, gauntlets, cuisses and jambes, all of iron, a precaution taken on account of the disadvantage which their cavalry had suffered from their *light* armour at the battle of Catina, so that what was adopted by them to supply a deficiency was assumed by the soldiers of Northern Europe as a relief from their superabundance of defensive armour."

To Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, amongst other eminent writers on antiquity, it appears that the author has been particularly indebted; and the history of ancient armour, with the wood-cut illustrations, is chiefly taken from that learned gentleman's collection, at Goodrich Court, in Herefordshire. The costume of the original inhabitants of the British islands, and the critical inquiry into ancient arms and armour, are acknowledged also to have been derived from the same luminous source.

Having extended this article far beyond our prescribed limits, we can add little more than our testimony to the usefulness of the work, and to the ability and patience of the compiler. Previously to the publication of a second edition, however, we would recommend a careful revision of the pages, for however we may admire, as antiquaries, the style and matter of the composition, we are not such admirers of the old school as to fall in love with disjointed sentences, or with loose, careless, and incorrect phraseology. We ought to mention that the wood-cuts with which this small book is interspersed are executed with much ability.

*An Introductory Lecture on the Anatomy and Functions of the Nervous System of Man and the Inferior Animals, delivered extempore before the Members of the Literary and Scientific Institution, Worcester, on Monday, May 12th, 1834, by E. A. Turley; (published at the request of the Committee) from the short-hand Notes of Mr. William Pare.*

The subject of this lecture is one not confined to medical and scientific men only, but from the extensive diffusion of science within the last few years, has become familiar to almost all classes of society—Mr. Turley has therefore very properly disincumbered it from as much technicality as possible, and rendered it clear to the comprehension of all orders and degrees of men. Perhaps the best eulogy that can be given to the lecturer is the announcement of the fact that the applause of the listening auditory was unbounded—and to mark their sense of the gratification they had received, they unanimously requested that Mr. Turley would take the trouble to commit to paper the essence of his lecture, for the purpose of its being printed for the use of the members and the public generally. In this solicitation that gentleman obligingly acquiesced—however a short-hand writer having been present, the notes were taken from that source—and the pamphlet is now to be looked at as a scientific work subject to the ordeal of critical investigation—hastily put together, it is true, for we believe it was in the press a few days after its delivery—but literary scru-

tinizers are seldom disposed to make that enlarged allowance for circumstances which authors so often require. We had a strong inclination to quote many passages of the pamphlet—but as we find our space will not allow of this mode of proceeding, we have only selected such a detached portion of it as our already crowded pages will allow.

After speaking of irritability, of the structure of the nerves generally, of vegetative nerves, of the nerves of the senses, of the spinal chord, of the circulation of the blood, and of the brain and some of its functions—the lecturer thus proceeds :—

“ It now behoves me to speak of that strange structure in which reside the powers of the mind. I speak of the powers or apparatus of the mind advisedly, for when I first used the term ‘ apparatus of mind,’ some persons were startled, imagining that I intended thereby to speak of mind in its essence. It is impossible, however to conceive that the Creator should have given all the peculiarities of mind to man without a *material agent*. Yet, I wish it to be clearly understood, that I do not mean to speak of, or believe in, the materiality of mind, but only of its instrument or agent, by which it is brought into connection with a *material world*. Of the essence of the mind and of the soul, from anatomy, I can learn nothing, having no faculties capable of discovering either in the examination of the brain ; and this brings me to the threshold of Phrenology, respecting which I will just observe, that if I thought its study could shake one link in that chain of belief which the creature has in the bounty, and wisdom, and power of his Maker,—or, if I thought it would loosen the ties of morality and religion, I would, had I the power, hurl the demon of Phrenology, and scatter its fragments, to the extremity of space. But no, there is no more danger to be apprehended to Christianity from an examination of the curious and beautiful structure of the brain, and the nervous system acting upon it, and calling forth from their seat the various phenomena of mind, than there is in examining the structure and properties of a blade of grass, or any other object in which the Creator has thought proper to exhibit to us his wisdom and his power.”

This quotation will manifest both the matter and the style—and we should be wanting in strict justice if we did not say that the pamphlet is highly creditable to the scientific knowledge of the author.

*The Archer's Guide*, containing full instructions for the use of the Bow, the choice of Arrows, and all information essential to a proficiency in the graceful and fashionable pastime of Archery. With illustrative plates. By an old Toxophilite. Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.

Archery has of late become so fashionable an amusement, and is so much patronized by the ladies, that we cannot pass by this small but valuable treatise, without alluding to its interest and its usefulness. Of course it is not possible that theory alone can accomplish an archer ; yet it must be allowed to be an advantage to a novice to have the opinions of the experienced, as to the choice of bows and arrows, the best mode of practice, the effects of wind and weather, the method of taking aim, the attitudes to be avoided, &c. arranged for his perusal and guidance, previously to commencing on his exercise. Indeed, the glossary of the technical terms and phrases used in archery, would alone render such a compilation of unquestionable value to him.



*The Works of Robert Burns, with his Life*, by Allan Cunningham.  
London: Cochrane and M'Crone, Waterloo-place. 1834.

In the true spirit of a Scotchman, Mr. Cunningham has produced and given to the world, his life and works of "the national bard" of Caledonia. That the former was *scarcely* necessary must be generally admitted; all that could well and wisely be said of the poet was said before Cunningham took the pen in his hand to rescue the fame of his countryman from the censures of less prejudiced writers; but the edition of *the latter*, enriched with nearly *one hundred and fifty* original poems, and rendered still more complete, curious, and valuable, by being thickly interwoven with various readings, illustrative criticism, and notes biographical and historical, is certainly an inestimable gift to the people of Scotland and the admirers of genius. "Cunningham's edition of Burns" is the one which we would purchase ourselves, and recommend to another; not so with his "Life," for however acceptable it may be on the north of the Tweed, it is too glowing, too eager, too inconsiderate in its partiality to be received unhesitatingly by us of the south. In spite of numerous little adroitnesses and precautions, the blaming where blame is a feather, the candid admission of errors in agricultural speculations, the pointing out flaws perceptible through the microscope only—in spite of these and a thousand similar manœuvres, the zeal of the idolator is apparent, and we feel that he has bowed down to, and worshipped the "graven image" which his own hands have erected. As might have been surmised, the halo of poetry and romance, a something which we are sensible is *unreal*,—glittering, fantastic, and visionary, floats round this memoir. The lights and shades, the positions, the expression,—all are too studied—too much after *the picturesque* to be otherwise than artificial—of this we should have been convinced *from internal evidence* alone, but all preceding accounts of the peasant-bard reduce mere presumption to sober certainty. The warmest friend of the poet, not utterly blind to the unfortunate lapses which flung a shade on his credit, and sowed the seed of his heavy crop of misfortunes, must admit that his townsman has taken his portrait most perfectly *con-amore*; correcting the rudeness of outline, harmonising the features, dispensing with the little drawbacks, purifying the complexion, straightening the nose, heightening the smile on the lip and the light in the eye, elevating the forehead, disposing the hair in the grand gusto, and throwing round the figure a certain air of the *distingué* which never did, nor could by any sorcery, appertain to the original. And, finally, to perfect his amiable attempt we see that he has placed it on an eminence, and flooded it with more than a mere natural lustre, calling upon all men to recognise, and burn incense before the deity he has set up. There is so much of commendable nationality in this fondness for the man, and enthusiasm for the bard, and so little error can, in reality, be promulgated by a memoir following the able and satisfactory accounts of which we are in possession, that we can with difficulty persuade ourselves to fence with the warm-hearted biographer, who labours earnestly to convince us that Burns was any thing but what he has been represented. We have been amused and interested by Mr. Cunningham's pages;—his gleanings, his anecdotes, and reflections, his chivalrous outbreakings in behalf of his gifted countryman, his ardent apostrophes, his palliations and pleadings, his yearnings of tenderness, his revellings in the bright hours of the bard, his ill-concealed dependency and regrets as the clouds of adversity gather and burst over the head of the unfortunate poet, and his ultimate exultation in the

wide-spread fame of him whom he somewhat paradoxically terms the "ploughman-lad," cannot be perused without interest, or observed without a portion of sympathy. For this reason "Cunningham's Life of Burns" will always be a book opened with eagerness, and recurred to with pleasure, although unavailable as a standard of authority for the character of the *man*.

In the advertisement to the volume last issued, Mr. Cunningham expresses a hope that "he will be found to have done his duty, and also to have rendered *the triumph of the poet's opponents at least a matter of doubt.*" If in this appeal to his countrymen Mr. C. points to the excessive affection with which he has treated the memory of Burns, as a proof of having discharged "his duty," he must be aware that the partialities of the land to which he has appealed, will recognise it with rapturous applause; but if he imagines that those who sacrifice *tenderness to truth* are "the opponents" of a misguided individual, he errs as widely as in venturing a hope that with the thinking part of the world, his varnished and very brilliantly coloured picture can destroy the impressiveness of less golden—but more accurate—delineations.

In our next number we purpose entering into a critical analysis of this entertaining biography; the work having passed into our hands at too late a period to permit of more than the few prefatory comments which we have here made. We may say, *en adieu* for the present, that every North Briton should place in his library a copy of Allan Cunningham's Burns, and every one anxious to possess a complete, genuine, and most exquisitely annotated edition of the works of the poet, should make choice of the same. The graphic embellishments, of which there are two to each volume, are of the first order; the portrait, from a picture by Nasmyth, painted in 1787, is a very brilliant specimen of line engraving from the rapidly-improving burin of Edwards; the resemblance is undoubtedly liable to the same memoranda as we have annexed to the limning from the pencil of Cunningham. The topographical illustrations are very charming, most deliciously engraved, and we need scarcely add, meet places for the inspiration of the bard, and the wanderings of "Coila." We shall advert, in detail, to their merits in our next: they are too beautiful to be passed over with a line of hurried remark.

*Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.* In a series of Letters written during a residence in those countries. By William Beckford, author of "Vathek." 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley. 1834.

This is not so much a history of sights and wonders—a mere guide-book—as a record of impressions. With a passionate love of the ideal and the spiritual, an enthusiast in every sense of the word, the author has succeeded in calling forth intense feeling—and has depicted in these volumes scenes with a richness of colour and of beauty, which taste, genius, and judgment, alone can furnish. The reader, while dwelling on its pages, will imagine himself in the regions of romance rather than exploring the so oft trodden ground of the mere traveller. Here are no dull records of the road, which usually make up a book of travels, nor any of those speculations which supply matter for the political or statistical tourist. Disregarding the men and things of cities, he turns his attention to objects which recal past times to his remembrance, and depicts the musings of a creative fancy and brilliant imagination with a force of feeling and animation irresistibly attractive. In the striking scenery of nature he revels with a poet's enthusiasm, and his familiar reflections are stamped with acuteness and novelty. Truly this is a gem of the first water.

*An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales.* By John Dunmore Lang, D. D. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: Cochrane and M'Crone. 1834.

This is an account of what New South Wales has been and is at the present time, not collected from previously written books, but imparted by one who has lived through a great part of the history which he details, in the very capital of the colony. Such knowledge of the period which did not come under the author's own observation, he has derived chiefly from the lips of persons who mixed in the transactions recorded, or before whose eyes they passed. A long residence in the country has made him perfectly familiar with its physical and its moral characteristics, with its geography, as far as that has been ascertained, with its rapidly progressive agriculture, its manners, its politics, and all the other particulars of its social condition.—To his book itself we must refer our readers for a full detail of his arduous and persevering struggles for the great object on which he had set his heart—the establishment of the first seminary for dispensing education in the higher branches of literature and science throughout his adopted country. In this project he finally succeeded—the Australian College is established, and promises in due time to be a flourishing institution.—Altogether we consider this the most complete and able account of New South Wales (deducting some few blemishes of intolerance on speculative points, which slightly mar the detail) that has yet been published of that colony. The interest of the work is increased by the number of anecdotes with which it abounds, and which may, in fact, be rightly called the author's life and adventures—and the impress which it bears, of a mind eager and enthusiastic in its views and pursuits, but on all occasions manly and honourable.

*The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Crabbe, with his Letters and Journals, and his Life,* by his Son. Vol. 6. Murray.

Justly has it been said that the world never beheld a poet so true to nature, so rich in fine benevolent feeling, yet so painful in the perusal, as Crabbe. In his pages the tempest of passion is never raised, the madness of frenzied feeling never bursts forth in uncontrollable fury; but we see care, and anxiety, and hopes half-buried in the ashes of their own fires, crowded together, each emptying its own corrosive phial into a heart bruised and broken by afflictions, which seem suspended over the heads of all mankind. It is that peculiarity in Crabbe's pictures of life, which gives them so painful a character. He does not seize the heart, and hold it forth lacerated and bleeding, with an appeal to our sympathies; nor does he present it to us in its fierce writhings, that we may watch its workings: he gently raises the bosom's veil, and sitting down before it, marks its hidden springs, its secret movements, its gradual sinkings, from meanness to error, from error to vice, and from vice to infamy.—The poetry of Crabbe is too deeply imprinted on the memory of our readers to render it necessary to quote from its pages. The volume before us begins with the "Tales of the Hall," the most agreeable in design of all the author's poetical works. It is ornamented with two fine pictorial engravings, by Finden, from the pencil of Stanfield—the one a commanding view of Belvoir Castle, and the other of Beccles Church.

*A Monograph of the Testudinata*, by Thomas Bell, F. R. S., Fellow of the Linnean, Geological, and Zoological Societies; Corresponding Member of the Society of Natural History of Paris, and Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy, at Guy's Hospital. Folio, Parts I. to VI. London: J. Halinbourg, Southampton-street, Strand.

This splendid and valuable description of the Tortoise tribe is intended to supply a link hitherto deficient in the chain of Zoological observation. In an introduction of considerable interest, Mr. Bell comments upon the want of a work similar to the one he has so admirably commenced, and accompanies the explanation of his design with apparently well-founded strictures upon the writers who have preceded him on the subject. Linnæus, Gmelin, Schneider, Wallbaum, Lacépède, Schœpff, Latreille, Sonnini, Daudin, Shaw, Brongniant, Geoffroy, Opper, Schweigger, Merrem, Fitzinger, Wagler, and Gray, are the principal men of science who have directed their attention to the order *Testudo*, but elaborate as have been many of their researches, they have failed to establish any satisfactory authority regarding the very singular animals included under the denomination. The objections which, on this head, lie against these eminent writers, are pointed out with delicate decision, and are sufficiently valid to prove the necessity of the present addition to our Zoological library. Alluding to the tasks which direct the studies of individuals to particular branches of "natural knowledge" to the comparative exclusion of the rest, Mr. Bell proceeds thus—"Of the various branches into which the science of Zoology has thus been divided, Erpetology, or the study of the Reptilia, has perhaps been the most neglected. The superiority of organization in the Mammifera, with the interest attached to the habits of many species, and the utility of others, administering as they do to our daily wants or comforts,—the elegance of form, the splendour of plumage, and the sweetness of note, which renders the different families of birds so attractive, even the varied beauty of the shelly covering of the testaceous Mollusca,—but, above all, the endless varieties of form which characterize the insect tribes, and the never-ceasing fascination which the contemplation of their habits is calculated to excite, have necessarily attracted the devotion of most of the votaries of this delightful branch of natural knowledge." (Introduction, p. 1.) Speaking of the facility of his undertaking, the Professor remarks—

"In composing a Monograph of the present Order, there is no difficulty in ascertaining its exact limits, nor danger of committing the error either of introducing any individual belonging to any approximating group, or of rejecting as doubtful any one which really appertains to this. There is, in fact, scarcely any group of animals, which, according to our present knowledge, is so distinctly circumscribed by peculiarity of structure as the Testudinata. The circumstance of the limbs being placed within instead of on the outside of the trunk, and the osseous union of the ribs, forming a sort of bony box, including not only the viscera but the members, are characters which at once separate them from every other known group. Whether future investigations, either in recent or especially in fossil Zoology, may discover the links by which these singular animals are connected, by continuous affinity, with any of the groups from which at present they appear to be so distinctly separated, we cannot now even conjecture; but at present they certainly remain the most isolated Order, not only amongst the Reptilia, but perhaps in the whole kingdom.

"As the species which inhabit the continent of Europe and the seas which were navigated by its ancient inhabitants are but few, we look in vain to the classical writers on natural subjects for any but the most vague and uncertain notices respecting them. That the four species of marine turtles were known both to the

Greeks and Romans, is indeed scarcely to be doubted, as three of them are occasionally found in the Mediterranean, and the fourth, *Chelonica imbricata*, furnished their merchants with the precious tortoise-shell,—an article of luxurious decoration, which appears to have been much used in ornamenting the palaces and villas of the Roman nobles. The soft-bodied species of this family, *Sphargis mercurialis*, is common on the coasts of the Mediterranean, and is supposed to have furnished the body of the ancient lyre; and hence the tortoise was dedicated to Mercury, the fabled inventor of that instrument. It is, however, scarcely probable, that the ancients generally discriminated between the different marine species,—those three, at least, which are covered with horny plates,—excepting for the purposes of commerce." (Ibid p. iii.)

We regret that our limits do not admit of further extract; the descriptions are luminous, the specific characters being studiously detailed, and the errors of former naturalists corrected. The numbers are issued at intervals of two months, each containing five plates, or rather lithographic illustrations, and, from eight to ten individuals. These superb embellishments are drawn upon stone by E. Lear, after the original studies from life, &c., by James Sowerby; they are coloured by Bayfield, and it is quite impossible to give an idea of their most extraordinary beauty; the definition, the softness, the breadth, and withal the exquisite minutæ of the lithograph, the force, richness, and transparency of the colour, or the illusive accuracy of the delineations. One of the most striking in the number before us, is the "*Testudo Pardalis*," noticed for the first time by our author; it is indeed a magnificent specimen.—Upon glancing over a copy of the prospectus in French, we find the writer's intention so clearly expressed in a brief paragraph or two, that we think it well to transcribe them.

"L'Auteur se propose de représenter non seulement toutes les espèces déjà connues et classées, mais aussi les variétés les plus remarquables; certains individus, chez lesquels l'âge apporte des changemens considérables, seront aussi figurés jeunes et adultes. Comme nous l'avons déjà dit, les dessins seront, en général, faits d'après des sujets vivans; néanmoins nous avons à regretter que cette mesure si désirable ne puisse s'étendre à la totalité, plusieurs espèces n'étant connues que par des individus uniques, conservés dans les Musées. Dans ce cas, l'auteur aura recours aux meilleures sources, commençant par des sujets complets, puis des carapaces."

*The Naturalist's Library*, by Sir William Jardine, Bart. vol. v. Edinburgh, W. H. Lizars.

This volume, the third of the Ornithological series, is the first of the Natural History of the "gallinaceous birds," an order which includes "all the game birds and all our domestic poultry." Twenty-nine illustrations from the graver of Lizars, of Edinburgh, accompany the text; it is almost needless to speak of their merits—the reputation of the engraver is not of to-day or yesterday; his masterly plates to Williams's Tour in Greece would alone have distinguished his name. The landscape localities in the designs to the Naturalist's Library are in good taste, slightly but spiritedly indicated, and valuable as delineating the natural haunts of the bird. The colouring is unavoidably florid; but still might be more tenderly touched in some of the specimens, particularly where the trace of the burin has been entirely lost in the *density* of the pigment employed; in this the *haste* of the colourer is betrayed. However, with the trifling drawback we notice, they present vivid portraiture of this gaudy plumaged tribe; and the work is, from its cheapness, its multitude and excellence of embellishments, and accuracy of description, worthy of the extensive circulation it has attained. A very copious and admirable account of the celebrated Stagirite, from the pen of

the Rev. Andrew Crichton, with a head from a bust in Visconti's *Iconographie Grecque*, are prefixed to the volume. To point out defects, and spots and flaws in a work which has long since made its impression upon the public, is little more than a gratuitous assumption of critical nicety; we may therefore refrain from marking out a few inelegancies of expression, such as "the feel," &c. but we cannot pass over the want of true taste in heralding in *Audubon's* name with the prefix of "Mr." it is nearly as bad as "*Mr. John Milton, the Poet.*" Why not *Audubon only?*

*Illustrations of the Natural History of Worcestershire*, with information on the Statistics, Zoology, and Geology of the County, including a short account of its Mineral Waters, by Charles Hastings, M. D. Published at the request of the Council of the Worcestershire Natural History Society. Sherwood and Co. 1834.

We are perfectly conscious that an apology is due to our readers for the condensed notice which at the present time necessity compels us to take of this elaborate and scientific work. Had we not referred to the subject, it perhaps might have been imagined that we had neglected or overlooked it. Fully aware of the importance and estimation of such a production, we should most willingly have devoted our time and attention to an examination of its merits—but the gentleman to whom the review of this article was confided, had not completed it in time for the present publication, and its appearance is, therefore, unavoidably deferred until our next number.

*Outline of the Geology of Cheltenham, and its Neighbourhood.* By Roderick Impey Murchison, F. R. S., &c. &c. Murray. London, 1834.

The name of Mr. Murchison is a sufficient guarantee for the execution of any work on the subject of Geology. The one before us was published (as is stated in the Introduction) at the suggestion of several members of the Literary and Philosophical Institution of Cheltenham.

Taking the town of Cheltenham as a centre, with a radius of five or six miles, Mr. Murchison proposes to confine his observations to the formations contained within this circle. The rocks in this space being all marine sedimentary deposits, and occupying only a portion of the secondary class, the Geologist has necessarily a limited, though very interesting, field of investigation.

To our countryman, Mr. Wm. Smith, the Author pays a just tribute, in acknowledging that he first taught us to identify strata by "help of the imbedded organic remains;" a few lists of these are given in the course of the work; but the investigation of this district not having been much followed up, they are necessarily very incomplete; they serve, however, to give a stimulus to research, particularly as several new varieties have already been discovered.

Taking the strata in "descending order," Mr. Murchison commences with a description of the celebrated Stonesfield Slate, being the youngest solid strata of the district; then proceeding in regular descent through the Fuller's Earth, Inferior Oolite, and Lias; which is subdivided into—1. Upper Lias, or Alum Shale; 2. Marlstone; 3. Lower Lias Shale; down to the New Red Sandstone, or (Red Marl.)

After stating that the whole of these rocks are of mechanical origin, and are made up of a great number of beds or layers; he proceeds to remark, that each formation possesses an individuality of mineral cha-

racter, and differs from the rest in the nature of its organic remains; concluding by an explanation of those geological phenomena observable in the neighbourhood, such as *Dislocations*, *Deposits from Springs*, and the *Origin of the Mineral Waters of Cheltenham*.

*Hume and Smollett's History of England.* Vol. 6. London: A. J. Valpy, M. A. 1834.

The present volume, which, like the preceding ones, is extremely well got up, commences with a dissertation on the state of Europe on the accession of James I., and terminates with the journey of his successor, the unfortunate Charles, into Scotland. It is embellished with four fine engravings, representing the entry of James I. into London, executed by Warren, from a painting of Stothard's; the prevention of the emigration of Cromwell, by the same artist, from a piece by Tresham; and portraits of James and Charles—the former by Freeman, from Vansomer's picture; and the latter from a portrait by Vandyke.

*Lardner's Cyclopædia.* Vol. 55. Arithmetic by Dr. Lardner. Longman and Co. 1834.

Strictly scientific in its arrangement, and clear and simple in its language, this treatise on arithmetic exceeds in practical utility any similar publication with which we are acquainted. It is a common fault to teach students according to mechanical rules instead of impressing on them the nature and power of numbers. Dr. Lardner has avoided this error, and his explanation of arithmetical rules may be understood by the merest tyro. The pages on notation are extremely valuable, for it is the want of this practice which makes arithmetic so repulsive to the young. With some trifling alterations, this treatise would be admirably adapted to the use of schools.

*Minor Morals for Young People*—illustrated in Tales and Travels—by John Bowring. Whittaker and Co., Ave-Maria Lane. 1834.

In this little volume Dr. Bowring has aimed to familiarize the principles of Bentham's theory of morals to the rising generation, for which purpose he has collected a series of anecdotes, each of which illustrates a practical moral lesson. To those for whom these stories are designed, much entertainment will doubtless be afforded. The illustrations by George Cruikshank and William Heath are excellent.

*An Encyclopædia of Geography*, by Hugh Murray, F. R. S. E., illustrated by maps and engravings on wood. Part 5. Longman and Co. 1834.

This extremely useful and neatly got up monthly work has progressed in regular time to its fifth publication—and contains the concluding part of France, the whole of Spain, and part of Italy. The meed of praise is not only due to the typographical part of the number, but to the maps and wood engravings, which are beautifully executed. The names of the gentlemen in the different departments of science are of such high standing as to guarantee the due performance of the work in its future stages with all the excellence which distinguish the portions already published. This is a publication which only requires to be seen to be admired and patronized.

*The Gardener's Magazine, and Register of Rural and Domestic Improvement*, for July, 1834. Conducted by J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., H. S., &c. *The Encyclopædia of Gardening*, Part 8; and *The Architectural Magazine* for July, by the same Author. Longman and Co.

These works, so creditable and honourable to the intelligence and industry of Mr. Loudon, have this month the same fund of amusement and utility as distinguish all his former productions. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Mr. Loudon for the multiplicity of interesting and really *useful* works which he superintends with so much advantage to the public. If these three Magazines were *all* which he edits, they would be a monument of his indefatigable application—but it is well known that he is otherwise an author of celebrity, as his *Encyclopædia of Agriculture*, *Encyclopædia of Plants*, and *Magazine of Natural History*, will abundantly testify.

*A Catechism of Gardening*, in which the most useful Culinary Plants in cultivation, are enumerated; and the easiest methods of Management and Culture are familiarly described. Intended for the use of Village Schools and Cottagers. Written originally for the "British Farmer's Quarterly Magazine." By an Old Practitioner. 12mo. London, 1834.

In this work, Mr. Main appears to have greatly improved on the many tracts which have been published on the same subject. This is not only a useful but a cheap publication, and excellently adapted for its avowed purpose. It is very evident from the arrangement of this catechism that it is the wish and intention of the benevolent and intelligent author to extend a knowledge of horticulture to all those classes of society which the practice of it is sure to benefit—and we sincerely trust that it will produce the results anticipated.

*Dr. Calcott's Grammar of Music.* Hurst, London.

We have here before us an old work of lasting merit in a new form. Several other more voluminous publications have appeared since this first came on the stage; but for conciseness and practical utility the "Musical Grammar" may always be consulted with advantage by the student. The subject is divided into four parts, viz. :—Notation, Melody, Harmony, and Rhythm. The last of which we particularly recommend to the study of all practical musicians and singers, being a most essential, but, at the same time, neglected branch of musical education, without a knowledge of which all music, however perfectly executed in other respects, must be deficient in *expression*.

*Manual Labour, versus Machinery*, exemplified in a speech, on moving for a Committee of Parliamentary Inquiry into the condition of half a million Hand-loom Weavers, in reference to the establishment of Social Guilds of Trade; with an Appendix—containing Affidavits of General Distress, Rates of Wages and Prices of Provisions for a series of years, and a Demonstration of the Effects of Heavy Taxation on Human Industry, when subjected to competition with Untaxed Machinery. By J. Maxwell, Member for Lanarkshire. Cochrane and M'Crone. 1834.

A very important speech on moving for a Committee of Parliamentary Inquiry into the condition of half a million hand-loom weavers, was



made in the House of Commons, by Mr. J. Maxwell, the Member for Lanarkshire, which failing to attract the notice of the reporters, found its way into the public prints in a very crude and unintelligible shape. The Hon. Member has in consequence written the substance of his speech on that occasion, and with much valuable information appended to it, has published it in the shape of a pamphlet. The distressing, the painfully distressing condition of the artisans is set forth with the most appalling minuteness, and we shudder to think of the want of knowledge, or indifference, or at least inactivity to the subject, evinced on the part of those by whom only such a state of things can be alleviated. The case of these unfortunate petitioners is thus presented to the public, in the hope that the positive existence of a great amount of human misery, will command, not only the sympathy, but the active interference of the legislature.

*The Juror's Guide, or the Spirit of the Jury Laws*; pointing out the qualifications, duties, powers, and liabilities of Jurors in general, whether on Grand Juries, Special Juries, Petty Juries, or Particular Inquests. By a Barrister. Hurst, St. Paul's Church-yard.

An authentic and intelligible digest of the laws which regulate the ancient and highly-prized institution of trial by jury, cannot be received otherwise than with favour. The author claims no higher title for this production than that of a careful compilation—and in that character its usefulness cannot be questioned. It is fully equal to the modesty of its pretensions.

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#### FOREIGN CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Dr. Siebenpfeiffer. Ueber Erziehung und Unterricht—On Public Education and Instruction.* Bern, 1834.

Dr. Siebenpfeiffer is, in many respects, one of the most celebrated Germans now living. A brief sketch of his life may, possibly, excite some degree of interest, and enable the reader to form a just estimate of the importance attached on the continent to the work above quoted. Dr. Siebenpfeiffer was not originally bred a scholar. At an early period of his life he was employed as clerk by a receiver of taxes (a kind of departmental treasurer), a situation which only requires the usual requisites of an accountant. About the year 1814, the amiable daughter of a Professor of the University of Fribourg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, made a deep impression on the heart of the young clerk. Her father was a Mr. de Weisseneck, a man of considerable merit, who had been on terms of intimacy with the present King of France, when the latter rambled, a refugee, over the continent, at the time of the French Revolution. Mr. de Weisseneck being, however, less proud of his letters of nobility than of his profession, intimated that his daughter should never marry a man who had not attained a similar rank in the literary world to himself. This determination induced Mr. Siebenpfeiffer to devote himself to study, and, such was his zeal and application, that at the termination of three years, having passed the requisite examination with great applause, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Law from the University of Fribourg; and, shortly after, he also received the hand of the lady who

had been so instrumental in the successful termination of his labours. At first he decided upon complying with the wishes of his father-in-law, to enter upon the career of academical professor; but he was prevented by an advantageous offer to fill the appointment of sous-prefect in one of the provinces which formerly belonged to France, and had been separated from it in consequence of the happy issue of the war in 1815. About this period Mr. Siebenpfeiffer settled in Rheinisch-Bavaria, a province on the left bank of the Rhine, where the fortress of Landau is situated. Here Mr. Siebenpfeiffer resided for a considerable time, enjoying universal esteem as a man, and a high reputation for ability in his office—a reputation strengthened and consolidated by his publication of a manual of administrative laws, in five volumes. From a multiplicity of conflicting ordonnances and laws, Mr. Siebenpfeiffer selected such as were of use to the municipalities, and his work still continues the chief legal authority. He thus lived in retirement until the year 1832, when events placed him in a more prominent situation.

Germany was at this period in a state of great political excitement, produced, in some measure, by two journals, entitled the *Tribune* and *Western Messenger*, published in Rheinisch-Bavaria, a province which is considered the centre of the German reform party. The editors of the journals which caused these commotions were Wirth and Siebenpfeiffer, the latter of whom had sacrificed a lucrative appointment, and a great part of his private fortune, in establishing a journal in which he might develop his deeply-rooted political sentiments. The Diet of Frankfort suppressed both these journals by a special decree, the first attempt of this nature they had risked, and some time elapsed before the edict was published. Mr. Wirth and Mr. Siebenpfeiffer were also forbidden to write in any other journal. This was the first flash of lightning indicative of an approaching storm. Shortly afterwards the name of Mr. Siebenpfeiffer was connected with an occurrence which had considerable influence on the future destiny of Germany. In May, 1832, a popular festival was held near the ruins of Hambach, an old castle near a village of the same name in Rheinisch-Bavaria. This was the first instance of a political meeting in this country in which almost all the German States were represented. More than 30,000 persons, chiefly of the respectable classes of society, had flocked from all parts to this rendezvous. Notwithstanding the festival had been authorised by the Bavarian Government, and passed off with the greatest order, Mr. Siebenpfeiffer, who first proposed the meeting, and several other persons, were prosecuted, and sent to prison.

The Bavarian Government exercised its utmost influence in the formation of the jury, which was principally composed of men devoted to its interests. The Jury thus composed, after a trial of several days in the spring of 1833, returned an unanimous verdict of acquittal in favour of all the accused. The Bavarian Government did not acquiesce in the verdict, and Mr. Siebenpfeiffer was kept more closely confined than ever. This proceeding induced the population of Rheinisch-Bavaria to devise means for effecting his escape from confinement, in which they ultimately succeeded, and he reached France in safety. Since the commencement of the present year, Mr. Siebenpfeiffer has resided at Bern, where he has acquired the esteem and confidence of the Government in so distinguished a manner, as to have been lately appointed a Professor of Political Economy in the University of Bern, and presented with letters of naturalization, constituting him a Swiss Citizen. This rapid sketch of the extraordinary events in the life of Mr. Siebenpfeiffer will, probably, lead our readers to anticipate something very solid and ingenious

in his work on education and public instruction, and certainly they will not be disappointed. The *Société Industrielle*, at Mühlhausen, a manufacturing town of some importance in France, offered, in the year 1832, a gold medal for the best essay on the establishment of a commercial school and school of industry, most suited to the wants of the people at the present time. Mr. Siebenpfeiffer was amongst the competitors, and obtained the prize, which was conveyed to him by a member of the society, whilst in prison: but the Bavarian Government hearing of the circumstance immediately issued an order for the Deputy to leave the country. The work we have announced at the head of this article is an enlarged and improved edition of the treatise for which the prize was awarded. It would exceed our limits to give a detailed analysis of the book. Chemistry, Physics, Natural History, Mathematics, History, Drawing, the acquisition of an easy style of writing, and gymnastic exercises, are the principal subjects which compose Mr. Siebenpfeiffer's plan. These subjects are so happily blended, and so ingenious a method is suggested for the acquisition of every branch of knowledge, that we must refer such of our readers as understand German, and feel an interest in the important science of popular and public instruction, to the work itself.

*Reise um die Erde durch Nord Asien und die beiden Oceane in den Jahren 1828—9, and 30, ausgeführt von Adolph Erman.*—*Travels round the World, through Northern Asia, and across the two Oceans, in the years 1828—9, and 30, by Adolphus Erman.* Vol. 1, 8vo. p. p. 748; illustrated with Plates and Maps. Berlin, Reimer; London, Halinbourg.

Three years ago the celebrated Humboldt introduced Mr. Erman to public notice, by the insertion of two very interesting articles from the *Journal* of the latter in the *German Review*, *Hertha*, and which subsequently appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. During his travels over the two hemispheres, which occupied a period of 916 days, he crossed all the meridians of the earth, and traversed 8,100 German miles, about 40,500 English. In 1828 this enterprising traveller proceeded from Berlin to Petersburg, from thence to Jekatarinburg, and travelled along the northern Ural mountains to Tobolsk, Obdorsk, visiting the nations of the Ostiaks, and Samoyedes. In 1829 he visited Irkoutsk, Kiakhta, the Buddha Temple of the Burates, Jakuzk, Okhotzk, over the Aldane mountains to Tunguses, the Marekanian mountains, crossed the Penjine and Tiguil rivers to Kamschatka; and returned to the island of Sitcha, Koljusks, California, San Francisco, and Otaheite; and in the following year proceeded round Cape Horn to Rio Janeiro, crossed the Atlantic to Portsmouth, and from thence back to Berlin by way of Cronstadt.

The first volume, now before us, describes the author's travels on land, in a line from Berlin, passing over Tobolsk to the mouth of the river Obi, back to Tobolsk, and thence along the river to Obdorsk, on the bay of Obi; and embraces a highly interesting description of the Ostiaks and Samoyedes.

Siberia, which is generally represented as an inhospitable country, replete with dangers to the traveller, is here depicted as a pastoral country, and the author's description has something in it which reminds us of Homer's *Odyssey*. We are the more ready to confide in this description from the assurance of his having travelled from Irkoutsk to Okhotsk, attended only by a single Cossack, in constant communi-

cation with the Jakoutes and Tunguses, without encountering the slightest danger. He likewise traversed the whole of Kamschatka, with a considerable sum of money, and numerous instruments for scientific purposes, which, from their form and dazzling appearance, must have seemed to the eyes of those uncultivated inhabitants of inestimable value, without the slightest attempt being made to dispossess him of his property.

The scientific portion of the work contains the result of observations made at sea by means of the sextant, and on land by an instrument lately invented by Professor Bessel, to whom geography is already indebted for several important discoveries. It likewise comprises magnetical and meteorological experiments, and a description of the zoological and botanical objects which the author collected during his travels, and which are deposited in the museums of Königsberg and Berlin, with drawings, illustrating many new species of birds, insects, and plants.

*Reise durch Deutschland, Ungarn, Holland, Italien, Frankreich, Gross-Britannien, und Ireland ; in Rücksicht auf medicinische und naturwissenschaftliche Institute, Armenpflege u. s. w. von Wilhelm Horn.—Travels in Germany, Hungary, Holland, Italy, France, Great Britain, and Ireland ; with reference to medical establishments, natural history societies, and charitable institutions, &c., by W. Horn.*

This is a work of great merit, and which we hope to see translated. It is rich in facts collected from well-kept journals. Medical students who travel for professional information, but who too frequently employ their leisure in pleasurable pursuits, would do well to imitate such admirable industry in the collection of medical knowledge. The account of Broussais' new curative system, à la Sangrado, and the disgraceful contest between him and others of the profession, give no high opinion of French regard for human life, or gentlemanly sentiment. It is truly disgusting to behold this unfeeling exhibition of tables and numbers, this pertinacious and heartless sacrifice of the sick to consistency and unalterable opinion—all filling the mind with horror, alike for extravagant theorists and Parisian hospitals.

*Homer und Lycurgus, oder das alter der Iliade und die politische Tendenz ihrer Poesie. Ein Versuch über die Glaubwürdigkeit der Nachricht vom Zeitalter Homer's. Von Christian Heinecke. 8vo. Leipsic 1833.—Homer and Lycurgus, or the antiquity of the Iliad, and the political tendencies of its poetry ;—being an essay on the credibility of Homer's age.*

This is one of those profound and learned inquiries for which the Germans have become so justly celebrated. It treats of one of the most interesting points in the literary history of Homer, and on which little attention has hitherto been bestowed in the many critical treatises that have appeared on the poems of Homer. The production before us bears the character of an impartial and industrious inquiry, founded on existing materials and credible evidence.—Our space will not admit of our giving a succinct criticism, nor the philological results which have been obtained from grammatical and chronological investigations.

*La Moçonnerie considérée comme résultat des religions Egyptienne, Juive, et Chrétiénne, par F. M. R. de Sohio,—a work intended less for the the initiated than the laity.*

Hippolites Auger, who has devoted much time to the careful study of Macchiavelli, has lately published an historical novel of great interest, entitled *Le Prince de Macchiavel, ou la Romagne en 1502*.

*Guide Pittoresque du Voyageur en France*, is now in the course of publication by Didot. The work will be completed in one hundred numbers at 10 sous each, and is to contain 90 maps of roads, 70 portraits, and 600 vignettes. The artists employed are Rauch, Nyon, Schröder, Ransonetti, and Devilliers.

*Suites à Buffon*.—A continuation of Buffon's Natural History is publishing in Paris in monthly volumes, with a supplement to each, containing ten copper plates. Some of the most learned men in this branch of science are employed on the publication, which corresponds in form and size with the last edition of the works of this distinguished naturalist.

The Historical and Antiquarian Society of Pomerania has published its second annual volume of Transactions under the title of *Baltische Studien*. It contains among other articles a collection of low German Dialects of Pomerania, affording even to English Lexicographers ample materials for the derivation of many of our own words and idioms.

Imitations of our Penny Literature are prolific on the Continent of Europe. The following works are in course of publication, and appear in numbers, "à quatre sous" or "deux sous."—*Magasin Universelle*, with wood cuts, similar to the Saturday Magazine.—*A Dictionnaire d'Histoire Naturelle*, with wood cuts, at two sous.—*L'Univers pittoresque, ou descriptions de tous les peuples, de leurs religions, moeurs, coutumes, &c.* is to be completed in ten volumes, containing 750 copper plates and vignettes, representing landscapes, monuments, costumes, objects of art, &c.—The picturesque is the order of the day. *La Medecine pittoresque*, in numbers, at four sous, contains a complete collection of impressions relative to anatomy, pathology, operative surgery, midwifery, &c.—*Encyclopedie pittoresque de la musique*, edited by Adolph Ledhai, and Henri Bertini, to be completed in four vols., and will contain the history of music, ancient and modern, a description of all remarkable musical instruments, the biography and portraits of celebrated composers, an account of the best systems of instruction, musical pieces of the great masters, hitherto unpublished; a selection of church music, national melodies, with the original text and translations; descriptions of national dances, with the music; and other information of a similar description.

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 freeze immediately, although apparently dead, and so stiff as to break short upon  
 trying to bend them, they may again be brought to perform all their animal motions.  
 The Dutch say, you may keep fish frozen and seemingly dead for many weeks, and  
 when you want to recover them, put them into cold water, or into an air where it  
 barely thaws, for if the water or air be warm, they will putrify. In some countries,  
 fish are carried from one pond to another in a tub of water which is sufficient to  
 become a solid mass of ice, when they may be transmitted with the greatest safety,  
 without being bruised against one another, or against the sides of the vessel.

If a fish be suspended by threads attached to head and tail, in a horizontal  
 position in a vessel of water, and two or three tadpoles be introduced, a beautiful  
 skeleton will be the result in the course of a few hours.

Place a piece of red silk about an inch in diameter, on a sheet of white paper, in  
 a strong light—look steadily upon it for a minute—then close your eyelids with your  
 hands, and a green spectrum will be seen in your eyes, resembling in form the red  
 silk. After some time the spectrum will disappear, and shortly re-appear, and this  
 alternately three or four times, till at length it vanishes.

## MEETING OF THE PROVINCIAL MEDICAL AND SURGICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Anniversary Meeting of this Society, to the published Transactions of which we have elsewhere called the attention of our readers, took place at Birmingham, on the 18th of last month. Among the many eminent individuals who were present upon this occasion were Dr. John Johnstone, of Birmingham, the President; Dr. Edward Johnstone, of Birmingham, and Dr. Carrick, of Clifton, Vice Presidents; Dr. Hastings, and Mr. Sheppard, of Worcester, Secretaries; Dr. Kidd, of Oxford; Dr. Forbes, of Chichester; Dr. Bardsley, Mr. Ransome, and Mr. Turner, of Manchester; Dr. Jeffries, and Mr. Dawson, of Liverpool; Dr. Conolly, of Warwick; &c. &c. &c. These gentlemen, with other members of the Association, including most of the resident Faculty in the town and neighbourhood, assembled about 12 o'clock in the rooms belonging to the Philosophical Institution, when the President, Dr. John Johnstone, took the Chair, and opened the Meeting in an eloquent speech. The Report of the Council having been read by Dr. Hastings, one of the Secretaries, and unanimously approved and adopted by the Members present, Dr. Conolly was called upon to deliver the Address, which for purity of diction, simple elegance of composition, and that genuine eloquence which proceeds from an appeal to the finest feelings of the heart, has rarely been equalled, and we will venture to say never surpassed. A review of the principal occurrences which had taken place in connection with the objects of the Association during the past year, was brought before the Meeting, and the progress made in the various departments of Medical Science, was clearly and ably detailed. That portion of the Address in which the eloquent author alluded to the loss sustained by the Association in the decease of Dr. Darwall, Dr. Becker, and other eminent individuals, was peculiarly striking, and in the sketch of the declining years of the late Dr. Gordon Smith,—a man of high talent and endowed with all the finer feelings of human nature, the touching manner in which were portrayed the struggles of such a mind with almost every adverse circumstance which could embitter the cup of affliction, and the final sinking of the powers both of mind and body under the accumulated weight, made an impression upon the minds of all who had the privilege of hearing it which will not be easily effaced. A Report upon the present state of Anatomy was delivered by Mr. Turner, of Manchester, in which an admirable sketch of the elementary structures, and a new and highly ingenious classification of the several textures and organs which enter into the composition of the animal frame, were concisely and clearly stated. The views of John Hunter, Bichat, Dr. Wilson Philip, and other Physiologists, upon life, were examined, and the light thrown upon this important subject by modern researches in Minute Anatomy and Physiology detailed. In entering upon the consideration of the texture of the vascular system, or the arteries, capillaries, and veins, the author espoused the opinions of Dr. Hastings in attributing the action of these vessels to a contractile or muscular force, and clearly shewed that the tonicity of Bichat, a principle upon the existence of which the arguments opposed to these views chiefly rest, was merely another name for the irritability of Haller. The discrepancies in the microscopic investigations lately undertaken into the minute anatomy of the blood, muscles, and various other parts of the body, were appealed to by Mr. Turner, to shew that little dependence can as yet be placed on the results derived from this mode of examination. But even merely to allude to the many interesting topics brought before the Society in this admirable Report is quite out of our power upon the present occasion. A valuable Report was also read by Mr. Jennings, of Leamington, on the variations induced in the blood in certain diseased conditions, and especially in Fevers, in Inflammation, in Rheumatism and Gout, in Jaundice and in Scrofula. These researches are highly interesting and of great importance, and will we trust be continued and extended by Mr. Jennings to the other fluids of the body. A Report was made by Mr. Hebb, of Worcester, upon a communication from one of the foreign corresponding members of the Society, detailing researches lately made in Holland. Several resolutions were passed relating to the business of the Association, from which it appears that the



ensuing Anniversary Meeting, in 1835, will be held at Oxford, under the presidency of Dr. Kidd, Regius Professor of Medicine in that University. Dr. Pritchard, of Bristol, the learned author of a work upon the Natural History of Man, was appointed to deliver the address; Dr. Malden and Dr. Streeten, of Worcester, to make a Report upon the Physiology of Alimentation; Dr. Booth and Dr. Evans, of Birmingham, upon the Pathology of Dropsy; and Dr. Conolly, of Warwick, and Mr. Hetling, of Bristol, on the Rise and Progress of Provincial Medical Schools. These are subjects of great interest, and important results may confidently be anticipated.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

However ardently we may endeavour to gain an insight into the more occult processes of nature as presented to our notice in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and which is a never-failing source of rational amusement, still we cannot be indifferent to those grander results produced by natural causes assisted by human skill and industry, on "nature's ample lap." The annual returns from our fields and pastures, from our gardens and orchards, and from our rivers, mines, and the ocean which surrounds our favoured isle, constitute our real national income and wealth, and "the only wealth," as Dr. Johnson observes, "we can call our own;" and whence flows directly or indirectly all individual comforts and happiness.

In taking a survey of the agriculture of the kingdom, we may observe that the past season as affecting vegetation has been extraordinary, no frost even in the depth of winter; of course vegetation was unusually forward in the early spring; and except a few night frosts during April and May, nothing like wintery weather has been felt. These frosts, slight as they were, however, happened at a critical time, just as the early flowering fruit-trees (pears and plums) were in bloom, and when the first shoots of the meadow grasses were coming forth. Both these products suffered; the first were cut off, and the second completely checked; so that we have but few of these kinds of fruit, and very short crops of hay. The dry weather of May and June, accompanied by harsh easterly winds, checked the spring-sowed corn, and from which many fields of barley and oats have not entirely recovered. Most parts of the country have lately been visited by refreshing showers, which have greatly benefitted the field crops; and though they fell too late for the hay, will secure good second crops of clover, and a full bite of autumn pasturage.

Except some failures in the north-western parts of the kingdom, the wheat in general is looking well; and if this present month (July) continue dry and warm, something approaching an average crop may be expected; and much of it in the southern counties will be ready for the reapers before the end. In many places rye and peas are already cut, and in one instance a field of barley is down.

Both the metropolitan and provincial corn markets are on the decline, owing no doubt to there being a better prospect of the growing crops than there was a month back; and also to the fortunate circumstance, that there is still wheat in the hands of some few farmers, besides an ample stock of the same in bond. Every where the markets are well supplied; and it would be well for the sellers did they receive remunerating prices: but from some cause or other this is certainly not the case; wheat is actually at the present time the cheapest grain at market, comparing weight and prime cost respectively: a circumstance unknown before. The following are the imperial average prices of grain on the 27th ult:—wheat 49s. 6d., barley 29s., oats 23s. 11d., rye 32s. 9d., beans 37s. 8d., and peas 43s. 11d. per quarter. Best flour in London from 43s. to 47s. per sack of 280 pounds. Best bread from 7d. to 8d.: household 6d. per loaf of 4 pounds. Malt new from 37s. to 47s.; best Hertfordshire from 52s. to 58s. per quarter, and trade dull.

Butcher's meat of the best quality in the London markets may be purchased from the salesmen at—viz. beef from 3s. 8d. to 4s. 6d., mutton from 3s. 6d. to 4s., veal from 2s. 8d. to 4s. 6d., pork from 2s. 8d. to 4s. 6d., and lamb from 3s. 10d. to 5s. per stone of 8 pounds, sinking offals.

From the short crops of hay this article is advancing in price: best upland meadow from 100s. to 110s.; and best clover from 110s. to 115s. per load of 36 trusses of 56 pounds each.

Provisions. Irish butter from 50s. to 78s., Dorset 40s., Cambridge 49s., York 38s. per firkin; Cheese, double Gloucester, 48s.: single 41s. to 48s.: Cheshire 54s. to 74s.: Derby 50s. to 60s. per cwt.: Westmoreland and Cumberland hams 46s. to 60s. per cwt.

The wool market is steady, though it is rumoured that the country staplers have been buying up at higher prices than the manufacturers are willing to advance. The prices of English wool vary according to quality and description, from 15*d.* to 22*d.* per pound. Foreign wool finds a ready sale, but without improved prices.

Reports of the hop grounds are very unfavourable from all quarters; consequently good samples keep at a good price. East Kent pockets command from 9 to 11 guineas: bags from 8*l.* 2s. to 10 guineas; Sussex pockets 7*l.* 15s. to 8 guineas.

Fruit. From all appearance apples will be every where a fair sprinkling, except the early flowering varieties which suffered along with the pears and plums, of which two latter there is a very scanty crop. Cherries and small fruit are rather plentiful.

Neither the affairs nor prospects of farmers are much improved. Considering the heavy expense of cultivation, added to the public burdens to which the land is subject, the prices of corn have been far too low; and many would have suffered much more severely, had not the better prices obtained for wool, fat stock, and dairy produce, kept them from sinking.

July 14th, 1834.



## PREFERMENTS, MARRIAGES, &c.

### PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Thomas Butler, of Shrewsbury, is instituted, by the Archbishop of York, to the Rectory of Langar, in the county of Nottingham, on the presentation of the Crown.—The Rev. James Frederick Secretan Gabb, M. A., Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, to the perpetual curacy of Charlton Kings, Gloucestershire, on the presentation of the Principal, Fellows, and Scholars of that Society.—The Rev. J. J. Cory, Vicar of Orton-on-the-Hill, Leicestershire, to the Vicarage of Aylsham, Norfolk, on the presentation of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury.—The Rev. J. T. Fisher, B. C. L. Jesus College, Cambridge, has been instituted to the Rectory of Badgeworth, Somerset, on the presentation of Sir John Mordaunt, Bart.—The Rev. Henry Stonehouse, B. C. L. Fellow of New College, Oxford, has been preferred to the Rectory of Alton Barnes, vacant by the death of the Rev. A. W. Hare.—The Rev. Wm. Mills, A. M. of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been appointed one of the Masters of the Exeter Free Grammar School.—The Rev. William Trollope, M. A. of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and late one of the Classical Masters of Christ's Hospital, is nominated to the Vicarage of Great Wigston, Leicestershire, in the patronage of the Governor of that Institution.—The Duke of Sussex has been pleased to appoint the Rev. Henry Clarke, Rector of Northfield and Cofton Hacket, one of his Royal Highness's Domestic Chaplains.

### MARRIED.

At Pitminster, the Rev. Samuel Phillips, Vicar of Llandewr, Glamorgan, to the Hon.

Juliana Hicks Noel, youngest daughter of Sir Gerard Noel, Bart. M. P. and Baroness Barham, formerly of Fairy Hill, in the same county, and sister to Lord Barham.—By special license, the Count de Relatono, to Elizabeth Anne, daughter of the late Rev. Winchcombe Henry Howard Hartley, of Bucklebury House, Berkshire, and of Sodbury, Gloucestershire.—At Tong, Shropshire, Thomas Gilbert, Esq. (grandson and heir of the late Thomas Gilbert, Esq. M. P., and a Bencher of the Inner Temple, of Cotton Hall, Staffordshire), to Mary Anne Moss, youngest daughter of the late William Phillips, Esq. of Chetwynd House, in the county of Salop.—At Edgbaston, by the Rev. W. F. Hook, the Rev. Henry Clarke, Rector of Northfield, Worcestershire, fourth son of the late Major-General Sir William Clarke, Bart. to Agnes Mary, youngest daughter of Dr. John Johnstone.—At Twynning, near Tewkesbury, William Lacon Lambe, M. D. of Hereford, to Amelia, youngest daughter of the Rev. George Foxton, Vicar of Twynning, and Rector of Newtown, Montgomeryshire.—At Great Neston, Sir John Reid, Bart. of Bara, to Janet, daughter of Hugh Matthe, Esq. of New Hall, Cheshire.—By special license, at Sion, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, Viscount Holmesdale, only surviving son of Earl Amherst, to Miss Gertrude Percy, fourth daughter of the Lord Bishop of Carlisle.—At Chester, the Rev. Henry Biddulph, youngest son of Sir Theophilus Biddulph, Bart. to Emma Susan, only daughter of the late John Nuttall, Esq. formerly of Worley Bank.—At Leamington Priors, the Rev. Joseph West, M. A. of New College, Oxford, to Jane, only daughter of

the late Mr. James Marshall, of Church-street, Warwick.—At Edgbaston, near Birmingham, Samuel Danks, Esq. solicitor, Birmingham, to Jane Clinton, youngest daughter of the late Philip Hooper, Esq. of Bellbroughton, Worcestershire.

## BIRTHS.

At John A. Addenbrooke's, Esq. the Hill, Stourbridge, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Wodehouse, of a daughter.—At Upton-on-Severn, the widow of the Rev. John Davison, of a son.—The lady of Ferdinando Smith, Esq. of Hales Owen Grange, of a son.—At Weston Birt, Gloucestershire, the lady of Robert B. Hale, Esq. of a son.—At Warwick, the Hon. Mrs. Woodmass, lady of Charles Woodmass, Esq. of a son.—At Ludlow, the wife of James Baxter, Esq. of a son, still-born.

## DEATHS.

At Hodnet, Salop, aged 83 years, Mary Helen, widow of the late Rev. Reginald Heber, of Hodnet Hall, in that county, and mother of the late Dr. Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta.—In Grosvenor-place, William, eldest son of Colonel the Hon. and Lady Susan Lygon.—John Phillips, Esq., of the Heath House, Stafford.—At Cam, the Rev. Wm. Fryer, for 33 years Vicar of that parish, and for 20 years Perpetual Curate of Wheatenhurst, both in the county of Gloucester.—At Gloucester, George Swaine Heburn, Esq., late Captain of the Indian Navy, of Underdean Larches, in the Forest of Dean, in the county of Gloucester.—In the 53rd year of his age, the Rev. John Marc Wood, M. A., Vicar of Stottenden, in the county of Salop, and diocese of Hereford.—In Melcombe-place, Dorset-square, Charlotte, relict of William Weston, Esq., late of Leamington Priors, Warwickshire.—In Sussex-place, the Right Hon. Lady Teignmouth, relict of the late Lord Teignmouth.—At Hackney, aged 28, Benjamin, the third son of Mr. Tomes, solicitor, Lincoln's-inn-fields,

and late Associate on the Oxford circuit.—Sarah, wife of the Rev. John Sleath, D. D., High Master of St. Paul's School, London.—At Dodderhill, Worcestershire, of which parish he had been Vicar for forty-four years, the Rev. John Amphlett, D. D.—In Sackville-street, Sir Gilbert Blane, Bart., in his 84th year.—At Ludlow, in her 87th year, Mrs. Rogers, relict of the late Charles Rogers, Esq., of Ludlow, and of Stange Park.—At his seat, Stoke Park, Bucks, in his 75th year, John Penn, Esq., Governor of Portland, heretofore a Proprietary and Hereditary Governor of the Province, now State, of Pennsylvania, in North America.—Rebecca, relict of the late Abraham Darby, Esq., of the Hay, and of Coalbrookdale, Shropshire.—In Cambridge-terrace, the Hon. Mary Roper, relict of the Hon. F. Roper, of Linstead-lodge, county of Kent, and mother of the present Lord Teynham.—This venerable lady had attained her 100th year, being born in February, 1733. She was the daughter of Launcelot Lyttleton, Esq., of Lichfield, grandson of Sir E. Lyttleton, the second Baronet, of Teddesley Hay, county of Stafford.—At Shrewsbury, Christiana Frances Curwen, youngest daughter of the late John Christian Curwen, Esq., of Workington Hall, Cumberland.—At Rome, in consequence of a fall from his horse, Lord Ranclagh, well known in the sporting and fashionable world.—At his house in Harley-street, Cavendish-square, London, Mr. St. John Long, whose name has been for some years familiar to the public as "the kneading Doctor," in spinal complaints—who has been the object of the bitterest attack with many, and almost blind idolatry with others. He had been ill for about two years, in consequence of the rupture of a blood-vessel, and was sensible of his approaching end.—Aged 88, much respected and lamented, Wm. Cary, Esq., of Bever; and on the day subsequent to the funeral, in consequence of the bursting of a blood-vessel, Colonel Wm. Robt. Cary, R. A., second son of the above gentleman.

## LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

*George Bather*, of the Haymarket, Westminster, for a weighing machine upon a new construction.—May 22, 1834.

*Thomas Edmonds*, of Burton Street, Hanover Square, for a method of manipulation and treatment for the preparation of leather.—May 22, 1834.

*Joseph Morgan*, of Manchester, for improvements in the apparatus used in the manufacture of mould candles.—May 22, 1834.

*Charles Louis Stanislaus Baron Heurteloup*, of Holles Street, Cavendish Square, for improvements in certain descriptions of fire arms.—May 22, 1834.

*Andrew Smith*, of Princes Street, Leicester Square, for a new and improved method of preparing phormium tenax, hemp flax, and other fibrous substances.—May 24, 1834.

*Luke Smith*, of Manchester, and *John Smith*, of Hepwood, for improvements in weaving machinery.—May 24, 1834.

*Philip Augustus De Chapeaurouge*, of Fenchurch Street, London, for a machine engine for producing motive-power. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—May 24, 1834.

*Stephen Hawkins*, of Milton House, near Portsmouth, for improvements in warming-pans.—May 24, 1834.

*John George Bodmer*, of Bolton-Je-Moors, for improvements in steam engines and boilers applicable both to fixed and locomotive engines.—May 12, 1834.

*John George Bodmer*, of Bolton-le-Moors, for improvement in the construction of grates, stoves, and furnaces, applicable to steam-engines.—May 24, 1834.

*William Crofts*, of New Radford, Nottinghamshire, for improvements in machinery for making lace.—May 27, 1834.

*William Henry Hornsby*, of Blackheath, Lancaster, and *William Kenworthy*, of Blackburn, for improvements in power-looms to be used in the weaving of cotton, linen, silk, woollen, and other cloths.—May 27, 1834.

*Richard Simpson*, of Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, for improvements in machinery for roving and slubbing cotton and wool. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—June 3, 1834.

*John Bertie*, of Basford, Nottinghamshire, and *James Gibbons*, of Radford, in the same county, for an improved texture of the lace-net, hitherto called bobbin-net or twist-net.—June 5, 1834.

*George Saint Leger Grenfell*, at present residing at Cadogan Place, Sloane Street, for improvements in the construction of saddles. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—June 5, 1834.

*Edward Keele*, of Titchfield, Southampton, for an improved valve and apparatus for close fermenting and cleansing porter, beer, ale, wine, spirits, cider, and all other saccharine and fermentable fluids.—June 7, 1834.

*Thomas Ridgway Bridson*, of Bolton, Lancashire, for improvements in machinery to be used in the operation of drying cotton, linen, and other similar manufactured goods. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—June 10, 1834.

*James Whittaker*, of Wardle, near Rochdale, Flannel Manufacturer, for improvements in engines used for carding wool.—June 12, 1834.

*Matthew Bush*, of Dalmonarch Printfield, North Britain, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for drying and printing calicoes and other fabrics.—June 14, 1834.

*James Lee Hannah*, of Brighton, for an improvement in surgical instruments for reducing the stone in the bladder, and enabling the patient to pass it off through the urethra.—June 16, 1834.

*Joseph Jones*, of Oldham, and *Thomas Mellodew*, of the same place, for improvements in the construction of power-looms, and in the manufacture of corded fustian.—June 16, 1834.

*Charles Wilson*, of Kelso, in the county of Roxburgh, for improvements applicable to the machinery used in the preparation for spinning wool and other fibrous substances.—June 17, 1834.

*Isaac Jecks*, jun., of Bennet's Hill, in the city of London, for an apparatus for drawing on or off boots.—June 17, 1834.

*William Symington*, of Bromley, Middlesex, and *Andrew Symington*, of Falkland, Fifeshire, for a paddle-wheel of a new construction for the propulsion of vessels and other motive purposes.—June 23, 1834.

*John Chester Lyman*, of Golden Square, for improvements in cleansing rice, barley, and coffee. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—June 24, 1834.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

| June | Barometer.      |        | Thermometer     |      | Day.               | Remarks.     |          | Wind. |
|------|-----------------|--------|-----------------|------|--------------------|--------------|----------|-------|
|      | Morn.           | Even.  | Max.            | Min. |                    | Night.       |          |       |
| 1    | 29.666          | 29.608 | 74              | 50   | Fine—hot.          | Clear.       | S. E.    |       |
| 2    | 29.550          | 29.460 | 76              | 57   | Fine—hot.          | Cloud.       | Ditto.   |       |
| 3    | 29.440          | 29.465 | 70              | 51   | Fine.              | Fine.        | W.       |       |
| 4    | 29.340          | 29.070 | 63              | 47   | Very showery.      | Clouds—rain. | W.       |       |
| 5    | 29.155          | 29.380 | 50              | 47   | Showery.           | Fine.        | N.       |       |
| 6    | 29.480          | 29.564 | 64              | 50   | Clouds, sun.       | Fine.        | N.       |       |
| 7    | 29.550          | 29.406 | 67              | 51   | Fine.              | Fine.        | N.       |       |
| 8    | 29.310          | 29.210 | 71.5            | 50   | Fine—hot.          | Fine.        | S.       |       |
| 9    | 29.135          | 29.060 | 69              | 53   | Very fine.         | Fine.        | S.       |       |
| 10   | 29.030          | 29.000 | 60              | 45   | Heavy showers.     | Showery.     | Vble.    |       |
| 11   | 28.995          | 29.065 | 60              | 43   | Showery.           |              | S. W.    |       |
| 12   | 29.085          | 28.966 | 61              | 47   | Heavy rain.        | Showers.     | S. W.    |       |
| 13   | 29.090          | 29.140 | 63              | 55   | Fine rain.         | Rain.        | Vble.    |       |
| 14   | 29.176          | 29.090 | 67              | 51   | Cloudy.            | Showery.     | S. W.    |       |
| 15   | 29.215          | 29.070 | 67              | 52   | Cloudy sun.        | Showery.     | S. W.    |       |
| 16   | 28.975          | 28.990 | 63              | 48   | Showers.           |              | W.       |       |
| 17   | 29.130          | 29.306 | 61              | 47   | Showers.           |              | W. N. W. |       |
| 18   | 29.345          | 29.358 | 65              | 57   | Cloudy.            | Showery.     | Vble.    |       |
| 19   | 29.405          | 29.430 | 68.5            | 49   | Clouds and sun.    | Fine.        | S. W.    |       |
| 20   | 29.445          | 29.290 | 74              | 63   | Fine—hot.          | Fine.        | S. W.    |       |
| 21   | 29.230          | 29.205 | 70              | 55   | Fine—showery.      | Rain.        | S. W.    |       |
| 22   | 29.340          | 29.490 | 68              | 50   | Cloudy—fine.       | Fine.        | S. W.    |       |
| 23   | 29.575          | 29.620 | 68              | 50   | Fine—cloudy.       | Fine—cloudy. | Calm.    |       |
| 24   | 29.615          | 29.600 | 66              | 55   | Fine—cloudy.       | Fine.        | S. W.    |       |
| 25   | 29.630          | 29.600 | 73              | 57   | Fine.              | Fine.        | S. W.    |       |
| 26   | 29.540          | 29.490 |                 | 53   | Cloudy.            | Fine.        | W.       |       |
| 27   | 29.470          | 29.630 | 63              | 49.5 | Cloudy—fine.       | Fine.        | N.       |       |
| 28   | 29.576          | 29.486 | 70              | 53   | Sun—clouds—showers | Fine.        | Vble.    |       |
| 29   | 29.520          | 29.710 | 69              | 49   | Fine—sun.          | Fine.        | Vble.    |       |
| 30   | 29.770          | Staty. | 67              | 53   | Very fine.         | Fine.        | N. E.    |       |
|      | Mean Max.. 66.8 |        | 51.25 mean Min. |      |                    |              |          |       |

Malvern, July 20th, 1834.

[The Meteorological Report for Malvern, for each succeeding month, will appear regularly in the forthcoming numbers.]

*W. Heldon.*

25 NOV. 1916



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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The favours of our Correspondents have so much exceeded the space allotted to this Publication, that we have been very reluctantly compelled to defer the insertion of the following interesting communications:—

Observations on Natural History, by C. L. E. P.—The Byrons.—On Insectivorous Birds.—Memoir on the Geology of the Vale of Evesham.—Observations on Mudie's Feathered Tribes of the British Islands, by C. L. E. P.—Historical Memoranda of the Parish of Ribbesford.—“The Catalogue of such Noblemen, Lords, and Gentlemen of name as came into this land with William the Conquerour;” to which is appended “the Roll of Battell Abbeie.”—“The Page,” and “Stanzas,” by Godfrey Grafton.—Memoranda respecting the nidification of the Common Wren, by C. L. E. P.—Botanical and Horticultural Notices.—Poetical Effusions, bearing the titles “Love,” “The Evening Star,” “My Father's Grave.”—Several articles on the Fine Arts.—Critical Reviews of recently published Works; and various but interesting Memoranda on Scientific and Literary Subjects.

Our truly kind and partial Correspondents will doubtless accept the apology we thus offer, and not attribute to preference or negligence an omission which it would have been as much a gratification as a duty to have avoided.

To the General Reader, also, our apologies are due, for a trifling deviation from the order of Contents as originally marked out, and for some deficiencies, which we will supply in our ensuing publication.

We have been disappointed in an expected communication, which would have filled up the present unavoidable chasm in the promised obituary of eminent and learned men. In a future number we hope to perfect that as well as every other department of our miscellany which imperative circumstances may have now rendered incomplete.

Communications for “THE ANALYST” to be addressed (post paid) to the Editor, 72, High Street, Worcester; or to the care of Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, London; to either of whom copies of new Books, and Works relating to the Fine Arts, for review, should be forwarded with as little delay as practicable.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

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25 NOV 1916

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SEPTEMBER, 1834.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to renew our apologies for the postponement of several articles with which we have been kindly favoured. In our next number we hope to clear off much that has been omitted—an omission not occasioned, we wish it to be clearly understood, by an unfavourable estimate of their intrinsic value, but by the simple and easily explained circumstance of want of space. This explanation, we trust, the partiality of our friends will deem a satisfactory one. We take this opportunity of requesting our correspondents to forward their communications as *early* in the month as they possibly can, by which arrangement their insertion would be rendered more certain.

## ERRATA.

*Mysteries of Memory*, p. 9, line 23, read—*beside* a new-made grave. P. 11, line 15, read—*become* suddenly.





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OAK IN FRONT OF RIBBESFORD HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF THE REV. WINNINGTON INGRAM.

## HISTORICAL MEMORANDA OF RIBBESFORD, IN THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER.

It being our object occasionally to elucidate portions of the history of this and the adjoining counties, we shall commence our present number with a succinct account of the parish of Ribbesford, anciently Ribeford, an appellation probably derived from the circumstance of a family of that name being the first settlers there. It is delightfully situated on the western bank of the Severn, three quarters of a mile from the town of Bewdley, and lies in the western division of the county of Worcester, in the hundred of Doddingtree, the deanery of Burford, and diocese of Hereford; and contained, at the last census, (1831,) 95 inhabitants, exclusive of the town of Bewdley.

This place, according to the conqueror's survey, was waste and in the king's demesne; but on reference to Heming's Chartulary\*, we find that it formerly belonged to the church of Worcester, and that the Villains † of the manor were bound to furnish wears and nets for catching fish, and proper implements for hunting. It was then taken from the monastery and never restored, but shortly after the conquest became the residence of the Ribbesfords ‡, a family of some note in those days, many of whom received the honour of knighthood, and continued there till the reign of Edward the Third. It afterwards became the property of the barons Lisle, and passing through the hands of the various descendants of this family, came at length into the possession of Sir John Dudley, Knight, first Viscount Lisle; who successively obtained the titles of Earl of Warwick, and Duke of Northumberland; after whose attainder it became the property of Sir Robert Acton, Knight, who was succeeded by his son Robert Acton, Esq., by whom the property was alienated; and having passed through the hands of various individuals, came to Sir Henry Herbert, Knight, youngest brother of the first Lord Herbert of Cherbury.§ His son Henry being created Baron Herbert of Cherbury, in the reign of King William, in consequence of the title becoming extinct by the failure of

\* Heming's Chartulary, p. 256.

† A kind of menial servant; the term is supposed to be of Danish origin.

‡ Edward the first granted to Henry de Ribbesford a market on every Wednesday, and a fair on St. Margaret's day, with charter of free warren to Ribbesford.

§ A manuscript copy of the life of the celebrated Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in Shropshire, is said to have been found here, and was published by Mr. Walpole, of Strawberry Hill, many years since.

male issue in the elder branch of the family, was succeeded in his title and estates at Ribbesford, in the year 1708, by his son Henry, Lord Herbert, who then represented the ancient borough of Bewdley in parliament, and on the demise of his father was called to the House of Peers by the title of Baron Herbert, of Cherbury, in the county of Salop. He was high steward and recorder of that borough till the time of his death, which took place at his seat, Ribbesford Hall, A. D. 1738. He married the honourable Mary Wallop, sister of John Viscount Limington, who was created Earl of Portsmouth, and dying without issue the title became extinct, and the manor and estate at Ribbesford, agreeably to his father's will, became the property of his cousin, Henry Morley, Esq., a descendant of Sir Henry Herbert, Knight, grandfather to the last lord who took the name of Herbert, and bore the arms of that family quartered with those of Morley. This Henry Morley Herbert, Esq., who was lineally descended from Dr. Morley, late Bishop of Worcester, died in the year 1781. His unmarried sister was heir to all his fortune, which she bequeathed to George Paulett, Esq., (who was descended, in the female line, from the Morleys,) and became Marquis of Winchester in the year 1794. In the year 1787, this George Paulett sold the manor and advowson of the church of Ribbesford to Francis Ingram, Esq., of Ticknell, near Bewdley, who by his will gave the same after the death of his brother Thomas Ingram, Esq., to his nephew, Sir Edward Winnington, Bart., of Stanford Court, for his life; and after his decease to Edward Winnington, the second son of the said Sir Edward Winnington, and his first and other sons in succession, he and they taking and using the name and arms of Ingram.

The parish of Ribbesford contains about 1600 acres, 600 of which are woodlands planted with oak, and adjoins the extensive forest of Wyre. In the year 1826, a shaft, 21 yards and a half deep was sunk, for the purpose of searching for coal. At this point the operation of boring commenced; and at the farther depth of 41 yards a three feet vein of coal was discovered. After passing through various strata of ironstone, and different descriptions of clay, mingled occasionally with portions of coal, the attempt was abandoned, after reaching the depth of 181 yards.

The church, which is dedicated to Saint Leonard, stands in an extensive burying ground, and adjoins the gardens of Ribbesford Hall. It is a low, ancient, and curious structure, (the architecture partaking both of the Saxon and Gothic

styles,) and consists of two side aisles, the arches of which are Gothic, on the one side formed of stone, and on the other of wood. The windows are composed of the same orders of architecture, and over the north doorway is a curious piece of Saxon sculpture, well worthy the particular notice of the antiquary, still in fine preservation. Dr. Nash, in his notice of this church\*, observes, that "the plenty of game formerly here might be alluded to by the sculpture over the north porch, where is represented an archer, who at one shot kills a salmon and a deer!" Many other legendary tales, equally ridiculous, relative to this piece of sculpture, still continue to obtain seeming credence among the inhabitants of the district; but we agree with Mr. Lees, in his observation, † "that it represents a hunter with a dog by his side, in the act of killing a beaver," a species of animal said to have been very abundant in this part of the country in former times.

There are many tablets and armorial bearings still in existence, but the ancient monuments have long since gone to decay, or so obliterated by time's unsparing hand that it is impossible now to ascertain whose memories they were intended to perpetuate. The earliest inscription bears date 1604. The abbot of Wigmore, in the county of Hereford, was anciently the patron of the living, but after the dissolution of that ancient priory it came into the possession of Sir Robert Acton, Knight, who is said to have been a favourite of Henry the Eighth, by whom it was granted to the said Sir Robert, and at his death it descended to Robert Acton, his son and heir. It afterwards became the property of Mr. John Churchill, and passing from the Churchills to Sir Robert Cooke, thence to Sir Henry Mildmay, and afterwards to Sir Henry Herbert, Knight, it descended to his kinsman, Henry Morley Herbert, Esq., of Droxford, in the county of Southampton, and subsequently by will to George Paulett, Esq., who sold it, together with the estate, to Francis Ingram, Esq. of Ticknell. The present rector, the Rev. Edward Winnington Ingram, is also patron of the living. The following is a list of incumbents from the earliest period to the present time.

## RIBBESFORD, CUM CAPELLA BEWDLEY, DIOC. HEREFORD.

## PATRONS.

Henricus de Ribbesford,  
miles.

## INCUMBENTS.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| { | Simon de Ribbesford, 1 Dec. 1310.                   |
|   | Will'us de Piryton, pbr., 15 Nov. 1318.             |
|   | Gilbertus le Graunger de Northlech, 12 April, 1328. |

\* History of Worcestershire, vol. ii. p. 270.

† Lecture delivered before the members of the Worcestershire Natural History Society, November, 1833, p. 90.

|  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| Röbertus de Ribbësford   | } | Joh. Bray, pbr., 5 Maii, 1349.  |
| D'n's de Ribbesford  |   |   |
| Thomas de Bellocampo,<br>com. War.   | } | Walterus Elyot, pbr., 1 Apr. 1387.  |
| Henricus de Bellocampo,<br>com. war.                                       |   |   |
| Will'us Herbert, de Her-<br>bert, et de Pembroke, ex<br>concessione Regis. | } | David Gibbes, pbr. 28 Oct. 1467.  |
| Thomas Blount ex conc.<br>Joh. Vic. Lisle.                                 |   |   |
| Robertus Acton. gen.   | } | David Couper, A. M., 24 Maii, 1531.<br>Ricardus Shute, 25 Oct. 1538.  |
| Robertus Acton, Eq. Aur.   |   |   |
| Rob. Acton, mil.   | } | Thomas Hopkins, pbr. 26 June, 1544.<br>Johannes Lewis, alias Duke, cler. 18 Nov. 1556.  |
| Will. Cook, mil.   |   |   |
| Rex, per lapsun temp.  | } | Joh. Hamond, A. B., 2 Martii, 1614.<br>Johannes Boraston, cl. 4 Martii, 1638.   |
| Henricus Herbert, arm.   |   |   |
| Henricus D'n's Herbert Ba-<br>ro. de Cherbury.                             | } | Johannes Pooler, A. M., 10 Julii, 1695.<br>Gul. Price, cl. 18 Febr. 1706.<br>Johannes Bradley, A. B., 20 Apr. 1725.<br>Thomas Knight, A. M., 10 Martii, 1730. |
| Henricus Arthur, Comes<br>Powis.   |   |   |
| George Paulett.  |   |   |
| Thomas Ingram.   | } | Ed'r'us Baugh, A. M., 19 April, 1765.<br>William Jesse, A. M., Maii, 1795.<br>Edward Winnington Ingram, the present Incumbent.                                |

The borough of Bewdley is within the parish of Ribbesford, and the rector of Ribbesford appoints a curate to the chapel of Bewdley.

The present mansion is situated near the banks of the Severn, surrounded by most picturesque and beautiful scenery. Dr. Nash,\* observes "that the ride along the banks of the Severn from the manor of Bewdley to that of Lower Areley is thought to be one of the pleasantest in this county."

A small part only of the ancient mansion now remains. From the style of building it must have been of great antiquity, but the exact date of its erection has not been correctly ascertained. It was turretted, with a moat round it, over which by a drawbridge a spacious court-yard was entered. In consequence of its dilapidated state, about forty years ago at least two thirds of the building was pulled down, and the moat filled up. The remains of this ancient and magnificent structure has been lately repaired, and rendered a comfortable and delightful residence by the present possessor.

On the lawn in front of this once venerable mansion stands a magnificent and beautifully luxuriant unmutilated oak

"———far spreading his umbrageous arms,"

whose age, if we may be allowed to calculate, agreeably to

\* Supplement to the "History of Worcestershire," page 62.

its measurement at the base, has numbered at least nine hundred years ; its dimensions being thirty-three feet in circumference at the ground, and twenty feet in circumference at five feet from the ground. We trust this venerable tree will long stand a monument to the memory of the Winningtons and Ingrams of our county ; and may future generations of these worthy families exclaim beneath its umbrageous shade—

Hail, stately oak ! whose wrinkled trunk hath stood,  
Age after age, the sov'reign of the wood.

This beautiful oak is accurately represented in the annexed engraving ; it is reduced from a drawing taken on the spot in the summer of 1833, by Mr. W. Wood.

About a mile and a half from the mansion stands a singular and very curious botanical phenomenon. It is a hollow pollard oak, whose circumference at the ground is seventeen feet, forming a complete hollow cylinder, which is entirely filled up with the body of a yew tree to the height of nearly twenty feet, when its foliage assumes an elegant appearance above the high branching boughs of the oak which extend far and wide from its hollow trunk. The solemn dark green foliage of this native of Britain, which was once the pride and boast of the old English yeoman “in days of yore,” towering above the boughs of its aged companion, must form a curious and interesting contrast through the varied seasons of the year. There can be little doubt but the seed of the yew was deposited in the hollow trunk of the oak by one of the feathered tribe, which springing up, secure within its prison-house, from every storm, has produced this singular phenomenon of nature.

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SONNET.

*By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.*

With life's unceasing tempest struggling still,  
Onward I go ;—no interval of rest  
To calm the troubles of my beating breast ;  
But thus it is, perchance that I fulfil  
Th' allotted part that is my Maker's will ;  
And thus hereafter, when his high behest  
Shall call on trembling mortals to attest  
Their labours here, some mercy for the ill  
That I have done on earth I may obtain.  
Neglected, scorn'd, traduced, with threats pursued,  
Which boldest minds have awed, yet all in vain :  
The Muse's rites no sufferings have subdued ;  
From paths her votaries haunt I cannot swerve,  
Careless of gaining praise, if I deserve.

## THE FEATHERED TRIBES OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS.\*

THAT decided predilection for the study of Natural History, which, happily for the cause of religion and morality, has been gradually maturing in all ranks of society, from the titled zoologist to the humble artisan who profitably devotes his hours of cessation from toil to an inquiry into the familiar but wonderful productions of the Deity, has latterly increased the demand for explanatory works on the science, until the adequate supply forms one of the principal features of modern publication. Splendid abilities and acquirements have been exercised in elucidating the mysteries, and exhibiting the attractions of this interesting pursuit; and it is, therefore, no trifling panegyric on the volumes before us to affirm that they are worthy of a place by their most distinguished contemporaries.

Mr. Mudie is, evidently, a sincere enthusiast in the cause of nature; he tells us, and we can believe him, that "he has for more than forty years been its admirer, having found it *health in sickness, and a sure anchor to the mind when the current of life ran adverse or turbulent.*" (Preface, p. viii.) Disclaiming the appellation of naturalist "in the common meanings of the term," the author avowedly follows no particular system, being of opinion that not only the present nomenclature, but the theories to which it is adapted, are liable to objection. The consequence of this heresy (to us, we confess, agreeable) is, that his volumes will be more generally relished than would have been the case had they accorded too deferentially with the formula of preceding authorities. With the "learned," it is perhaps probable that they will lose in character; innovation being, too frequently, looked upon with an eye of jealousy for the spirit of improvement to be always fairly appreciated. The popularity of his work must, in such case, compensate Mr. Mudie for any possible limitation of its scientific repute. For our own parts, we consider that the absence of those *unnecessary* technical expressions which are literal "stumbling blocks" in the path of inquiry, is a merit of no ordinary value to the general reader.

In the fruit of his observations Mr. Mudie has afforded us much curious and valuable information on the habits of the birds he describes; many points are determined that were previously involved in uncertainty, and many ridiculous, and at the same time many pleasing and fanciful legends, submitted to the ordeal of truth with the inevitable result. Chateaubriand—another enthusiast in the presence of nature—indulges in a train of poetical reflections upon the singing of birds deprived of their nests and their young, and such is the power of his eloquence that he carries the reader away with him (vide "The Beauties of Christianity")—but alas! for his theory, Mudie brings forward the doctrine that "birds never sing in sorrow." "They scream when in fear or in pain, and those that are in the habit of watching have a peculiar warning cry; *but there is this much of charm in the songs of birds, independently of their music, that they are always songs of pleasure.*" (Vol. i. p. 62.) We may here remark that the widowed constancy of the dove suffers no inconsiderable impeachment in the words of our author, for he informs us, with reckless indifference, "it is, of course, *not true* that in any of

\* By Robert Mudie. 2 vols. 8vo. p. p. 770. Coloured plates. Whittaker and Co., London. 1834.



the species the survivor mourns in singleness in case of casualty to its mate, for when the season comes round the odd bird pairs the same as ever, and the note, though plaintive to our ears, is a love song, and not a lamentation in the bird." (Ibid.)

Like a sagacious instructor, Mr. Mudie has rendered "learning" agreeable; he has presented us with the most animated pictures of the feathered tribes, given with all the accuracy of one closely describing natural appearances, yet invested with a spirit, a freedom, a graphic beauty of design and colouring which, immediately, dissipate the idea of a dryly technical detail. The bird is not the tame portraiture of a wearied model, nor of a creature shorn by confinement of its genuine characteristics; not yet is it a laborious description of the cold and lifeless specimen presented in the cabinet of the collector. He traces the eagle to its eyrie amidst "the sublime precipices and peaks," or the warbler to its nest hidden by the way-side, in the bushes or the bright heather; he watches it in its haunts, follows it on the wing, becomes spectator of its feuds, its rivalries, its predatory excursions, and its stratagems to elude discovery or capture; and finally, associates with it the locality which it frequents. All this is done with the precision of the naturalist, and the felicitous spirit of a painter who, like Landseer, never sacrifices veracity to brilliancy, but combines both so exquisitely as to produce a resemblance which arrests the gaze not only by its fidelity, but its beauty. Without any straining for "effect," his descriptions are touched off in admirable style, utterly distinct from the elaborate *creations* of the professed landscape-makers, who indulge us with artificial scenery, sunshine, and azure, of a character too theatrical for applause. The landscape of Mr. Mudie comes before us in mists or brightness, in sunshine or storm, a revelation of moors and mountains, and torrents dashing from the hill tops, or of "picturesque islets," and vales and rich corn-fields, each constituting an appropriate back-ground to the theme. It has all the vigour and freshness of reality, and is dwelt upon with the enthusiasm of a lover of nature; yet concise as it is beautiful, it neither fatigues nor diverts the attention prejudicially from the actor in the scene. He is particularly happy in a nerve and an originality of expression which enable him to place the object at once, and vividly, before the eye; and whether he is revelling and glorying in a glimpse of the wild sublimities of the Highlands, or stooping to identify "the stems of scattered ray-grass like a thin bristling of copper wire," he is in both at home, and equally successful. Indeed from the enthusiasm with which he expatiates upon the superb scenery of the mountains of Scotland, independent of certain *demonstrative idioms* which occasionally creep into his style, we conjecture that our author is inspired by a partiality still stronger than that by which the cosmopolite lover of the sublime and beautiful is influenced. The *amor patriæ*, we imagine, gives added energy to his delightful pen, and in this opinion we are confirmed by his spirit-stirring account of the eagles and their eyries, as well as by his jealous sarcasm upon the unfortunate eagles of the county of Kerry. (Vol. i. p. 127.) Mr. Mudie seems to have taken fire at the idea that that royal and magnificent bird, the *Falco chrysaëtos*, should deign to close her broad pinions amidst the romantic solitudes of the Emerald Isle. Yet we cannot help thinking that had he ever wandered through the wild shores of the west, he might have discovered localities and temperature not ill-suited to the monarch of birds. Mount Nephin, in Mayo; Croagh Patrick, to the South of Clew Bay; Mangerton, South-west of the Lake of Killarney; Slieve Donard, in the county of Down;

Lugnaguilla, Kippure, Cadeen, and others of the Wicklow "rocks," besides those of Macgillicuddy and Keis-corrain, might furnish retreats for the *Falco chrysaetos* itself, probably as congenial as Strathspey and Badenoch, and "the high cliff called Wallace's Craig, on the north side of Lochlee." (P. 118, vol. i.) But our author seems bent upon monopolizing the bird for "the Highlands of Scotland;" in England he considers it matter of doubt whether it ever is found, and, as for the golden eagle of Ireland, he sets it down, *hypothetically*, for the "erne," or "bog-eagle" of Scotland!\*

Much genuine philosophy runs through the book, nor does this come the less recommended because accompanied with a vein of shrewd pleasantry, not always void of causticity. We are glad to find that the author opposes the short-sighted folly of stigmatising animals with cruelty for that which is an obedience to the instincts implanted in them by Providence; and we are, also, pleased with his pithy denunciation of those mean and barbarous massacres, the pigeon-matches, and similar inhuman "sports." The principle of sound humanity is alive in the mind of the writer, and diffuses an additional charm over pages still further enriched by sentiments of unclouded, genuine, and exemplary piety. One of Mr. Mudie's great objects is to put an end to the gratuitous crusade against many innocent and useful birds, by enumerating the benefits which they confer on mankind in fulfilment of the wise ordinations of God. His account of the rook, "the cheerful, the orderly, the industrious, the discreet, the *beneficent rook*" (Vol. i. p. 155) is an inimitable specimen of the zeal and ability with which he advances the truth, and strives for its establishment. Many satisfactory details place the fact beyond question, but we must content ourselves with the following extracts from the introduction. (P. 4.)

"Nor are the uses of the birds, not merely in wild nature, but in conjunction with man as he cultivates the garden and the field, less worthy of being observed and admired. We, in our ignorance, often regard them as pests, and as such destroy them in the most assiduous manner, deeming every feathered creature which we deprive of life as so much certainly added to the produce of our farming; but we little know, while we are acting thus, that we are *sacrificing the guardians of our vegetable wealth*, and giving protection and scope to the destroyers. The whole of nature is so replenished with the germs of life, in a condition ready to be developed the instant that the state of heat and moisture accords with their developement, that a means for preventing their extraordinary increase, more efficient both in itself and in its application than any thing of *human contrivance*, is absolutely requisite, in order to preserve that relative balance which is essential to the preservation of the system, and which no part of the system is without."

"Every bud, every crevice in bark, very many roots, all the pools and slow streams, and all animal and vegetable matters in a state of decay, are full of the rudiments of small animals in some state or other, and those rudiments are awakened so easily, and by causes so little open to common observation, that if there were not some counteracting power, our gardens might, in the course of a single season, be left without a blossom, our forests without a leaf, and our fields without a blade of grass, a spike of corn, or an esculent root. If that once took place, vegetation would be gone, save the poisonous fungi which might be nourished by the remains of the destroyers." (5.)

In the author's arrangement, we have one point to remark: to the lively genus which he denominates "seed-eating or graminivorous birds," Mr. Mudie has, perhaps injudiciously, removed the lark, *Alauda arvensis*, but we think that this very delightful melodist would be more accurately classed with the "*Omnivora*," as he equally enjoys insects, seeds, meat,

\* "The osprey, or sea eagle, has been occasionally seen in Shropshire; one was

and farinaceous food. Some interesting particulars relative to the goldfinch may be acceptable to our readers.

“One chosen habitat of the goldfinch is the line where the cultivated fields meet the upland waste or the game preserve. (The weeds disseminated from the latter, by the way, do even more injury to the surrounding farms than the game birds.) That boundary is one at which there is a good deal of knowledge to be acquired; and the more so, the greater the contrast between the territories which it divides. Some portion of the tilth is blown by the winds of March upon the margin of the wild, and along with a surface grass a little more kindly, there comes a host of thistles and other plants with winged seeds, which stand in battle array upon the frontier, ready to invade the fields with legions of seeds, whenever the wind blows from the hill. Among the tops of these, the mature goldfinches may be seen labouring with the greatest assiduity the whole day and the whole season; and by the time the summer has advanced a little, the young may be found on the ground below, as busy among the groundsels, chickweeds, and plants, of a smaller growth, which, although not so formidable in appearance, are, from their numbers, and the rapidity of their growth and succession, fully as destructive. But though the goldfinches are very industrious, and, though they multiply at the rate of three broods in the year, the natural tendency of the plants on which they feed is to multiply many hundreds of times faster; and man cannot perform a more ornamental, or a more useful labour in such places, than by walling his field round with a belt of planting, which will be a shelter and protection both to his crop and to the goldfinch.” (Vol. ii. p. 54.)

A further testimony to the good offices of birds, is borne in the following passage:—

“Where the ploughed land margins on the bushless waste, and there is no bird save the twite, with its dull plumage and dismal note, the two literally run into each other, the grass-land starves the cattle, and the corn is not worth reaping; but where, even on soil *naturally of the same quality*, there are bushes and belts, and linnets and goldfinches carolling away in full activity, the grasses are kindly and green, and the corn plays in the summer wind with those beautiful wavings which proclaims there shall be plenty.” (Ibid, p. 55.)

We would willingly graft more on our pages, but the limits which we are obliged to respect imperatively restrict us. We wish to offer a remark upon the acerbity displayed by Mr. Mudie at the mode of liberal extract now generally adopted. We cannot altogether concur in his estimate of what he terms “*an inglorious martyrdom*.” the diffusion of *valuable* knowledge is the most generous aim of science, and he who has this, cordially, in view, will not, deliberately, protest against “the pennyworths acquired by the multitude, even though these “penny-

likewise shot by Lord Valentia’s\* keeper near Areley, which, though severely wounded, made great resistance after it fell to the ground” (vide Montague’s Ornithology); and in the autumn of 1824 I was witness to the progress of one of these splendid birds, between the rocks near Downton Castle. These rocks afford, perhaps, one of the most picturesque scenes which can well be imagined; on either side, they are interspersed, and crested by the beautiful timber for which Shropshire is so celebrated, and the Teme “*prawling* amidst the pebbles,” or rushing through its stony bed, forms mimic cataracts which impede its course, thus directing the aid which *taste* has lent to nature in the hands of the highly-gifted proprietors. The osprey, *Falco haliæetus*, called by the Italians Aquila Piumbina, or leaden eagle, from its heavy flight, as resembling a piece of lead falling into a river, made its appearance *slowly* booming between the rocks, adding splendour to a scene which seemed, in the first view, scarcely to admit of improvement. This magnificent bird did not appear alarmed at the large party who were watching his course, but went gradually forward, following the line and wanderings of this most capricious river, in search of the grayling, eels, and small fish, with which it abounds. He vanished amidst the rocks, and was seen no more.

\* Now the Earl of Mountnorris.

worths" be abstracted from his own redundant treasury. The purchaser of the offending *morçeau* is not at all likely to become the purchaser of Mr. Mudie's elegant, highly embellished, and *comparatively* expensive publication; on the other hand, the affluent reader will not be deterred from procuring, at the cost of a few shillings, the undiminished gratification of the work in its original state; and it may be surmised that the distinguished compliment paid to an author, in the selection of his writings for the purpose of extract, should reconcile him to their dismemberment for the good of the less opulent, but equally intelligent part of the community.

Before concluding our notice of this fascinating work, we may point attention to a few typographic inaccuracies which it will be well to correct in the future edition which, we have no doubt, will be, speedily, called for. We would, also, remark, that an unusual distance intervening between the substantive and verb, in page 283, vol. i., produces a somewhat ludicrous effect. The sentence stands thus—"The bird (the dipper or water ouzel) halts on the beach, and forward HE rushes hat in hand for the captive." (!) This appears to imply that the bird thus strangely accoutred was intent on making a prisoner, and for some moments we were at a loss to account for the very extraordinary feat on the part of the "feathered biped," but the enigma was solved at length, and we discovered that "stranger" was the original nominative to the verb "rushes." Unfortunately for the perspicuity of the narration, the "stranger" lingers nearly a page from the paragraph quoted: the pronoun had in this case better give way to the noun, for which it is the substitute; we should then learn, at once, that the "dipper" was the captive intended, and the "stranger" the captor. In the task of revision, the consequent interlineations, omissions, exchanges, &c. &c. are so liable to occasion small oversights in works the most studiously composed, that it is almost impossible to escape without blemish.

The illustrative plates, it is affirmed, "may be depended upon for fidelity and accuracy of tint," and we are happy to bear additional evidence in their favour. Of these there are sixty-four, delineating the birds most remarkable and interesting. With the exception of eleven, which are very beautifully executed in wood, they are tastefully and spiritedly etched, with a few finishing strokes from the graver; they are also elaborately coloured, but here their principal recommendation must consist in their truth; the vivid hues of the gayer-plumaged bird detached from a landscape, being apt to glare on the eye from the want of corrective accessories. The vignettes, which afford specimens of printing in colours from wooden blocks, are singular examples of "what may be called *Polychromatic printing*." So far as they go, they are curious indications of what may, one day, be attained in the art; but the difficulties to be surmounted before a perfectly satisfactory impression can be procured, have not as yet been overcome. Mr. Baxter's perseverance and ingenuity will, probably, mature the attempt, although we are decidedly of opinion that no mechanical agency can ever supersede the hand of the skilful colourist in the estimate of the true connoisseur.

C. L. E. P.

## THE BYRONS.

THE disciples of the Byronic school are, without doubt, the most numerous and mirth-provoking of the poetic genera. Liston or Mathews never tickled the risibilities of an audience more convulsively than have these mourners, the cachinnatory organs of their readers; and yet that they would be annihilated at the suspicion of being susceptible of happiness, no man will have the temerity to question. "Miserrimus" is their motto, "a scull and cross-bones" their device. Withered hopes and affections, a bosom throbbing with the pulse of despair, and a brain scourged by unhallowed memories are the desirables, coveted by each of these young gentlemen; and his lucubrations, his out-pourings of inspiration, embody the very soul of wretchedness. In fact he asserts his infelicity so forcibly and repeatedly, that we must imagine he has some exclusive privilege—some monopoly—some mysterious *droit-d'ainesse* to its enjoyment, and that the rest of the world is consequently bathed in the sunshine of plebeian delight. An undiscovered source of sorrow touched upon and no more, is the key-note of his effusions, and ever preludes the microscopic detail of its effects. The blenched and burning brow, the eye unvisited by tears, the cheek now pale as sculpture, and now flushed with sudden hectic, the mouth fixed in a stern despair, or curled in proud mockery of hope, the sigh bursting from the recesses of a bleeding and lacerated heart, or the hollow laugh wild and sepulchral as that of *Mephistopheles*, form principal part of his stock-in-trade. What shears are to a tailor, or the cup and balls to a conjuror, are these precious commodities to the young gentleman-follower of Byron—this Byron, or rather, as he modestly opines, this greater than Byron. Did he know any thing of the schools of painting, *Caravaggio*, *Espagnolet*, and *Michael Angelo* would be the masters he quoted with as much comprehension, of course, as he has of his poetical archetype. To the credit of his liberality, it must be admitted that his fustian is as plentifully interwoven with the *materiel* as the bushes are laden with blackberries in October, and that rather than stint the reader in quantum the writer would treat him with the hospitality of the Northlander, and surfeit him in the end.

The major number of the followers of the bard of Newstead consist of inspired shopmen, apprentices, and clerks, who practise transcendently at the desk, wooing the superb conceits which are to convey their names to posterity in a halo of inextinguishable light. Spenser, Chaucer, Cowley, Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden, reverently descend from their pedestals, and veil their laurels and their pretensions to these still happier bards. The splendours of past ages are subdued and dimmed, even to eclipse, by the kindling lustres of the present time; a flood of brightness pours from the counting-house of Theodore Snooks,

his poem is completed, his cantos are given to the world, they are bequeathed to the latest generation, the universe is lost in amazement, the Edinburgh dazzled and blinded and confounded by the tenth and masculine muse, and men marvel at their former admiration of less worthy rhymes.

It is astonishing with what facility the imagination of these young gentlemen transforms every thing about them into the most elevated and exquisite forms. Theirs is the "grasp of mind" and the "flight of fancy." Turner, and Etty, and Stothard, the bewitching Stothard, sink into shade—their creative pencils never worked so magical a change in a few feet of dull canvas or millboard, as the inventive faculties of these "swans" achieve in less favourable positions. Their *broderie* is inimitable. The metamorphosis of the pumpkin and rats, and the ragged garb in Cinderella, is an inglorious feat of ingenuity in comparison. The dark, dirty corner of a counting-house in the Borough or St. Giles's becomes, by a stroke of the pen, transmuted into "*Oak-Dale Priory*," or with graceful simplicity "*The Vicarage*," or "*The Lodge*;" and the short, lusty, little gentleman, minus two years of his majority, perched on the tall leather-covered stool, turns backslider from the interests of soft-soap, cheese and butter-firkins, to date stanzas from "*Ravenna*" or "*Stamboul*," while bestowing divinity upon the pork-butcher's heiress. But the short little bard shares in the metamorphosis of Cheapside or Tooley Street; he is no less than "*Sebastian*," or "*Albert*," or "*Rinaldo*," tall, and elegant and insinuating, mustachioed, and cloaked, and booted, and spurred; with riches surpassing those of a *Cræsus*, and sentimental agonies nothing short of a Werter's. A similar felicitous change takes place in the "fascinating" young haberdasher or cashier in some "Manchester warehouse." This Apollo, or Adonis—this too happy favourite of the muses measures out tape and twopenny riband, wire-thread, and minnikins to the milliner's deputy, and then hastens to frame a sonnet full of epithets and superlatives, in which the said milliner's deputy is apostrophised as

"A thing too bright for earth,"

and is furthermore saluted as "*Ada*," "*Thyrza*," or "*Theresa*," instead of Becky, Susan, or Deborah. And great is the delight of this "bright thing," when the next number of the chosen twopenny periodical\*, delicately enveloped in tissue paper, is put into her hands, and she reads with sundry palpitations and blushes, dear Simon Twist's effusion, bearing his *nom-de-guerre*, or more properly "*de caresse Alonzo*."

\* Allusion is not intended to the cheap but valuable publications, which in the present day offer the rudiments of inestimable instruction to the multitude. The mass of *genuine* "two-penny trash," which poisoned the minor channels of literature, prior to the appearance of Chambers's very admirable journal, and similar periodicals, are glanced at alone.

In order to faithfully embody the beau-ideal of the poet ever present to the imagination of his followers, a severe and perpetual training is imperiously demanded, and it is greatly to be regretted that there is no talented personage of acknowledged ability to superintend the initiatory studies of *Byronists*, and be to them what Captain Barclay is to the members of that most dignified and rational of circles, the P. R. That this lamentable vacuum may ere long be adequately supplied, must be the desire of the discriminating worthies who are anxious for the growth of Byronism; and to such it will probably occur that a petition to government touching the foundation of a college with suitable professorships, &c. &c. might have due weight. In the mean time, and in the absence, or more properly the non-existence of this invaluable establishment, a few suggestions, based upon the practical experience of several genuine Byrons, may prove encouragement to, and prevent those inadvertencies which have occasionally stopped many a promising aspirant in his career, or exhibited a melancholy ignorance of the whole art of appearing miserable with success.

First impressions are usually, and probably with justice, deemed of lasting importance, and as such are, generally, deduced from the appearance of the individual or outward man, it is of consequence to commence with those hints which relate to the personal aspect, and, first of all, to the head. It can be scarcely requisite to premise that the hair should be invariably dressed *à la Byron*; and that this may be effected with mathematical accuracy it is advisable to have two or three of the best engravings, together with an accredited bust of his lordship, deposited in your dressing-room, by which you can direct the movements of your own or hairdresser's hand. If you confide the important office to a deputy, remember that your selection must be made with the most scrupulous reference to the natural taste, and scientific acquirement of the professor. *Trufitt, Ball, or Dimond*, are *Artistes* worthy of your confidence. Beware how you venture upon a trial of unknown or equivocal talent. Should you, however, fall into a patronising fit, let the tyro whom you would assist up the steep of fame exhibit on the pericranium of your most particular friend, before you entrust your own to his unflinched abilities. By this you will gain the eclat of eliciting genius in the event of success; and, on the other hand, should your friend's tresses be utterly destroyed, and his appearance be rendered ridiculous, you will have escaped a Charybdis. If the locks with which nature has invested you, curl crisply as, "Hyperion's," and be black or chestnut, be grateful to the stars, you are to be envied, and the illusion of the caput, so far as the exterior is concerned, may, with attention, be perfected. Should they however be light flaxen or flame-coloured, it will be difficult to produce the effect, and the "*Turkish dye*" may be found a useful auxiliary, the purple tinge which may possibly accrue, not being unpleasantly discernible by candle-light. Submitting your *chevelure* to a daily ablution of

*Brockbark's* "Extract," and subsequently anointing it with Do's "Balsam of Roses," will wonderfully improve the pliancy of its disposition, and if somewhat obstinate, render it more amenable to rule. The forehead, if high, will be, of course, increased in grandeur, and if low, materially assisted by this style; its general character must be that of calm and dignified repose. The brow must, if possible, be of marble; but when the complexion is obstinately sanguine or saturnine, you can but take refuge in "a cloud," a deep portentous, Salvator-like shade. The eye, no matter of what hue, whether green as a parrot's, or yellow as a cat's, must be fixed in cold abstraction, or filled with indefinable mysteries of expression, such in short as may lead the common herd of society to suppose that you have committed a murder, or a highway robbery, or are leagued with importers of contraband brandy casks and silk handkerchiefs. The under lip must be duly disciplined to describe a projecting ellipsis (what the scientific would term a *meniscus*) upon all ordinary occasions; but should a smile be permitted, for effect, to relax its rigidity, it must be faint as the faintest beam of the moon—an indication and no more, as of unwilling participation in the gaiety which belongs to the vulgar and insensible. That it must regularly "wither to a sneer" your own sense of consistency will suggest. There is, however, a discretionary latitude extended, when a sardonic character is assumed; in such case the smile may, for some seconds, exercise the muscles of the mouth in a way both forcible and salutary, at the same time deriving considerable assistance from an accordant inflexion of the sourcil varying from a passing frown to a scowl worthy the pencil of *Fuseli*, or the chisel of *Michael Angelo*. Having touched so far upon the arrangement of features, we may now pass to the consideration of other particulars. Discarding, as abominations, stock, stiffener, and cravat, you must appear from January to December, bare-necked with the collar of your shirt, innocent of starch, lying in abandonment upon your vest. If your throat be white and smooth, and your head set like that of the Apollo Belvedere, count yourself happy in a fortunate apology for *display*; nevertheless though it be swarthy and pimpled, unusually sprinkled with freckles, or partially inclining to either right or left, it must still be denuded—a Byron in a cravat or a spruce military stock, would be an anomaly as terrifying to propriety as the Venus of Praxiteles in a petticoat and shawl. Never turn so as to present a full face to the person whom you address, but study to assume the three-quarter, by which your resemblance to the great original will be continually presented to observation. You will, of course, bear in mind that no single portrait of the noble bard depicts him in a front view, and this will make you sensible that you would lose by venturing to look direct at any one that may address or be addressed by you. As to your apparel it may vary with your taste, so long as you do not infringe the decorum of the style you adopt; for instance, a pea-green coat, doe-skins and boots, with a riding-whip, and a broad-brimmed



hat, are inadmissible; a spenser and corduroys, or black velvet unmentionables, with pearl-coloured stockings and buckles in the shoes, are equally inconsistent. A dark pelisse, or frock-coat of forester's green, with a vest of shadowy hue, and trowsers *a la Turque*, with the thinnest and most exquisitely constructed pumps, probably approximate to a befitting costume, and present some trifling advantages to the figure. One thing, however, is indispensably necessary—viz. a cloak of ample dimensions, not one of those scanty and sack-like covertures which some men assume in their humility (?) but one in which you could enfold some half-dozen ordinary-sized individuals; dark and sumptuous, trimmed round the neck with fur, accommodated with two superb tassels, large enough for window-curtains, and lined throughout with silk of an irreproachable texture. By skilful manœuvring you may avoid laying this aside in company, and here its appearance will work miracles in your favour: but remember that a man shadowless in sunshine would not be more remarkable than a Byron in the street *sans roquelaure*. It is true that you may at first find it oppressive in the dog-days, *Sirius* being an enemy to woollen coverture, but "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*," and you may rest assured that custom, and the course of a few summers, will go far to reconcile you to the burthen.

Upon the subject of *the hand*, about which your great prototype was exquisitely particular, a suggestion or two may not be without value. Remember that the purity, the delicacy, and the beauty of that conspicuous and important member are not more indispensable to a peeress than to a poet, to a *Coventry* than to a *Byron*. Paint to yourself the frightful phantasm of a red, coarse, and wart-bestudded fist penning a "*Siege of Corinth*," a "*Mazepa*," or a "*Corsair*," or inditing a confession similar to the following:—

"She was a form of life and light  
That seen became a part of sight,  
And rose where'er I turn'd mine eye  
The morning star of memory."

Paint this enormity, and tremble at the consequences of even a momentary neglect. At home and in private wear gloves of chicken-skin, in which it would be prudent to pass the night, and observe due discrimination in the choice of *savon*. "*Almond*," with a regulated admixture of honey, is perhaps the safest; but some connoisseurs of distinction are of opinion that no objection need be taken to "*old brown Windsor*," always provided that it is *Kendall's* or *Atkinson's*. An occasional use of the "*Kalydor*" or "*Botanic Cream*" will be judicious, especially if you are so *malheureux*, through oversight, inheritance, or otherwise, to be the possessor of a thick, clumsy, colossal-sized pair of hands. Should this be the case, it would be wise to devote proper attention to their reform: and for this purpose three hours per diem, with now and then a leisure hour or two in the evening, might be profitably and praiseworthy employed. If this plan be pursued with

that undeviating steadiness and high resolve which turn neither to the right nor to the left, and which are becoming in a work of seriousness and importance, your labours will be adequately rewarded, and in due time you may enjoy the inestimable satisfaction of flourishing your *mouchoir*, with fingers scarcely distinguishable from the snowy cambric. A diamond, or, for contrast, an oriental emerald or ruby, set in unalloyed gold, (*tant mieux*, if graven with an *abraxas* or other Hebrew insignia,) must glitter effectively upon your fourth finger, and will be found a felicitous ally.

For the benefit of all students of limited income, whether of Guy's or Lincoln's Inn, minors under unconscionable restrictions, apothecaries' boys, and ambitious youths of the counter and ell-wand, we may hint before closing this part of our counsels, that as the *quality* of costume is with a very considerable portion of his majesty's subjects deemed a matter of very remote consideration, provided the *mode* be attended to, there cannot be the slightest difficulty in accommodating the *texture*, and consequently the expense, of the preceding items to the state of the individual's finances, however consumptive. With the philanthropic design of aiding all youthful aspirants to put on the proper costume of their species, a benevolent tailor has arranged a graduated scale of charges for a Byron suit, comprehending a cloak of at least six Flemish ells in circumference, &c., beginning at five guineas, and rising proportionally to five hundred. With respect to the cloak at the lowest cost, it is but fair to state that we have been privately apprised that it is mere stuff, *mais quois donc?* who cares for it? Many a Byron that now envelopes himself in his superb Saxony and sables, passed a probationary period in the clinging coverture of a camblet, and by an artful management worthy of imitation, contrived so far to subdue its shrinking propensities as to present a tolerably dignified representation of "*superfine double-milled*," at distance and candle-light. But we forbear—a hint is, of course, sufficient; and we refrain from pressing too heavily upon ground that, like the Irishman's bog, may be unpleasantly tenacious of intrusion. A few more words, and we have done. All unhallowed gratifications of tea and toast and buttered crumpets, of perk griskins and cutlets, of sirloins and plum-puddings, of turkey and chine, of ducks and green peas, and of other savoury and beguiling condiments, must be held in religious abhorrence, or yielded to in private. He who can swallow a score of poached eggs, demolish a collar of brawn and a pound of hung beef, devour a plate-full of prawns and another of muffins, and wash down the trifle with some dozen dishes of "*Padrae*" or "*Souchong*," must beware of the malign and observant eye—"tell it not in Gath, let it it not be heard in Askelon!" A *demie-tasse* of chocolate, and a Reading-biscuit, may be ventured upon in public: but beyond this the rubicon is passed, and the poet is for ever lost in the *gourmand*. At dinner be not surprised into an unsentimental display of satisfaction, even though your favourite dainties pile the board: gaze listlessly, if at all, upon the seducing dish, and content yourself

with the merry-thought of a chicken and a glass of brown sherry, or better still, a potatoe sliced thin and accompanied with vinegar. Be curious in your cigar, and, if possible, smoke the genuine Latakea through a hookah of amber, partially immersed in a bowl of rose-water, which you may order from *Delcroix*. Sherbet must with this be your beverage. Speak but seldom, sigh frequently, profoundly, and often abruptly, contradict moodily, smile sarcastically as often as occasion may serve, and at distant intervals you may even try your hand at a swoon. N. B. Let it be known that you keep a journal; and drop mysterious "snatches of poesy" from your pocket.

A rigid attention to these particulars will, with certain coteries, very speedily establish you in the enviable character of "a young man of extraordinary genius" in the enjoyment of undisputed wretchedness. Of course you can easily recompense yourself in solitude for the privations enforced in society. Do as your neighbours do, throw down the mask when at home, but, reversing the consequence, be amiable where they are otherwise; eat, drink, sing, laugh and be merry when nobody is by to whisper the appalling reality to the world. But in doing this take heed that you do not unwittingly contract a sleek and comely rotundity, suspiciously paradoxical when coupled with your despair and abstinence. A mulberry nose, an unhappy degree of corpulence, and "*tout est perdu!*" Grief has been known to assume a hundred appearances; but it is an admitted opinion that it never yet put on the guise of a Bardolph or Falstaff. The moment, therefore, that you begin to degenerate into the *em-bon-point*, you may set it down as a positive result that nine tenths of the boarding-school belles, who before commiserated your "broken heart," will waver in their faith, and as the evil increases, discard you as counterfeit entirely, and unworthy of sympathy. Some chance might offer in your promulgating a report that sorrow had at length swollen you into *anasarca*, but it may be questioned whether the remedy would not be worse than the ill: few ladies, I fear, would look upon a dropsical hero in a point of view either complimentary or engaging. The idea is, however, thrown out as a plank to a drowning man. Vinegar and Castile soap must be your refuge, if you persist in maintaining the Byron degree, but perhaps a graceful slide into the *Anacreon Moore*, or (though still further removed) into the *Burns*, would be an agreeable exchange, and present no barrier to any future gastronomic indulgence.

## THE PAGE.\*

- OH! wha is the bairn that sits on the cauld stane,  
 Sae bonnie but greetin' sae sair and alane?  
 'Tis the laddie wha whiles was sae winsome an' gay,  
 'Tis the Page o' the gude Lord o' braw Fontenaye.
- "Why greet ye sae sairly, puir laddie? I ween  
 The tear is nae weel in thy bonnie bright een;—  
 To wander o'er hielan' and lowlan' to-day,  
 Why left ye the castle o' guid Fontenaye?"
- "Ye whiles used to lauch and in bower an' ha'  
 Ye bare a' the fair leddies' favour awa',  
 An' nane was thine equal at ballad or lay  
 Amang a' the spruce laddies o' gran' Fontenaye."
- "Nae mair shall I lauch, an' nae mair shall I sing,  
 For my Lord's gane to fecht for his country and king;  
 An' in bower an' ha' it 'll a' gang a-gley  
 Till returns to his castle the Lord Fontenaye.
- "O! sair do we miss the loud win' o' his horn  
 O'er the mountain and brae at the grey o' the morn,  
 An' his hounds a' unheeded, untended shall stray,  
 Until order returns wi' the young Fontenaye.
- "The stag shall lie safe in his green mountain hame,  
 An' shall drink unmolested in bruik and in stream,  
 Then fareweel to the huntin', fareweel to the lay,  
 Until frae the battle returns Fontenaye.
- "But sair is the chance, an' O if he should dee,  
 The tear-drop for aye maun be wet in my ee;  
 But the Lord in yon heaven the arrow shall stay  
 That is aimed at the heart o' the Knight Fontenaye.
- "But tell me, fair Sir, for ye come frae the fight,  
 An' a' bluidie's thy claymore, thy dirk is nae bright,  
 An' thy bonnet is featherless, O in the fray,  
 Didst thou fecht in defence o' my luvè Fontenaye?"
- "Why say'st thou 'my luvè,' laddie? thou art nae page,  
 But thou art his ladye-love I daur engage;  
 Then weel may ye greet, leddie, for by my faye,  
 Nae mair shall ye look upon live Fontenaye.
- "Leddie Clara, I sought thee, an' at his comman'  
 This packet to gie to thine ain lily han';  
 He bid me go seek thee—nae mair could he say,  
 For cauld came the heart o' the fair Fontenaye."  
 Now cauld blaws the night-win', and sair fa's the rain;  
 But puir Clara she heeds na'; it gies her nae pain—  
 For 'neath that cauld stane for fu' mony a day  
 Hath the leddie-page lain o' the Lord Fontenaye.

GODFREY GRAFTON.

\* This ballad owes its origin to the following incident. The writer travelling in the Highlands a year or two ago, was much struck with the appearance of a large rough stone, on which were rudely carved some letters, nearly obliterated by age. On inquiry, his guide told him that the peasants had a tradition that under that stone was buried a lady who had set out disguised as a page to follow her betrothed, a knight, to the wars; but sitting on that stone to rest herself, she was met by a messenger from her lover, who, upon recognising her, gave into her hands a packet entrusted to him by the dying knight on the field of battle. The poor lady never recovered the shock, but died a few days afterwards in the neighbourhood, and was buried under the stone on which she sat when the fatal news was brought to her. The writer found any attempt to get a date, or any more minute account from his guide, futile.

## ON THE ARCH.

*To the Editor of the Analyst.*

SIR,—In resuming the subject of my last communication, I will, in the first place, observe, that language is the medium through which ideas are conveyed, and that there is no civilized country in which the means of expressing subjects of internal reflection, or objects of external observation, are not to be found. Modern languages, it is true, are unstable and fluctuating, and it is clear to the observer of these matters that the English language of four hundred years back is not the language of the present day, and the names of places and things are ill understood through the appellatives of years gone by. Chaucer requires a glossary, and even Shakspeare endless annotations. Not so with some of the more ancient languages, whose sources are more pure, nor equally impregnated with tributary streams. The Chinese, we are informed, preserved its integrity for 2000 years; this, indeed, should be taken more upon credit than proof, for we know little of the history of that extraordinary people. Of the Greek language we have more conclusive evidence that it preserved its purity for at least one thousand years, and although it received during that period a more ornamental colouring and added graces, yet its essential character remained unimpaired from the time of Homer until that of Plutarch, and the works of the most illustrious of epic poets were read and understood by that great biographer. These observations are made in relation to the enquiry upon which I last addressed you, and they lead to this inference—that the early Greeks had a full and copious language, which preserved its purity for a long period of time, and had the arch been known to them, a word expressive of that order would have been found in their early writers, and would have been generally in use in the time of Aristotle.

In my last communication I endeavoured to show that the early Greeks were ignorant of the arch, having no word expressive of that order, but that Mons. Dutens considered  $\psi\alpha\lambda\iota\varsigma$ , as used by Aristotle, signified an arch. Now if this vigilant inquirer found no word anterior to such author which would suit his views, we may fairly conclude that none could be found. Mons. Dutens is supported in his opinion by Batteax, the translator of Aristotle, that the philosopher being acquainted with the keystone, must have known the properties of the arch; and although H. Stephens in his derivative of  $\psi\alpha\lambda\iota\varsigma$  does not confine its meaning to the construction of Mons. Dutens, yet he does not negative his view; and although that word may originally mean a forceps, yet it may be applied to architectural principles, as the nearest description of the sides of an arch. The balance of authority

appears favourable to Aristotle's knowledge in the matter before us; his mind was capacious beyond those who had gone before him, and, as Cicero expresses himself, he was acute in discovery and prolific in thought. It is, therefore, by no means a matter of surprise that he should have known the uses of the arch; but it does not follow a necessary consequence, as I have before advanced, that the application of knowledge should speedily follow its acquirement, nor am I aware of any grounds even to suppose that the Greeks availed themselves of the knowledge in question, nor ever applied it to architectural purposes until it had been long in use with the Romans, and which people, being very adroit in borrowing from their neighbours, most probably received the principle from Greece. Arches have, doubtless, been discovered in buildings of great antiquity, but the want of universality argues their introduction at periods long subsequent to the original structures, as in the pyramid I formerly mentioned; without a due consideration of this more than probable order of things, theories have been formed, and even supported, by argument at variance with sound reason. In the absence of well-founded data, conjecture will direct our judgment, but hypothesis must yield to the influence of reason, and is it not in keeping with the latter character to suppose that some earlier authors amongst the Greeks, particularly Homer and Herodotus, would have mentioned so important an order as the arch, had it been known or applied in their respective days? This argument, I admit, is not conclusive, but it is a reasonable ground upon which we may infer that no arch was used before the period to which our attention may be directed by some adequate authority.

Having reached this point of consideration, we must look for such authority.

Dr. King, in his very elaborate and learned Dissertation upon the Arch, wherein he has taken a most comprehensive view of his subject, arrives at the conclusion that its invention is of a date comparatively modern, not long if at all before the time of Augustus. That I may faithfully report this learned critic, I will use his own words—"Till any sufficient testimony can be produced to the contrary, we are left unavoidably to conclude that the arch was invented no very long time before the age of Augustus." The Doctor, though very learned and talented, has drawn his conclusions somewhat too hastily, and slurred over a "testimony" which appears unequivocal and conclusive that the arch was not only invented, but applied, "a very long time before the age of Augustus;" and had he taken the trouble to have devoted more attention to the pages of Livy, he would have found that during the Censorship of Scipio Africanus, and L. Mummius, arches were formed upon buttresses, on which was erected a bridge over the Tiber; and that in the same Censorship water was brought to the city by an aqueduct built upon arches; and further be it remarked, that the cloacæ veteres, or ancient

sewers of Rome, which had been opened by Tarquinius Superbus, were arched over by Scipio Africanus. Livy, who lived 200 years after Scipio, doubtless drew his information from documents extant in his time, and which fully authorize the conclusion that the principle of the arch was applied by the Romans 200 years before the time of Augustus, and this being the first record of any application of that beautiful and useful order, at least the first with which I am acquainted, this deduction may be fairly made, that although the principle of the arch may have been discovered by Aristotle, yet such principle was not practically applied before the period stated by the Roman historian.

It is difficult to do justice to so extended an inquiry as my subject demands in so short a space as I have occupied; but I have thrown before your readers hints for investigation, and gratified shall I be if they should be taken up and a more conclusive light thrown over this interesting subject.

I am, Sir,

Your's very respectfully,

R. F

### THE EVENING STAR.

STAR of the Evening!—brightly shining,  
Some token thou are surely sent  
Of promise, in the day's declining—  
Gem of the firmament!

How sweetly is thine eye unclosing  
As the bright daylight slowly dies;  
Thy silvery beams of light disclosing  
Across the evening skies.

Oh! there is something in thy seeming  
So sweetly like, in fancy's view,  
To love, amid the darkness beaming,  
Our day-dreams never knew!

For, there are hearts which, almost broken,  
Flee from the brightness of our joys;  
But yet give forth their sweetest token  
Of love, when grief destroys!

Hearts, which had shrunk from us in sadness,  
In our high day of sunny bliss;  
And only shed on us their gladness,  
On some such night as this!

ANNA.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF WORCESTERSHIRE.\*

AMONG the readers of "The Analyst" there are, we learn, many young persons of very amiable dispositions, for whose amusement and instruction we are not a little anxious to provide materials. They live in an age in which they enjoy many advantages that were unknown to their fathers and mothers; for on every hand the means of instruction have accumulated, until no one can continue to grow up even wilfully ignorant. Things were very different, we can assure our young readers, not longer than five-and-thirty years ago. Who is there, now arrived at the sedate age of forty, who does not retain in his memory some gloomy recollections of comfortable country houses, or of quiet and respectable houses in country towns and villages, in which, although there was no fault to be found with the arrangements for the nutrition and warmth of the body, nothing ever suggested the notion that they were gifted with a *mind* to be provided for. The yearly almanack, full of absurdities, the weekly newspaper, full of advertisements, an old gardening book, and Burn's Justice, constituted, at that period, the available literature of many a worthy family. Within a stately case, with doors of glass, lined with dull green silk, there were other books, it is true, and some in handsome bindings, but all under lock and key. By some rare chance a stray volume of sermons, or perhaps of the Arabian Night's Entertainments, might be found, or a volume of Sir Charles Grandison, or some other story without an end, of the wearisome description then extravagantly admired by polite readers, but only to be hastily secured among the rest. It is no exaggeration to say, that in those days, young people were sometimes rendered doubtful whether or not reading was quite a proper occupation. In summer all were abroad in the sunshine, satisfied with rural occupations, and pleased with mere bodily activity and the appetite which followed it. On dismal winter days it was the habit of old persons with strong constitutions to unsettle the young and delicate from the warm parlour, often with some cutting remark on the beloved author whose pages had been furtively indulged in, and to drive them forth into the biting air without an object, and with no other ideas but those of the general injustice and disagreeableness of elderly relatives. School itself, although a prison, was better than this suffering; for at school, books were at least allowed; and what was better, books could occasionally be borrowed. Blessed be the memory of one of our old schoolfellows, with a Dutch name, whom we have not heard of in the present century, but who lent us, volume by volume, the whole of the Spectator. We see the book now. Of goodly size was the copy, and marble coloured was the back. By the fast fading light of winter afternoons, by lamplight and fire-light, we read those precious volumes, avoiding always, we blush to recollect, the Saturday papers, as far too deep for us. We also see again, through the long years, six beloved little volumes, entitled Evenings at Home, which we discovered in a nursery, and read by stealth for a time, and we think with some profit. Modern art has compressed these into one, and the excellent work still remains a deserved favourite.

\* Illustrations of the Natural History of Worcestershire, with Information on the Statistics, Zoology, and Geology of the County, including also a short account of its Mineral Waters. By Charles Hastings, M.D. Published at the request of the Council of the Worcestershire Natural History Society. London: Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper. 1834.



But if we were to detail all the woes of that period, the young of these days would not believe us. No penny magazines, no useful knowledge books, no alphabets or catechisms of knowledge, no maps, no magazines for Saturday afternoon, and at a price convenient to school-boys; but in their place little tawdry books, which were read in five minutes, and left the mind wofully unsatisfied, and the pocket empty. Miss Edgeworth was little known to us. No magazines we saw, save now and then the Gentleman's, which was not always diverting, or some numbers of the Town and Country Magazine, not very improving to young people, indeed not very decent. Robinson Crusoe was commonly given to young persons by godfathers or godmothers, and never failed to delight them; and of more instructive reading, Cook's voyages, or a volume of an encyclopædia full of incorrect information, were the general limits. It seems but the other day since we went, then an unhappy little boy, into a bookseller's shop with a respected friend, long since in his grave, whose kind intention it was to store our vacant mind with a little knowledge of the arts of life; and the feelings of disappointment with which the bookseller's desponding shake of the head filled us when he was asked for some little work which would teach "how glass was made and things of that sort," is not yet forgotten. Many a year elapsed before we knew how glass was made. We conquered Corderius, we stumbled through Eutropius, we subjugated Cornelius Nepos, we assailed the Greek testament, we read Ovid and Virgil, we guessed through Xenophon, and murdered Horace daily for many a long year, but of the making of glass we had no conception. Ever and anon the question of its making recurred to us, and once or twice we ventured to ask older heads about it, but all mankind were as ignorant as ourselves. In process of time we became, as people do, a little older, and were allowed to attend an occasional lecture on some scientific subject. Then a new world burst upon us. Honoured be the names of Moys, of Nicholl, of Jackson, of the Walkers, father and son, and of Birkbeck, for them we heard in our youthful days. Great was our affection for the electrical machine: speechless our wonder when first the mystic orrery was displayed to us: concerning oxygen gas we were enthusiastic. But these pleasures were rare: we had no other helps to knowledge; and when the lecturer left the place (for these excellent teachers did not disdain to be itinerant), he seemed to take most of our information with him, or merely left us enough to know how ignorant our best friends were on every subject of science. A philanthropist presented us with Gregory's Lessons on philosophical subjects; and one sensible book we had at school, one only, and that was a geographical work. It happened, too, that the kindest friend we ever had in our lives, a boy of our own years, and an only son, had a poetical library, ever open to us, and a marvel in our eyes. By an accidental direction given to our minds, also, we were fain, in the absence of elementary works of physical science, to bewilder ourselves with metaphysics; an application which we now look back upon as merely indicating how much we *should* have learnt if the channels of physical knowledge had then been open, as they now are, to the youthful understanding. At length we grew up to man's estate, and a profession was determined upon, and then we found out that we had lived insensibly in the world at least a score of years, having eyes but seeing nothing. The earth beneath us, the sky above us, the flowers around us, all were unknown; and to gain some knowledge of these things, amidst pressing engagements and duties, has since that time occupied many anxious days; the knowledge always remaining much more imperfect than it would have been if we had been enabled to

learn all that we had suspected our ignorance of, even from the time of reading the story of Eyes and No Eyes, in the Evenings at Home aforementioned.

Ignorance, however, in our early days, was not the least of our afflictions. There was wont to be a fiend, by name *ennui*, which devoured many excellent families. Want of books, and want of conversation (for gossip is not conversation, and "talk is but a tinkling cymbal"), made life nearly insupportable. When compelled to keep house, one had nothing to reflect upon but the slow succession of meals. Little children, dutiful and wretched, sate with their grandmothers and great aunts, at old-fashioned windows, with "window seats," and all manner of unimaginary furniture, gazing on the passers-by, who were not numerous; whilst ancient clocks ticked on with sounds that spoke of a monotonous age, and we wondered wherefore we were born, and imagined the world was all as dull as the circle which enclosed our own expanding heart and mind. Among the lumber of most houses were some old and dusty volumes, which we read again and again: they were filled with odd stuff enough; and we often wonder now what they were, and by whom they were written. Sundays came, too, with doleful tracts, and the everlasting Thomas à Kempis. Dull commentaries read we, with small edification, on the sacred scriptures; and an invention of the older writers called an "improvement" on the said commentaries, duller than all.

Far be it from us to depreciate the past generation unjustly. Scholars there were in many little towns, who puzzled us in the holiday times by inquiring the latin for articles of diet, little known to us either theoretically or practically, and humiliated us for their pedantic pastime: philosophers, too, there were, in rural retreats; elderly men in habits of strange fashion, and arrayed in caps of velvet; but whose merits were little suspected by us, and lost to their neighbours in their simple eccentricities. Marvellously clever people there were too in every community, mechanical and ingenious, full of odds and ends of knowledge, but only known to boys by cranks and oddities, which made one doubt their perfect sanity. As to the general character of respectable people of moderate pretensions, it was precisely what we have described. They were tolerably virtuous, and very dull; they were "of the earth, earthy," and nerves they had none. They knew nothing of the turmoils and phantasies existing in those brains in which the organ of ideality was full. They had never yet heard of such an organ. Of any changes taking place in the modes of education, of any advantages that might arise from the diffusion of a love of science, or, indeed, of the very meaning of science, they never thought when awake or dreamed when asleep.

Worse than all, feeling their own lives so dull, and looking back to the mere eating and drinking, and gambolling of boyhood and girlhood, they, one and all, these good old people, assured us yawning children that ours was the blissful period of life, and that we should never be so happy as we were *then*. Something within us, "something unearthly, which they deemed not of," told us the contrary. We felt that we were not created merely to eat and drink, and yawn, and listen to the clock, and sleep; and the result has verified the prophetic feeling. Life, with all its cares, has proved, in comparison with those years of vegetable existence, a scene of great happiness. We no longer live within the dull confines of walls, but have learned to expatiate in a thousand fields full of delightful thoughts.

Wherefore, then, do we retrace the sullen and unideal hours of youth? We would shew the young of the present age what advantages they enjoy, and the happiness which such advantages will bring, if not

neglected. Of all unhappy states, that of idleness is the worst; and now that occupation is provided for every mind, idleness is not only unhappy but shameful, not only painful to endure, but open to reproach.

Of all innocent pleasures, of all modes of ever-varied delight, none is so great as that which arises from the study of some or all of the branches of Natural History. The student of Natural History knows nothing of ennui: he never finds the day too long, or life a burden; solitude is not solitude to him. The fields, the rivers, the mountain, and the plain, are to him scenes of study; and every garden is to him as the garden of Eden, full of pure delights. No tree that grows, no flower that blooms, no animal that moves, but is to him a subject of examination; and begin when he will, he wishes he had begun sooner, that he might have known more. The clouds that move above him, the earth on which he treads, the high mountains, the depths of mines, and the waters of the "multitudinous sea," supply him with objects of research. Among the lonely hills, and in the workshops of crowded towns, the proper objects of Natural History are presented to the eye, and exercise the understanding. Nor is the pleasure arising from this study confined to any age: the boy and girl may be made as happy in this way as those who are older, and those who are the oldest may still derive pleasure from its inexhaustible novelty. The traveller and the navigator carry this pleasure with them through seas and deserts, and no latitude gives interruption to their studies: whilst those who travel not, nor sail, but live at home, may still pursue their labours within the smallest garden, or with no garden at all. It is confined to no seasons. The spring brings a thousand new subjects glittering on the wing, or blossoming on the hedges; the summer and the autumn offer more varieties, and the winter affords others. And in all these studies, in every age, and place, and season of the year, and time of life, the student of Natural History is increasing his knowledge by reading in a book which all can understand, and of which the author is God himself.

With these reflections have we received the interesting Illustrations of the Natural History of Worcestershire, by Dr. Hastings, a physician not less distinguished in his own profession than known to the public for the patronage he affords to every scientific and liberal institution. The Illustrations consist of an Introductory Lecture (with additions), delivered by this accomplished physician at the opening of a Natural History Society in the city of Worcester, formed during the last year, and of which the highly-respected Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Lyttelton, is the patron; and as the little work itself must be in the hands of most of our readers, we shall merely point out, as we refer to the different subjects of which it treats, something confirmatory of the foregoing observations; and we shall still chiefly keep in view the younger part of our readers.

And first we must congratulate them on the prospect of possessing, within this admired city, a *library* of Natural History. The libraries of country towns seldom give a very favourable idea of the mental cultivation of the inhabitants, consisting chiefly of novels and romances, many of them of the most contemptible description. Few books of a better sort find admittance, and works of reference are deplorably wanting. Dr. Hastings tells us in his lecture that up to this time the public libraries of Worcester are without the Transactions of the Linnæan and Geological Societies. In such a state of things it is almost impossible that any young persons, however desirous of knowledge, can go on improving; and thus it has happened that the tone of society in most of our country towns has proverbially been to the last degree insipid. Wherever a Natural History Society is formed, this evil will be avoided,

and libraries and museums will be gradually collected, so as to enable those residing in the country to acquire all the various knowledge which has so long given an exclusive charm to the society of the metropolis.

We have said much of the pleasures arising from the study of Natural History; but it should never be forgotten that we are accountable for the employment of our minds, and that no study which is not in some way or other useful can be long innocently indulged. "Nature gave us curiosity," says the eloquent Bolingbroke, "to excite the industry of our minds; but she never intended it should be made the principal, much less the sole object of their application. The true and proper object of this application is a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men and better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness."\* This reproach may be easily avoided by the natural historian, for his studies comprehend a consideration of many circumstances important to the welfare of society, as may be concluded from the manner in which Dr. Hastings speaks of the labours of the Committee of Statistics.

"This committee, the objects of which may be greatly assisted by gentlemen who reside much on their estates, by men of general science, and by the ministers of religion, should be occupied with every thing relating to the cultivation of the county; its population; the employment of the inhabitants of its towns, or of the country labourers, their wages, diet, the regularity of their labour, their habits of life; descriptions of houses inhabited by different classes of persons; the situation of particular towns, cities, or villages; religion; the number of lunatics, idiots, and deformed persons; hospitals, infirmaries, dispensaries, and arrangements for the sick poor, and pauper lunatics: prisons and penitentiaries: and they should particularly endeavour to obtain more correct lists of births, marriages, and deaths, than have been hitherto afforded. The importance, indeed, of statistical investigations cannot well be too highly estimated, for it is only by widely extending, throughout the kingdom, this species of inquiry on statistical or political philosophy, that this most important of all sciences, and which should be held most in reverence, can be established on sure foundations. No science can furnish to any mind capable of receiving useful information so much real entertainment; none can yield such important hints for regulating the conduct of individuals, or for extending the prosperity of the state; none can tend more to promote the general happiness of the species."

Dr. Hastings has entered into some very interesting particulars respecting the population of Worcestershire, the habits and occupations of the people, and the diseases to which they are exposed. It is consolatory to learn that the salubrity of the county has considerably increased during late years; that severe forms of fevers are rare; and that the ague has nearly disappeared from the list of diseases at the infirmary. That science is not to be lightly spoken of which leads to conclusions like the following:—

"I cannot disguise the gratification produced in my mind by the investigations I have made relative to the statistics of the county, which prove the flourishing condition of Worcestershire, and the increasing health and comfort of the great body of its inhabitants. When the raven note of despondency is so often heard denouncing the decline of our commercial prosperity, it is truly gratifying to observe that we have in the richness and variety of the natural productions of our county a solid foundation for the continuance and increase of its present wealth.

"Nor is it less gratifying to find that as far as our examination has extended, the mean duration of human life has considerably increased since the commencement of the present century. Opinions will vary as to the cause of this happy change; one may ascribe it to the more ample supply of food, clothing, fuel, better habitations; another to a salutary change in the habits of our population, as shewn

\* Letters on the Study of History.

by their increased attention to cleanliness and ventilation in their persons and houses; and though last not least, it may be ascribed to improved medical practice. I shall not attempt, in this place, to weigh in the balance the relative claims which each of these causes has to the production of events so pleasing. Yet it may not be amiss to observe, that though honours await those who by brilliant exploits add to the glory of their country, yet the greatest contributor to its political well-being is the man who adds to the health or happiness of the poor, the great mass of the community. It is true that renown and wealth may make a nation great; but with nations as with individuals, a truer criterion of happiness is to be found in the superior state of health, and length of days of the inhabitants. I do not appeal to the mere increase of population, as indicative of our prosperity, for we see too clearly that in the worst parts of Ireland, the population increases more rapidly than in the places where the people are better off; but if, along with an increase of population we found a general increase in the duration of life, we may safely say of such a community, however unhealthy certain portions of it may be, that, collectively, there is a correspondent improvement in health, and a diminution of those causes which militate against longevity."

Another department of Natural History, and one which is especially attractive to young observers, is that of Zoology, "that science which contemplates the attributes and systematic arrangements of living creatures;" at the head of which is man himself, who studies all the rest. The zoologist takes a wide survey of animated nature: the wild beasts of the forests, and the docile flocks which furnish food to man, the bird that wings its majestic flight in the highest air, and the feathered tribes which follow man in his social state; reptiles, insects, and the equivocal creatures which seem to form the boundaries of animal and vegetable life, are all the subjects of his study; and wherever he may happen to live, this study may be prosecuted. Ardent naturalists experience raptures not less intense, and far more noble, than the hunter who pursues a helpless animal to death for mere exercise. A German has written a folio on the properties of a single insect, and we have known a distinguished entomologist start off in hot haste on hearing of some rare species of insect having been found under a stone among the countless stones of the sea shore, and search till he found it. We missed the company of a pleasant friend one day at Dulwich, and found that he had been led away from the low delights of dinner to revel in the mud of the much abounding ponds of that neighbourhood, in search of some attractive reptile. To some extent every one residing in the country becomes a zoologist. No one can live year after year, and behold the glories of the spring and summer, the fading beauties of the autumn, and the bleak sterility of winter, without noticing some of the changes which these seasons induce in the kind of birds which visit the fields or the gardens. Rude rhymes teach even the child to expect the "cuckoo in April:" the swallow and the summer come and go together; and the song of the nightingale, of the blackbird and thrush, even of the pensive robin, which sings its faithful ditty when the gayer friends of summer days have left us, can seldom be addressed to ears utterly unheedful. It seems, indeed, a neglect of our duty to leave young minds insensible to all the voices of nature which suggest lessons of industry, or speak of the Creator. No sooner do the first warm gleams of spring rejoice the earth, than the glad notes of birds awaken the heart of man to joy; and throughout the summer and the autumn, these little creatures, in admired succession, are busy in every hedge-row, brilliant in plumage, active in building or in bringing up their young, and singing hymns at heaven's gate in the lovely hours of morning, in which man in artificial society is the only living thing that is not awake and abroad, and for whom the birds sing, and the sun shines, and the flowers put forth their beauty in vain.

But in the habits of these little creatures, there are inexhaustible materials for closer observation. The angler well knows that the inhabitants of the waters present equal varieties; that they appear and depart in their appointed seasons, and have each a distinct character, which he finds it necessary to study.

"It is a curious circumstance," says Dr. Hastings, "that though the salmon ascend many other tributaries of the Severn, and are frequently caught in the Teme, yet neither that fish, nor the shad, lamprey, nor lampern, ever attempt to enter the Avon at Tewkesbury, which joins the Severn at that place. There are certainly various impediments to the passage in mills and weirs, but such obstacles are in other places surmounted by salmon. It is, however, stated by the fishermen, that the salmon manifest the utmost aversion to the Avon water, and if forced into it by them, when deposited in the trunks of their boats, they turn round to escape, and soon die if they are not relieved. It seems probable that some unpleasant vegetable particles are held in solution by the waters of the Avon, which, notwithstanding its universal praises by the poets, is in effect little better than a winding stagnant pool, and offers no advantages to the fish, who prefer a quick flowing stream with a gravelly bed, and dislike the muddy bottom of the Avon.

"In the month of April the shores of the Severn are annually darkened with innumerable quantities of elvers, which are seen fringing the sides of the river with a black ascending line, which appears in constant motion. The elvers, in their progress from the ocean, continue visible for many weeks, and precede the migration of the shads. These elvers were formerly considered to be the young of the conger eel, *Anguilla conger*, but Dr. Fleming suggests in his 'History of British Animals,' what has indeed been since fully confirmed, that they are the fry of the common eel, *A. vulgaris*. It is well known that the latter spawns in the sea, and great numbers migrate to the coast in the dark and stormy autumnal nights for this purpose. The young ones appear as elvers in the following spring, and proceed in myriads up the mouths of rivers to journey to the fresh-water lakes and marshes inhabited by their parents. When the elvers appear in the river they are taken in great quantities with sieves of hair cloth, or even with a common basket, and after being scoured and boiled are offered for sale. They are either fried in cakes, or stewed, and are accounted very delicious.

Some of the gigantic tenants of the great deep, occasionally wander into the Severn. November 1st, 1819, a pike-headed whale, *Balænoptera boops*, was left by the receding of the tide within ten miles of Gloucester. It was sixty feet in length. In the summer of 1813, a large sturgeon, *Accipenser sturio*, was caught in the Severn at Worcester, on the side of Pitchcroft.\* Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," states, that 'In the Severn, near Worcester, a man bathing, was struck, and actually received his death wound from a sword fish, *Xiphias gladius*. The fish was caught immediately afterwards, so that the fact was ascertained beyond a doubt.' These monsters are found of the length of fifteen feet, and the snout, or sword, two or three feet more."

To those young persons who desire to become well acquainted with these and other particulars of a like kind, we must recommend not reading only, but diligent personal observation. They might with much advantage commence a series of such observations, beginning with the simplest: putting down in writing, for instance, the names of the birds seen or heard by them during their walks, with the date of such walks; and, in case of meeting with birds of which the names were unknown to them, writing as accurate a description as they are able of the form and colour of such birds, and of the localities in which they were observed, and taking the first opportunity of consulting some good book on ornithology in the library of the nearest naturalist; or, if they are so fortunate as to have a Natural History Society in the county, of examin-

\* "Several sturgeons are recorded in the annals of Tewkesbury, as having been taken in the Severn at that place; and in 1829 a large specimen was caught there and landed in the Bushley meadows, in this county; the lord of the manor, J. E. Dowdeswell, Esq. having waived his right to it, the fishermen cleared upwards of ten pounds by exhibiting it, and disposing of the flesh, &c. in small portions to the curious. This sturgeon was seven feet in length, two feet ten inches in girth, and weighed one hundred and twenty pounds."

ing the specimens in the museum. The application of the same systematic observations to fishes, if any knowledge of the angler's art is possessed, and to insects, and to plants and flowers of every description, is obvious, and attended with no difficulty. Those who read Dr. Hastings's lecture will find their attention directed to many birds and plants which they have probably not known were actually within the sphere of their own observation. Nothing, again, is more easy than to collect the nests of birds when the young are flown; and the comparison of the different nests will well illustrate the diversified industry and nature of the little builders. The youngest children delight in gathering flowers; and the elements of botanical knowledge may be acquired at an early age. When those who have the care of young persons are neither indifferent nor ignorant, the capacities of young pupils for acquiring natural knowledge are found to be very considerable. Every walk becomes a lesson, not formal, and dull, and wearisome, but cheerful and enlivening, and leading the thoughts from the works of the Creator to a contemplation of his glorious attributes. Children so situated live in a charmed world. Every plant, every little insect, every warbling bird, affords them a new delight; and whilst they seem only to be reaping enjoyment, they are gathering knowledge, and becoming every day more fitted to advance through all the more arduous paths of science which will afterwards claim their attention. Who that observes how the little gardens before the humblest cottages are filled with brilliant flowers, or who that has marked how the little window of the poor artisan in towns is crowded with garden-pots, whilst the song of some imprisoned but well tended bird cheers the hours of his labour, can fail to acknowledge the instinct with which man is drawn to notice and to love the various works of the creation by which he is surrounded.

So it is also with mineralogy and geology. The first lines of these sciences are written on every side of us; and the most uncultivated minds are roused at least to wonder by the mere variety and strangeness of pebbles. The cutting through a hill for the repair of a road, the digging of a well or a foundation, is the opening of a geological book. In some districts, the pages of the book are written in stronger and sublimer characters than in others; but the book is every where open. In ploughing a field, fine specimens of the ammonite appear; in digging for gravel, some fragments of an elephant are found; and if away from fields and pastures, yet even in knocking at a door in a street, if we cast our eyes on the steps below, we often find them crowded with fossil shells: and all these are the remains of the world before the deluge, the mysterious hieroglyphics of the ancient earth. But where some unrecorded convulsions have elevated portions of the earth's surface far above the general level, or where the industry of man has penetrated into its hidden depths in search of precious metals, the study of mineralogy and geology acquires even a greater interest.

In whatever country the youthful student may be placed, he may learn much of these sciences by his own observation. The works to be found in good libraries, and the specimens in museums, will greatly assist him; but the habitual exercise of his own senses is indispensable to his making a satisfactory progress in a branch of knowledge which gives an interest to every walk and ride. Worcestershire is, in this respect, a rich field for study; but the study has attracted so little attention, that a shaft was sunk, not many years ago, with the expectation of finding a gold mine in the Malvern Hills. The following extract, taken from many valuable details, for which we regret that we cannot afford space, will give our younger readers a glimpse of the wonders that are beneath their feet:—

" Besides borrowed fossils, the diluvial beds occasionally contain fossil remains of their own, consisting of the bones of land animals, which appear to have been living in this country at the time of the catastrophe which caused the deposits in which they are now imbedded. This society possesses several bones of the hippopotamus found at Cropthorne, and we are in hopes of obtaining more from the same place. The remains of a species of deer also occurred at Cropthorne. In a gravel pit at Chadbury, bones of the rhinoceros have been found, also a fine molar tooth of that animal, which has been presented to this society by Mrs. Perrott, of Fladbury. Fossil bones of some large animal have also been found in Mr. Day's clay pit at Bengeworth, and the society is indebted to Mr. Stokes for a fine tooth of the elephant from Stratford-upon-Avon.

" Thus then there is ample evidence of the existence in our diluvial strata of those interesting remains which carry us back to a period, and not, geologically speaking, a distant one, when the hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and elephant, roamed undisturbed in the vallies of Worcestershire; and hence I beg to recommend to the attention of the society the numerous pits of gravel, sand, and clay which abound in the county, not doubting that many valuable relics may thus be rescued from the workmen, who, unless taught otherwise, will still continue to throw them aside as worthless and unprofitable.\*

" Connected with the great plain of red sandstone, and greatly productive of wealth to the county, is the bed of rock salt extending beneath it, and the brine springs in connection with it. The prevailing rock around Droitwich, where the salt works have been for many years situated, is a fine-grained calcareo-argillaceous sandstone, beneath which strata of marl and gypsum alternate, till the brine is met with, at a considerable distance below the surface, flowing over a bed of rock salt which has not hitherto been penetrated. About three miles from Droitwich, at Stoke Prior, similar works have lately been established, and several articles of commerce, as soap, barilla, bicarbonate of soda, and salt, are produced.

" It is not improbable that the whole of the plain of Worcestershire was in ancient times the bed of the sea, while the various hills that now appear, formed the basis of rocks rising out of that primitive ocean. The red marl is generally stated by geologists to be formed from the ruins or debris of older rocks, but they do not descend to any particulars respecting it. We conclude, however, that after the deposition of the coal strata, powerful volcanic eruptions took place in the antediluvian world,† and this is proved by the various trap rocks in England, and the grand basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, and Staffa in the Hebrides. Now one of the hills near Dudley is also crowned with basaltic columns, and basalt appears in the Cleve Hills and our own Abberley Hills. A violent heat, then, at that period acting from beneath has caused the crystallization of the salt, and the consolidation of the red marl, giving to it at the same time its red and white colour, while probably at the same time the bed has been upheaved from below. After these volcanic eruptions, however, a season of quiet ensued, as the strata deposited upon the marl is crowded with shells.

" From Droitwich the new red sandstone extends southwards down the valley of the Severn, abutting against the elevated escarpment of the sienitic or granitic chain of Malvern. This abrupt termination of the sandstone at the base of Malvern Hills is very curious; for whilst over the whole of the plain of Worcestershire the recent formations of the new red sandstone prevail, we no sooner reach the eastern side of Malvern Hill than we find the very oldest, or primitive rocks."

We wish we could also quote the interesting account of the Dudley coal field, one of the most curious and instructive districts in this country, and less generally visited by our young geologists than it deserves. Dr. Hastings has prefixed to his lecture a geological map of Worcestershire, and we hope that the time is not far distant when similar maps of other counties, or of every county, may be readily procured. It is a first attempt, Dr. Hastings says, to represent the geological formation of Worcestershire, and for which he is indebted to Mr. Lees, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Strickland.

\* " We have also in our museum a most magnificent and perfect tusk of the *Elephas primigenius*, weighing nearly forty pounds, and some bones of the Siberian rhinoceros, which were found in 1815 in a bed of diluvial gravel at Little Lawford, Warwickshire, and recently presented to us by the kindness of John Walcot, Esq., a devoted friend to this branch of science.

† " Dr. Ure's New System of Geology."



We have mentioned many points in which the present generation is advantageously distinguished from the last. There is, however, one peculiarity in modern society of a more equivocal merit; we mean the custom of deserting the quiet English homes of the country for the glare and the parade of watering places. To these places of resort some fly for health, but more for diversion; some to escape from the business, and many to escape from the onerous duties of their station; and all, with one accord, devote themselves to vacuity of mind and utter idleness;—all save the student of Natural History, to whom the nature of the different mineral springs, the character of the earths in which such healing waters arise, and the features of the surrounding country, present so many fresh objects of study. Whilst gathering health and spirits on the hills of Malvern, of all the resorts of invalids the most delightful, and the freest from the empty follies of a spa, the convalescent, if a little acquainted with Natural History, will find boundless amusement in the mineralogy and geology of the hills, in the plants which grow there, and in the numerous springs which take their rise among them. These well known hills, of which, although their height does not quite reach 1500 feet, the beautiful outline makes them an ornament to every landscape of which they form in their various aspects any part, are also sufficiently remarkable to interest the geologist, and to excite the student's curiosity. On one side, the eastern, the principal formation is the unstratified granite, or the oldest material of the globe; whilst on the western side occur the sandstone, and the transition limestone, containing shells and other organic remains of animals of species now extinct. The water-springs take a character from these diversities of source: those arising from the ancient rock are well known to be singularly pure, whilst those of the western side are far from possessing the same recommendation. After a few weeks passed near these hills, our young friends might have collected a little museum of stones and fossils, and on paying a visit to the Natural History Society of Worcester, they will meet with explanations of the treasures they have thus picked up in their rambles. The heath will not be less soft, nor the air less sweet and reviving, nor will the landscape appear less diversified and beautiful, for the thoughts being thus occasionally withdrawn from extensive views to an inspection of the details of this wonderful earth on which we live.

But we may be accused of falling into that error of philosophy, making appeals in too high a strain, and holding out pleasures of a lofty cast when we ought to seek our arguments and illustrations from humbler subjects. Be it so. Can any of our young readers use day by day the familiar article of *salt*, and never ask how and where it is procured? This valuable but common condiment may be procured from the sea, by evaporation of the water; it also occurs in some parts of the world in mines; and in parts of Worcestershire it flows dissolved in springs.

“Situated nearly in the centre of the county, and on the river Salwarp, is Droitwich, long celebrated for its brine springs and the manufacture of salt. The springs, from which the salt is procured, appear to be inexhaustible. It is probable that the manufacture of salt is coeval with the town itself, but it was not until the year 1725 that the strong brine for which it is now famous, was discovered. Its purity is considered superior to that of any procured elsewhere, and the quantity of salt produced amounts to about 700,000 bushels yearly. At a distance of from 30 to 40 feet below the surface of the earth, is a hard bed of talc or gypsum, which is generally about 150 feet thick; through this a small hole is bored to the river of brine, which is in depth about 22 inches, and beneath which is a hard rock of salt. The water rises rapidly through this aperture, and is pumped into a capacious reservoir, whence it is conveyed into iron boilers for evaporation. This

brine, which is supposed to be stronger than any other in the kingdom, is generally stated to contain one-fourth part of salt; but this calculation I conceive to be too low, for Mr. Evans\* was good enough to obtain for me one wine quart of this strong brine, which weighed two pounds eight ounces, and yielded on evaporation ten ounces and a half of salt.

“The salt springs are not confined to Droitwich, but extend in many directions around that part of the county, and, I have before mentioned, that at Stoke Prior, about two miles from Droitwich, a manufactory of salt is carried on.”

Thus it is that at every step, in every county, in every town, something is to be found which interests the lover of Natural History. No other study so directly increases the number of inlets to innocent happiness. Nothing exercises the mind so much with so little fatigue.

Fair or gentle reader, are you a watcher of the sky? This also is a department of Natural History. When you mark the changeful clouds, now spread like graceful plumes in the bright sunshine, now gathering in darker masses and portending storms; receiving now the first rays of the morning sun, or reflecting the glories of the dying day; your attention rests on the results of vast operations going on in the upper regions of the atmosphere, concerning which much that is curious may be observed almost in every hour, and the explanation of which is yet obscure. The science of Natural History, which comprehends meteorology, will lead you as it were to those regions, to none accessible except to those whose minds can rise upon the wings of science above the surface of the mere earth. The day may come when to you, or to some one whom you love, a knowledge of the properties of different climates may be most important, and this knowledge may be acquired by a course of daily observations. The nature of the dew, the causes of storms, and the comparative dryness or warmth of different places of residence, are not matters of trifling interest or of trifling utility. We are not unmindful that we may say too much, even on a subject of this kind, and make even Natural History distasteful by wearying our readers with its praise. Here then we will conclude this strain of observation, quoting only the zealous words of Dr. Hastings, who thus addresses his readers:—

“Having now given you as it were a prospect of the promised land, it remains for you to determine whether *you* will go in and possess it. A land not indeed rich, as that of the Israelites of old, in olive-yards and vineyards; but rich in rewarding us, by improving our mental endowments, by purifying our affections, and by leading us on to give glory to God, and to do good to mankind. Will you then give an answer to this question? Are you ready to take your share in endeavouring to carry forward the good work in which we have engaged? I see among you many whose talents and acquirements eminently fit them for the task; but are you willing labourers in this field of knowledge? You must remember that in the social world, if a man will not work, neither can he have food. So it is in the world of science. Science gives no reward to idlers; and therefore it signifies not your having the ability, if you are not determined to exert yourselves, and to leave nothing undone to advance the interests and to serve the cause of the institution which we have so happily formed for the cultivation of this interesting department of knowledge—Natural History.”

We can add nothing to the force of this appeal. Happy are the young people who are in such a case. It is no small honour to Worcester to be so early distinguished by the establishment of an institution which will become, we confidently anticipate, a model for similar institutions in many of the principal provincial towns. The lecture from which we have made such frequent citations is a sufficient proof of the share of honour which is to be ascribed to Dr. Hastings as relates to this undertaking. Its

\* “The Hon. Sec. of our Natural History Society.”

value is increased by an appendix, containing catalogues of the rarer lepidopterous insects found in Worcestershire, and of the most remarkable and interesting plants indigenous to the county, with their habitats. To these is added a list of the mineral productions of Worcestershire, with an account of their economical uses.

The museum of the Natural History Society is already enriched with several valuable specimens, the gifts, for the most part, of individuals residing in the city or in the neighbourhood: the specimens are zoological, botanical, geological, and mineralogical, and their number is continually increasing. The formation of a library has been commenced, and committees are already actively engaged in arranging the specimens, and in surveying the botanical and geological characters of the most interesting districts of the county, including the Malvern range, the Pensax coal-field, the lias and oolite series of Bredon hill and its vicinity, and the gravel at Crophorne, in which remains of the hippopotamus were recently found, which have been presented to the society. Lectures have also been delivered on several subjects, and several communications and papers have been received on different branches of Natural History. Lastly, such liberal donations have been made to the funds of the society as to encourage a reasonable hope that a suitable building will be eventually erected, worthy of the design of the institution, and of the liberal city in which it has been founded.

The satisfaction with which the progress of such an establishment may be viewed is indeed unmixed. No honour can be greater to a community than that of giving it encouragement, nor any praise more pure and unfading than that merited by advocating its cause with the energy, ability, and eloquence which distinguishes every page of Dr. Hastings's most valuable lecture.

We have spoken of Natural History with a confident belief in its utility as well as its manifold attractions, and to enforce the opinion at which we have already hinted, that its study is as much a duty as a pleasure, we shall conclude this notice by quoting an authority which in matters of this kind is second to none.

"Wherefore, to conclude this part," says Lord Bacon, speaking of the dignity and value of knowledge, "let it be observed, that there be two principal duties and services, besides ornament and illustration, which philosophy and human learning *do perform to faith and religion*. The one, because they are an effectual inducement to the exaltation of the glory of God. For as the psalms and other scriptures do often invite us to consider and magnify the great and wonderful works of God; so if we should rest only in the contemplation of the exterior of them, as they first offer themselves to our senses, we should do alike injury to the majesty of God, as if we should judge or construe of the store of some excellent jeweller, by that only which is set out toward the street in his shop. The other, because they minister a singular help and preservation against unbelief and error: for our Saviour saith, *you err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God*; laying before us two books or volumes to study, if we will be secured from error: first, the scriptures, revealing the will of God; and then the creatures, expressing his power: *whereof the latter is a key unto the former*; not only opening our understanding to conceive the true sense of the scriptures, by the general notions of reason and rules of speech; *but chiefly opening our belief, in drawing us into a due meditation of the omnipotency of God, which is chiefly signed and engraven on his works.*"

## HASTILUDE CHAMBER, GOODRICH COURT.

*To the Editor of the Analyst.*

SIR,—Perceiving in your account of Mr. Planché's admirable work on costume, allusion to the armour at Goodrich Court, in the county of Hereford, I trouble you with some account of the Hastilude chamber in that edifice, from a few notes I made in a tour on the justly-celebrated river Wye. It is probably known to several of your readers, that the collection is the finest any where to be found possessed by an individual, and, chronologically speaking, perhaps the most comprehensive in the world. It is disposed in several apartments of a building, the architecture of which dates from the close of the reign of Edward I. to the commencement of that of Edward III., and is so arranged as to produce both effect and instruction.

The hastilude chamber, as the name imports, is appropriated to the tournament, and never did I see so perfect a representation of that most fascinating delight of our ancestors. Opposite the entrance appears the heraldic tree, from the branches of which are suspended the seven shields of the combatants, of various shapes, according to the dates of their armour. At the foot of this is a plain pedestal, against which is the placard setting forth the conditions of the tournament; upon it a tilting helmet of the time of Henry VII., with its crest surrounded by the wreath, which is thus demonstrated to be formed of two scarfs intertwined and tied behind; and in front of it another of the period of Henry VI., such as it appears on seals in that age. The figures are separated from the company by a railing, which was called the lists from the French *lices*, a corruption of the Italian *lizza*. Against the wall is the royal box, in an elevated position, with a herald on each side. It has a handsome canopy of ancient gothic carving in oak, under which is a piece of tapestry of the time of Henry VI., and in front a crimson velvet cloth, with the initials H. R., and the portcullis, besides the fringe, of a golden hue. These heralds are dressed in their tabards, wear on their heads black velvet caps, and on their legs red stockings. One holds a casque as a reward for the defendants of the lists, if successful; the other a sword for the attacking party, who accept the challenge in case of their conquest. In front are two knights in full tournament armour of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, on galloping horses, and just about to strike each other. The former in the coursing hat and mentoniere, his thighs protected by sockets on the saddle, and with an enormous lance, with a beautiful vamplate. His horse is richly caparisoned in crimson and amber silk damask, with the word *Hurnheym* occurring four times on a black velvet border. On the chanfron are the arms of Frederick Von Hurnheym, of

Swabia, and round the neck a row of bells. The latter has his horse trapped with the arms of Bavaria, which he also bears in relief on his shoulder-shield. The manefare, or covering for the horse's mane, is highly curious, being of open work, and is attached to a demi-chafron. But the most interesting circumstance occurs in the mentoniere of the helmet, I mean the little door, the sudden opening of which occasioned the death of Henry II. of France, by permitting the lance of Captain Montgomery to pass through his eye and enter his brain at a tournament, which he gave on the marriage of his son with Mary Queen of Scots. Three figures stand in front of the first-mentioned, apparently waiting their turn to run a course, in the armour of Edward IV. and Richard III., and two before the latter of Richard III. and Elizabeth. The lances of these knights are furnished with vamplates of different kinds, and are tipped with the *etui de fer*, the *etui de fer rebated*, the *cronel*, the *morne*, and the *mornette*. Among the armour are seen the *grand guard*, the *guard-de-bras*, the *volant piece*, &c.; and on the walls hang other curious specimens used in this kind of sport. As the tournament was a practice for war, the armour was generally double to protect the wearer from the dreadful effects of so dangerous an exercise. This weight of armour was accompanied by heavier weapons, that being accustomed to them the knights might feel the greater ease when in the field of battle. At the back are the guard, with long pikes, dressed in a costume of the time of Henry VIII., and two trumpeters, with beautiful banners to their trumpets, in the act of sounding the charge. The whole is grouped in a very picturesque manner, and the general effect very imposing. I learnt that the public were permitted to see the house every day but Sundays.

VIATOR.

August 6th, 1834.

## LOVE.

THERE is a love which meets the eye,  
And breathes in every tone ;—  
That does the very thoughts supply  
With sweetness all its own.

And there is love that cannot brook  
The garish eye of day ;  
But at a sound—a breath—a look,  
Sinks in the heart away.

One, brightly sparkles on the brow,  
Or plays around the heart ;  
The other breathes its pent-up vow  
In loneliness apart.

That, yields a soft and sweet control  
Thro' life's long summer day ;  
But this,—eternal with the soul—  
Can never pass away !

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*To the Editor of the Analyst.*

THE following anecdote, connected in some degree with the annals of Worcester, may not be inappropriate to the objects embraced by your new publication. Should similar communications suit you, I shall be glad to make "The Analyst" the vehicle of some biographical as well as bibliographical memoranda, which I have transcribed into my common-place book.

J. M. G.

The father of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the celebrated Lexicographer, it is well known, in early life, kept a book-stall in Lichfield, and attended on market days, as was then customary, the neighbouring towns. There was, a few years ago, a copy of one of his original Sale Catalogues, in the possession of Thomas Fernyhough, Esq. of Peterborough, from which the following Title of the Catalogue, and Mr. Johnson's address to his customers are extracted:—

"A Catalogue of choice Books in all Faculties, Divinity, History, Travels, Law, Physick, Mathematicks, Philosophy, Poetry, &c. ; together with Bibles, Common Prayers, Shop Books, Pocket Books, &c. Also fine French Prints for stair-cases, and large Chimney Pieces, Maps, large and small—To be Sold by Auction, or he who bids most, at the *Talbot*, in Sidbury, *Worcester*, the sale to begin on Friday the 21st this instant March, exactly at six o'clock in the afternoon, and continue till all be sold. Catalogues are given out at the Place of Sale, or by MICHAEL JOHNSON, of Lichfield. The Conditions of Sale:—

"I. That he who bids most is the buyer, but if any difference arise which the company cannot decide, the book or books to be put to sale again.

"II. That all the books, for ought we know, are perfect; but if any appear otherwise before taken away, the buyer to have the choice of taking or leaving them.

"III. That no person advance less than 6*d.* each bidding, after any book comes to 10*s.* nor put in any book or set of books under half value.

"\* \* \* Note.—Any gentleman that cannot attend may send his orders, and they shall be faithfully executed. Printed for Mich. Johnson, 1717-18.

"To all Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, in and near *Worcester*.—I have had several auctions in your neighbourhood, as Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Evesham, &c. with success, and am now to address myself, and try my fortune with you. You must not wonder, that I begin every day's sale with small and common books; the reason is a room is some time a filling, and persons of address and business, seldom coming fast, they are entertainment till we are full; they are never the last books of the best kind of that sort, for ordinary families and young persons, &c. But in the body of the catalogue you will find Law, Mathematicks, History: and for the learned in Divinity, there are, Drs. South, Taylor, Tillotson, Beveridge, and Flavel, &c. the best of that kind; and to please the Ladies, I have added store of fine pictures, and paper hangings; and by the way I would desire them to take notice that the pictures shall always be put up by noon of that day they are to be sold, that they may be viewed by day light. I have no more, but to wish you pleas'd, and myself a good sale, who am,

"Your humble Servant,  
"M. JOHNSON."

## CRÉPU; OR, "IS IT POSSIBLE?"

## A TALE OF BLOOD.

THE solemn bell of Brussels cathedral had given warning of that most portentous of all hours, which, according to ancient crones and chronicles, releases the interred body from the bondage of the grave, and permits of its temporary re-union with the spirit, to roam awhile on earth, to scare the conscience of the wicked, fright babes and old veterans, clank chains, lift bed-hangings, wave tapestry, turn tapers blue, and howl and gibber in the lone court, or by the still loner way-side. In short it was midnight, and as the last echo of the last chime died away, the painted, carved, and highly-polished door of a sumptuous edifice near the Hotel-de-Ville, was thrown open, and discovered a group of merry roisterers, who had evidently bowed fervently at the shrine of Bacchus, and were still reeling from their genuflections. Their mirth was loud and daring; "quip and crank" prevailed, as the strong flames of a couple of torches held aloft by liveried lackeys, showed a "candle-light effect" which Schalcken\* would have contemplated with rapture. Half a dozen gallants, attired in the full mode of 1680, with an immense mass of curls on their shoulders, long cravats of Mechlin lace, deep ruffles of the same, and richly embroidered suits of velvet, with diamond buckles in their square-toed high-heeled shoes, were bidding adieu to a boon-companion, and pledging him in what might have been the stirrup-cup had the stranger been otherwise than a pedestrian. A stout, middle-aged, muscular man, with blunt features, twinkling grey eyes, and a complexion pretty well bronzed in its natural state, but now heightened to a dull brick colour by its proprietor's late orgies, was the object of these valedictory courtesies. His steeple-crowned hat, set jauntily on one side, was ornamented with a long feather and a precious stone of great brilliancy; a wide Flanders ruff, somewhat disordered, encompassed his neck, and a short full cloak of black velvet, opening in front, displayed a close-fitting doublet of military cut, crossing which a broad white leathern belt dustained a sword of rather extravagant longitude: trunk hose and maroquin shoes, with trim rosettes, completed the costume of the departing guest. Bursts of laughter, jests, and gibes, and sarcasms, with sentiments more memorable for their good-will and jollity than their sober philosophy, stunned the martial visitant as he raised a huge bell-mouthed drinking glass to his lips, and, at one draught, decanted the Rhenish which it contained. A peevish refusal of attendance, a muttered "good night," a striking down of his beaver upon his brow, a fierce flinging out of his right leg, and a correspondent flourish of his dexter arm, as he prepared for his homeward march, raised an uproar of merriment from his friends; he heeded it not, but, steadying himself for a moment to recover the gravity partially endangered by his too vigorous outset, went off at a pace remarkable for nothing but sundry vacillations from right to left, similar to those practised by fresh-water sailors on stepping from stem to stern in a rough sea.

\* Godfrey Schalcken, the celebrated painter of fire-lights, who desired William III. to hold a candle while he sketched in his Majesty's portrait.

In a few seconds, the shouts of his comrades and the glare of the flambeaux waxed faint and dim, and the turn of a corner brought our hero into obscurity, illumined only by occasional gleams of the moon, which struggling in a rebel drift of tempestuous clouds, threw out a beam now and then, as if asserting her prerogative to enlighten the world. The imagination of the soldier—for such he appeared—was apparently alive to all the glories of warlike enterprise; words of mighty import—of death and wounds and cannon's roar; of attack and slaughter, siege and sortie; battle and ambuscade, broke from him at intervals, and these were curiously intermixed with the fond phrases of a floral enthusiast wandering through his flower beds. Roses, tulips, peonies, anemonies, hyacinths—all the favourites of the parterre, with their bright minions the butterflies, were apostrophised and verbally transplanted to the field of carnage; nor must we omit to state that ejaculations of less warrantable purity, and more like the rude oaths of the halbert, ever and anon varied the oratory of the speaker. In this chequered mood he was zigzagging on, when a rough salutation manual, on the shoulders, roused his belligerent propensities, and, foaming with ire indescribable, he whirled out his bilboa, faced round, and with a biting anathema, made a deadly lunge at his antagonist. The pass was effectual,—hot blood gushed into the face of the soldier, a heavy groan, and a heavier fall, succeeded the blow—then a bubbling sound, and all was silent. The fumes of inebriation instantly fled from the brain of the conqueror; appalled at the consequence of his rashness, he stood for a moment rooted to the very ground, his crimsoned blade in his hand, and his hair bristling on his head like "quills on the fretful porcupine." Detection, arrest, a criminal process, judgment and execution—a scaffold, and all its sickening accompaniments, rushed before him in momentary but hideous display. "San Jago, assist me!" at length uttered the unhappy soldier, throwing down his sword, and stooping to take note of the dying man. One glance was sufficient, he sprung back as if galvanised, poured out a hearty thanksgiving, made a summerset in the air, took off his beaver, bent it double with delight, and, finally, kicked it into the kennel; then, rushing up to the victim who lay lifeless before him, he hastily unbuckled his buffalo belt, fastened it securely round the feet, and, raising the corpse on his back, tottered home as speedily as he could, dreading an encounter with the watch. Alarm lent wings to his heels, and thus transformed him into a modern Mercury; the moon peeped out pryingly as he knocked with subdued eagerness at the back gate of a fair house, on the outskirts of the good city of Brussels: the baying of a dog at some distance returned the demand, and while banning the tardiness of those within, the soldier leaned his burthen upon a fence and proceeded to fan his brow with his broad hat. His resting-place was a long slip of garden ground, at the end of which, close to the trellised door-way of a quaint, old, tall-chimneyed dwelling, he stood panting from the effects of his flight. Narrow paths, neatly gravelled and bordered with close-clipped edgings of box, intersected the place at right angles, a summer-house, gilded and painted and surmounted with a fantastic weather cock, stood in the centre; and miniature plantations fenced in the spot, and protected the flower plots from too boisterous a salute from the winds. These small treasuries of Flora were disposed in bizarre fashion and mathematical form, but they exhibited some of the rarest and costliest roots that ever a Dutch bulb buyer gloated on with ecstasy. There were tulips worth the Muscovite's diadem, and hyacinths, one individual of which were cheap at the wealth of a "dynasty" of Burgomasters.



Indeed, there were blossoms of all hue and shape, and shade, and grade of loveliness, and the perfume that arose from this little wilderness of sweets as the breeze wanted over it, might have wooed a Peri from Paradise. But dreams of perfume and Peris played not over the olfactory organs, or the poetical fancy of the impatient and jaded soldier; a less cautious tapping than previously—in fact a tremendous application of his fists to the old oaken panels brought, first the hurried apparition of a taper to the lozenged window above, and secondly, the bodily semblance of a tall, slender, spindle-shanked, sleepy-eyed youth, to the door. With a quick fling the soldier strode through a dark sinuous passage, and entering a warm kitchen, glittering with culinary utensils of the brightest pewter, brass, and copper, he deposited the corpse on the floor, and surlily bade his shambling attendant fast bar the door. But he spoke and exorcised in vain. Karl stood still, an image petrified; his large leaden eyes fully expanded, his mouth drawn down, his arms depending rigidly at his side, with the hands spread out, and fear and terror written most legibly on his colourless visage. “How now!” angrily demanded his master, “what is the elfin dreaming of? By the blade of my sword you look more like a mandrake uprooted, than any thing Christian.” This greeting of brief ceremony dissolved the spell that sat on the panic-struck youth, his lips parted, and in a quick, shrill, half-agonized tone he cried out—“*The governor’s favourite stag—slain outright!*” and, making one stride to the back gate, he barred and bolted till the battering-ram of the ancients might have found it tough work to break away. “*Is it possible?* The governor’s favourite!—the fawn!—the tame fawn that followed him every where!” cried Crépu, the delinquent, eying the poor victim fearfully. “Aye! and that was fed at his table—eat out of his own hands, drank of his cup, and lay in his ante-room!” mournfully responded Karl, gazing on the inanimate beast. “Holy Mother preserve me!” ejaculated Crépu, wringing his hands and bitterly striding across the kitchen. “His Serene Highness will raise the whole city! we shall all be hanged, drawn, and quartered!” pursued Karl. “Peace, villain! or I will stew thee alive!” roared his master, turning on him in an agony of passion and fright. With one bound Karl made to the door, and his lank personage vanished in an instant at the top of a wide dark-grained staircase of oak, which he had ascended with the celerity of lightning. In a few seconds he re-appeared, followed by a young man of fair handsome features, with bright tresses waving gracefully on his shoulders, and a gallant figure well set off in a suit of forester’s green. “Hans!—Hans! what is to be done?” cried out Crépu, on his entering the kitchen, “see what mischief Beelzebub and his imps have led me into! Alas! alas! that I should have lived to behold this ruin!” and the miserable man again wrung his hands with dismay. “The governor’s fawn! who-o-o!” exclaimed the young man in an under tone, indicative of strong surprise, and whistling inwardly as he stooped over the beautiful creature, and raising the head showed a rich silver collar, bearing the arms and titles of the most irascible of all men. A groan of horror burst from Karl, and Crépu re-echoed it with awful vehemence. “Had you knocked a fat citizen on the sconce, or pinked him into eternity, all might have been well, good master,” said the young student, still scrutinizing the poor beast with the sharp glance of a sportsman—“but by the Tun of Heidelbergh, the death of his stag will be never forgiven!” Karl melted into loud wailings, “Perdition!” groaned Crépu—“Perdition, indeed,” returned Hans, “to loiter with the brute in the house! Come, come—out with the knives—slay it and quarter

it!—ere day-light it must be made so that no man shall know it!" Crépu's eye kindled as the youth spoke, and Karl ceased to shed tears; but the business was urgent, all lent a hand, the dappled fawn was dragged into the cellar, and there, amidst flasks of old Hock, and pipes of Tokay, it was speedily divested of its leathern coat, carved and cut and slashed most adroitly, rapidly, and silently, by the anxious trio, and, long before dawn, divers large pickling-pans, well filled with brine, exhibited the novel appearance of venison in salt. The skin and the collar, that bore marked evidence of the assassination, were consigned to the temporary guardianship of a flag raised for the purpose in the floor of the vault; and, having washed away the sanguinary traces of their occupation, the master, his pupil, and domestic, issued from the subterranean scene of their labours, and ventured to retire to repose.

Now Crépu being at this time a bachelor, had no fair female inquisitor on the premises to take cognizance of the ruthless proceedings of the night; his tortoiseshell cat, it is true, was of the softer sex, and following them into the cellar with ten thousand blandishments, had testified extraordinary affection for the defunct, insomuch that sundry morsels were administered to her by her master, in recompense for her attentions; but she was prudential and aged, and her taciturnity might be relied upon. Karl was sworn to secrecy,—Hans was well born, indeed nobly descended, and his honour was unimpeachable,—the fawn was in pickle and its skin under ground,—there was an end to the matter; the dead could not whisper the deed, and Crépu, breathing freely, resigned himself most quietly to Morpheus.

But man's wisdom is gossamer, and his conclusions are smoke! The morrow came, and the governor's domestics shrunk into grasshoppers when the fawn was reported "*absent without leave!*" They looked upon one another like men stricken with pestilence,—visions of swords at their throats and a thick storm of curses flitted before their eyes, and made them willing to exchange shoes with the commonest mendicant in the market place of Brussels. Despair turned their blood into vinegar, bitter words rose amongst them, menace, and reproach; even the timorous became valiant, and the shoe-black plucked the scullion-boy by the nose, and challenged him on the spot. In the midst of their panic the silver bell of the governor rang loud and furious; a quick choleric voice was heard rising in paroxysms of wrath, and the valet made but one step and a half backwards down stairs, to assure the terrified servants that "all Brussels would be burnt to the ground, if the fawn were not forthcoming iustanter." The lackeys would have taken to flight and rushed into rat-holes for security, but a light, firm foot descended the staircase, and terrible as the god of war, "His Serene Highness," slippered and morning-gowned, stood in their midst. The affrighted vassals fell on their knees, and begged for their lives. "How now, villains!" thundered their Lord, "by what disobedience of orders has the animal been lost? answer me, scoundrels! and on your peril speak truth, or I'll hang you up thick as acorns on the park trees!" And in good truth His Serene Highness scowled as if he would verily act as he promised: he was a gallant, knightly-looking man, of some forty-five years of age, middle-sized, square built, and unencumbered with flesh; with short golden hair, a blue eye bright as the kestrel's, a straight nose, full mouth, and ruddy complexion; in short, he seemed a man of heady mood but of warm heart; swift at a word and a blow, and yet not a very Herod withal. The domestics flew with alacrity to search every crevice, but in vain;—the palace, the park, the grounds, the garden, the streets, the lanes, and even the market-women's panners

were searched ineffectively. A council of war was held by the re-assembled menials; fear presided over their deliberations, and gave an edge to their speeches—they talked of dragging all the ponds, sinks, and sewers in the city, and were debating its propriety when the Huntsman—a shrewd, clever, grey-headed fellow—thought of a plan which would, he averred, bring forth the stag, dead or alive, “so be that the witches had not wickedly conjured it o’er the sea.” In short, he threw himself on his knees before the Governor, and craved his permission to unkennel the hounds, and give them the scent, offering to lay down his life if his device did not succeed. The Governor assented, with a petrifying volley of oaths; and in less than five minutes the streets of Brussels resounded with the tumultuous yellings of the largest pack ever maintained by the quiet citizens for the pastime of their puissant Ruler. The dogs behaved with strange lack of courtesy, rushing into shops, upsetting apple-women, throwing down booths, ramming their heads into fish-baskets, making desperate innovations on private domiciles, terrifying old ladies, and effecting hasty revolutions in the antient economy of many a tea-table, as they scoured on in their erratic career. Suddenly they paused, and snuffing the ground eagerly for a moment, set up a tremendous baying, and joining in close body, never stopped till they leaped simultaneously into Crépu’s beautiful garden, and laid dead siege to his dwelling. Here was a consummation *not* to be wished! And where was Crépu—unfortunate Crépu? In his studio, for the *cidevant* soldier of Spain, was now an artist—and one of repute—a flower-painter whose enchanting groups, scarcely less valuable than those of *Van Huysum*, were sought far and near, and conferred value and ornament on the cabinets of crowned heads. Fixed at his easel, with Hans at some little distance occupied in sketching from a bouquet in a goblet of crystal, and surrounded by models in wax, festoons and chaplets, colours and pigments, oils, and varnishes, slabs, mullers, phials, and bottles of all sizes and shapes, the military votary of the Arts, in a flowered robe-de-chambre, capped and pantouffled, was giving its last tint and loveliness to a moss-rose, sprinkled with dew, when the din of the hounds startled him out of his very senses. He glanced thrillingly at his apprentice. “It is discovered—concealment is impossible,” said the latter. “We shall be torn in pieces, like Jezebel!” cried Crépu, and flinging down palette and pencils, he upset his easel, rent his garment in twain in his precipitancy, and flying like a frightened leveret up a narrow stair-case, rushed through a low-roofed attic, enriched with a truckle-bed and a broken-backed chair—the dormitory of Karl—tore out the leaden-framed lattice, and putting himself through the aperture, got out on the roof. Finding the next window accommodatingly open he made an *entré*, sans ceremonie, much to the discomfiture of an old woman who sat in the chamber. But apology was out of the question—tumbling down her spinning-wheel he passed by like a spectre, fled down stairs, and flung himself upon the generosity of his neighbour, confessing that he had committed a deed of blood. Protection was entreated and given, and, hid in the wine cellar, Crépu listened, in cold agonies, to the clamour in his own vault, and found that a full development had ensued. The pickled venison was drawn forth, the skin torn from its strong hold, and with these mementos of the departed favorite, the incensed huntsman and his hounds withdrew to the Palace.

The governor’s rage was unbounded; he swore most imperially, and threatened Crépu like a bravo; but he was a lover of pictures, and a patron of the artist; he had some dozen of his works in possession, and

another in expectancy; the fawn was a favourite, but dead, it was venison, and might meet the fate of venison; Crépu was an old officer, a bluff fellow, an exquisite painter, and a jovial disciple of Bacchus. Well—well—there was no making head against this; his Serene Highness mollified; Crépu's friends, with whom he had dined prior to the rash deed, were sprigs of nobility; they hastened down to the palace, quaffed bumpers of Burgundy with the governor, soothed him with their sallies of wit, and finally whispered the midnight mistake as detailed to them under the painter's own sign manual from the cellar in which he lay *perdu* solacing him with the juice of the grape. The Governor fell back in his chair with laughter, and the tragedy ended most unexpectedly in broad farce and salt venison pasty, of which Crépu partook largely, washing it down so liberally with potations of sack, that he grew desperate in his courage, and set the table in uproars with the comic narrative of his *rencontre*.

And here we might pause, if we were not bound to relate that the clever part taken by Hans in the disposition of the deceased, so won the whimsical fancy of the rich old diamond-merchant whose daughter he had long privately wooed, that the fairest and wealthiest bride in all Brussels was that day twelvemonth the bride of Hans Van Glockenthorn. \* \* \*

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### ON RE-VISITING A FAVOURITE SCENE IN WINTER.

THE woodlands weep their glory past;  
 Yon bower bends leafless to the blast;  
 And wintry ruin deepens fast  
 O'er the fair scene in memory cherished.  
 Oh yet to me, these woods are dear,  
 Though cold to common eyes and drear;  
 And yet that little bower can charm,  
 Though stripped by winter's ruthless arm:  
 For fond remembrance clothes each scene  
 In foliage ever fresh and green,  
 Though all its summer bloom have perished.

When dim thine eye, O lady, grows;  
 When droops the lily,—fades the rose  
 On thy dear cheek; and with the snows  
 Of age, thy honoured head is hoary:  
 Memory shall give thy faded face  
 A softer and more touching grace.  
 Oh then, shall thine age-stricken form  
 Wake homage tender and as warm,—  
 Of holy love as ardent zeal,—  
 As he who loves thee, now may feel,  
 Though thou art in youth's spring-tide glory.

F. F.

## TRANSACTIONS OF THE PROVINCIAL MEDICAL AND SURGICAL ASSOCIATION.

IN resuming the consideration of the papers contained in this valuable publication, we propose to direct the attention of our readers to the Essays upon the subject of Topography in the second volume of the Transactions. The Essays referred to are three in number.—I. A very elaborate paper on the Topography of the Hundred of Penwith, comprising the district of the Landsend, in Cornwall, by Dr. Forbes. II. An Essay on the Medical Topography of Bristol, by Dr. Carrick and Dr. Symonds, and III. A Topographical Account of Stourport, Worcestershire, and its immediate neighbourhood, by Mr. Watson. Without professing to enter into a close examination of the very curious and important particulars brought before our notice in these valuable papers, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers such of them as bear a more especial relation to the peculiar features of our own county.

Topographical and Statistical inquiries, notwithstanding their acknowledged importance, are usually considered as dry in detail, and as affording little to interest the general reader. But it is the same with this as with every other branch of valuable knowledge; the first steps are along a path thorny and difficult of ascent, and the progress of advancement therein may indeed be wearisome, but a rich harvest of reward is ultimately obtained in the gradual accumulation of facts, and the examination and comparison of these facts with a view to the elucidation of their relations with each other, and the investigation of the causes to which they owe their origin, constitute inquiries of the highest interest. We have, indeed, been told that such subjects are not fitted for the superficial reading and frothy literature of the present age—that unless our pages contain a free sprinkling of scandal, or are graced with the spiceries of metropolitan lore, our undertaking cannot succeed, but we argue better things from the good sense and good taste of our readers. As we do not believe that any of them would be guilty of stealing the trash of this world's lucre, neither will we suppose them capable of the deeper dye incurred by filching a good name, which nought enriches them, but makes the loser of it poor indeed. We will not therefore stoop to pander to the appetite of a vitiated taste, nor insult alike the morality and the intellect of our readers by supposing that they can relish nothing but that which is impure in itself, or the forced production of an excited and unrestrained imagination; but it shall be our endeavour to shew that the libations offered to the Muse which presides over the midnight lucubrations of the Analyst are disgraced by no such impurities, and we pledge ourselves that if we cannot drink deeply of the Castalian Fount, no spring less pure than the sparkling waters of Helicon shall satisfy us.

In the observations which we are about to make, we purpose instituting a comparative examination of the districts to which the Essays under consideration refer, (namely, the promontory of the Landsend—the coal basin of Bristol—and the vales of the Severn and Avon, which, with their surrounding elevations, comprise nearly the whole county of Worcester) in respect of, 1st., their geographical position and general physiognomy, 2d., their geology, 3d., meteorology and climate, 4th., productions of the soil, 5th., employment of the inhabitants, and lastly, the general effect of the whole upon the average of human life.

The differences in geographical position are considerable, at the same time they are such as to afford valuable grounds for comparison. The Landsend, constituting the extreme point of the promontory of Cornwall, and projecting far into the surrounding ocean, may be termed strictly maritime, and partakes of all the characters of a small island. Bristol, again, with its surrounding country, situated near the confluence of the Avon and Severn, at the expansion of the latter river into that large estuary, or, rather, arm of the sea, distinguished as the Bristol Channel, is of a mixed character; while the valley of Worcestershire is altogether inland, and sheltered by the ranges of hills which flank the extended plains of which it is composed. The difference of latitude and longitude is not perhaps of itself sufficient to produce much difference in the climate or in the vegetable productions of these three districts. The latitude of Worcester and Bristol very nearly corresponds; but the declination of the Landsend to the south and west, when conjoined with its maritime situation, produces very decided effects in modifying the temperature, climate, and consequently the vegetation of this locality. The operation of these causes is, however, to a certain extent counterbalanced by the more elevated character of the whole region, for though the highest hills do not exceed 1000 feet, still the general elevation of the hundred of Penwith is averaged by Dr. Forbes at between 400 and 500 feet above the level of the sea; whereas, according to Mr. Watson, that of Stourport is not more than 58 ft. 7 in., and the general average of the extended plain of Worcestershire, from the base of the Malvern Range on the west, to the Cotswolds with the outlyer of Bredon, on the east and south-east, and the line stretching from Bromsgrove Lickey and the Hagley Hills to Abberley, Ankerdine, and thence to Malvern on the north and north-west, does not probably exceed 80 or 100 feet. This circumstance, combined with the protection which the whole district receives from these several chains of hills, will necessarily tend to elevate the general temperature, to diminish its range, and to ameliorate the climate. The level of the city of Bristol, built upon the junction of the Avon and Frome, a few miles only from the entrance of these rivers into the Bristol Channel, is still lower, though the locality is perhaps, in other respects less favourably situated than the plain of Worcestershire.

Having made these few remarks upon the general situation of the respective localities, we shall now turn our attention to

their geological formation. The general rock formation of the Landsend is primitive, consisting of granite, with varieties of clay slate, containing, however, subordinate strata of other rocks, principally hornblende and felspar, and, more sparingly, primitive limestone and serpentine. The striking feature in the geology of the plain of Worcestershire, is the extensive new red sandstone formation, which, resting upon the Malvern Range, extends from thence nearly to the opposite side of the county, where the lias and oolite limestones are chiefly found. The city of Bristol is situated chiefly upon red sandstone. The whole plain occupying a basin of which the mountain limestone forms the outer wall, is composed of the same rock, while the heights upon which Clifton is built, with St. Vincent's Rock, and the cliffs on the opposite side of the Avon, are of the mountain limestone. For more particular details we must refer to the respective papers, and as regards the plain of Worcestershire to the illustrations of the Natural History of that county by Dr. Hastings, of which we have elsewhere taken notice.

Dr. Forbes enters into very ample details respecting the climate of the Landsend, a subject which is of very great interest in every point of view, but especially as Penzance, situated near the extreme point of this locality, has been particularly recommended for invalids on account of the advantages which it is supposed to possess in this respect. The value of the paper of Drs. Carrick and Symonds, would have been materially increased by tables similarly constructed with those given by Dr. Forbes; or at least by some more definite information respecting the range of the thermometer and barometer, and the annual and monthly means of temperature and atmospheric pressure. From what we have been able to collect from their observations upon this important subject, it would appear that the climate of Bristol is mild, and that the surrounding atmosphere is by no means subject to those impregnations of moisture which the situation upon the west coast, and other local peculiarities, would lead us to expect.

"The geographical position of Bristol," observes Dr. Carrick, "is not less favourable than its locality, to the mildness of its climate. At the extremity of a narrow bay or inlet of a hundred miles in length, it participates of the equalizing influence of the ocean on its superincumbent atmosphere, and is comparatively exempt from the storms and tempests to which the more projecting coast of the English Channel is obnoxious, as well as from the humidity which characterises the south coasts of Devonshire and Cornwall; the latter being more advanced into the ocean, and surmounted every where by lofty mountainous ridges, attract and condense the clouds, surcharged with moisture, as they roll in from the Atlantic; and thus a smaller portion of rain, and fog and damp, is left for the more inland situations. In this way we can easily account for the quantity of rain which falls in Bristol and its vicinity, being considerably less than in any of the more westerly districts, not averaging more than twenty-four inches; and for the smaller depth of snow at Bristol than in most other parts of the kingdom. There have, in fact, been winters in which none whatever has been observed to fall; many, in which that which did fall, dissolved the instant it touched the ground; and four or five winters have passed in succession, in which it would have been impossible to make a snow-ball; and this, too, while in almost every other part of the kingdom the snow lay to a considerable depth. The deepest snow at Bristol, within our remembrance, was in 1795 and 1813. In both these winters, the snow, on the average, where it was not drifted nor partially blown off, was from ten to twelve inches deep, which,

although inconvenient on the roads the first morning, was not sufficient to interrupt, nor materially to retard travelling; while in all other directions, east, west, north, and south, the depth of the snow and the blocking up of the roads were the theme of every letter and every newspaper. In the last of these years, the roads in Devonshire were for days impassable, and the snow in the streets of Exeter was reported to reach to the second story."

It is to be regretted that something more definite than general observations were not given, by which these facts, if indeed they are really entitled to that name, might be satisfactorily established. Mr. Watson's paper is altogether deficient in this respect, and we are compelled therefore in the comparative observations which follow, to draw our information respecting the climate of the plain of Worcestershire from other sources. A good deal of information upon this subject is given in a paper by Dr. Streeten in the first volume of the Transactions. The observations contained in that paper relate chiefly to the year 1832, and have reference to a special object, but they seem to have been drawn up with considerable attention, and in several instances will be found to afford information available for our present purpose. From one of the tables we find that during the year 1832, the mean temperature at 8 a. m. was 48.8—at 2 p. m. 56.2., which gives 52.5., for the general mean. Now the annual mean temperature of Penzance, as given by Dr. Forbes, is 51.8. and of the year 1832 (as we have ascertained by calculation from the tables in the appendix to his paper,) 51.5. So that the mean temperature at Worcester in the year 1832 was higher by one degree than it was at Penzance during the same period. Dr. Hastings states the mean of the month of November (1833?) at Barbourne, near Worcester, at 49.16. The general mean of the same month at Penzance, from 1821 to 1832 inclusive, is stated by Dr. Forbes, to be 48.8. The following table of the monthly mean temperature at Penzance and Worcester during the year 1832, has been constructed from the tables of Dr. Forbes and Dr. Streeten.

JAN. FEB. MAR. APR. MAY. JUN. JUL. AUG. SEP. OCT. NOV. DEC.

|                |      |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |        |
|----------------|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|--------|
| Penzance, .... | 43.5 | —43.0 | —45.5 | —48.5 | —52.5 | —58.5 | —61.0 | —60.5 | —57.0 | —54.0 | —48.0 | —47.0. |
| Worcester,.... | 38.7 | —40.1 | —46.6 | —51.6 | —55.4 | —61.7 | —65.9 | —63.8 | —60.8 | —54.6 | —46.0 | —41.6. |

It would hence appear that the difference of climate as regards the amount of variation of temperature is in favour of Penzance, the annual range being much less than at Worcester, at the same time that the annual mean is within one degree of the same as in the vicinity of that city; but the greater humidity of the atmosphere of the Landsend probably tends much to counterbalance any advantage derived by invalids from the higher temperature of the winter months. By comparing the results above stated, with the mean temperature of the months in London as given at page 47, table 3, the climate of Worcester will be found to have considerably the advantage of London in this respect, and though the temperature is less equable than that of Penzance, still, connected with other circumstances, and especially the less elevated character of the country generally, the shelter which it



derives from the surrounding hills, and the higher temperature of the mouths of March and April, a season which is always found to be the most trying to those suffering from ill health or natural weakness of constitution, it is probable, that in respect of mere climate, the valley of Worcestershire will be found more favourable to the health of the mass of its inhabitants than the hundred of Penwith.

The mean height of the barometer at London and Penzance, as obtained from observations carried on during three years, is stated by Dr. Forbes, to be—Penzance, 29.61—London, 29.82. At Worcester, during the year 1832, Dr. Streeten states it to have been 29.93. We might hence infer the great humidity of the atmosphere of the Landsend, and accordingly the annual average of rain observed to fall at Penzance is as high as 44.7 inches, whereas at Bristol it is not more than 24 inches, and about Worcester, agreeably to Dr. Hastings, about 27 inches. Dr. Forbes remarks in connection with this subject,

“I am unacquainted with any hygrometrical observations that have been made in this part of the country; I cannot, therefore, give any precise statement either of the comparative or actual humidity of its atmosphere. There can be no doubt, however, that this is much greater than in the interior counties. Its situation alone may be deemed sufficient to prove this; but the fact is further demonstrated by many well-known peculiarities. There is much greater difficulty, for instance, of guarding against the oxydation of iron at Penzance than at London: and of preserving articles of dress, &c. from the effects of *damp*, a fact well known and admitted by every one there resident. The great prevalence of westerly winds in this district will be more particularly noticed hereafter: now, this wind, if it does not always bring rain, certainly has always qualities of great humidity, sufficiently cognizable by the senses. The warm west winds often bring with them a sort of drizzly rain, sufficient to wet thoroughly, grass and other vegetables, or the clothes of a person exposed to it; while neither the rain-gauge, nor the roads or streets, show any indication of its presence, unless long continued.”

So that not only is the actual fall of rain nearly double the amount of what is observed in the midland counties, and at Bristol, but the light of the sun is obscured by almost perpetual mist. Frost and snow, it appears, are of very rare occurrence in this district.

“It results from Mr. Giddy, sen.’s tables, that the average number of days on which snow has fallen in any one year, is very little more than two and a half; and, including the days on which hail showers are noted, it scarcely amounts to nine. It appears, also, that of the fourteen years included in the tables, there have been four on which no snow fell. Of course, the existence of causes to prevent the fall of snow will prevent its continuance on the ground; and the fact is, that snow never remains on the soil in the vicinity of Penzance more than a day or two, seldom, indeed, more than a few hours; and even on the highest grounds, in the centre of the narrow peninsula, it seldom has been known to continue more than a week or ten days.”

The passage just quoted, will apply equally well to the plains of Worcestershire; at least, for the last three or four years, we have scarcely observed snow to fall, and in no instance during that period do we recollect that it remained upon the ground more than a few hours. The effect of this mildness of the climate of the Landsend, or rather of Penzance, (for we doubt whether, had corres-

ponding observations been made at some spot in the mountainous region which forms so large a portion of this district, that like results would have been obtained), upon the productions of the soil, is illustrated by a list of some exotics growing in the open air in the neighbourhood of Penzance, and, by several curious facts and observations respecting the growth and maturity of vegetation in general. The following extract from some remarks upon the climate of Worcester and its vicinity, published in the *Midland Reporter*, by Mr. Williams, of Pitmaston, a gentleman whose attention has long been given to Meteorology, shews that in this respect also the climate of Worcester is not far behind.

“Worcester, therefore, considering its distance from the sea, stands low; this, joined with other local circumstances, gives the climate the character of mildness; and, in cloudy or showery weather, the distant hills seem to have an influence, for it often happens in a south-westerly wind, which is the prevailing wind in the western part of England; that the Cotswold Hills, which run from north-east to south-west, are covered with clouds, as is also the chain of high land in the western part of Herefordshire; and from thence, to the Clee Hills, in Shropshire; whilst the low plain of Worcestershire has a clear sky.

“The corn harvest is, in consequence, some days earlier in the vale part of Worcestershire, than in the counties of Hereford or Gloucester. Again, when the north-east wind blows in the winter or spring months, its temperature is, perhaps, a little modified, in passing, in an oblique direction, across the German ocean, from the Nasé of Norway; for in severe winters, tender plants are less injured in the neighbourhood of Worcester than about London. This was particularly instanced about fifteen or twenty years ago, when the *Arbutus Unedo* was generally killed by the frost in Middlesex, but escaped injury in Worcestershire.”

From these observations it would appear that with almost equal advantages arising from the mildness of the winter months in the vale of Severn, we have also the additional advantage of more rapid vegetation in the spring, and greater maturity in the summer.

“The very low temperature of the summers,” observes Dr. Forbes, “and the want of sufficient sunshine, prevent many of the common fruits from attaining that richness of flavour, and security of full maturation, which they possess in the inland counties. The vine very rarely ripens its fruit in the open air; and the wall-fruits, in general, are inferior, in point of flavour, to those of other counties, particularly the peach.

“The apricot rarely produces any fruit, except in a few places, and then very scantily. The green-gage plum is nearly equally unproductive. The walnut and common hazel-nut very seldom bear any fruit, although the latter is sufficiently productive more to the eastward in the county.

“A further consequence of the cool summers is the comparative lateness of the harvests in this district. This is, indeed, not very considerable, still it is sufficiently obvious. From an account now before me, of the date at which harvest commenced, on a farm in the immediate vicinity of Penzance, for a period of seventeen years, it appears that the average period of commencement is the 12th of August; the earliest is the 3rd, and the latest the 27th.”

The superiority of the valley of Worcestershire, in these respects, is too manifest to require more than a mere notice, having been already sufficiently illustrated in the remarks which we have had occasion to offer. We cannot enter into details respecting the *Natural History* of the several districts which have occupied our attention, although much interesting information is given by

the authors of these valuable essays, but a comparison of the lists of minerals and plants, given by Dr. Forbes, in the Appendix to his paper, with those published by Dr. Hastings, in his work already referred to, and with the interesting observations embodied by Mr. Watson in his Essay, will afford much pleasure to the student and admirer of the Works of Nature.

As bearing very materially upon the comforts and general welfare of the inhabitants, and as greatly influencing the average duration of life, previous to considering the actual state of the population of these districts, we may refer to the occupations in which they are for the most part engaged. The rocks of Cornwall, as our readers know, are traversed by numerous metalliferous veins, many of which are especially rich in ores of copper and tin. A large class of the Cornish peasantry, are consequently employed in the various operations of mining. Several of the most important of the Cornish mines are situated in the Landsend district, affording employment to nearly one half of its population. The rest are engaged in agricultural occupations, in fishing, and in various trades. At Bristol, the chief employments followed by the inhabitants of the city and surrounding district are those connected with navigation, as ship-building, rope-making, &c., with several others to which the commerce of the place has given rise, as sugar-refining, &c. None of them, however, are carried on to such an extent as to constitute a staple manufacture. The general employment of the occupiers of the soil in the plains of Worcestershire is agriculture, but the manufactures followed in several of the towns, as that of carpets at Kidderminster, of needles at Redditch, of gloves and china at Worcester, of salt at Droitwich and Stoke Prior, and the influence exerted by the collieries, mines and iron-works of the north of the county, (though not situated immediately in the district we are considering,) over the inhabitants of the country in their vicinity, are of course to be taken into account in the causes operating upon the general welfare and longevity of the population.

Dr. Forbes enters very fully into the question of the comparative longevity enjoyed by the two principal classes, into which the inhabitants of the Landsend district may be divided, and clearly shews by numerical details and tables constructed from observations carried on for several years, that the advantage is much in favour of the agricultural part of the population. Without troubling our readers with the particular results, we may state the general fact that in the mining parishes the annual proportion of deaths is 1 in 58, whereas in the agricultural parishes it is no more than 1 in 64. We regret that we have no means of ascertaining for our present purpose, how the fact stands with respect to those engaged in agricultural, and those engaged in various manufacturing occupations in the valley of Worcestershire. The rate of mortality for the whole county in the year 1821, was 1 in 53; in the year 1831, it was 1, in 52, a proportion greater even than that of the mining districts of the Landsend. It is of the first importance that the cause of this difference should be traced out, and we cannot but

think that they will be found chiefly to be such as are connected with the numerous manufacturing processes carried on in the towns, many of which are of a very noxious character. The rate of mortality in the city of Worcester in 1821, was 1 in 48, which of course will lessen the rate of mortality in the rest of the county, reducing it in fact from 1 in 53, to about 1 in 56. But the glove and china manufactures are by no means so prejudicial as those followed in some of the other towns, and were we to abstract the inhabitants of these towns from the general mass of the population of the county, we should find that the rate of mortality would fall materially lower, and might probably not exceed that of the agricultural parishes of the Landsend. From an average of 10 years, namely, from 1813, to 1822 inclusive, the proportionate mortality of the City of Bristol appears to be still greater than that of Worcester, the ratio amounting to 1 in 45. Many curious facts of individual longevity will be found in Dr. Forbes's paper, which will derive additional interest by comparison with those furnished by Dr. Hastings, in his Illustrations of the Natural History of Worcestershire. For these and for a variety of information respecting the customs, manners, pursuits, habits of life, and general condition of the inhabitants, and for instructive details of the operations and effects of mining, and other occupations in which the population is employed, we must refer to the paper itself. From what we have said our readers will be at no loss to gather the opinion we have formed of Dr. Forbes's Essay. It is indeed a production of very superior cast, and evinces a labour and patience of research which is rarely equalled. The paper of Drs. Carrick and Symonds is also one of great merit, though less ample in its details. That of Mr. Watson possesses much local interest, and affords a good deal of information respecting the Natural History of the neighbourhood. We feel that our task has been very imperfectly fulfilled. The numerous and important subjects brought before us scarcely admitting of condensation and requiring a much more extended account than we could possibly afford space to give; we trust, however, that we have said sufficient to induce our readers to consult the original articles for themselves, and we can assure them that if they will take up the subject and pursue like investigations in their several localities, that not only will they derive a pure gratification in the employment, but will also be engaged in a work which promises more for the benefit of their fellow creatures, than most others to which they could turn their attention.

E. M. L.

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**OPTICAL EXPERIMENT.**—Place on white paper, a circular piece of blue silk, about four inches diameter, in the sunshine—place on this a circular piece of yellow, three inches in diameter—on this a circle of pink, two inches diameter—on this a circle of green, one inch diameter—on this a circle of indigo, half an inch diameter; making a small speck with ink in the centre—look on this central point steadily for a minute, and then closing your eyes and applying your hand at about one inch distance before them, so as to prevent too much light from passing through the eyelids, you will see the most beautiful circles of colours the imagination can conceive, not only different from the colours of the silks above mentioned, but the colours will be perpetually changing in Kaleidoscopic variety as long as they exist.

## REVIEWS OF PRINTS AND ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

"*Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria;*" from R. Westall, R. A., by Ed. Finden. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall.

An exceedingly beautiful line engraving from the well-known picture by Westall, exhibited at the Royal Academy some three or four years since. As a highly-finished whole length portrait of one, in all probability, destined to sway the sceptre of Britain, it cannot be otherwise than most acceptable to the public, and a safe speculation on the part of the publishers. We are glad to observe that the stiff strange little black dog in the picture has been omitted in the print.

"*The Child with Flowers, portrait of Louisa Georgina Augusta Anne Murray;*" from Sir Thomas Lawrence, by George T. Doo. F. G. Moon, Threadneedle Street, Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

This is indeed a superb specimen of the graver, and a noble addition to our modern works of art. The expression of her little ladyship is in Lawrence's least agreeable style—it is too searching, too speculative, too pointedly brilliant for that sweet simplicity of childhood which is never obliterated without fatally compromising the truth and loveliness of the character: ingenuousness ought to be the predominant sentiment.

"*The Gentle Student;*" from G. S. Newton, R. A., by S. Sangster. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall.

A very fine line engraving, but not one of Newton's happiest inventions: the head and figure present the idea of a pyramid; the countenance is too puerile, and we suspect that the left arm is wanting in purity of outline. Mr. Sangster has, however, produced a very brilliant print.

"*The Brute of a Husband;*" from H. Richter, by W. Nicholas. Mezzotinto. F. G. Moon, Threadneedle Street.

Mr. Richter is an artist of great merit; his water-colour drawings have long excited attention and admiration; the "Tight Shoe;" "Village School in an Up-roar;" and others of a similar class, have acquired him a reputation which we fear must be ultimately injured by his latter occasional selection of subject. The present is particularly unfortunate; an incident founded upon brutality to a woman can only create a strong sense of disgust: even in classical story we shudder in spite of the mastery of art; Polyxena perishing by steel, or Dirce fastened to the horns of the bull, inspires us with unwelcome sensations; what then must be the impression produced by a circumstance of aggravated ruffianism represented in the barbarous grossness of low life, without any effort to tone the repulsiveness of its character? The cobbler's wife shewing to the magistrate the marks of her husband's blows on her bosom is not only a shocking but an indecorous idea, and we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that so clever an artist, and so amiable a man as Mr. Richter, should lessen the pleasure which we have usually derived from his works by a choice of subject utterly repugnant to good taste and good feeling. We sincerely trust that he will return to that charming train of invention in which he has been so eminently successful; if he does not we shall recommend Mrs. Richter to take him in hand.

"*Engravings from the Works of the late Henry Liverseege.*" Part IX. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall. (Monthly.)

An attractive series of prints from the designs of Liverseege. "Don Quixote in his Study," by J. E. Coombs; "The Cavalier," by J. C. Bromley; and "Eddie Ochiltree," by G. R. Ward, form the contents of the ninth part. Liverseege displayed abilities of no ordinary class; his conceptions were poetic and original, but unfortunately he has left little more than *sketches* behind him—of grace and beauty, and truth, and occasionally of sublimity, without doubt, but after all leading us, from their rapidity and slightness, to regret that so gifted an artist did not bestow more time upon his pictures, and shine out in some finished performance of his pencil. We remember a small painting of his, exhibited at Somerset House three or four seasons back, in which the supernatural was, perhaps, more thrillingly revealed than

by the genius of Fuseli: the subject was the appearance of the ghost to Hamlet during his interview with his mother;—art could not go beyond the effect of this extraordinary production; to look at it was to shudder, and in spite of its cabinet dimensions, to endow it with the illuiveness of reality, and dream ourselves confronted with the disembodied “majesty of Denmark.” Liversege’s habit of sketching was of course unfavourable to the development of his powers as a draughtsman, and his figures are marked by too many negligences of form to be perfectly satisfactory to the fastidious eye; these deficiencies naturally become more conspicuous in the engravings, notwithstanding the talents and practical excellence of the artists employed. The plates are, however, very beautiful. The cavalier, in the design bearing the name, is too burly a personage for the beau-ideal of grace and gallantry; we cannot well think of a fair lady singing enraptured to this most Flemish-looking gentleman.

“*Trésor de Numismatique et de Glyptique, ou Recueil général de médailles, monnaies, pierres gravées, bas reliefs, etc., tant anciens que modernes, les plus intéressans sous le rapport de l’art et de l’histoire;*” gravé par les procédés de M. Achille Collas, sous la direction de M. Paul Delaroche, Peintre, Membre de l’Institut; de M. Henriquet Dupont, Graveur; et de M. Ch. Lenormant, conservateur-adjoint du Cabinet des médailles et antiques de la Bibliothèque Royale. Paris, Rue de Colombier 30, près de la rue des Petits Augustins. 1834. Folio.

We have received a prospectus with specimen plates, of a French work under the above title, now in the course of publication. To say that the promised series will eclipse anything of the kind which has hitherto appeared, is to say but little in comparison with the rare and extraordinary merit of these engravings. Claude Mellan’s single stroke (without hatching) is adopted in the execution; but the boldness of that masterly *burinist* is not to be sought in these unrivalled performances—a sharpness, a purity and delicacy of tooling which we can but faintly describe, added to a perfect conception of the object to be represented, mark them to be as distinct from the ineffective outlines which we have usually seen, as “gold sand from barley chaff.” The precise state of the stone or medal is described, all the little dints, and flaws and damages of time and accident are delineated, and the whole effect is so exquisitely wrought up that there is nothing left for the eye to wish. The “*tresor*” is indeed worthy its name, and we sincerely hope that the spirited projectors will meet with adequate support. The numbers appear weekly, each containing four plates, from twelve to fifteen subjects, and from two to four pages of descriptive letter-press: the plan comprehends three principal classes subdivided into series; viz: “*Monumens antiques,*” (six series,) “*Monumens du moyen âge et de l’histoire moderne,*” (ten series,) and “*Monumens de l’histoire contemporaine,*” (three series.) The price of each number is five francs; proofs on India paper (12 copies only taken) ten. We strenuously recommend this unique and invaluable series to the attention of the lover of art, as well as the virtuoso.

“*Fisher’s Views in India, China, and on the Shores of the Red Sea;*” from drawings after original sketches, by Commander Robert Elliott, R. N. 4 plates, 4to. (Monthly.)

Another of Fisher’s splendid publications, and one possessing singular interest for the European. Much of Oriental scenery is invested with the charm of poetry and romance; the cave, the tomb, the temple, the palace, the mosque and the pagoda; the city with its minarets, its ghauts and terraces, its pillars and towers, and sculptured porticos intermingled with the foliage of the peepul, the tamarind and the banian, steal upon the eye like a revelation of fairy-land. The wild and beautiful, the gorgeous and magnificent features of Eastern lands are here assembled before us in lavish profusion, and the tranquil stay-at-home, in the solitude of the boudoir or the library, may wander at will through these regions of imperishable charm. The engravings are of the same high class as those in Fisher’s unrivalled illustrations of Britain. The descriptions, historical and topographical, by Miss Emma Roberts, a fair traveller in the climes which she so poetically depicts, are not only brilliantly coloured, but enriched with many valuable and interesting particulars. Next to the views in our own dear island, we should covet these vivid representations of localities with which we can boast no familiarity. The artists employed on the drawings were, Austin, Boys, Cattermole, Cox, Cotman, Fielding, Finch, Purser, Prout,

Stanfield, &c. &c., and in addition to the engravers of the British Scenery, we find Goodall, Finden, R. Wallis, Woolnoth, Heath, Higham and Cooke; these names alone are sufficient evidence of the excellence of the work.

“*The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans.*” Part X. New York. London, O. Rich, 12, Red Lion Square. (Monthly.)

Following our example the Americans have put forth their “National Portrait Gallery,” a work honorable not only to the distinguished individuals whose features it portrays, but infinitely creditable to the efforts of the American *burin*. Issued under the superintendence of the Academy of the Fine Arts, it appears with considerable *éclat*: the portraits are three in number, J. S. Johnstone, former representative of the state of Louisiana, by B. Longacre, from C. B. King; Dr. Beck, from R. W. Weir, by E. Prudhomme; and Louis Mc. Lane, Secretary of State, by T. Kelly, from G. S. Newton. The first two are clever stippled prints; the last is a clear, masterly line engraving, with great brilliancy of stroke, reminding one of Wille or Bervie, and alone well worth three times the “75 cents” charged for the whole. Autographs are annexed, and well-written biographical sketches complete the attraction of a National Gallery on which our Transatlantic brethren have reason to congratulate themselves.

“*The National Gallery.*” Nos. XXXV. and XXXVI. Jones & Co., Finsbury Square.

An undertaking deserving encouragement as affording tolerable glimpses of the master-pieces in the National Gallery; indeed when the “shilling a number” is considered, the plates must be admitted to be of remarkable merit. The present numbers contain “The death of Earl Chatham, from Copley, by F. Walker; “Europe,” after P. Veronese, by H. Fernell; Annibal Caracci’s “Hunting Scene,” by J. C. Varral, and “St. Jerome,” from Guido, by J. Fuseli. Of the descriptions we say nothing.

“*Illustrations of the Bible;*” London, Bull and Churton. Part V.

Four very magnificent designs by Martin are included in this part; “The passage of the Red Sea;” “The seventh plague;” “The fall of Dagon;” and “The stranger’s sacrifice accepted;” these are, indeed, sublime illustrations. “The infant Moses;” “Moses receiving the tables;” “Balaam and his ass;” and “Jael killeth Sisera,” form the contributions from the justly-celebrated pencil of Westall. A slight meagreness of design and drawing, and a probable tameness of expression, may be obvious in one or two of these; but their general merits counterbalance that trifling inequality which is, in fact, a sort of *Mephistopheles* ever lurking in the train of a long-continued series of efforts. Even the cartoons of Raffaele are not uniform in excellence.

“*The Botanic Garden, or Magazine of Hardy Flowering Plants cultivated in Great Britain;*” by B. Maund, F. L. S. London, Simpkin & Marshall, &c. &c. (Bordered edition.)

We have received the 116th number of this singularly beautiful publication; the illustrations are judiciously arranged, and of extreme interest. “The dark purple lubinia” is superbly coloured; “the ivory-coloured centauria” presents a contrast of tender emerald and the faintest amber: these, with “the Italian toad-flax” with its golden flowers, and “the wind-herb” of lilac hue, compose the present specimens. The letter-press is particularly pleasing and instructive; we cannot refrain from an extract, a microscopic description for which our readers will, assuredly, thank us.

“On examining the deep crimson petals of the lubinia, under a magnifier, we observed a number of minute pearl-like substances, spread over their whole interior surface. Its crimson filaments were also similarly gemmed. They appeared as grains of farina, fallen from the anthers, but a comparison showed them to be evidently brighter. This induced the application of a more powerful magnifier. The result was gratifying. The inner surface of the rich-coloured petals, and the filaments also, were now seen to be adorned with prominent glands—each a little globe, on a cylindrical pedestal. On the sun’s rays being fully reflected on a small portion of a petal, it instantly became a most dazzling object—a ground-work of fine crimson studded with brilliants. The most apathetic must exclaim ‘wherefore this labour? wherefore this great splendour and beauty?’ That these glandular appendages have certain uses in the economy of the plant, none dare deny, but what they are all are equally ignorant.”

## CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Works of Robert Burns, with his Life*, by Allan Cunningham. London: Cochrane and M'Crone, 11, Waterloo Place. 1834. Vols. I. to VI.

When Allan Cunningham commenced the brief preface to his life of Burns, by stating, that "with something of hope and fear he offered that work to his country," he made but a simple admission of fact: he *hoped* that to Scotland *his* memoir of one of her principal poets would be a meed grateful in acceptance, but he *feared*, and with reason, that to England it could scarcely be as agreeable, since its whole tendency was to fix a charge of neglect and oppression upon the country which, only, could have realised any of the fanciful expectations in which the bard loved to indulge. We have, already, recorded our opinion of the feeling with which Mr. Cunningham set about penning his memoir, and at no small hazard to himself, striving to reconcile with the established principles of religion and morality, the actions of a man, who, unhappily for his credit and welfare, lived too much at variance with what good men and wise deem the essentials of a fair and virtuous life. We will now enter upon our promised task of investigating the merits and interests of this little volume as a piece of biography; its literary pretensions require not a moment's discussion. "Allan Cunningham" has been, for years, before the public, as a writer of fiction: as such he has obtained a popularity since extended by his "*Lives of the Painters*," a work probably not adapted to his calibre, or free from defects and inaccuracies, but, possessing many excellencies; and his style, always striking, original, and delightful—always poetical and forcible, is as well known to the republic of letters as the name of the "illustrious peasant," in whose honor he has at length come forward and erected a temple of purity. In the course of our remarks we shall speak plainly and fearlessly, because we think—and not lightly—that Mr. Cunningham has *more* than insinuated chimerical charges against the British Administration; that he has, *wilfully*, we must say, overlooked the *real* features of Burns's character and conduct, and has permitted himself to gaze upon an air-drawn vision "steeped in the hues of the rainbow," and girt with a glory and a brightness which belong not to the sober tints of truth and identity. Scotchmen love to think and speak of Burns as a sacrifice to the jealousy of the great, a victim to the narrow-souled and cold-blooded Ministry of his day, a burnt-offering on the altar of pride and prejudice; but in the ardour of their nationality they forget that with all his virtues, his vices, and his follies, his genius, his claims, and his misfortunes, he was suffered to perish in misery and comparative starvation, by his own countrymen; and that by disposition, habit, and education he was utterly unfit to receive or to profit by such brilliant patronage as they now seem to suppose he deserved. Burns mused on a seat in the Parliament of the land—he deemed himself peculiarly qualified for this commanding position; and it is possible that he considered himself an injured, a slighted, and an oppressed individual because he was not called to the House. Again, possibly, he dreamed of the Church, or the Bar, or the Army, of distinguished preferment, or a commission which might entitle him to rank with the



great and the illustrious; that Mr. Cunningham fondly imagines he was qualified for such we find in one or two remarkable passages, in p. 19. Without stopping to touch upon the disgraceful imputation unthinkingly thrown on the army by Mr. Cunningham, who appears to have adopted the poet's inveteracy against the gallant defenders of our country, we hasten to remark that the only situation to which one of Burns's character could, with any propriety, be preferred, was bestowed on him—that of an Excise Officer; and it is notorious that the imprudent avowal of certain political opinions drew down that censure which would have been exchanged for the instantaneous dismissal of any other subordinate. To discuss Burns's private character was a dangerous attempt for a biographer so ardent in his affection as Mr. Cunningham; *facts* are, indeed, “stubborn things,” and though warped in outline, and variously coloured, *cannot* be entirely done away with; and Mr. Cunningham, eager as he is, and stretching probability and conjecture to the very uttermost of their endurance, has failed to prove that Burns was a man of sober, moral, and religious character. He has aimed at palliation by every mode which ingenuity could devise, and himself a sober, steady, God-fearing man, who scruples to introduce the name of the LORD at full length, ventures to talk lightly, and pleasantly, and with good humour of the poet's lapses in the paths of morality, his unhappy sallies against things reverend, and the unalloyed impurities of too many of his productions. To use Burns's own words, in all these he must have gone “agonizing over the belly of his conscience,” but even so he has been unable to negative the serious allegations against the object of his idolatry. The wisest step for one who wished well to the memory of the bard would have been to have abstained from offering a defence of his irregularities; to have afforded the general particulars of his career, and to have turned attention more peculiarly to his claims as a poet. To dwell upon his private history is to point the eye to that which no partiality, no sophistry, no evasion, no dexterity, no dovetailing of incident and insinuation can, under any circumstance, make clear and spotless; and it is very questionable whether Mr. Cunningham has not inflicted an injury upon the memory of his illustrious countryman by his strenuous exertions to wash him clear of offence. A candid admission of the poet's failings and errors would have ensured a forgiving temper in the reader. Still, as a new and interesting version, by a popular hand, of an old story, this “*life of Burns*” must be read with avidity.

The writer apprises us that the farming speculations of the “illustrious peasant,” “his excise schemes, political feelings and poetic musings, are discussed with a fulness not common to biography,” and we admit that he is fully borne out in his assertion; the slender materials of Burns's life are wrought out, like gold wire, and worked up in the most amusing manner conceivable. The utmost possible importance which every step and movement of the bard's humble career was capable of receiving, has been conceded by the veneration and tenderness of Cunningham: when, and where, and how he composed his songs; what “sonsie lassie” proved, for the time being, the inspiration of his Muse, or to what cold and disdainful fair one he ventured to address his too ardent effusions; when he commenced to build, to sow, to reap, to thrash, and to chaffer in the grass-market; his politics and polemics; his peep at high life, his convivialities and equestrian feats, his fairings and junkettings; his gaugership, with its numerous little traits and stories—all are detailed with unwearied enthusiasm. Nay, the particular spots, the trees, the banks, the bushes beneath which he indited such

and such strains; the field where the "death and dying words of poor Mailie" took place, and the very furrows where he crushed the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," and passed the coulter through the poor little mouse's tenement of leaves and stubble, are distinguished with affectionate earnestness and most topographical accuracy. Yet with all this minuteness in trifling particulars,—with all this elaborate and indeed Denner-like penciling, Mr. Cunningham never becomes dry or wearisome; it is, perhaps, true, that the consequence which he attaches to his information may, occasionally, excite a smile, but the fondness in which it originates, is amiable—it is the feeling of a fellow countryman risking the utmost to do honour to one whom he thinks the first among men. When, therefore, Mr. Cunningham avails himself of an opportunity to give us a concise but satisfactory history of "the eight-day clock which went from Moss-giel to Ellisland" (vide vol. vi. p. 305), he is only complying with what he esteems a paramount duty to posterity.

In our former brief notice we expressed our opinion that this memoir was superfluous; that Mr. Cunningham felt self-admonished of the same is apparent from the implied apology which he attempts in the very outset of his undertaking. Alluding to the life of the poet, he says, "this, however, has already been done with *so much affection* by Currie, *care* by Walker, and *manliness* by Lockhart—the genius, the manners, and fortunes of Burns have been discussed so fully by critics of all classes, and writers of all ranks, that little remains for a new adventurer in the realms of biography *save to extract from the works of others a clear and judicious narrative.*" (Vol. i. p. 1.) Here we pause for a moment to inquire emphatically—what occasion existed for "*a clear and judicious narrative*" after the "affection" of Currie, the "care" of Walker, and the "manliness" of Lockhart? Surely Mr. Cunningham was not exactly aware of the extravagant inconsistency of his declaration!—surely he did not mean to insinuate that his commendatory expressions were but Roman pearls—glittering impostures, and that in truth *no* "clear and judicious narrative" could be found in the writings of the celebrated trio! We hope not; but leaving this little intricacy to his consideration, we proceed with the author. "But, like the Artist who finds a statue out of old materials, he has to re-produce them in a new shape, touch them with the light of other feeling, and inform them with fresh spirit and sentiment," (p. 2,) here he has, candidly discovered his purpose, and in its accomplishment, has, indeed, fulfilled the very letter, and spirit of his words. Burns stands in his pages as Burns never stood before, his pedestal is of gold glittering in sunshine, and his effigy of Parian marble without stain or flaw, so far as was compatible with the preservation of any degree of identity. The poet's biography is carefully divided into portions, each embracing a distinct period of his life: of these there are four; 1st, his paternal residence in Ayrshire; 2nd, his temporary plunge into the Scotch metropolis; 3rd, his farming speculation at Ellisland, in Nithsdale; and, 4th, his final appearance in the character of a gauger at Dumfries. We purpose glancing at them in succession.

The birth-place of the bard is sufficiently humble, but Cunningham has touched it with a graphic pen, and it becomes a painter's morgeau. Our readers shall possess the description. "There is nothing very picturesque about the cottage or its surrounding grounds: the admirers of the Muses' haunts will see little to call romantic in low meadows, flat enclosures and long lines of public road. Yet the district, now emphatically called 'The land of Burns,' has many attractions. There are fair streams, beautiful glens, rich pastures, picturesque patches of old natural wood; and, if we may trust proverbial rhyme, 'Kyle for a man' is a boast of

old standing. The birth of the illustrious poet has caused the vault to be renewed in our own days." (P. 2.) These are landscapes in the style of *Rembrandt* and *Ruysdael*, stamped with an unimpressive locality, yet beautiful in light and shade. The portraits of the parents of the bard are in good taste, and equally picturesque. Wilkie might study from them, or Fraser place them before his easel. Sensible of their value, and much as we desire to appropriate them to our pages, we must, nevertheless, refer the reader to the original source, and content ourselves with a passing remark, that in those whole lengths, brushed in rapidly, yet with spirited touches of individuality, that fanciful light which we have spoken of, will be certainly recognized: in other hands how plain, how homely, how matter-of-fact would have been the representation of the worthy cotters. The unsuccessful struggles of the old man who possessed but "a slight knowledge of gardening," and from his choice of "a sterile and hungry spot which no labour could render fruitful" (p. 5), must have been fatally deficient in agricultural science, are adverted to with touching earnestness;—the heart is wrung with the account of the vain efforts of the whole family by unmitigated toil, and pinching frugality, to avert the pressure of want, and it is impossible to refuse our sympathy to the distresses of children—for such were Burns and his brother at the time—bowed down with the anxieties of mature life, and consigned by poverty to the "gloom of hermits and the unceasing moil of galley-slaves." To elevate his picture, Mr. Cunningham places the elder Burness in as striking a position as possible, and something of the dignity of *faded grandeur* is imparted to his situation; tints borrowed from exiled royalty, or decaying nobility, are ingeniously compounded for the purpose of heightening, with foreign interest, the lowly hues and outlines of the humble peasant. In this spirit "Ferguson of Doonside" is familiarly called the "*friend*" of his *gardener!* Burns more sensibly termed him his "*generous master!*" upon whose death a cruel factor who "afterwards sat for that living portraiture of insolence and wrong in the 'twa dogs,' harassed the family by his severity, and finally drove them from Mount Oliphant." At Lochlea, the gleam of sunshine that played cheerily upon the roof-tree of old Burness, at length died away, adversity again gathered in dense clouds over his head, and here it is that we are told "in vain Robert held the plough with the dexterity of a man by day, and thrashed and prepared corn for seed or for sale, evening and morning, before the sun rose and after it set." (P. 6.) Burness is described by his son as having been a man of "stubborn, ungainly integrity, and *headlong ungovernable irascibility*;" the latter feature of disposition is but little fitted to lead a poor man to success, and in a dispute with his landlord the unbending tenant found, with bitterness, how ineffectual is an acrimonious contest with wealth. In an anxious pursuit of his moderate course of studies, Robert was animated by the necessity common to the eldest children of the humbler classes of the community of "taking upon himself the task of instructing his brothers and sisters at home." Murdoch, his master also, assisted him to acquire "some knowledge of French," a point to be regretted, since a fortnight's assiduity only enabled him to disfigure his epistolary correspondence by the most awkward introduction of Anglo-gallicisms, conforming about as much to his style as rose-coloured taffeta tacked to the woollen garments of a Highland drover. In informing us that "the education of Burns was not over when the school doors were shut," Mr. Cunningham adds, what we not only believe to be true, but sincerely wish were universally the case, viz. : that "the peasantry of Scotland turn their cottages into

schools;" and here, he seizes, with eagerness, the opportunity of furnishing the reader with a most glowing idea of the learned attainments of the rustic tribe. "A common husbandman," says Mr. C., after enumerating his mental acquirements, "a common husbandman is frequently master of a little library; history, divinity, and poetry, but most so the latter, compose his collection. Milton and Young are favourites; the flowery meditations of Hervey, the religious romance of the Pilgrim's Progress, are seldom absent, while of Scottish books, Ramsay, Thomson, Fergusson, and now Burns, together with songs and ballad books innumerable, are all huddled together, soiled with smoke, and frail and tattered by frequent use." (P. 11.) When we hear that "*Milton and Young are favourites*" with the followers of the plough-tail, when at p. 48, we are instructed to believe that "Poets of the highest order and of polished elegance are as well known to them as the Bible," and when in a note to Burns's "Address to the Deil" (v. 2, p. 29), we are apprized, with pure nonchalance, that "*the peasantry complain that Milton has made Satan too acceptable to the fancy, and seem to prefer him with his Monkish attributes—horns, cloven-foot, and tail*" (no great proof of their sense of the sublime, whatever it may be of their erudition), we become sceptically inclined, draw a long breath, and set about conjecturing how far a man's nationality may lead him. When it is remembered that English is as a foreign tongue to the Scottish husbandman, that with all the education within his reach he can never attempt its perusal without feeling his ideas in fetters or leading-strings, that to him anything which it presents must be, in a great measure, an uncertain glimmering, appearing and disappearing amidst clouds and darkness, and leaving no accurate image on the mind, that Burns, self-admitted to be "an excellent English scholar" experienced considerable difficulty in writing English, having previously "to think in Scotch," when we reflect on all this, and then add the fact, that to relish and understand *Milton and Young*, the reader must be most intimately acquainted with the idioms of the language in which they wrote, we come to the unavoidable conclusion that although the "*Paradise Lost*" and the "*Night Thoughts*" may be found on the shelf of the husbandman, they are little more than mystical volumes, Chaldee MSS., or cabalistical scrolls over which the wonderer may pause and ponder, and fondly imagine that he has picked out the meaning. Mr. C. himself adds a prop to our argument, when he very frankly says, that "*it was not without reason that Murray, the Oriental scholar, declared that the English of Milton was less easy to learn than the Latin of Virgil.*" (P. 29.) We must pass over Mr. Cunningham's elaborate reference to the "moral hue, aim, and pathos" of the poet's verse; as well as the circumstance that to the gentler passion Burns owed the first inspiration of his muse, to note his proceeding "*to seek farther knowledge in a perilous place,*" viz. among the young and the heedless, "the ram-stam squad who zig-zag on without any settled aim or a wish ungratified." (P. 16.) With these profitless and dangerous associates, Burns felt a thirst for accomplishments far from acceptable to the stern simplicity of his father, and a few lessons taken in his 17th year "at a country dancing school" excited against him "a sort of dislike" on the part of his father, who, he states, had "an unaccountable antipathy to these meetings." (V. vi. p. 159, Burns's Letter to Dr. Moore.) Mr. Cunningham ventures to assert that "the good man had no sincere dislike to the accomplishment," "still that he tolerated rather than approved of it," and "shook his head though he did not frown" (p. 17); but Burns felt the weight of his displeasure, and his evidence is decisive. In Midsummer,

1781, we find him at Irvine, placed at "flax-dressing" under the eye of one Peacock, "kinsman to his mother;" but, at the death of the elder Burness, whose "all went among the hell-hounds that prowl in the kennel of justice" (Burns), the farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline, was subsequently taken and entered upon by Robert and his brother. Here it was that Burns "began to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes," and here we shall quote from his biographer, who truly says, "we are about to enter into the regions of romance." The following is filled not only with the light of truth, but with that of beauty. "The course of his life hitherto has shewn that his true vocation was neither the plough nor the hackle. He acquired, indeed, the common knowledge of a husbandman; but that was all he knew or cared to know of the matter. 'Farmer Attention,' says the proverb, 'is a good farmer all the world over;' and Burns was attentive as far as ploughing, sowing, harrowing, reaping, stacking, thrashing, winnowing, and selling went; he did all this by a sort of mechanical impulse, but success in farming demands more. The farmer should know what is doing in his way in the world around; he must learn to anticipate demand, and, in short, to *time* every thing. But he who pens an ode on his sheep when he should be driving them forth to pasture—who stops his plough in the half-drawn furrow, to rhyme about the flowers which he buries—who sees visions on his way from market, and makes rhymes on them—who writes an ode on the horse he is about to yoke, and a ballad on the girl who shews the whitest hands and brightest eyes among his reapers—has no chance of ever growing opulent, or of purchasing the field on which he toils. The bard amidst his ripening corn, or walking through his fields of grass and clover, beholds on all sides images of pathos or of beauty, connects them with moral influences, and lifts himself to heaven: a grosser mortal sees only as many acres of promising corn or fattening grass, connects them with rising markets and increasing gain, and instead of rising, descends into 'Mammon's filthy delve.' That poetic feelings and fancies such as these passed frequently over the mind of Burns in his early days, we have his own assurance; while labour held his body, poetry seized his spirit, and, unconsciously to himself, asserted her right, and triumphed in her victory." (P. 26.) At page 29, we are told that "Burns was, or imagined himself, beloved; he wrote from his own immediate emotions; his muse was no visionary dweller by an imaginary fountain, but a substantial

' Fresh young landart lass,'

whose charms had touched his fancy. Nor was he one of those who look high and muse on dames nursed in velvet laps and fed with golden spoons." In this we instantaneously acquiesce. Burns was not morally constituted for the tender ambition of adoring high-born loveliness; his tastes were humble; his conceptions of beauty, and grace and expression, simple indeed, his eye in reality saw but little in the prototype, but his fancy worked upon that little, and wrought it into a creation of artless attraction. His "belles" are but comely rustics, captivating undoubtedly to an uncultivated taste, but losing their impression when drawn out of their sphere; meet ornaments to a pastoral group, but ordinary models when viewed through the glass of criticism, or with the eyes of impartiality. His peasants are Scotch peasant girls, not the divine-featured maidens of Greece or Italy; and two-thirds of their charms are the liberal endowment of the bard. After commenting on his lighter lyrical pieces, Mr.

Cunningham proceeds—"He had *prepared* himself, however, for those more prolonged efforts; nature had endowed him with fine sensibility of heart and grandeur of soul; he had made himself familiar with nature, animate and inanimate; with the gentleness of spring, the beauty of summer, the magnificence of autumn, and the stormy sublimity of winter; nor was he less so with rural man, and his passions and pursuits. Though indulging in no sustained flights, he had now and then sudden bursts in which his feelings over-mastered all restraint." (P. 31.) To talk of "*preparation*" is, in this case, however, little less than absolutely ridiculous; Burns's poetry is anything but the offspring of study; it has, indeed, for one of its principal merits, this distinguishing feature, that it appears to have issued spontaneously from his fancy, as a spring flows from the limestone:—the precision and polish of the scholar; the raspings and filings of the statuary; the classical richness, the grandeur, the exuberant eloquence of the *cultivated* bard are not to be sought or expected in the musings of the unstudied poet. His flowers are not those of the garden, they belong to the fields, to the banks, to the burn-sides, and the wild woods, but they are not less beautiful, they are but *more natural*; what they want in bloom and brightness, they repay in sweetness and in simplicity. It is in fact "a delusion" to dwell on his "*preparation*;" he sang from actual impulse; at "the plough, at the harrow," in the barn and the byre, at the cottage hearth, on the heath, the moor, or the mountain, his verse was unpremeditated. As the sap ascends the stem of the tree, and forcing its way into branch and bud, throws out blossom, and fruit, and foliage, so does true genius work and make itself manifest. There is too much cant about "*preparation*"—the *premeditated* poet is no poet of nature's making; he may be a smooth, a polished, and even an imposing versifier, but he is not one about whose head the lambent light played in infancy, or whose lips were visited by bees in his cradle. And again we must say that in submitting the effusions of this son of genius to the rigid laws of criticism, we force them to an ordeal by which they ought not to be tried: it is as unwise as an attempt to fetter with scientific rule the wild and beautiful melodies of his native land, or those sweeter and wilder still, the impassioned strains of the Emerald Isle. No *true* critic thought of estimating by the severe rules of academic art, the striking and admirable sculptures of "*Tam O'Shanter*" and "*Souter Johnnie*" by that ingenious and self-taught man who laid down the ruder tools of the mason to assume the chisel and hammer of the statuary. Yet as happy and untutored delineations of rustic nature, these figures were unparalleled; seen they were appreciated and talked of with wonder; their fame spread far and wide; 5,000*l.* were cleared by their exhibition in London, and the corner of every street, the shop of every modeller, the board of every itinerant image-vender, presented diminutive copies of the celebrated originals. So is it with the songs and ballads of Burns; their charm is their unsophisticated nature—the evident absence of conventional feeling and sentiment,—and Mr. Cunningham can scarcely render a service to his "wood-notes wild" by bringing them one by one under the tremendous engine of scholastic criticism. "It is a delusion," a fond one we allow, which misleads him into a notion that they are adapted to this sifting and winnowing. Upon Burns's qualifications for undertaking a heroic poem, we shall offer some strictures hereafter, at present we must speed on, passing over many points upon which we would pause were we not under certain restrictions of space. It is entertaining to observe with what vigilance yet with what "douce" complacency Mr. C. grasps at

every little casual remark or fugitive expression bearing the decent and sober colouring of business, and prudential calculation on the part of the poet; not a scrap of his correspondence containing an allusion to "silk," "lawn," or "carpet-weaving;" to a "trade in the shoe-way;" to "the quality of land," or the "rich soils of Scotland," but is triumphantly arrested in its way, and placed before the reader as a proof of "the observing farmer" who "had something of the world around him." (38-9.) Indeed if all other merit were abstracted from Mr. Cunningham, the merit of an affectionate, assiduous, and eager biographer, who has "left no stone unturned" to do honor to the man whom he commemorates, would remain in the sieve a pearl too magnitudinous to escape. Burns admits freely that he "often courted the acquaintance of that portion of mankind commonly known by the name of blackguards, sometimes further than was consistent with the safety of his character" (40); and this ill-advised measure Mr. Cunningham imagines to have been the proceeding of a contemplative philosopher, who sought the study of his species among "men of few virtues and many follies!" Dyer, the biographer of Morland, aimed at a somewhat similar apology for the debauchery and evil associations of the painter. We can well imagine that "the people of Kyle were slow in appreciating this philosophy," and although it is impossible to deny that Burns extracted a portion of "fine gold" from the dross, and of honey from the vile weed, it is equally impossible to deny that he was led into such company by a predilection for scenes of low and boisterous revelry, where the license was unbridled, where principle was too frequently a jest, and purity an anomaly, and where the "rigidly righteous" might, without incurring a sneer, have seen ruin and depravity. Mr. Cunningham speaks of his "studying character, and making sketches for future pictures of life and manners" amidst these reckless and debasing orgies, but he forgets that pictures drawn from such sources can profit no man; but, like the unchastened groups of Brawer and Bega, of Ostade and Hemskirk, are, too often, without moral and attraction, repulsive to pure taste, and dangerous to the half-formed or wavering principle. Unhappily for the tenor of Burns's after-life, he entered into these foul theatres of study, and utterly forfeited the "respect" which he confesses, with bitterness, he ever failed to command. Yet vice was, in all probability, unknown to his heart: imprudence and a failure in moral self-estimation were the rocks upon which he was shipwrecked.

The prosperous state of Mossgiel was of brief duration; misfortune had an evil effect upon Burns; he "decided upon poetry" as his vocation; the farmer became a character of minor importance; and the institution of the "Tarbolton club," a society of "some half-dozen young lads, sons of farmers," probably tended to withdraw him still more from the serious engagements of life.

We hasten by the record of what Mr. C. leniently terms Burns's "folly," with merely noting that in his laboured, yet plausible effort to shield him from the odium of his conduct on this occasion, he supplies, unwittingly we believe, a facile weapon of defence to unabashed profligacy, and risks an incalculable injury to the moral constitution of society. To "*the desire of distinction strong in Burns*," Mr. C. ascribes the poet's aberrations, and in illustration of this desire, he informs us that "in those days he would not let a five-pound note pass through his hands without bearing away a witty endorsement in rhyme: a drinking glass always afforded space for a verse: the blank leaf of a book was a favourite place for a stanza; and the windows of inns, and even dwell-

ing-houses which he frequented, exhibit to this day lively sallies from his hand." (50.) In the furious strife between the disciples of the "old light" and the "new light," Burns made his muse conspicuous, taking prominent part with the latter, who, as might be inferred from his advocacy, were inclined to slacken the cords of spiritual discipline. By the satiric productions which marked his adoption of the more liberal side, he "won the approbation of certain ministers of the Kirk of Scotland;" and we do not wonder on hearing that "venerable clergymen applauded those profane sallies, learned them by heart, carried copies in their pockets, and quoted and recited them till they grew popular, and were on every lip." (57.) Party spirit will do and dare any thing. That a genius like that of Burns should rise into eminence on the bubble of faction is in no degree creditable to his "native place," but that it is the fact his biographer admits, and very properly laments. A well-drawn and very interesting sketch of "the person and manners of the poet at this important period of his life," we shall graft upon our pages; it is a vivid and valuable portrait, dashed in by the hand of a master.

"His large dark expressive eyes, his swarthy visage, his broad brow, shaded with black curly hair; his melancholy look, and his well-knit frame, vigorous and active—all united to draw men's eyes upon him. He affected, too, a certain oddity of dress and manner. He was clever in controversy; but obstinate, and even fierce, when contradicted, as most men are who have built up their opinions for themselves. He used with much taste the common pithy saws and happy sayings of his country, and invigorated his eloquence by apt quotations from old songs or ballads." (P. 59.)

Between the period at which this portrait was taken and that of the poet's experimental journey to the Scottish metropolis, a thousand little interests occur on which we well might linger, and truly we regret that we cannot here expatiate upon them. We had sedulously noted many statements and sentiments for particular comment, and had marked many noble passages for extract; but we have already travelled far beyond the bound-mark originally laid down. The progress of the bard, his tender "hommage-aux-dames;" the melancholy failure of the farm at Mossgiel; his feud with the father of Mrs. Burns, and his consequent separation from the latter; the bringing-out of his volume of poems by Wilson, of Kilmarnock; its deserved but unanticipated success; the touching difficulties of his situation; the efforts of Hamilton and Aiken to get him into the Excise, with a view to superseding the necessity of his West Indian project; his introductions to many gifted and nobly-descended individuals, with Dr. Blacklock's fortunate and momentous criticism, and the poet's consequent expedition to Edinburgh, are detailed with an ease, an animation, and an affecting earnestness, equally honourable to Mr. Cunningham in his capacity as a writer, and his character as a man. The poet's sojourn in Edinburgh, his residence in Nithsdale, and his abode at the "good town" of Dumfries, together with some general reflections, and a critical comment on the almost unequalled beauty of the embellishments, we must reserve for a future number. This we do with less fear of intruding upon the forbearance of our readers, as the 6th volume of Mr. Cunningham's edition announces the agreeable intelligence that two additional volumes are intended in the course of "a month or two," thus securing us from the chance of outstripping the immediate interest of publication.



*Popular Lectures on the Vertebrated Animals of the British Islands.* Part 1st, on the British Mammifera : with a tabular view of them, arranged according to Blumenbach's system ; a synopsis of all the genera and species ; and an appendix, containing a sketch of extinct animals. By Shirley Palmer, M. D. Author of "Popular Illustrations of Medicine." Hamilton and Adams, Paternoster Row.

A copy of this publication, by mere chance, having just come into our hands, we cannot refrain from alluding, though, from want of time and space, in the most cursory way, to the interesting matter of its contents. These lectures, it appears, were originally delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, in Birmingham, and have since been read at the Birmingham Museum of Natural History. He who endeavours by his writings or his example to repress the indulgence of corrupt propensities, to correct and purify the imagination, to subjugate the more tempestuous and unruly passions, and, with the persuasiveness of an elegant and comprehensive mind, to inculcate truth, and knowledge, and science, is a public benefactor to mankind. In such a rank we are bound in justice to place the author of these interesting lectures. From his opening discourse, lucid and comprehensive in its arrangement, we select the following impressive passage :—

"Individuals zealously devoted to the study of Natural History, are very generally distinguished by mildness and simplicity of character, and great temperance in their physical indulgences. We may also further appeal, in confirmation of this opinion, to the pure and beneficent spirit,—the deep and fervid tone of moral and religious feeling—which the writings of the naturalist almost invariably breathe. And when we recollect the sins and the sufferings of which gluttony, drunkenness, and ungovernable bursts of passion, are the fruitful source, with no slight or powerless recommendation does that study present itself to our notice, which shall enable the mind to triumph over, or repress these, the most dangerous enemies of its welfare and repose. Is it not far better that man should occupy his leisure hours in traversing the fields, the mountains, and the valleys, in search of the animal, the plant, or geological specimen, than in inhaling the vitiated atmosphere of the gaming-house or the tavern,—the crowded haunts of guilt, and folly, and dissipation,—to the injury of his health, the inevitable pollution of his morals, and the imminent risk or ruin of his eternal interests? Who, too, that has an eye to behold, and a spirit to dwell upon and admire 'the bright and the beautiful panorama of Creation,' can retire from the survey of the glorious spectacle which it exhibits, without finding himself a wiser, and more thoughtful, if not a better man? Who can gaze upon the boundless sky, and the verdant earth, and the mighty ocean, and the uncounted host of wonders which they contain, and not be deeply smitten with a sense of his own utter helplessness and insignificance,—of the power and wisdom of the Creator ; and exclaim in the sublime and impassioned language of our national church, 'Heaven and Earth are full of the Majesty of Thy Glory.'"

1. *Ladies' Botany : or a Familiar Introduction to the Study of the Natural System of Botany.* By John Lindley, &c. &c.
2. *Edwards's Botanical Register : or Ornamental Flower Garden and Shrubbery.* London : Ridgway and Sons. 1834.

It has been very generally admitted that few studies present more alarming difficulties to the beginner than that of botany. Nor are these

difficulties altogether imaginary; for invested with numerous technicalities, divided into several classes, subdivided into genera, and interspersed with exceptions and variations from every established rule, many an inquiring mind has been turned aside in disgust from this most laudable and fascinating pursuit.

In the Linnæan system, the simplicity of the classification in its leading characters, will be readily admitted, but when the student has mastered this in its general features, and after he has perhaps collected a considerable variety of specimens, he will find to his mortification that his mind has made little or no progress in the science; that, in short, he has merely loaded his memory with a number of technicalities and names, without having entered, in any degree, into the physiology of the vegetable kingdom. Stripped, however, of its external disguise, few things are better calculated to invite the nearer approach of the student, and none to afford, independent of its acknowledged importance, a higher intellectual enjoyment—to elevate and refine the taste, and, as a main object, to magnify the wonders of Him who has surrounded his intelligent creatures with innumerable instances of his power, his wisdom, and his beneficence. It may be said that every advance in the natural sciences is a step that surrounds the throne of Him whose light is inaccessible but through the medium of his works.

The design of the "Ladies' Botany" is to spread before us, in its broader features, the whole vegetable world. This the author has done by classing it according to the natural system, into three distinct families: two of these comprise the whole flowering creation; the third, or Cryptogamic family, descends to the very verge which divides the vegetable and animal kingdoms. The two first of these classes he distinguishes as Dicotyledenous, or Exogenous, and Monocotyledenous, or Endogenous plants.

The first of these derives its technical distinction from the embryo containing two cotyledons or seed-lobes; and from the *outer* part of the stem, or sapwood, being the youngest, or last of growth. It is likewise generally distinguished by its throwing out branches—by the concentric circles of its wood—by medullary rays proceeding from the bark to the central pith, and by the veins of the leaves bearing the appearance of network. The second, or Monocotyledon class, is constituted of plants, of which the embryo contains but one cotyledon, which grow by the centre of the stem, throw out no branches, and whose leaves are not netted.

Thus the peculiar characteristics of these families lie equally in the corolla, the leaves, the stem, and in the carpels or seed-vessels; which enables the student, at every stage of vegetation, at once to decide as to which of the leading classes his specimen belongs.

The third of these families is the Cryptogamic, which contains ferns, mosses, the junger mannia, lichen, mushroom, and sea-weed tribes.

The great and leading features of the vegetable kingdom as thus explained by the "Natural System of Botany" being clearly understood, the student has advanced one important step, and feels his foot firmly planted within its dominions. If he determine to advance further in this delightful province of natural science, he will discover that a film has been removed from his eyes, and that the way is clear before him to proceed as may suit his pleasure. And if his object have been merely to obtain a general view of the world of flowers, he will have done so in a manner materially to enlarge his conception of the wonders and graces of the vegetable creation, which from henceforth will no longer meet him in the character of obscure hieroglyphics, but will speak to him in a

language, plain, intelligible, and delightful. We strongly recommend this work to our readers.

2. We have also to notice, as an important acquisition to the lovers of botany, another work from the same learned author. We could not, perhaps, produce a clearer illustration of what has been said of the difficulties which meet the eye of the unlearned, than this publication; for although each plate is beautifully and carefully executed, the flower, as regards its more abstruse characteristics, must remain a sealed book to all but the initiated. Still to the advanced student, it cannot fail to be regarded as a valuable addition to his bibliothecal authorities.

*Report of the Committee of the Doncaster Agricultural Association on the Turnip Fly, and the means of its prevention.* Founded on returns received to the questions of the Committee from 102 correspondents in different parts of England and Scotland. James Ridgway and Sons, Piccadilly.

By this report, it appears that quick lime spread over and around the young plant as soon as out of the ground, and repeated as often as wind or rain should have dispersed it, until the plant be out of danger—is the plan recommended in most of the communications transmitted by the highly respectable agriculturists whose opinions have been consulted on this important subject. In those instances in which this method has failed, it is clearly shewn that for fear of the plants being burnt up by the hot lime, too small a quantity has been used, and this circumstance sufficiently accounts for its failure. Where freely and properly used, there can be little doubt of its successful results. To agriculturists, the knowledge of this simple remedy for the preservation of his turnip crop from the baleful influence of the fly, is most important.

*The British Farmer's Magazine*, exclusively devoted to Agricultural and Rural Affairs. Published Quarterly. J. Ridgway, Piccadilly.

The usual quantum of agricultural information distinguishes this number, and to the land cultivator it must be a very useful as well as entertaining miscellany. It includes the reports of Agricultural Associations and some excellent papers on topics connected with the farming interests.

*Loudon's Gardener's Magazine; and Loudon's Architectural Magazine* :—August numbers. Longman and Co.

These useful and well got up periodicals have this month lost none of their interest. They are filled with sound remarks, and must be of extreme advantage to all persons who may be inclined to engage either in gardening or architecture. To take from any of the arts and sciences the technicalities which envelop them, and make them clear to common capacities, is filling a useful station in society—and Mr. Loudon must certainly have the praise of effecting so much in the two branches on which he has so ably written.

## FOREIGN CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Essai sur la statistique morale de la France, précédé d'un rapport à l'Académie des Sciences*, par M. M. Lacroix, Silvestre et Girard; par A. M. Guerry, avocat à la cour Royale. Paris: Crochard, Rue et Place de l'École de Médecine. London: Halinbourg, Southampton-street. Folio, pp. 70.

A curious and most elaborate analysis of crimes, their nature, frequency, and geographical distribution, in France. The tables are drawn up from the unquestionable authority of public records, &c. deposited in the archives of the Prefecture of Police, and the writer's deductions are filled with singular calculations, and no less singular opinions. A brief abstract of the contents we present to the reader. After some preliminary remarks, M. Guerry commences by dividing France into five regions (each composed of 17 neighbouring departments), these he distinguishes as north, south, east, west, and centre. He then adopts two great divisions of crime, the 1st, comprehending offences against *the person*; the 2nd, those against *property*, the period of his investigation beginning at 1825, is brought down to 1830. In his first table (p. 14) M. G. arranges according to their frequency the crimes yearly committed in France; the total amount is 7,147, of which crimes of the 1st class constitute one-fourth, there being, of these, 1,865, and 5,282 of the 2nd. The two following tables mark the proportion of crime in the sexes; by these we find that of 100 offences of the 1st class, 86 are committed by men; 14 only by women; and of 100 of the 2nd class, 79 by the former, 21 by the latter. The 4th table shows the distribution of crime according to the different periods of life from 21 to 70, and upwards. From this it appears that crime is most prevalent between the ages of 25 and 30; that the inclination to its commission is developed sooner in men than in women, that it subsides earlier in the former, and that from 50 to the conclusion of life, the tendency is on a par in both sexes. The 5th table demonstrates the crimes peculiar to each age. The sixth shows the presumed influence of the seasons over the evil propensities, but this visionary theory is in great measure destroyed by the evidence that the variations are comparatively unimportant. According to the table, it seems that the summer is most fertile in crime. In the 7th table M. G. has assembled the apparent motives of crime under 12 heads; hatred and revenge appear the principal, and to these hideous incentives may be traced 26 out of every 100, or more than 1-4th of the crimes of poisoning, murder, and incendiarism; a singular fact, *jealousy* stands the *least influential* in the scale. The 2nd portion of the 7th table, marked B, presents the capital crimes arranged in the order of their motives; from this we learn, that out of 100 cases of poisoning, 35 are the consequence of nuptial infidelity; the 3rd portion C, exhibits the crimes of poisoning, murder, assassination, and incendiarism, classed under the 12 heads alluded to. The 8th and 9th tables display the proportion of the same crimes originating in depravity of morals. M. Guerry then proceeds to fix the relationship existing in the five regions of France, between the population and the number of crimes of the 1st class. The amount of the accused compared with that of the inhabitants, proves to be in the south, 1 in 11,003; in the east, 1 in 17,349; in the north, 1 in 19,964; in the west, 1 in 20,984; in the centre, 1 in

22,168. A similar inquiry as to crimes of the 2nd class, produces—in the north, 1 in 3,984; east, 1 in 6,949; south, 1 in 7,534; west, 1 in 7,945; centre, 1 in 8,265. Following up an investigation of the alleged influence of education as a preventive of crime, M. G. infers that *it does not in reality exist*: his 10th table shows the distribution of education in the 5 regions. M. G. then goes on to define the proportion between the legitimate and illegitimate births, showing the excess of the latter in those departments where foundling hospitals have been instituted; to this M. M. Lacroix, Silvestre and Gerard, have appended a remark in their Report, stating, that by an effect, similar to that of those hospitals, the poor laws in England increase unlimitedly, the number of poor. M. Guerry's next principal object is to show the amount of suicides; from his research, it appears that from 1827 to 1830, the return for the whole kingdom was 6,900, or nearly 1800 annually. The result of the geographical distribution of suicides in the 5 regions, proves that out of every annual hundred, 51 take place in the north; 11 in the south; 16 in the east; 13 in the west; and 9 in the centre. In proportion to the population—in the north, 1 in 9,853; east, 1 in 21,734; centre, 1 in 27,393; west, 1 in 30,499; and south, 1 in 30,876. It is worthy of observation, that in the single department of the Seine, there annually occurs 1-6th of the entire suicides in the kingdom; the majority of these are, however, committed by strangers in the capital. The 11th table is devoted to a statement of the suicides in Paris. Seven engraved illustrative charts accompany the work.

We may here close the volume, having given the reader a tolerable notion of its contents. One or two remarks we must, however, make before taking our leave of the writer. In admitting that out of every hundred crimes of the first magnitude eighty-six are committed by *men*, M. G. hastens eagerly to argue that this inferiority in guilt is not as we have usually imagined, the consequence of the natural virtues of women, but rather of their *physical weakness*!! The native purity of the sex, "the last, best work of God," is with this frigid advocate but a dream; the "angel of life" is in his estimate but a piece of soiled clay, *willing* to commit atrocities, from which she refrains only through *inability*. But the gallant advocate forgets in his crusade against woman that pity and tenderness have their abode in her bosom, and lead to an endurance and a *forgiveness* of injuries, however cruel and long-inflicted; in her *forbearance*, the Frenchman sees nothing but an incapacity to avenge herself; he is unmindful that what man may effect by mere force, woman may compass by stratagem; and in his dishonourable anxiety to persuade us that she would fill up the measure of guilt *if she could*, he loses all thought of the hireling assassin, the dagger that drinks the blood of the sleeper, and the hemlock that freezes the fountain of life. He beholds her cowering beneath a consciousness of her *physical incapacity* for violence, and deterred by pusillanimous fears, not recollecting that the heroism which nerved the hand of a Charlotte Corday, also conducted her with unquailing intrepidity to the scaffold. He forgets also that a sense of morality and religion is so much more powerful in the breast of woman than in that of man; that she is created with a thousand pure sympathies and soft impulses of mercy ungiven to the ruder sex, and he forgets, too, that the more scrupulous education which she receives, the early discipline of her emotions to which she is happily encouraged, strengthen and nourish the virtues with which God has endowed her. In fine, M. Guerry has laboured to countenance the preponderance of crime amongst men by a bold conjecture that women are deficient, not in the "*penchans criminels*," but in the induce-

ment (!), the capability, and the opportunity to steep themselves in guilt. Frozen hearted anomaly! his is a frightful hypothesis, like blotting the sun out of creation, it is depriving earth of all that is beautiful, and life of all that is soothing; but fortunately for man it is *but an hypothesis*, and one which no speciousness of argument, no ingenuity of position, no numerical trickery can ever establish.

*Thascius Cæcilius Cyprianus, Bischof von Karthago, dargestellt nach seinem Leben und Wirken*; von Friederich Wilhelm Rettberg. 8vo. Göttingen.—Thascius Cæcilius Cyprianus, Bishop of Carthage; being a delineation of his Life and Acts, by Frederick William Rettberg. Gottingen.

A highly interesting portraiture, which more than any other church monographie, invites especial attention, from its bringing under our view a man, not more distinguished for his extensive acquirements, his penetrating and original views of Christian theology, than for the important influence he has exercised on the external condition and the social constitution of the Christian Church, from the third century downwards. It was he who first suggested the idea of a spiritual monarchy exercising universal sway over the Christian world. The general notion among Protestants, that unhallowed ambition, employing the deepest calculations to obtain its ends, had alone given rise to hierarchical tendencies, is confuted by the unprejudiced and impartial delineation of the personal character and the acts of Cyprian, founded on historical sources and the Bishop's own letters. His elevated qualities, as well as the rough side of his character, such as the circumstances of the times, and of his office developed, are graphically portrayed. Though we desire to do justice to the motives and the good intentions of the man, it cannot be denied that he departed from the path of pure and primitive Christianity. We learn, also, in this work, that the Bishop of Rome was so far from being acknowledged by the other Churches in the third century as Primate in the sense in which the Roman conclave understand it, that there existed not even a coherent plan to raise the Roman See over the rest. Cyprian has incurred much censure for having fled from his See at Carthage, and concealed himself in obscure retirement during the persecution that raged at this period. The security of some sects demanded martyrdom, and his flight was deemed infidel cowardice. It is probable, however, that he was unwilling to make a sacrifice of his life, which, under the then circumstances, could not by its example have a beneficial influence on his flock; nay, this view of his motives is rendered certain, as he subsequently actually suffered martyrdom with great constancy, and thus washed away the reproach of a want of Christian intrepidity. Among Cyprian's works his moral and ascetic works deserve the preference. Like St. Augustin, there is seated in his soul a deep conviction of the utter demoralisation of man. The dogmas of the world, the devil, and hell, are analysed by him with peculiar predeliction; yet less theoretically than with an ostentatious display of glowing and terrific imagery. In his exhortations, truth and error are singularly mingled; as a specimen of his logic and style of address, we will cite the remarkable grounds in which he censures luxury of dress, especially in young women. He discovers in every ornament and embellishment of the body inventions of the devil. The human frame was formed by God, says he, devoid of all adornment; he, therefore, who would presume to improve and alter it by ornament, lords it over the Creator, and disfigures his work. The ears of men

were not formed to be perforated with holes and loaded with costly jewels. To the Lord himself is ascribed in Revelation 1, 14, "hairs white, like wool, as white as snow;" how then dares man be ashamed of his grey hairs, and disfigure them by colouring them. How will they fare on the day of resurrection, whose forms are impaired by Satanic arts.

*Das Schreibtisch, oder alte und neue Zeit Ein nachgelassenes Werk, von Karoline Baronin de la Motte Fouqué. Köln, 12mo. 1833.—The Writing Desk, or Old and Modern Times. A posthumous work of Carloline Baroness de la Motte Fouqué. 12mo. Cologne, 1833.*

Although this work has been for some time in print, yet it has not, so far as we know, been noticed by any of our contemporaries. Considering, however, the celebrity of the authoress, to whose pen we are indebted, among many other interesting works, for that charming little story "Undine," we cannot forbear calling the attention of our readers who delight in German literature, to this production. It contains original essays and letters to and from the authoress written during the long period between 1785—1829. Those of the Baroness are favourably distinguished by the peculiarity of mind and power of observation which characterise the writings of this distinguished lady. The work is divided according to subjects. The first contain original letters from 1785—90, interesting and characteristic of the last years of the great Frederic's reign, and of his immediate successor, who, disgusted with the cold and heartless philosophy of Voltaire and his school, declared "Qu'il fallait un peu plus de religion." The writer has dwelled on the progress and extinction of this reckless system in an admirable essay under the title of "History of Fashion, from 1785 to 1829." It is, in fact, a history of the times, highly interesting, both on account of its contents and the manner in which they are treated. This essay, extending over a period of 50 years, is followed by fragments written in 1829, dialogues on art, taste, history, &c. all containing profound and original reflections.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR  
COLERIDGE.

THE death of a philosopher and poet is not only a grievous loss, but a national calamity, because the paucity of such men, in comparison with other orders, occasions a chasm in philosophy and literature which is not easily filled up. We do not mean, in this noon-day brightness of the arts and sciences, to affirm that there is a scarcity of high-rate and commanding talent, of lofty and imperishable genius, and of sound and extensive learning—for never, in the history of the world, did genius, and erudition, and science, present such a bold and imposing front as at the present period—but all liberal and enlightened minds will feel and acknowledge that the removal of COLERIDGE from the arena of this life, where his mental powers shone with such resplendent lustre, is a bitter loss to the world of letters of which he was so illustrious an ornament.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, in 1773, of the parish church of which town, his father, the Rev. John Coleridge, previously a schoolmaster at South Molton, was Vicar. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, London, under the strict discipline of the Rev. J. Bowyer, who possessed the almost singular merit of sending his pupils to the University excellent Greek and Latin scholars, with some knowledge of Hebrew, and a considerable insight into the construction and beauties of their vernacular language and its most distinguished writers—a rare addition to their classical acquirements in such foundations. From thence, when eighteen years of age, he removed to Jesus College, Cambridge, where it does not appear that he obtained or even struggled for academic honours—indeed he quitted the University without taking a degree, having been a Collegian little more than two years. To this inconsiderate step he was induced by the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, and by a romantic attachment which he had formed for a young lady, the sister of a school-fellow. He set off for London with a party of Collegians, and passed a short time there in joyous conviviality; on his return to Cambridge, he remained but a few days, and then abandoned it for ever.

Again he directed his steps towards the metropolis, where, after indulging somewhat freely in the pleasures of the bottle, and wandering about the various streets and squares in a state of mind nearly approaching to phrenzy, he finished his wild and unsettled career by enlisting in the 15th Dragoons, under the name of Clumberbacht. In this ungenial position he continued some time, the wonder of his comrades, and a subject of mystery and curiosity to his officers. While engaged in watching a sick comrade, which he did night and day, he became entangled in a dispute with the regimental surgeon; but the disciple of *Æsculapius* had no chance with the follower of the muses—he was astounded and put to flight by the profound erudition and astonishing eloquence of his antagonist. At length his friends found him out, and procured his discharge.

Coleridge's first volume of poems appeared in 1794, which, although abounding in obscurities and epithets too common with young writers, obtained the praise of the critics of the time. In the same year, while residing at Bristol, he also published, in conjunction with Southey, "The Fall of Robespierre, an Historic Drama," which displayed considerable talent. It is related, but we are disposed somewhat to doubt the accuracy of the statement, that this drama was composed on the evening of one day, completed on the morning of the next, and printed and published on the following day. Thus it would appear that its contemplation, execution, and printing, occupied a space of little more than two days! There is a vigour in the language, a correctness in the versification, and a fitness in the contexture, which most writers would imagine to be at variance with such compositions as are formed in immaturity and haste. In the winter of the same year, at Bristol, Coleridge delivered a course of lectures on the French Revolution—and subsequently published two pamphlets, one entitled "Consciones ad Populum, or Addresses to the People;" the other "A Protest against certain Bills (then pending) for Suppressing Seditious Meetings."

Like all visionary enthusiasts, on quitting the University, Coleridge's mind was for a time almost wholly absorbed with some crude notions of universal liberty, the regenerating of mankind, and other Utopian reveries. He found coadjutors equally ardent in Lovell and Southey. This youthful triumvirate proposed schemes for regenerating the world even before the completion of their education; and fancied happy lives in aboriginal forests, republics on the Mississippi, and a newly drawn philanthropy. In order to carry their ideas into effect, they began operations at Bristol, and were received with considerable applause by several inhabitants of that commercial city. Finding at last that the old world would not be reformed after their mode, they determined to try and found a new one, in which all was to be liberty and happiness—and for the site of this new golden region they fixed on the deep woods of America! There all the evils of European society were to be remedied, property was to be in common, and every man a legislator. The name of "Pantisocracy" was bestowed on the favoured scheme, while yet it existed only in imagination. Unborn ages of imperishable happiness presented themselves before the triad of philosophical founders of Utopian empires, while they were dreaming of human perfectibility:—a harmless dream at least, and an aspiration after better things than life's realities, which is the best that can be said for it. In the midst of these plans of vast import, the three philosophers fell in love with three sisters of Bristol, named Fricker (one of them, afterwards Mrs. Lovell, an actress of the Bristol theatre, another a mantua-maker, and the third the governess of a day-school), whom they respectively married, and thus all their visions of immortal freedom faded into air. None ever revived the phantasy; but Coleridge lived to sober down his early extravagant views of political freedom into something like a disavowal of having held them, but he never became a foe to the generous principles of human liberty, which he ever espoused.

With the avowed object of spreading these principles, he started a weekly paper, called "The Watchman," which only reached its ninth number, though the editor set out on his travels to procure subscribers among the friends of the doctrines he promulgated, visiting Birmingham, Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, and Sheffield, for this purpose. The failure of this speculation was a severe mortification to the projector. He was in some measure consoled, however, by the success of a volume of poems which he published, with some communications from his friends Lamb and Lloyd.

In the autumn of 1795, Coleridge married Miss Sarah Fricker, and in the following year his eldest son, Hartley, was born. Two other sons, Berkeley and Derwent, were the fruits of this union. At Nether Stowey, a village near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, where he resided in 1797, he wrote, at the desire of Sheridan, a tragedy, which was, in 1813, brought out under the title of "Remorse:"—the name it originally bore was *Osorio*. During his residence here he was in the habit of preaching every Sunday at the Unitarian Chapel in Taunton, and was greatly respected by the better class of his neighbours. He enjoyed the friendship of Wordsworth, who lived at Allfoxden, about two miles from Stowey, and was occasionally visited by Charles Lamb, John Thelwall, and other congenial spirits. About this period, he planned a poem called "The Brook," but it was never completed.

Having married before he possessed the means of supporting a family, and depending principally for subsistence, at Stowey, upon his literary labours, the remuneration for which could be but scanty, Coleridge's situation at this period was not the most felicitous. A change was, however, destined to come over his fortune. After a long season of toil and privation, doubly vexatious to a literary man by reason of his peculiar habits and notions, he was very unexpectedly, in 1798, sought out and kindly patronized by the late Thomas Wedgwood, Esq. who granted him a pension of £100 a year. This enabled him to plan a visit to Germany, to which country he travelled with Wordsworth, studied the language at Ratzeburg, and then proceeded to Gottingen. He attended the different lectures, but his attention was principally directed to literature and philosophy. At the end of his "Biographia Literaria" Coleridge has published some letters, which relate to his sojourn in Germany. He sailed Sept. 16th, 1798, and on the 19th landed at Hamburgh; and on the 20th of the same month he was introduced to the brother of the great poet Klopstock, to Professor Ebeling, and ultimately to the poet himself. An impression of awe, he states, came upon him when he set out to visit the German

Milton, whose humble house stood about a quarter of a mile from the city gate. He was much disappointed, however, in the countenance of Klopstock, which was inexpressive, and without peculiarity in any of the features:—he was lively and courteous, talked of Milton and Glover, and preferred the verse of the latter to the former—a very curious mistake, but natural enough in a foreigner; spoke with indignation of the English translations of his great work; said his first ode was fifty years older than his last, and hoped Coleridge would revenge him on Englishmen by translating the Messiah.

Keswick, in Cumberland, on his return from Germany, now became his residence. He had made a great addition to his stock of knowledge, and he seems to have spared no pains to store up what was either useful or speculative. With the state of early German literature he had become well acquainted, and had dived deeply into the mystical stream of Teutonic philosophy.

No man was less fitted for a popular writer than Coleridge; yet the next step in a life which seems to have had no settled object, but to have been steered compassless along, was an exceedingly strange one, that of undertaking the political and literary departments of the "Morning Post" newspaper, in the duties of which situation he was engaged in the Spring of 1802. In common with his early connections, he seems to have had no fixed political principles that the public could understand, though he was perhaps able to reconcile in himself all that others might imagine contradictory, and no doubt he did so conscientiously. His style and manner of writing, and the learning and depth of his disquisitions, for ever brought into play, often rendered him unintelligible to the general reader. It was singular too, that he disclosed in his biography so strongly his unsettled political principles, which showed that he had not studied politics as he had studied poetry, Kant, and theology. The public of each party looks upon a political writer as a sort of champion, around whom it rallies, and feels it impossible to trust the changeable leader, or applaud the addresses of him who is inconsistent or wavering in principles: it will not back out any but the firm unflinching partisan. The members of what is called the "Lake School" have been more or less strongly marked with this reprehensible change of political creed, but Coleridge the least of them. In truth, he got nothing by any change he ventured upon, and, what is more, he expected nothing; the world is, therefore, bound to say of him, what cannot be said of his friends, if it be true, that it believes most cordially in his sincerity—and that his obliquity in politics was caused by his superficial knowledge of them, and his devotion of his high mental powers to different questions. Coleridge himself confessed that his "Morning Post" essays, though written in defence or furtherance of the measures of the Government, added nothing to his fortune or reputation, and lamented the waste of his manhood and intellect in this way. What might he not have given to the world that is enduring and admirable, in the room of these political lucubrations!

The translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein* may be denominated a free one, and is finely executed. It is impossible to give in the English language a more impressive idea of the work of the great German dramatist. The version was made from a copy which the author himself afterwards revised and altered, and the translator subsequently re-published his version in a more correct form, with the additional passages and alterations of Schiller. This translation will long remain as the most effective which has been achieved of the works of the German dramatists in the British tongue.

Something like censure has been cast upon Coleridge for not having written more which is worthy of his reputation; but the fact is, he has written a vast deal which has passed unnoticed, upon fleeting politics, and in newspaper columns, literary as well as political. To the world these last go for nothing, though the author calculates the thought and labour they cost him at full value. A sense of what he might have done for fame, and the little he has actually done, has been often acknowledged in his works; and yet, the little he has produced, has among it gems of the purest lustre, the brilliancy of which time will not deaden until the universal voice of nature be heard no longer, and poetry perish beneath the dull load of life's hacknied realities.

It is not generally known, but such is the fact, that the poem of "Christabel" was composed in consequence of an agreement with Mr. Wordsworth, that they should mutually produce specimens of poetry which should contain "the power of

exciting the sympathy of the reader, by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moon-light or sun-set diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both." Further he observes on this thought, "that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence to be aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real, &c. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life." Thus, it appears, originated the poems of the "Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel," by Coleridge, and the "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth.

The fallacy of a great portion of Wordsworth's poetic theory, namely, that which relates to low life, it is equally creditable to the taste and judgment of Coleridge, that with temper and sound reasoning, he was one of the first to point out and demonstrate. Wordsworth contends that a proper poetic diction is a language taken from the mouths of men in general, in their natural conversation under the influence of natural feelings. Coleridge wisely asserts, that philosophers are the authors of the best parts of language, not clowns; and that Milton's language is more that of real life than the language of a cottager. No English writer better understood than Coleridge the elements of poetry, and the way in which they may be best combined to produce certain impressions. His definitions of the merits and differences in style and poetic genius, between the earliest and latest writers of his country, are superior to those which others have it in their power to deduce; for, in truth, he long and deeply meditated upon them, and no one can be dissatisfied by the reasons he gives, and the examples he furnishes to bear out his theories and opinions.

His conversational powers were of the first order—in fact they are said to have been unrivalled; and it is to be feared that, to excel in these, he sacrificed what was more durable, and that he has resigned, for the pleasure of gratifying an attentive listening circle, and pleasing thereby his self-love by its applause, much that would have delighted the world. His flow of words, delivery, and variety of information were so great, and he found it so captivating to enchain his auditors to the ear of his triumphant eloquence, that he has sacrificed to this gratification what might have sufficed to confer upon him a celebrity a thousand times more to be coveted by a spirit akin to his own.

About two years after his abandonment of the "Morning Post," he embarked for Malta, where he most unexpectedly arrived on a visit to his friend Dr. Stodart, then King's Advocate in that island, and was introduced by him to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball, who appointed him his secretary. He remained in the island, fulfilling the duties of his situation, for which he seems to have been but indifferently qualified, a very short period. From his official employment, however, he derived one important advantage—that of the pension granted by Government to those who have served in similar situations. On his way home he visited Italy; entered Rome, examined its host of ancient and modern curiosities, and added fresh matter for thought to his rapidly accumulating store of ideas.

Rapt in the wild mazes of metaphysics from which, by long habit, he could rarely extricate himself, mingling its speculations with all the concerns of life, Coleridge produced nothing of late equal to the power of his genius. In the garden of his residence at Hampstead, he usually walked for hours together absorbed in visions of new theological theories, or upon the most abstruse of meditations. Sometimes he would step into the world, and mingle with the social dinner-party, where he would gratify his self-love by pouring out the stores of his mind in conversation to admiring listeners. The fluency of Coleridge's language, the light he invariably threw upon his subjects, the pleasure he felt in communicating his ideas, and his knowledge, innate or acquired, were equally remarkable to the stranger. He has been accused of indolence, not perhaps with reason: the misdirection of his distinguished talents would be a better explanation of that failing for which he has been censured. His justification rested on the score of quantity, by asserting that some of his best emanations were published in newspapers. The world differs with him on this question, and always will do so, when it is recollected what he has had the power to effect—it will not readily forgive him for writing upon party, and in support of almost exploded principles, "what was meant for mankind." He mis-

took his walk when he set up for a politician, and it is to be feared the public have a great deal to regret on account of it. His political articles are not the criterion by which he will be revered by posterity. The verses of Coleridge give him his claim to lasting celebrity, and these will live in unfading bloom till all perishable things shall have passed away.

The person of Coleridge was bulky, and his physiognomy heavy, but his eye was remarkably fine and intelligent; and in temper and disposition he was kind and amiable. It is well known that the failings of literary men are scrutinized by the rude world with the most rigid and uncharitable severity—but neither envy, hatred, nor malice, have made any *successful* impression in attacking the moral character of Coleridge.

On Saturday, the 2nd inst. the mortal remains of this sublime poet and philosopher were deposited in the vaults of Highgate Church. His funeral was strictly private, and his hearse was followed by a few very intimate friends only who had known and appreciated his moral excellence. Many of the admirers of his great attainments and his high literary fame and reputation were desirous of attending, but they were not invited, and some were even excluded by the friends who had the conduct of his funeral, and who were best acquainted with the dislike of the deceased to empty ostentation, and with the just, but meek and Christian feelings and sentiments of his last moments.

Mr. Heraud (the author of the lately published epic poem) delivered in the Lecture-room of the Russell Institution, a funeral oration upon the departed poet. He gave no sketch of his life, but dwelt on the merits of his poetic works, and on the subtle and sublimated philosophy of that illustrious metaphysician. In the course of Mr. Heraud's oration, he took occasion to state that Mr. Coleridge had printed eight volumes of philosophy, and left a great mass of manuscripts, which was now in the hands of a gentleman by whom it would be prepared for publication. The room was crowded.

## PREFERMENTS, MARRIAGES, &c.

### PREFERMENTS.

Rev. E. Parker, S.C.L. of Queen's College, Cambridge, to the vicarage of Stoke Gifford, Gloucestershire; patron, the Duke of Beaufort.—Rev. Arthur Montague Wyatt, B.A. to the Perpetual Curacy of Perry Barr Chapel, Staffordshire.—The Rev. James Farley Turner, B.A., has been instituted to the Vicarage of Kidderminster, with the Chapelry of Lower Mitton annexed, in the county of Worcester, void by the cession of the Venerable Archdeacon Onslow, on the presentation of the Right Hon. Lord Foley, patron in full right.—The Rev. Francis Best, B.A., has been instituted to the Rectories of Abberton and Flyford Flavel, Worcestershire, void by the cession of Edward Herbert, Clerk, the last Incumbent, on the presentation of Ann Sheldon, widow, Mercy Sheldon, spinster; and William Laslett, Esq. patrons in full right.—The Rev. Thomas Butler, son of Archdeacon Butler, of Shrewsbury, is instituted to the valuable Rectory of Langar, in the county of Nottingham.—The Rev. Joseph Amphlett, B.A. has been instituted to the Rectory of Hampton Lovett, in the county of Worcester, void by the death of John Amphlett, D.D. on the presentation of Anne Pakington, spinster, and John Somerset Pakington, Esq. patrons in full right.—The Rev. W. C. Holder, A. M. is collated by the Bishop of Gloucester to the Vicarage of Cam, vacant by the death of the Rev. Wm. Fryer.—The Rev. Wm. Elliott, Curate of Temple Church, Bristol, has been appointed by the Mayor, Lecturer of St. Nicholas, *vice* the Rev. Dr. Bridges, deceased.

### MARRIED.

Mr. John Robinson, of the Firs, Dudley, to Elizabeth Anne, youngest daughter of John Johnson, Esq. of Leverington, Gloucestershire.—At Lavington, Sussex, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester, Henry William Wilberforce, Esq. to Mary, second daughter of the late Rev. John Sargent, Rector of Lavington.—Lawrence Bird, Esq. Veterinary Surgeon of the 8th Hussars, to Hester, third daughter of Mr. Playne, of Gloucester.—Francis Jacques, Esq. of Clifton, to Anne, eldest daughter of Robert Stephens Davis, Esq. of Stonehouse, Gloucestershire.—At Weymouth, George C. Holford, Esq. of Altmaur, Brecon, to Harriet, daughter of the late J. Stevenson, Esq. of Binfield, Berks.—At Ludlow, the Rev. M. H. G. Buckle, M.A. Fellow of Wadham College, and Head Master of Durham School, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Rev. James Baines, Vicar of Cainham.—At Woodchester, Wm. Montague, jun. Esq. of Gloucester, to Elizabeth, second daughter of O. P. Wathen, Esq. of the former place.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, London, Captain Rushout Cockerell, eldest son of Sir Charles Cockerell, Bart. of Sezincot, Gloucestershire, to the Hon. Miss Foley, eldest daughter of the late Lord Foley.—By special license, in the Chapel at Bromley Palace, Caroline Sophia, second daughter of the Lord Bishop of Rochester, to Sir J. Mordaunt, Bart. of Walton, Warwickshire.—At Northampton, Gloucestershire, Henry Morgan Clifford, Esq. of Perriston Hall, Herefordshire, to Catherine Harriet, only

daughter of the late Joseph Yorke, Esq. of Northampton Court.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, William Brougham, Esq. M. P., only brother of the Lord Chancellor, to Emily Frances, only daughter of Sir Charles William Taylor, Bart. Hollycombe, Sussex.—At Biddenden, Kent, William Whateley, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Nares, and relict of the late Lord Henry Spencer Churchill.—At Cheltenham, James Horne, Esq. of Cumberland-street, Portman-square, to Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Charles Whalley, Esq. of Calcutta.—At Preston, near Cirencester, Robert Maurice Bonner Maurice, Esq. of Bodynfol, Montgomeryshire, to Judith, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. Cripps, vicar of Preston and Stonehouse, Somersetshire.

## BIRTHS.

At Leamington, Warwickshire, the lady of Captain Pulteney, 12th Lancers, of a daughter.—At the Briars, Monmouthshire, the lady of Captain Newall, of a son.—At Fownhope, Herefordshire, the lady of F. G. Freeman, Esq. of a son.—At Stottesdon Vicarage, Worcestershire, the Lady of the Rev. R. Williams, of a daughter.—At Pirton Rectory, Worcestershire, the lady of the Rev. W. Lister Isaac, of a daughter.

## DIED.

The Marchioness of Headfort, at her residence, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park.—At Monmouth, Amy Anne, wife of James Palmer Budd, Esq. of Swansea, Glamorganshire.—At Willoughby, Warwickshire, in the 86th year of his age, the Rev. Nathaniel Bridges, D. D., for many years Incumbent of Willoughby and Hatton; also Lecturer of St. Nicholas and St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol.—At Bath, J. Vaughan, Esq. late of Over Court, Gloucester.—At Aqualate Park, Staffordshire, Francis Wedge, Esq. in the 83rd year of his age.—At his seat, Rendcomb Park, in the 60th year of his age, Sir Berkeley William Guise, Bart., in the Commission of the Peace, and in Parliament the confidential Representative of the County of Gloucester for nearly twenty-four years.—In Clarges-street, after ten days' illness, Lord James Fitzroy, youngest son of the Duke of Grafton, aged 30.—At Boulogne-sur-mer, in her 88th year, the Dowager Lady Lake, relict of the late Sir James Winter Lake, Bart.—At the Parks, Great Malvern, Worcestershire, aged 82, Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart. of Osmaston, in the county of Derby. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, Governor of Ceylon.—The late Baronet has left two daughters married to the present Earl of Kenmare and Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Church.—At Torpoint House, Cornwall, the Rev. C. Shipley, Rector of Mappowder, Dorsetshire, son of the late Dean of St. Asaph.—At Shrewsbury, Miss Curwen, youngest daughter of the late J. C. Curwen, Esq. M. P.—At his residence, Great Alne Lodge, near Alcester, Stephen Barber, Esq. in the 76th year of his age.—At Chillington, in the 10th year of his age, Charles Orville, the second son of the late John Mytton, Esq. of Halston.—

At his Lordship's house, Arlington-street, St. James's, the Right Hon. Earl Bathurst. His death was unaccompanied by pain; he expired in the bosom of his family, and was perfectly sensible of his approaching dissolution. His Lordship succeeded to the honours as third Earl Bathurst, Baron Bathurst of Battleden, and Baron Apsley, of Apsley, in the county of Sussex, on the demise of his father, in 1794, and married, in 1789, Lady Georgiana Lennox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, by whom he had issue, 1st, Henry George, Lord Apsley, (now Earl Bathurst); 2nd, Hon. William Bathurst, Clerk to the Privy Council; 3rd, Colonel Seymour Bathurst, Treasurer to the Governor of Malta; 4th, Hon. Charles Bathurst, in holy orders, and married to a daughter of the Earl of Abingdon; and two daughters, one of whom is married to the Hon. General Ponsonby. The Noble Earl entered into office at an early period, and in 1793 was sworn in a Member of the Privy Council; in 1804 he was appointed Master of the Mint, during Mr. Pitt's Administration, and in 1807 President of the Board of Trade: in 1809 his Lordship was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which he held only a short time. During the Liverpool Administration, his Lordship discharged the duties of Secretary of State for the Colonial Department for a period of nearly sixteen years. In 1828 he was appointed President of the Council, which high office he retained till the resignation of the Wellington Administration in 1830, since which time he has taken no very prominent part in public affairs.—At Woodford House, near Kettering, after an illness of three days, the beautiful Mrs. Arbuthnot, in her 41st year. She was the daughter of the late Hon. Thomas Fane, was married to the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot, in 1814, and was placed on the English civil list, by the Duke of Wellington, in 1823, with a pension of 936*l.*—At Tenby, in his 60th year, Lieutenant-Colonel Elliot Voyle, late of the Bengal Establishment.—In the 31st year of his age, Mr. F. Pierpoint, one of the Aldermen of the Borough of Bridgnorth, and Coroner for the town and liberties of that place.—At Great Malvern, John Piddcock, of the Pitts, in the county of Stafford, Esq. aged 78 years.—Aged 73, Elizabeth, the wife of General Meredith, of Monmouth.—General Sir John Doyle, Bart. G. C. B. K. C., Governor of Charlemont, Colonel of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers.—At Upton-on-Severn, Mr. Richard Clarke, a resident of that place, and for twenty years an officer in the East India Company's Naval Service.—Suddenly, at East Barnet, Herts, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir David Ogilby, of the Honourable East India Company's Service. The above awful and lamentable event was occasioned by the unfortunate gentleman being precipitated from a four-wheeled chaise, which produced instant death.—At Tenby, of spasmodic gout, in his 70th year, Lieut.-Colonel Elliott Poyle, late of the Bengal Establishment.—At Killaloe, Limerick, Lord Glentworth, in his 46th year.—At her house in Upper Grosvenor-street, aged 73, Mrs. Diana M. Dowdeswell, daughter of the late Right Hon. William Dowdeswell.—At Strefford, Salop, Mr. Heighway, Coroner for the Southern Division of Salop.

*To the Editor of the Analyst.*

Sir,—As I purpose to send you a Monthly Meteorological Report from hence, I think it may be advantageous to those interested in Meteorological pursuits to mention that the Barometer is one of my own construction, the mercury of which has been boiled in the tube, and that I have adjusted the scale after a very careful admeasurement of the length of the mercurial column from the surface of the mercury in the cistern, which has a screw and ivory point to keep the surface always at the same level precisely. I have found by actual observation that the barometer at the Library House, Malvern, stands .465, or nearly half an inch lower than it does at the cottage at the Rhydd Ferry, which, at a rough calculation, would give 450 or 500 feet as the elevation of Great Malvern above the surface of the River.

I have in my possession several Thermometers, all agreeing remarkably well in their indications with each other, and with a delicate and accurate one attached to my Hygrometer made by *Newman*. The day and night thermometers are of *Newman's* manufacture; they are placed in an eastern aspect, and the former is well secured from the influence of the direct rays of the sun; the latter affords an accurate indication of the temperature to which the air falls during the night, for its situation does not admit of its being affected by radiation, a process which will often depress a thermometer, if exposed to its full influence, several degrees below the temperature of the atmosphere.

You may, if you please, prefix these remarks to the accompanying Report for July.

I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c.

Great Malvern, August 27th, 1834.

W. ADDISON.

## METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

| July. | Barometer. |        | Thermometer |           | Day.                     | Remarks.        |             | Wind. |
|-------|------------|--------|-------------|-----------|--------------------------|-----------------|-------------|-------|
|       | Morn.      | Even.  | Max.        | Min.      |                          | Night.          |             |       |
| 1     | 29.693     | 29.567 | 71.3        | 51.5      | Sun, fine, hazy          | Cloudy          | E.          |       |
| 2     | 29.510     | 29.465 | 67          |           | Clouds, sun              |                 | N. E.       |       |
| 3     | 29.476     | 29.480 | 69          | 49.5      | Cloudy, sun              | Fine            | E.          |       |
| 4     | 29.550     | 29.560 | 72          | 51        | Cloudy, sun              | Fine            | N. E.       |       |
| 5     | 29.505     | 29.430 | 74          | 56        | Clouds and sun           | H. rain, ltning | N. E. calm  |       |
| 6     | 29.399     | 29.310 | 65          | 58        | Cloudy, fog, showery     | Chiefly fine.   | Vbl. lt. cm |       |
| 7     | 29.300     | 29.222 | 65          | 56.5      | Cldy, sun, hvy. showers  | Rain            | W.          |       |
| 8     | 29.222     | 29.400 | 69          | 53        | Cloudy, fine             | Fine            | N. W.       |       |
| 9     | 29.480     | 29.440 | 69          | 55        | Cloudy, fine             | Fine            | N. W.       |       |
| 10    | 29.340     | 29.420 | 66          | 52        | Clouds, sun              | Fine, windy     | W.          |       |
| 11    | 29.450     | 29.330 | 69          | 51        | Clouds, sun              | Very fine       | S. W.       |       |
| 12    | 29.150     | 29.195 | 69          | 52        | Clouds, fine             | Fine            | W.          |       |
| 13    | 29.195     | 29.265 | 68.5        | 53        | Fine, light showers      | Fine            | S. W.       |       |
| 14    | 29.375     | 29.510 | 69.5        | 54        | Fine, light showers      | Fine            | S. W.       |       |
| 15    | 29.600     | 29.590 | 74.5        | 60        | Cloudy, fine             | Fine            | W.          |       |
| 16    | 29.610     | 29.580 | 74          | 56        | Sun, clouds              | Fine            | S. W.       |       |
| 17    | 29.540     | 29.500 | 80          |           | Hot sun                  | Cloudy          | S. W.       |       |
| 18    |            |        |             |           | Very heavy rain          | Very hvy. rain  |             |       |
| 19    | 28.910     | 28.955 | 55          | 50        | Ditto                    | Very hvy. rain  | S. W.       |       |
| 20    | 29.000     | 28.995 | 57          | 57        | Heavy rain               | Very hvy. rain  | W.          |       |
| 21    | 29.034     | 29.200 | 62.5        | 54        | Rain, sun, cloud         | Fine, dewy      | S. & S. E.  |       |
| 22    | 29.310     | 29.400 | 68.5        | 57.2      | Fine, sun, haze          | Fine            | N. E.       |       |
| 23    | 29.422     | 29.410 | 71.5        | 58        | Fine, sun, haze, showers | Showers         | E. light    |       |
| 24    | 29.430     | 29.418 | 68.5        | 55.5      | Cloudy, haze             | Fine            | Vble. N.    |       |
| 25    | 29.420     | 29.400 | 70.5        | 53.5      | Fine, sun                | Fine            | N.          |       |
| 26    | 29.250     | 28.990 | 65          | 49.5      | Cloudy, heavy showers    | Cloudy, rain    | S.          |       |
| 27    | 29.065     | 29.270 | 63          | 52        | Clouds, ditto            | Fine            | E. calm     |       |
| 28    | 29.380     | 29.415 | 71          | 59        | Cloudy, sun              | Heavy rain      | S. E. calm  |       |
| 29    | 29.405     | 29.390 | 73          | 60        | Clds, h. rain, thunder   | Heavy rain      | Calm.       |       |
| 30    | 29.262     | 29.270 | 69.5        | 52        | Cloudy                   | Fine            | Light, N.   |       |
| 31    | 29.256     | 29.200 | 72          | 61        | Hazy, fine, hvy. showers | Showers         | N.          |       |
|       | Mean Max.  | 68.3   | 54.5        | mean Min. |                          |                 |             |       |

[The Meteorological Report for Malvern, for each succeeding month, will appear regularly in the forthcoming numbers.]

On the 4th of August, about six o'clock in the evening, a large meteor, in the north part of the heavens, was observed from a village four miles north of Leominster. It appeared to break from some light thin clouds, about 40 degrees from the horizon; it left a tail of bright light through the whole extent it traversed of the shape of a cone, with its base resting upon the meteor; it made a descent of about 10 degrees, when the globe, or body of the meteor, seemed to burst and disappear, but the brightness in the tail continued a few seconds longer; leaving a white wreath of vapour, which remained visible for about two minutes, gradually becoming less distinct at the extremities, until the whole was finally dissipated.

W. Leblond

25 NOV. 1916





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### *Critical Testimonials extracted from the Public Press:—*

"A new magazine, printed and published in Worcester, in which we recognise a very chaste spirit and considerable ability. The subjects are well chosen, and treated with power and refined taste."—*Atlas*.

"We hail, with peculiar satisfaction, the appearance of this new periodical; for, in the provincial districts, are mines of sterling ore—veins of latent knowledge, which only require to be elevated to the surface by the application of a powerful engine;—that engine, the press, is now at work in every *awakened* county, as well as in the metropolis, to which its chief efforts have, hitherto, been too much confined; and soon shall the metal, thus rescued from its dark oblivious recess, be applied to the general uses and the elegances of life. Of this *ore*, a considerable portion will, we think, be found in the papers and essays of 'The Analyst.' The reviews of paintings, prints, and illustrated works, and the critical notices of British and foreign publications, exhibit considerable talent and critical acumen; and, although works of taste and merit do not always prove profitable to their talented conductors, from the too prevalent and lamentable penchant for light and unsubstantial reading, we are convinced, from the specimen before us, that 'The Analyst' will assume and retain its station among the choice literary and scientific productions of the age."—*Hereford Times*.

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a successful progress through all the unavoidable difficulties that attend the birth and infancy of a new literary offspring, and confidently expect that the evident talent of the Editor, and of his able contributors, will receive such encouragement as will enable them to steer forward on their course until they reach, in safety and in triumph, the expansive ocean of popularity, in full sail, wafted by the favouring gale of public opinion, well manned, and laden with wealth. This we cordially hope for the honour of the Midland counties."—*Warwick Chronicle*.

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"It caters aptly for the public taste,—we can have no doubt of 'The Analyst's' eventual success."—*Sun*.

"The first number of this spirited and laudable periodical is now published, and we much regret that a want of space prevents our doing ample justice to its contents, some of which are of a high literary and scientific character. One feature in this magazine, will, we think, render it unexceptionable on the score of party feeling—we mean the total exclusion of religious and political discussion—the work being exclusively devoted to science, literature, and the arts. The tabular and general information introduced at the end of the work is extremely useful, while as an advertising medium, 'The Analyst' promises to become valuable, from the class of society amongst which it will naturally be circulated."—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

"If the contents of this number are a specimen of the sources from which the Editor has the promise of collecting his future materials, we think he has every prospect of success."—*Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

As "THE ANALYST" will present an advantageous medium for the dissemination of ADVERTISEMENTS, the following Scale of Reduced Charges will be doubtless considered worthy of attention:—

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25 NOV 1916

THE  
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LITERATURE,  
AND THE FINE ARTS.

No. III.



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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following communications have been received:—A Chapter on Lovers—On the desertion of the English Theatre during political agitation—On ancient Caskets of ivory and wood, by Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, K. H.—Memoranda on the nidification of the Common Wren, by C. L. E. P.—Lines by L——, &c. &c.

We have been under the necessity of postponing several Critical Notices of New Publications, the works for Review having reached us at too late a period in the month.

All Communications are requested to be addressed to "The Editor of the Analyst," 72, High Street, Worcester, *post paid*.

## ERRATA.

Page 144, l. 13, for *Monographie* read *Monography*—line 19, for *security* read *severity*. P. 145, l. 10, for *Carloline* read *Caroline*.

## FAITH UNTO DEATH ;

A TRADITION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

“ Existence may be borne, and the deep root  
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode  
In bare and desolated bosoms.”

*Childe Harold*, Canto IV., Stanza xxi.

THE mellow beams of the setting sun shed a flood of amber light through the curious octagonal-paned windows of a large room in the upper story of an old-fashioned house in one of the principal streets in Amsterdam. The room bore a singular appearance from the diversified nature of its contents. The furniture was gothic in form, of dark woods, polished and carved; and scattered in every direction were fragments of sculpture, vestiges of stained glass, relics of rare stuffs, of cloth of gold, and tapestry, weapons of defence, sabres and javelins and battle-axes, mingled with musical instruments and huge tomes protected in vellum and clasped with the precious metals. Here lay a plumed head-piece and a shirt of linked mail, and there was a pile of parchment MSS., decorated with a scull and the detached bones of a skeleton. On an ebony table stood a crucifix of mother-of-pearl, enclosed in a glazed cabinet of sandal-wood; and before it were an illuminated missal, an hour-glass with a gnomon and dial-plate on the top, a musk-rose in a goblet of crystal, a flute, a rosary of opals and silver, and a golden chain with a medal attached, bearing an honorary legend. Then there were many busts and bronzes; jars and bottles, fossils and minerals, and objects of natural history mounted upon brackets, and shelves, and suspended from the cross beams of the roof: on a long table lay reeds and chalks, pencils and papers, with oils, gums and colours of every description, and, carefully placed against the wall, were the “St. Hubert” and the “Sleeping Mahomet” engraven by Lucas Jacobs,\* the precocious genius of Leyden, then but a boy in his fourteenth year, and the wonder of his contemporaries.

In this museum-like apartment, and standing before an easel, a stripling was giving the finishing touches to the landscape background of a picture of the Nativity. In person the student was slight but well formed, of a fair complexion, with light hazel eyes, straight nose, full lips, short mustachios, and dark chesnut hair parted on the forehead and flowing in thick curls on his shoulders. His dress consisted of a tunic of lawn plaited round the neck and terminated by a narrow band exquisitely embroidered; over this a doublet of raven-grey, open in front and falling in folds to the knee, was confined round the waist by a black girdle; hose of the same texture and hue, with square-toed shoes of fine leather, com-

\* Otherwise “*Lucas of Leyden*,” the celebrated German engraver.

pleted the painter's costume. A straight long-handled sword, a cloak, and a flat cap of velvet with a white plume fastened by a jewel on the left side, lay on a table beside him.

Notwithstanding the power and fluency of his pencil, it was apparent that eighteen years had scarce passed over the head of the artist ; his eye was full of bright enthusiasm, but his general expression indicated a sweet serenity of mind ; and the inflection of the brow, the dilation of the nostril, the curve or compression of the lip so often observable in the countenance of genius, were not to be seen in the gentle lineaments of his face. Having, seemingly, concluded his work, he drew back a few paces to take in the effect ; the rich mountainous country, the blue distances, the subdued yet clear light on the horizon, like the dying radiance of an autumnal eve, the deep azure above, the dark dottings of trees, and the quaint and elaborate architectural ruins which represented the stable of Bethlehem, were in the best style of old German art. While the youth regarded the picture, the door opened noiselessly, and a man of advanced years entered with a quiet step, and stationed himself unnoticed behind him. The stranger was plainly apparelled in a long robe of green, with sleeves of great width hanging loose at the wrist and showing under-ones of fine linen looped with buttons of ruby ; a tippet of grey squirrel-skin was thrown over this, and a broad sash of crimson was girt round his body ; a richly-sheathed dagger lodged in his belt, and with the gemmed links of a chain half-buried in the fur, declared him to be one of consideration. He was unbonnetted ; a few ebon locks strayed on his temples, but the upper part of his head was bald ; his mien was imposing ; the brow marked, the forehead high, the eye dark and keen and lit with a burning fire, the nose hooked, the mouth thin but small and shaded with thick mustachios, which, with a square-trimmed beard, slightly silvered by time, gave something of a military character to his countenance. For a short space he looked, eagerly, over the shoulder of the youth ; the work of the latter evidently engaged his attention, and a smile of pleasure flashed across his face. " Hans ! thou hast, indeed, done well ! " exclaimed he, at length, " thy design is immortality ; and right worthy art thou of becoming the son of Cornelitz ! " and he laid his square white hand upon the arm of the young man, and dwelt with pride and satisfaction upon the kindling brow of the latter. Some words of graceful diffidence, followed by an expression of gratefulness to his instructor, flowed from the lips of the pupil ; his accents were soft and melodious, and though his speech was but brief, it showed that he was eminently gifted with the magic of eloquence. Cornelitz turned intently to examine the picture, and while thus occupied, the musical chimes of a steeple caused both master and pupil to start from their positions ; the latter snatched up his cap, while his eye beamed with new light ; Cornelitz smiled, but pensively ; " I was forgetful of thine appointment, my son," said he affectionately,— " musing on the rare proof of thy genius, I marked not that the sun has gone down and

the shades are obscuring the sky ; it is thy last evening, and there is one waiting for thee I ween, who may chide her father for his lack of memory. Hasten, son of my adoption ! hasten to thy betrothed ; time hath not so frozen up the fountain of sympathy, that I think but of fame and of gold ; there is that dearer than both ; mayst thou be happy with my child when I am thought of no more !” Moved by his tender solemnity, Van Schooréel was about to reply, but pointing to the horologe, the sands of which were nearly ran out, Cornelitz testified the necessity of speed. To fling round him his cloak, and hook his sword to his side, were but the work of a moment—in another second the gallant figure of the youth was seen hastily passing beneath the mulberry trees near the entrance to the house of his master.

And now reader, we will, with your fair permission, transport you to a pleasant summer residence within a league of Amsterdam. The house was situated in a garden and orchard laid out with all the fanciful skill of the period ; old and wide-spreading fruit trees threw their gnarled branches over the paths, and with their verdurous shade made the spot cool and agreeable in the heat of the day : then there were bushes covered with blossoms, and sweet-scented shrubs, and where the flower-beds bloomed, the earth seemed sown thick with jewels of all colours and tints. In the middle of the garden a tall column of water dashed into a basin of granite chiselled with grotesque and whimsical devices, and aquatic plants, sea-weeds and shells, moss and gay pebbles were ingeniously scattered around. Now in this delicious retreat there were sun and shade, the sweet breath of flowers and foliage, and the soft salutation of the breeze added to the melody of birds, the lulling of waters and the pleasant whispering of leaves, and as the last beams of the sun slanted on the green sward and shot between the boles of the trees, a bright-haired girl stood at a lattice, anxiously overlooking the grounds. The maiden was sylph-like of form ; her cheek was pale and transparent, but her brilliant eye shone as the star of the evening : slightly restrained by a chaplet of pearls, her glistening locks fell on her neck in profusion, and waved in long rings down her back ; and as the breeze revelled by, they floated far on the air, and disclosed that pure loveliness which they, as instantaneously, strove to conceal. The dress of the maiden bespoke her condition and country ; it was of the fashion of Germany, and according to the mode of the day : a boddice of azure sitting low on the shoulder and sloping thence to the waist, showed a kerchief of exquisite cambric plaited and set in a band of elaborate ornament ; the sleeves terminated, wide and loose, at the elbow, under-ones of gauze, interwoven with silk, being confined at the wrist with bracelets of gold thickly studded with sapphire and pearl ; the skirt opened at each side, and descended to the knee, the corners being furnished with tassels of seed-pearl ; beneath this a robe of pure white fell in broad folds to the brodered pantoufle that enclosed the slender foot of the wearer.

The sun at length disappeared, the crimson and gold died away

in the west, and a sea of azure and amethyst spread over the sky ; the breeze freshened and sighed more pensively through the trees, the hum of the insect became more audible, and still sweeter sang the bird in the grove. " It groweth late," said the maiden, raising her eyes to the star that glanced suddenly out in the sky, " the day light waneth away and he hath not yet come." " But he will come, bird of my heart ! he will come to thee, though wood and water divide ye," fondly uttered a venerable female who, hooded and ruffed, sat in a carved high-backed chair of ebony, and gazed with almost maternal tenderness on the spiritual countenance of the girl.

" Nay, good nurse,—dear nurse, he never tarried yet so long, and when we last parted he was pledged to return ere the shade of the linden had fled from the grass. False Hans ! his love is air—his vows but as brittle glass !" and the maiden haughtily drew from the lattice, as disdainingly to watch for the laggard. Her greyhound, a small and beautiful animal, adorned with a silver collar and bells, attracted her notice ; she stooped to caress it, but the creature neglecting her hand, started up from its cushion, and bounding through the casement, vanished at the end of the avenue before it. The aged nurse smiled, but the brow of the maiden reddened and her glance grew perturbed as she directed it once more to the garden ; beyond the thick shrubs a white plume was seen waving, the rose-bushes gave way to an impetuous movement, the quick tread of a spurred heel was heard on the gravel, a bright eye beamed up at the casement—in the next instant the lover was at the feet of his mistress, and the greyhound circling the room, springing and careering about with the wildest demonstrations of joy. But fitful and capricious are the skies of love's sweet Paradise ! There were many chidings given with averted eyes, much doubting and sweet irony, feigned anger and indifference, and to these the truant sedulously opposed soft expostulation and pleading intermingled with winning assurances of faith. The melody of his voice and the captivation of his eloquence, were not lost on the maiden ; abating her scorn, she deigned the suppliant a look of melting witchery, while a sportive smile played round her lips as his most impassioned hyperboles fell fast on her ear. In short, peace was concluded and the offender forgiven, and the good old matron smiled cheerily as she beheld the pair tenderly strolling through the green haunts of the garden—Unna, the child of her heart, with head declined, listening to the enthusiasm of her lover, and Van Schooréel pouring out the fond joy of his soul in the ear of his beloved. They had rambled twice or thrice round the garden, buried in sweet converse, yet oft lingering to inhale the scent of a flower, to train up a plant, or to gaze upon the diamonds that glistened in myriads above, and now, with some hesitation, Van Schooréel falteringly announced his departure at day-break for Utrecht. Unna paused instantaneously, and fixing her fair eyes steadfastly upon the face of her lover, inquired at what period he would return ; her colour fluctuated rapidly as she awaited his



answer ; but when she found that he was to pass into far lands, to sojourn in strange circles, to spend years away from her, subject to all the dangerous vicissitudes of distance and time—things appalling in the estimate of youth—her heart died within her, tears floated into her eyes, and her cheek became paler than the pearls on her brow.—“And thou wilt leave me !—of *thine own movement* leave me !” uttered she slowly and with deep emphasis, “thou who hast sworn that absence was bitterer than death—thou wilt yet leave me !” and she averted her head half-proudly, and veiled her face from his pursuing gaze with the rich tresses of her auburn hair ; Van Schooréel spoke soothingly and with passionate tenderness ; “Nay—nay,” responded she, motioning him away with her hand, while a tear glanced on her cheek, “go ! speed thee as thou wilt ! in other lands seek fame and fortune and affection—fond hearts and true—the love that dieth not, and the hope that is verified ! Holland hath nought to detain thee ! nought that is dear to thee, nought that is worthy of thy trust ! Go ! thou canst be forgotten !” She would have stood aloof, but Schooréel snatched her to his bosom, and solemnly adjured her to believe in his love. The deep sobs of the maiden mingled with the vows of her lover, and it was long before she gathered firmness sufficient to listen to his ardent adieus. Drawing a keen poniard from his vest, Schooréel wound a bright tress round his finger, and with sweet care severed it from the head of his mistress, then pressing it to his lips, he deposited it in his bosom as a memorial of one “never to be forgotten.”

“Take this !—take this also, and wear it for my sake, and look upon it that thou mayest think of me when others fairer and prouder essay to lure thee from thy faith !” and disengaging the light chain of pearls from her brow, the maiden fastened it round the neck of her lover.

“And this flower—yea, I will take with me this flower !—this fair rose which thine hand hath cropped ; and it shall whisper me of thee when I am a wanderer afar ; and albeit withered and valueless to others, it shall be unto me dearer than rubies and emeralds ; and when we meet—as shortly we shall, mine Unna—my beloved ! mine idolized ! I will show this sweet token to my bride, and haply she will bethink her of our parting pledge ;” and Van Schooréel gently taking the rose which his mistress had wreathed in her hair, was about to place it in his vest, when she stayed him, and resuming the bud, divested the stalk of its garniture of thorns, then returned it with a glance of tender eloquence. The youth raised the fair hand to his lips, and with an interchange of tokens and vows, with fond promises and hopes budding in the midst of their sorrow, like the rose that blooms in the snows of December, Schooréel and his betrothed separated. And long did the maiden pause by the green fence where they parted, to catch the last glimpse of his form as his steed bore him too speedily afar, and when the form faded away—when even the white plume was hidden from sight, and the ringing of harness unheard, she turned

away slowly to weep, like a stricken-down lily, on the breast of her nurse.—It was her first revelation of love, and there was agony in separation.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Eight years after the event which we have just recorded, in the summer of 1520, a stranger, mounted on a Barbary horse superbly caparisoned, and followed by a numerous and outlandish retinue, arrived at the Silver Lion, the principal inn of a village distant from Amsterdam some few leagues. It being the time of a festival which crowded the place to excess, the landlord was somewhat embarrassed how to accommodate his visitor, since he had no suitable apartment save one already in the temporary occupancy of a Bohemian, whose departure was arranged for the following day. To suffer so important a guest to go onward unsatisfied was a calamity not to be thought of, and, with but brief hesitation, he bowed the traveller into a sitting-room strewn with fine rushes, and accommodated with furniture of more than ordinary convenience. In this room, seated at an oaken table with a pasty of venison, some dried fruits, a goblet of malvesie, and a small casket before him, was a man about thirty-five years of age, of noble appearance and costly attire. He was above the middle size, square-shouldered and muscular yet light and symmetrical in frame; and his finely-turned head was set with the grace and dignity of the Apollo; his face was eminently handsome, oval-shaped, of a clear pale brown, the eyes dark and brilliant, the nose aquiline, the mouth full and finely formed, and the brows, beard and mustachios of a sable hue. The expression of this individual was frank, fearless and chivalrous; in fact there was a knightly grace and majesty about him that irresistibly attracted the regard of the traveller. He was leaning back in his chair, in the careless attitude of one unconscious of observation, when the entrance of the host and his newly-arrived guest, awakened his attention. Apology from the innkeeper was scarcely required, before the two strangers, mutually prepossessed, were seated together in social expectancy, and the board was plentifully replenished. The traveller was a young man of good figure, tall and slender, with an oval visage, a complexion evidently darkened by exposure to eastern climes, an aspect of singular sweetness, and an eye of much intelligence: his hair was worn short, and his mustachios and beard trimmed close. His dress though soiled and disordered by travel, was composed of the richest materials, and by its unusual fashion pointed out one who had been a resident in remote lands: the gymnal rings on his fingers, the chain of gold round his neck, and the dagger whose hilt was encrusted with gems, no less than the many individuals composing his train, bespoke the consequence of the unknown. Travellers in general become speedily familiar, and it was not long before the Bohemian discovered that his new friend was but recently returned from the Holy Land, and had many marvellous adventures to recount; he spoke of strange climes, and of men and animals and birds dissimilar to all that

had been seen or described; and he dilated upon customs and ceremonies and superstitions fearful and singular, with a glowing intensity that captivated his auditor. In animated discourse time flew by unnoticed; the daylight waned away, and the dusk shadows deepened; tapers were called for, and an attendant having brought in a flute, carefully deposited in a case of cedar-wood, the traveller added to his discourse the enchantments of music. He played with indescribable feeling, and accompanied the mellow voice of his companion with the taste and scientific accomplishment of a master. The Bohemian was in ecstasies, snatching up the goblet before him he rose and, extending his hand to the unknown, drank to their "indissoluble friendship." The stranger received his advances with courtesy, and the associates of an hour bade fair to become the intimates of years.

"Thou shalt be my guest, by St. Gorick!" cried the Bohemian, "I will introduce thee to my wife; one fairer or more discreet liveth not in Christendom. She will rejoice her to hear tidings of the far lands thou hast seen; for she is curious after intelligence, and lacketh not knowledge; the distaff hath not occupied her hand to the detriment of her mind: I promise thee a kindly reception, and will make thee merry to thine heart's content." The traveller was about to offer suitable acknowledgment, when the door opened, and a most singular apparition, bearing beneath its left arm a heavy volume of vellum, startled the Bohemian into a belief that some goblin had suddenly emerged from the earth. The creature was mis-shapen and diminutive in size, with a head covered with crisp curls of jet, a dark olive complexion, features of extraordinary flexibility, and an elfin expression for which it was partially indebted to two round black and ever-rolling eyes, sunk deep in their sockets and glittering with almost supernatural fire. A large hoop of gold wire with a pendant pearl, was passed through each ear, and a collar of the same metal enamelled with mystical characters was worn round the throat. A short cloak of black velvet thrown over the left shoulder, a close fitting doublet and hose of fine scarlet, brocaded with gold, and embroidered pantouffles, having long pointed toes curled up at the ends, constituted the attire of this most sinister-looking little imp. The Bohemian crossing himself involuntarily, recoiled with abhorring astonishment as the creature doffing its conical cap, made up to its master and addressing him in strange gibberish, placed the volume on the table before him, then, bowing low, threw a glance indescribably grotesque and enigmatical on the Bohemian, burst into a loud chuckle, and glided from the room. The Bohemian shuddered, and his manifest surprise was perceived by the traveller. "The creature is human and harmless though of uncouth aspect and manner," remarked the latter with a smile, "he is of Moorish origin, faithful and affectionate, and hath linked himself to my fortunes by a chain stronger than that of capriciousness, gratitude for some poor services hath bound him to me, and I verily believe that he would rather die than depart from his vassalage:" as he

spoke he unclasped the volume before him and exhibited to his companion a collection of sketches which he had made in his wanderings; they were drawn with a reed pen and tinted with colour, and depicted all the sublime and gorgeous and singular scenery of the lands which he had visited; there were views in Rhodes, in Cyprus, in Candia, and Palestine, in Europe, in Asia, and in Africa. There were Tyre, and Sidon, and Nazareth, and Babylon and Bethlehem; there were Lebanon, and Carmel, and Ararat; and the wilderness of mount Sinai; and there were the River Jordan, and the Pool of Elisha at Jericho, and the Dead Sea, and the valley of the Brook Kedron; and there were Jerusalem, and the Garden of Olives, and the Holy Sepulchre. There were also whole lengths of strange tribes, there was the Libyan, the Nubian, the Moresco, the Saracen, the Arab, the Greek, and many others fantastic and wild, whose garb, as well as physiognomy, was a thing novel and full of amusement to the Bohemian, who, casting his eyes eagerly on the stranger, ventured to inquire his name. "Hans Van Schooréel;" was the immediate reply. "Hans Van Schooréel!" repeated the Bohemian, with irrepressible surprise, while his brow darkened, his colour changed, and his lip acquired a sternness of character—"Hans Van Schooréel!" "Simply so," said the painter with marked emphasis, marvelling at the extraordinary perturbation occasioned by the announcement. The Bohemian hastily opened his casket, and taking from it a miniature embedded in gold and mounted with brilliants, he held it before Schooréel: the portrait represented a female of exquisite beauty; her raven tresses were bound with gems, and her attire glittered with the lustre of ornament; but her personal charms exceeded the light of her jewels, and the charm of her smile softened the air of haughtiness that reigned on her brow. Van Schooréel started. "Thou knowest these features," coldly observed the Bohemian; "The daughter of the Baron of Stiers!" exclaimed the artist, while a crimson tide rushed into his face. "The same," returned the Bohemian, "Adeline of Stiers; the heiress of the mines, the wide forests and vales of her ancestors; thou didst refuse the honor of her alliance." "Alas! I had no affection to proffer," replied the painter, gazing intently on the miniature, "mine heart and hand were plighted to another, to one fairer even than this fair specimen of Nature's loveliness—one who is as a seraph walking this earth but for a time appointed." The Bohemian violently put back the miniature and fastened the casket, while his whole frame shook with emotion. "Methinks we are strangers to each other," remarked Schooréel, "yet my name and mine history—albeit humble—seem to have awakened unwelcome sensations." "Pardon me, good Sir," responded the Bohemian, "pardon me, if I lack courtesy; we are *not* strangers, yet have I never till this day beheld thy features: we part, and on this spot; and here let our intimacy perish as it hath commenced." With a stately inclination of the head he waved his hand as if in deprecation of parley, and ere the astonished artist could give utterance to a word, he had

passed from the apartment. The nature of Van Schooréel, mild as it was, was considerably excited by the imperious and unaccountable demeanour of the Bohemian, and he hastened to demand explanation. Missing his way, he reached the outer gate only in time to discover that the mysterious object of his pursuit, mounted on a gallant steed, and followed by two serving men, was, already, dashing forward on the high road to Amsterdam. The host of the Silver Lion was either unwilling or unable to afford any clue to the name or quality of his guest; and a tempestuous night closing the evening, Schooréel retired to repose, ruminating on the strange incident which had happened. But the placidity of his disposition preserved him from uneasy reflection, and, the next morning, he resumed his way to the capital, with thoughts occupied far more anxiously and agreeably than in revolving the eccentricity of his late companion. Desirous of greeting Cornelitz by surprise, he had not announced his approach, and the lapse of some years, the fatigues of long travel, and the effect of eastern climates, had wrought a change in his aspect which, added to the difference of garb, promised to secure him from too swift recognition. With intense agitation he re-entered the city from which, eight years before, he had departed in quest of fortune and fame. Having lodged his retinue at an inn, he hastened forth to the old familiar dwelling shaded by mulberry trees, where he had spent the first years of his study, and forged the first links of his love. A few minutes brought him to the street—his heart beat violently, as he drew near, he strained his sight to catch a glimpse of the wide-spreading trees—they were gone—he hurried up to the spot where they flourished of yore, but he looked in vain for the house they had shadowed—another, pompously gilded and painted had sprung up in its place! “I have erred!” exclaimed Hans, turning suddenly round, to reconnoitre the scene,—he was puzzled again, many features were there which he knew, but still more which he saw with the eyes of a stranger; here was the old leaden fountain; there was the stone cross, in the market place; and beyond was the linden tree growing up opposite the booth of Gilles Groost-Ouwen, the vender of flower-roots and sanative herbs; but the shops and the inmates were altered, and speculative eyes peered out on the sun-burnt and singularly attired stranger, who stood as a man marvelling at a miracle. At length it occurred to the painter that Cornelitz, wearying of his old-fashioned tenement, had built him the present gay residence instead; accordingly, he knocked at the door, and after a few seconds’ duration, a smart-looking servitor appeared,—“Is the Master Cornelitz within?” demanded Van Schooréel; an affirmative restored him to composure, and he followed the lacquey through a long passage, lavishly ornamented in the most florid and modern style. Opening a carved door at the end, the domestic, announcing the visitor, ushered him simultaneously into the chamber. The apartment was hung with the costliest tapestry, and superbly carpetted; aromatics were burning in tripods of silver, stationed

in the angles of the room, and cushions of velvet were piled round the walls; octangular tables of porphyry and mother-of-pearl, laden with delicious wines and confections, stood at given intervals; and bouquets of the most gorgeous diversity of hue, clustered in vases of lapis lazuli, bloomed around in profusion. The ceiling was painted with arabesque wreaths of flowers and foliage, interspersed with birds, and insects and animals; and, suspended by light chains from the roof, hung glittering cages of gold, in which prisoned nightingales warbled the most entrancing melodies, or the brilliant lories of India unfolded their magnificent plumes. The light received into this fairy retreat, stole softened through the medium of pale rose-coloured gauze, and with its delicate reflections heightened the luxurious character of the place. Oppressed with the odoriferous atmosphere, and stricken with amazement at the transformation effected, Van Schooréel paused on the threshold; a young man, pale and emaciated, extravagantly attired in the mode, and reeking with perfume, arose from a seat, and in tones scarcely articulate from affectation, entreated his business. "I would commune with the Master Cornelitz," answered Schooréel; "My name is Cornelitz," said the fopling, bending with studious elegance as he spoke, and laying his hand on his heart. "Cornelitz! impossible!" repeated Schooréel, gazing on the popinjay with infinite contempt, "I would speak with Cornelitz the painter—the venerable man whose dwelling was once on this spot, and whose works are known to all Europe." "Cornelitz the painter!—venerable man!—mine own name, but not the description, i'faith!" drawled out the dandy, simpering conceitedly as he spoke, and surveying himself admiringly in a mirror that lined the opposite wall. "Canst thou make known my arrival?" eagerly demanded the artist—"Prithee signify to the revered Cornelitz that a stranger waiteth for an interview." "Of a verity, my friend," replied the youth, "I reckon not aught of the worthy limner thou seekest; the poor house that thou honorest is mine own humble dwelling—thou wilt pardon its rudeness, seeing that it is yet scarcely completed; artificers are somewhat wilful and snail-paced, three years have I been here a sufferer from want of common conveniences, yet is it, as thou seest, the cell of an anchorite, at best," and the voice of the coxcomb languished into tones of piteous distress. Schooréel could abide no more; disgust and suspense took possession of his breast, and with an abrupt apology he withdrew.

Once more in the street, the artist wended from house to house in inquiry; strange faces alone gazed on him; every one could tell of Cornelitz, from Bruges, the diamond-merchant's heir, but none knew of Cornelitz the painter; all assumed an air of recollection—old men put on their spectacles and scrutinized his features and habit, then muttered the name over slowly, stroked their beards, shook their heads, and concluded by professing their utter ignorance of the party. "Miraculous!" mentally ejaculated Van Schooréel; "eight years only gone by, yet the whole place changed

as by magic; the trees hewn, the house vanished, the memory of Cornelitz still less than a dream!" He was about to bend his steps to an abbey decorated with the works of the painter, when at the corner of a street, a poor and very old woman, habited in weeds, accosted him, saying, with a low reverence, "Art thou in quest of Jacob Cornelitz, the painter?" "Aye, good mother," hastily replied the young man, "What of him? where doth he now abide?" and he forced money into her palm. "Alas!" returned the venerable dame, "the staff of the poor hath departed! the good man is no more! he hath passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and now sleepeth in Abraham's bosom! blessed be his name! the destitute and the heart-broken may weep for their loss!" and tears rolled down her withered cheeks as she spoke. Faint with expectancy, Schooréel asked for his daughter; the old woman broke into benediction, "May her leaf be green! may the dew of heaven descend upon her branch! may she flourish as a fair tree, and may her blossoms ripen to maturity! yea, long may she gladden in the corn, and the wine and the oil—in the gold, and the pearls, and the gems, and the fine wool which the LORD hath given to her for her reward! the widowed and the desolate, the afflicted and the fatherless, hath she tended and soothed, and lifted out of the mire of misfortune. May her heart sing for joy!" "But where doth she reside?" tremblingly uttered Schooréel; the female was about to reply, when a disorderly rabble of men and boys, with shouts of laughter, and jeers and menaces, whirled round the corner, and swept the artist irresistibly along in their course. Some hapless creature was the point of pursuit and derision, but who or what the painter could not perceive, for the victim was surrounded by a dense knot of tormentors, who seemed thirsting to inflict some description of punishment upon the unfortunate: humanity, ever a strong principle in the breast of Van Schooréel, induced him to interpose. "It is the foul fiend himself," said a brawny blacksmith, in answer to his interrogatory, "we are but going to duck him in cold water, and see if he swim like a christian man." At this moment, the miserable being alluded to, burst into passionate apostrophes, Schooréel broke through the ring, and with indignation and pity discovered Zairagia, the dwarf, struggling violently in the brute grasp of two stalwart ruffians. By dint of main force he compelled the men to loosen their clutch, and learning from a youth who rushed up, bare-headed and breathless, that the dwarf had destroyed a rare piece of mechanism, in the shop of a goldsmith, adjoining, Schooréel proceeded at once to make the requisite amends, first flinging some small coins among the rabble to cut short their attendance. It appeared that Zairagia, wandering from the inn, in the absence of his master, had stopped before the booth where, among the various curiosities which excited his wonder, was the figure of an Ethiop, carved out of jet, and having eyeballs of onyx and crystal; lost in admiration, the dwarf continued to gaze at this object, till, the spring set in movement, the head wagged, the eyes

rolled, and the wide mouth of the image distended into the semblance of a malevolent grin, while, at the same instant, it appeared to give utterance to an eldritch shriek of merriment. Terrified at this unexpected event, and believing himself in the presence of an enchanter, the dwarf raised a small club which he carried, and, at one blow, shivering the supposed sorcerer, took to his heels: the crowd which his singular exterior had gradually assembled, now deemed themselves privileged to pursue the extraordinary delinquent; and it was happy indeed for Zairagia that the casual interference of his protector rescued him from their summary justice. The youth who gave tidings of the dwarf's misadventure, was the jeweller's apprentice, and escorted Van Schooréel to his master's abode, and it was with infinite surprise that the artist recognized in the principal, the mysterious Bohemian of the inn. The latter reddened when he beheld him, but, bowing courteously, accosted him as a stranger, and treating the destruction of the Ethiop as a trivial affair, positively refused recompense. While he spoke as one communing with an individual seen for the first time, his glance rivetted, like that of a basilisk, not on the countenance of the artist, but on the fair chaplet of pearls which the daughter of Cornelitz had presented to him in their parting interview, and which was visible through the opening of his collar. Finding it impossible to induce him to accept compensation, Van Schooréel, burning to obtain particulars of his betrothed, was turning from the spot, when the jeweller advanced and, laying his hand on the pearls, said, while he curiously eyed them, "These are of goodly size, and without flaw—they have neither speck nor stain, at what mayst thou value them? I will be liberal, and would fain purchase them." For once the mild eyes of Schooréel flashed with the fires of resentment, he drew back imperiously, saying, with haughtiness, "Good Sir! thou hast mistaken me! I traffic not in gauds, and with these pearls I part but with life!" With this he flung down a purse of gold for the injury done by the dwarf, and moved indignantly from the shop.

It was now nearly sun-set, and Van Schooréel, regaining his inn, changed his attire for a costume similar to that which he had worn on the evening of his farewell with Unna, and in brief time was spurring his horse towards the summer residence where she was wont to spend a chief part of the year. Who shall describe the sensation with which he greeted once more the bright scene of his happiest hours? What pen can do justice to the thrillings of joy and hope, and fear, with which he sprung over the hedge and found himself again within that verdant and flowery enclosure—that secluded and beautiful spot to which memory had flown so frequently from the proud walls of Jerusalem! "This, at least, is the same!" exclaimed he, "here is no change! no cruel metamorphosis! methinks not a stem—not a leaf—not a blossom have withered since mine adieu!" and he glanced round with almost tearful delight. The season—the hour—the evening, were the same as when he parted, and the scene itself bloomed before



him as then ; the trees waved as lithely, the flowers smelled as sweet, the dew glistened as bright, and the breeze rustled as pensively through the leaves—even sky, and star, were alike—“ No ! nothing hath been changed ! ” murmured he, “ thank heaven ! here all is the same ! yon bower—yon path—yon ancient oak—there are the bay trees, and here—yes, here is the very bush from which my beloved plucked the rose I now bear in my bosom ! ” and he bent down and kissed the leaves, in his gladness. Momentary as were his indulged recollections, he chid the delay, and would have broke from the spot, had not the sound of one walking in the principal path induced him to retreat till he reconnoitred the party. A guelder-rose shaded his form, and from this leafy covert he looked out with a breathless expectancy ; the step was slow, and measured, as of one who mused in their walk, yet did it seem somewhat graver than that of the fairy-footed girl he had left : the years that had passed were forgotten, and the change they had wrought was equally undreamt of ! As yet the party was hidden from view by the wide-spreading foliage, and, agitated with almost uncontrollable impulse, Schooréel still watched in the agonies of suspense : the step advanced ; a bright kirtle became visible through the leaves, and a fair hand was seen cropping a lily ; she who culled it paused for awhile, as if to examine the plant—should he rush from his concealment ?—no !—yet a moment’s delay !—one second only, and the lady appeared, but her face was averted, a bird fluttering round a branch had arrested her glance—who was she ? she was taller of stature, and somewhat fuller of form than his Unna, but there was a sweet stateliness in her movements that reminded him of his beloved. Her attire was sumptuous, a silken train rustled in long folds on the grass, and her stomacher sparkled with gems ; yet the form and the tint of the robe were graver than those worn by his mistress in the dawning years of her youth ; her white neck was shaded by a kerchief of lace, but bright tresses of auburn fell in rings on her shoulders—Schooréel’s heart leaped in his bosom ; though slightly altered in mien, “ it was, it must be her ! that surpassing grace—that elegance—that matured loveliness could be hers alone ! ” he sprang forward—he caught her robe in his hands—he threw himself before her—he looked up speechlessly, passionately, imploringly, and his heart almost burst in its ecstasy, as the radiant eyes of his mistress once more dwelt on his face. It was, indeed, herself—Unna, the daughter of Cornelitz, the first love of Van Schooréel—the adored of his bosom ! Her cheek was paler, and her brow more thoughtful than in days gone by, and there was a something of sadness in her mien, but her beauty was more seraphic than ever. “ Unna ! beloved of my soul ! I am come—I am come ! ” and he bowed his head down upon her hands, and covered them with kisses, they were chill and nerveless, and returned not his pressure—the lover looked up, the face of his mistress was as that of the dead ; she spoke not, but contemplated him with harrowing earnestness—“ Unna ! mine own Unna ! mine idolized !

my bride!" exclaimed he, in alarm: she gazed as one who heard not—then broke silence and spoke. "Is it thee, Van Schooréel?—is it *indeed* thee that I behold?" said she slowly, and in a hollow and under-tone, in which there was something unnatural and ominous; and she scrutinized his features as she spoke, while a shudder crept through her frame, "is it thee, *truly*! or hath the ocean given up thy corse only to re-visit these shades, and assure me of thy fate?" "What meanest thou, mine Unna? why wandereth thy speech?—it is me—me—thine own—thy true and faithful—thy lover—thine husband!" and he would have drawn her to his bosom, but with a faint cry she eluded his arms; "Approach not, I charge thee, Van Schooréel!—nay, chide me not, Hans!—the rumour was false—thou art safe—thou yet livest! and——" "Now call thee my wife!" cried the lover, once more extending his arms: at this juncture, a sweet laugh burst on his ears; short steps hurried down the gravel-path, and, mounted on a stick with a horse's head carved on the top, a gallant boy of some four years of age, came joyously caracolling towards them. "Mother! dear mother!" lisped out the urchin, prancing to Unna, "dear mother!" but espying a stranger, he coloured, and half-bashfully drew to her side. Schooréel stood aghast; had the heavens dropped at his feet he would have noted it not, his eyes were rivetted on the beautiful face of the boy—there were features he dimly remembered, dark eyes, a broad brow, and hair black as the wing of the raven—where—where had he seen similar? His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, his knees bowed under his weight, a thick cloud came before him, heart and brain reeled, and his soul was encompassed with the sickness of death; he staggered and leaned against an elder tree for support; the boy ran to him, "He is sick! mother! ah! dear mother, how white and cold he is!" and the soft warm hands of the child rubbed and fondled his palm with infantine tenderness; Unna advanced to him, with a brow marked with conflicting emotions, Hans motioned her away, bitterness was in his spirit, and to him the wide world was but loathing and agony. "Hear me!" cried Unna, beseechingly—"hear me Van Schooréel, I conjure thee!" "Never," exclaimed he, "never! thou false one! thou perjured!" he moved from her in scorn, "Stay, Van Schooréel! stay! we entreat thee!" implored a third voice—the unhappy man turned with surprise; gazing on him with deep sympathy, was the gallant—the mysterious Bohemian. "Forgive me!" cried he, "forgive me for the fitfulness of sudden and uncontrollable jealousy. Rumour played thee false, and many mourned thee as dead who will now gladden to discover thee alive. Here is one who wept for thee till the light dimmed in her eyes, and the ruby fled from her lip;" and the goldsmith glanced with unspeakable tenderness upon Unna, who stood, pale and motionless, at his side; "but thou wert given up," pursued he, "there were mariners who swore to the wrecking of the good ship in which thou wert adventured, the billows of the Levant were spoken of as thy grave, and Cornelitz shrunk, in his old age,

at leaving his fair child without friends in the world. "I came—a stranger, from mine own country into this, I saw the daughter of Cornelitz, I loved her and I wooed her—Van Schooréel, hate me not! I won her! yet, in tears and deep sadness did she tell me of thy love, of thy parting pledge: her father blessed us, and we were wedded ere he died," and here the Bohemian folded his arm tenderly round the waist of his wife, who sunk her head on his shoulder and sobbed. "The discovery of thy name," resumed he, "filled me with agonies of alarm; of thine identity I assured myself by showing thee the miniature of the high-born maiden whom, years since, I heard, in Carinthia, thou didst refuse; and, to my shame do I confess it, the withering demon of jealousy found dwelling in my breast; I strove to strangle our new-born intimacy on the spot, and I thirsted for possession of the pearls which I knew were the gift of mine Unna. But the dark spirit hath departed from me; thou didst say true when thou spokest of Unna as a seraph walking this earth,—in her virtue—in thine honor—I am safe; Frederic Waltzburgh, the husband of Unna, welcometh thee to his friendship—to his home!" the Bohemian extended his hand with a generous cordiality. Struck down with the mightiness of his loss, yet penetrated with admiration of his but too happy rival, Van Schooréel took the proffered hand, and wrung it with bitter agony—he glanced at Unna, she was gazing tearfully on the face of her husband, but an angelic smile played round her mouth, and the light of a rapturous affection beamed in her eye—that look told him her heart was with her hand! he could endure no more, the arrow entered his soul! snatching up the child, he kissed it with wild and unspeakable emotion, while his hot tears fell blindly on its face—one more glance—one unutterable look at all that was dear to him on earth, and he was gone—gone beyond recal; and the ringing of his spurs, the wild neighing of his steed, and the tramp of its metalled hoofs, as it dashed off with its rider, indicated the violence with which he fled from the scene of his despair.

And from that day the sun-bright glances of Unna never once beamed on the unfortunate Schooréel.

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Forty-two years from the date of this incident, a reverend man died at Utrecht: laden with honours and riches he descended to the tomb; crowned heads grieved for his departure; and princes followed in the train of his mourners; Henry of Nassau, and René de Châlons, of the illustrious family of Orange, were numbered among his pall-bearers, while ambassadors and steel-clad knights and nobles of proud ancestry held torches at his obsequies. The ceremony took place in the principal church; the bishop, arrayed in gorgeous pontificals, officiated at the solemnity. An universal stillness pervaded the multitude, while the deep tones of the organ mingled with those of the choristers, floated in full bursts of celestial harmony through the aisles; the scene was imposing, all around were affected, and a bright-haired youth,

stepping noiselessly from the crowd, advanced to the bier, and gazed silently on the face of the dead. It was thin and worn, the traits of sorrow—of long suffering were legible on the still mild and most venerable features, and the figure was attenuated as that of an anchorite. At the foot of the coffin, shrouded in black, mute and motionless, and in an attitude of the profoundest despair, stood a being mis-shapen and dwarfish; and on the breast of the corse lay a withered rose, a lock of fair hair, and a chaplet of pearls. It was the corse of Van Schooréel, the painter, the poet, the orator, and the musician; wifeless and childless he had gone down into the grave, and the descendant of his first and last love bent unconsciously over his clay.

Truly his was "FAITH UNTO DEATH!"

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Déjazet, the prima donna of the small theatre at the Palais Royal, is as remarkable for her caustic wit as for the levity of her conduct. Some time ago a lady observed, in the presence of the "artiste," who does not enjoy the fairest reputation, "Moi, je tiens à ma réputation." Her manner and tone of voice indicated sufficiently to whom the allusion was directed; but Déjazet replied with the rapidity and withering effect of lightning, "Vous vous attachez toujours à des petites." A young man of fashion had sent her two love letters in one day, and on the next a third. "Il parait que Monsieur veut à toute force, être un *sot* en trois lettres," she exclaimed with impatience. On another occasion an author read her a new comedy, in which the following passage occurred:—"Eh comment ne l'aimerais-je pas? Elle a de la beauté, de la grace, de l'esprit, de la vertu!" "Arretez vous là," said she, interrupting the reader, "la vertu c'est toujours la dernière chose dont on parle."

### SONNET,

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIAMBATTISTA ZAPPI.

Love on my charmer's presence aye attends,  
Walks in her steps, speaks in her melody,  
Sleeps in her silence, whispers in her sigh,  
His lustre to her every action lends.

Love's in her eye, his music in her song.—  
And is she scornful? or do pearly tears  
Bedew her cheeks? still sovereign Love appears  
Both in her tenderness and anger strong.

Glideth she in the mazes of the dance,  
Still Love supports her gently twinkling\* feet—  
So his own favourite flower Zephyr fans.  
In her sweet brow is Love's own chosen seat,  
Love in her lips, her hair, her flashing glance  
Is seen—but in her heart has no retreat.

From the original sonnet the idea of Jackson of Exeter's song, "Love in thine Eyes," is manifestly borrowed.

\* Gray. Byron.

G. G.

## A FEW GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

THERE are few subjects, perhaps, capable of affording greater interest than a consideration of the general and indefinable link pervading and uniting the whole of the creation which appears to connect every division of Natural History—though the gradations are so fine and almost imperceptible, that it is in some instances a task of difficulty to describe the exact line of demarcation between the different species.

It is not my intention to dwell long on the anatomy and structure of the various genera, the Worcestershire Natural History Society\* being so rich in able medical men, that the theory of comparative anatomy in *their* hands would be scientifically discussed and judiciously investigated; I will, therefore, endeavour, by the present slight sketch, simply to demonstrate the gradual approximation or the general chain between the species.

In adventuring so much, I confess my object is to induce others of more commanding abilities to pursue the subject further—I will only dwell on it, therefore, cursorily, and illustrate my observations with a few anecdotes.

Man, created “a little lower than the angels,” endowed with reason, and dignified by the possession of “dominion” over the *whole* of the *glorious creation*, stands pre-eminent amidst the innumerable beings which now, in order and harmony, “replenish the earth.” Even in his fallen condition, still he retains the boon of reason to direct his course according to the ordinances of his Creator. Alas! that such beneficence should, from the deterioration in the human race, be so frequently misapplied! *Crime* again produced its punishment, and the deluge submerged an offending world, with the exception of eight persons, who alone heeded the awful warnings of the Deity. In process of time mankind again became numerous, and the confusion of tongues taking place, they gradually dispersed into different regions and climates; a change which produced singular alterations in the manners, habits, complexions, and constitutions of the human race. Civilization extended by degrees, and revealed religion lent its all-powerful aid, wherever it was promulgated, to assist its progress.

It, however, appears that some *climates* are less favourable to the developement of the human mind than others. This observation is strongly illustrated by the accounts given by Captains

\* The Literary and Scientific Institution is equally favoured in possessing numerous highly-gifted members in the same profession.

Parry, Ross, Sabine, and other travellers in the Hyperborean nations, where the scale of intellect appears extremely limited. The skulls of different nations, it is here requisite to observe, vary considerably; thus the cranium of the Esquimaux, Hottentot, or Negro, assimilates more nearly with that of the ourang-outang than the skulls of the whites, or the red men of North America. The inhabitants of South America,\* by means of pressure in infancy, distort the skull into a most fantastic form, something resembling a sugar-loaf, therefore there is no data on which to found an opinion respecting them.

Some years since I accompanied one of the first physicians in London and his family, to see those portions of the late Dr. Hunter's museum, which he judged might be improving to us. Amongst much valuable instruction which he kindly communicated, he pointed out a collection of skulls of almost every nation, from the fully developed cranium of the European, through all the various gradations, down to the ourang-outang, which latter differs, though slightly in form, from that of mankind. The skull of the Simia resembled more closely that of the Hottentot than any other; and on the same shelf was the skull of an unfortunate ideot, which was more compressed even than that of the ape. The ourang-outang in structure nearly resembles the human race, the principal difference consisting in the number of ribs, the ourang-outang having thirteen on each side, and mankind only twelve;† and from the formation of the larynx and throat they are not able to articulate, consequently they cannot acquire the power of speech. The Simia, then, is the first connecting link between man and animals. It is difficult to say where reason ends and instinct commences. The latter may be defined as "an impulse implanted by Providence, which compels every animal of the same species when *unrestrained*, and under the same circumstances, to perform the same operations."‡ That animals have like passions with ourselves—fear, grief, rage, affection for their offspring, and strong attachments, is self-evident. An anecdote related to me by an officer will confirm this fact. Major S. was shooting near a ghaut in Northern India, when he perceived a small, and to him unknown animal, lying coiled round amidst some leaves. Owing to the inequality of the descent between the trees, he did not ascertain its description before he fired. The creature appeared severely wounded. Suddenly a tall and nearly erect being darted from amidst the reeds and canes. Springing forward with threatening gestures, she abruptly paused, and burst into a most violent flood of tears, as a bereft mother might be supposed to weep

\* Particularly near the banks of the Columbia. Vide Ross Cox's Travels.

† Vide Naturalist's Magazine.

‡ I do not remember in what work I met with this definition, but it pleased me at the time.

for the death of a beloved child. She then seized her dying offspring, and Major S., from her appearance, imagined she intended to wreak a summary vengeance on him. However, she pressed the little creature to her breast, and uttering the most dismal and piercing lamentations, she retraced her steps to the woods. For many months afterwards, so deep an impression did the scene make on his feelings, that the dreadful shrieks she sent forth, he averred, were continually ringing in his ears.

If implicit credit may be given to Goldsmith\* (I wish it were at all times practicable, as there can hardly be a more engaging writer), the Pongo described by Battel, assimilates so closely with humanity, that it is difficult to divide the link. "The ourang-outang," says Goldsmith, "builds sheds, defends itself with clubs, and walkserect;" but he beautifully adds, "it is in vain the ourang-outang resembles man in form, or imitates many of his actions; he still continues a miserable wretched creature, pent up in the most gloomy part of the forest." These animals have, however, been reclaimed, and taught to sit at table and go through the customary forms, performing various offices with propriety, but have not evinced the slightest reasoning faculty, although possessed of great imitative powers. The ancients have produced many amusing fables on the subject of these wild men of the woods, under the name of the *Troglodytes*;† perhaps laying a foundation for the singular traditions of Pagan philosophy, and of peopling the woods and groves with the sylvan deities. The largest species of ourang-outang is found in Borneo, parts of India, and the interior of Africa. Pyrard makes mention‡ that there is a species of ape called *bans*, which, if properly instructed, make useful domestics, and are applied to that purpose at Sierra Leone, where they pound the corn and draw the water.

The next link in progression to be considered are the intermediate steps between birds and quadrupeds. These are extremely clear, particularly as exhibited by the bat and flying squirrel. The former, gifted with wings, emulates the nocturnal birds,§ feeding on insects, principally a small beetle, commonly called the storm-beetle, and gnats; his rapid and quivering flight enables him to seize these insects on the wing at nightfall, many of the more curious moths, and the delicately beautiful white-feathered moth. I once had a long-eared bat in confinement, which became very tame, and would receive its food from the hand. The habits of this little creature were interesting: no sooner did twilight approach, than he gradually aroused from his slumbers, and then slowly unfolding each wing, which he

\* Dr. Johnson observed that "Goldsmith scarcely knew a pig from a cow:" he compiled, however, a very interesting work!

† Vide Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*.

‡ Vide Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*.

§ Pliny, Aldrovandus, and Gesner, placed bats in the "rank with birds."—See Goldsmith. They were removed into the order of primates by Linnæus.

submitted to the ordeal of his tongue, and his silky coat being carefully arranged, he was ready for flight, and I generally indulged him with his liberty in the room for a short time, where he exhibited great activity in catching the common house flies. Linnæus, in placing the bat in the order of primates, appears to have considered the species as entitled to rank in the same order with mankind, from a degree of resemblance in the structure of the skeleton; but whether this animal forms a connecting link between the human race and birds, I am scarcely prepared to say: however, such appeared to be the opinion of Linnæus. The bat is endowed with extraordinary powers of *hearing*, the slightest sound does not escape his ear at night, and he is equally attentive to the shrill pipe of the gnat, or the drowsy hum of the *dor* beetle. Many have been the fables inspired by the supposition that the large Madagascar bat, commonly called the vampyre, extracted the blood from the veins of persons asleep. They have been considered by many admirable naturalists as a most pernicious and mischievous animal: however, the following account by a gentleman, from a very excellent Magazine I have lately perused,\* is contradictory to the idea. He states that having kept a vampyre four years in confinement, he could assert he *never* saw it attempt to bite, and he was perfectly convinced the species did not possess that propensity.†

I will now proceed to observe on another, though further removed ærial quadruped, which, although not provided with wings, yet by means of a membrane extended between its front and hinder legs, it bounds, or *flies*, if I may so express myself, from tree to tree, and thus makes its progress to great distances. This most elegant little animal, the *Diadelphia Sciura*—"D. hypochondiris prolixis valitans, supra cana, cauda villosissima prehensili apium versus nigra," of Shaw, is now classed with the large flying squirrel of New Holland, commonly called the *Diadelphus Petaurus*, or large flying Opossum, which Shaw has separated from the flying squirrel. Baron Cuvier has adopted the name of *Ptezomys*, which I believe has been retained by the Zoological Society, where one of a most beautiful description was in great estimation a few years ago. Mr. Vigors well observes that the descent of the flying squirrel more nearly resembles that of a parachute than the flight of a bird.‡

I must not omit to mention an extraordinary animal discovered in New Holland, and now in the British Museum, of a three-fold nature, which appears to unite birds, animals, and fish. I here allude to the duck-billed *Platypus* (*Ornithorhynchus*.) This singular little creature has four short legs with webbed feet, a duck's bill instead of a mouth, of a yellowish colour, and in

\* Chambers's Edinburgh Magazine.

† This very clever work will amply repay the time occupied in its perusal.

‡ Vide the Account of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, by Mr. Vigors.



shape somewhat resembling a mole, though considerably larger; its skin is of a silky, I might almost say *feathery* fur (if I may be permitted to use such an expression); in length it is about eighteen inches, as nearly as I can state from recollection. The ornithorynchus is entirely amphibious, but at present very little is known respecting its habits.

The most difficult, but perhaps one of the most curious connecting links is that between birds, fish, and reptiles. The flying fish is of course very plainly indicated in the progressive chain. This persecuted animal seems to be the victim of both the classes with which it claims affinity. Driven from the waves by the attacks of various fish, and seeking shelter in the regions of air (and even that region proving inimical by drying its fins), it falls a victim to its more powerful enemies on the wing, or is compelled to return to the recesses of the deep, from which it is again obliged to fly, till forced back again by the attacks of the aquatic birds of prey, when, if it should not fall in a state of utter exhaustion on the deck or amidst the rigging of some passing vessel, it is speedily devoured by the dorado.\* The most beautiful of the species is the *Trigla volitans*, or flying gurnard; it swims and flies after the manner of the common flying fish (*Exocætus*). These fish are occasionally found in the Mediterranean, and also in the Atlantic and Indian oceans: both the *Exocætus evolans* and the *Trigla volitans* are capable of sustaining a continuous flight of near 250 feet.

The *Draco volans* seems to present itself as the bond of union between birds and reptiles. This lizard is said to be found in Java, where it is reported to perch on trees, and feed on insects.†

It will be necessary to enter on another very important series ere this somewhat lengthy paper be brought to a close, namely, the connecting link between mankind, fish, and quadrupeds. This idea is sanctioned by the opinion of Dr. Shaw, who conceives the seal or phocæ of the ancients to have been assimilated with our own species by its structure;‡ and Mr. Pennant also considers the common seal, the *phoca vitulina*, to be the phoca of the ancients. He further adds, the structure of the seal is so singular, that as Buffon observes, it was a kind of model on which the poets formed their tritons, syrens, and sea gods, with human heads, the body of a quadruped, and the tail of a fish. In later days it may have occasioned the superstitions at one period so generally received in the united kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, relative to the white ladies,§ mermaids, and as in Lancashire, the white witches of the sands.|| The

\* Likewise by the *Coryphæna hippuris*, or dolphin.

† Very little is as yet known of this reptile: there were, however, two specimens in Bullock's Museum.

‡ Vide Shaw.

§ See Sir Walter Scott.

|| The "moving sands," near Lancaster: not frequented by seals, yet their existence elsewhere may have given rise to the idea.

great seal from Kamtschatka, in anatomical structure, approaches the nearest in similitude to the human race.

The subject of exploring the affinities of mankind and plants has been ingeniously considered in a short publication emanating avowedly from the Worcestershire Natural History Society, and under their auspices commencing a series of lectures and papers. Mr. Lees has also written a most interesting account of the "animal flowers," or the zoophytes and polypi, &c. which furnish the connecting link between plants and animals; a few incidental remarks on these singular creatures, therefore, is now all that is necessary. Provided with long arms with which to seize their prey, a huge mouth to devour it, which after its repast contracts to a small size, the polypus is nevertheless rooted firmly to the ground, and multiplies by buds, seeds, and even cuttings. Mr. Trembley published a short but interesting paper on the habits of the polypi. He states his having kept some a considerable time for the purpose of observation, and that no species of food seemed to come amiss to them: although they preferred insects, they would eat both fish and flesh.

Some time ago a packet of seeds was received from China, amongst which were those of the blue water-lily,\* and, according to the directions on the paper, a large flower-pan was prepared with a little clay, in which the seeds were planted, and the vessel was afterwards filled with water and placed in the hot-house, where it remained during the summer. In process of time a large party of polypi made their appearance in the water: at first they were supposed to be indigenous, but a most able and enthusiastic naturalist declared it to be his opinion that the eggs or seeds of the polypi had been imported with the clay and the seeds of the water-lilies! He was decidedly convinced they were a foreign species, and some pains were taken to watch them very minutely: their colour was *almost* pink, with darker tubercles at the *joints* from whence the arms proceeded. They appeared a busy and most voracious race, but when winter approached they assumed the accustomed torpor of their species; their length was about a quarter of an inch.

The scale of animated nature is thus brought down to the lowest ebb, yet such is the interminable arrangement that even minute insects which can hardly be discerned with the naked eye, by their labours produce rocks and islands springing in the midst of the wide-extended ocean.

The grand chain or connecting links in the creation, some of our first naturalists, Lamarck and Cuvier amongst others, have endeavoured to *disprove*. These are names most valuable to general science; and of the former we may indeed say "stat magni nominis umbra!" France, however, has been so long convulsed with intestine commotions, that excitement naturally directed the

\* Unfortunately they did not succeed.

minds of men to new theories and splendid novelties ; thus the Sçavans of that age, and also of the Academie Française, became the tools of a party. It is a well-known fact, that it is difficult for any mind, however elevated, to resist the attractions of interesting speculations, aided by the force of sophistry and ingenious argument. Yet with such a host of authorities to direct the steps of knowledge, the endeavour to enforce and support the *received accounts of ancient date*, will not be without its interest and usefulness.

G. L. E. P.

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MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

It is my father's grave,—'tis holy ground,—  
 He sleeps the sleep of death;—No idle sound  
 May now disturb his rest. He does not hear  
 The sigh that rends—marks not the falling tear.  
 His sleep is calm, and light is his repose  
 As falls the evening shadow on the rose!  
 Then may I weep—he hears,—he sees me not;  
 Shade of my father! is thy child forgot?  
 Is all the past and future hid from thee,  
 While its dread burthen lies so sad on me?

A trembling gleam of light is round me shed  
 As tho' a missive from the silent dead!  
 How sweet the pensive thought!—my father near,  
 To watch above his Christian child's career;—  
 To mark the pluming wings prepared to fly,  
 And join him in the regions of the sky!—  
 How sweet to hold communion with the past—  
 With him—the first—the dearest—and the last  
 Of many—aye, of all—that sweetly shed  
 The tears of love around my cradle-bed!—  
 With her, who watched above my infant years  
 With smiling hope—and now, with pensive tears,  
 Like changeful April's sweet and genial showers  
 And sunshine, on its own young flowers!  
 Oh! it is sweet to think—to feel that still  
 Their purposes of love they may fulfil;—  
 Watching the infancy—oh! not of years!—  
 Oh! not of anguish!—not of woe and tears—  
 But the bright childhood of that opening scene  
 The heart conceives not, nor the eye hath seen—  
 The youth that knows no age—decline—decay,  
 But bursts and blossoms in perpetual day!

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THE CATALOG OF SUCH NOBLEMEN, LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN OF NAME

AS CAME INTO THIS LAND WITH WILLIAM THE CONQUEROUR.

|   |                                    |                                   |
|---|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Odo Bishop of Bayeux                        | Le Seig de Cally                   | Le Seig de la Lande               |
| Robert Erle of Mortaing                     | Le Seig de la Rinere               | Le Seig de Mortimer               |
| Roger Erle of Beaumont, surnamed a la Barbe | Euldes de Beaniew                  | Le Seig de Clare                  |
| Guillaume Mallet Seigneur de Le Montfort    | Le Seig de Roumilly                | Le Seig de Magnay                 |
| Henrie Seig de Ferrers                      | Le Seig de Glotz                   | Le Seig de Fontnay                |
| Guillaume d'Aubelle—mare Seign de Fougieres | Le Seig du Sap                     | Roger de Montgomery               |
| Guillaume de Roumare Seig de Lithare        | Le Seig de Vanille                 | Amaury de Touars                  |
| Le Seig de Touque                           | Le Seig Branchou                   | Le Seig de Hacqueuile             |
| Le Seig de la Mare                          | Le Seig Balleul                    | Le Seig de Neanshou               |
| Neel le Viconte                             | Le Seig de Beausault               | Le Seig de Perou                  |
| Guillaume de Vepont                         | Le Seig de Telleres                | Robert du Beaufou                 |
| Le Seig de Magneuile                        | Le Seig de Senlys                  | Le Seig de Meauuon                |
| Le Seig de Grosmenil                        | Le Seig de Bacqueuile              | Le Seig de Soleuile               |
| Le Seig de S. Martin                        | Le Seig de Preaulx                 | Eustace de Hambleuile             |
| Le Seig de Puis                             | Le Seig de Jouy                    | Geoffray Bournom                  |
| Guillaume Crespin                           | Le Seig de Longueuifle             | Le Seig de Blainuile              |
| Guillaume de Moyenne                        | Le Seig de Aquigny                 | Le Seig de Mauneuile              |
| Guillaume Desmoulins                        | Le Seig de Passy                   | Geoffrey de Moienne               |
| Guillaume Desgarennes                       | Le Seig de Tournay                 | Auffray and Mauger de Carteny     |
| Hue de Gourney, aliàs Genevay               | Le Seig de Colombieres             | Le Seig de Freanuile              |
| Le Seig de Bray                             | Le Seig de Bolleber                | Le Seig de Moubray                |
| Le Seig de Gouy                             | Le Seig de Garensieres             | Le Seig de Jafitay                |
| Le Seig de Laigle                           | Le Seig de Longueuile              | Guillaume Patais Seig de la Lande |
| Le Seig de Touarts                          | Le Seig de Houdetot                | Eulde de Mortimer                 |
| Le Seig de Aurenchin                        | Le Seig de Malletot                | Hue Erle of Gournay               |
| Le Seig de Vitrey                           | Le Seig de la Haie Malerbe         | Egremont de Laigle                |
| Le Seig de Trassy, aliàs Tracy              | Le Seig de PorchPinche             | Richard d'Aurinchin               |
| Le Seig de Picquigny                        | Le Seig de Iuetot                  | Le Seig de Bearts                 |
| Le Seig d'Espinay                           | The Erle of Tanqueruile            | Le Seig de Soulligny              |
| Osmond Seig du Pont                         | The Erle d'Eu                      | Boutcleir d'Aubigny               |
| Le Seig de Estouteuile                      | The Erle d'Arques                  | Le Seig de Marcey                 |
| Le Seig de Torchy                           | The Erle of Aniou                  | Le Seig de Lachy                  |
| Le Seig de Barnabost                        | The Erle of Neuers                 | Le Seig de Valdere                |
| Le Seig de Breual                           | Le Seig de Rouuile                 | Eulde de Montfort                 |
| Le Seig de Seeulme                          | Le Prince de Ale-maigne            | Henoyn de Cahieu                  |
| Le Seig de Houme                            | Le Seig de Pauilly                 | Le Seig de Vimers                 |
| Le Seig de Souchoy                          | Le Seig de S. Cler                 | Guillaume de Mouion               |
|   | Le Seig d'Espinay                  | Raoul Tesson de Tignolles         |
|   | Le Seig de Bremetot                | Augerand Erle of Hercourt         |
|   | Alain Fergant Erle of Britaigne    | Roger Marmion                     |
|   | Le Seig de la Ferte                | Raoul de Gaiel                    |
|   | Robert Fils Heruays duc de Orleans | Auenel de Viers                   |

|                       |                            |                          |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| Paunel du Montier     | Le Seig de Meuley          | Le Seig de Bassey        |
| Hubert                | Le Seig de Monceaux        | Le Seig de Tourneur      |
| Robert Bertraule Tort | The Archers of Breuille    | Guillaume de Colombieres |
| Le Seig de Seulle     | The Archers of Vaudreuille | Le Seig de Bonnebault    |
| Le Seig Doriual       | Le Seig de S. Sain         | Le Seig de Ennebault     |
| Le Seig de la Hay     | Le Seig de Breanson        | Le Seig de Danuillers    |
| Le Seig de S. John    | Le Seig de Sassy           | Le Seig de Beruile       |
| Le Seig de Saussy     | Le Seig de Nassy           | Le Seig de Creueceur     |
| Le Seig de Brye       | Le Vidam de Chartres       | Le Seig de Breate        |
| Richard Dollebec      | Le Seig de Jeanuile        | Le Seig de Coutray       |
| Le Seig du Monfiquet  | Le Vidam du Passais        | The Erle of Eureux       |
| Le Seig de Bresey     | Pierre du Bailleul Seig    | Le Seig de Saint Vallery |
| Le Seig de Semilly    | de Fescampe                | Thomas Erle d'Aumale     |
| Le Seig de Tilly      | Le Seneschal de Torchy     | The Erle de Hiesmes      |
| Le Seig de Preaux     | Le Seig de Grissey         |                          |

## THE ROLL OF BATTELL ABBEIE.

|             |             |            |              |            |
|-------------|-------------|------------|--------------|------------|
| A.          | Bailif      | Baudewin   | Beelhelme    | Chopis     |
| Avmarle     | Bondeuile   | Beaumont   | Braine       | Chaunduit  |
| Aincourt    | Brabason    | Burdon     | Brent        | Chantelow  |
| Audeley     | Baskerville | Berteuilay | Braunch      | Chamberay  |
| Adgillam    | Bures       | Barre      | Belesuz      | Cressy     |
| Argentoune  | Bounilaine  | Busseuile  | Blundell     | Curtenay   |
| Arundell    | Bois        | Blunt      | Burdet       | Conestable |
| Auenant     | Botelere    | Beaupere   | Bagot        | Cholmeley  |
| Abell       | Bourcher    | Beuill     | Beauuise     | Champney   |
| Auuerne     | Brabaion    | Barduedor  | Belemis      | Chawnos    |
| Aunwers     | Berners     | Brette     | Beisin       | Comiulle   |
| Angers      | Braibuf     | Barrett    | Bernon       | Champaine  |
| Angenoun    | Brande and  | Bonret     | Boels        | Careuile   |
| Archeré     | Bronce      | Bainard    | Belefroun    | Carbonelle |
| Anuay       | Burgh       | Barniuale  | Brutz        | Charles    |
| Asperu      | Bushy       | Bonett     | Barchampe    | Chereberge |
| Albeuile    | Banet       | Barry      |              | Chawnes    |
| Andeuile    | Blondell    | Bryan      | C.           | Chaumont   |
| Amouerduile | Breton      | Bodin      | Camois       | Caperoun   |
| Arcy and    | Bluat and   | Beteruile  | Camuile      | Cheine     |
| Akeny       | Baious      | Bertin     | Chawent      | Curson     |
| Albney      | Browne      | Bereneuile | Chauncy      | Couille    |
| Aybeuare    | Beke        | Bellewe    | Conderay     | Chaiters   |
| Amay        | Bickard     | Beuery     | Coluile      | Cheines    |
| Aspermound  | Banastre    | Busshell   | Chamberlaine | Cateray    |
| Amerenges   | Baloun      | Boranuile  | Chambernoun  | Cherécourt |
|             | Beauchampe  | Browe      | Comin        | Chammyle   |
| B.          | Bray and    | Beleuers   | Columber     | Clerenay   |
| Bertram     | Bandy       | Buffard    | Cribbet      | Curly      |
| Buttecourt  | Bracy       | Botelere   | Creuquere    | Cuily      |
| Brebus and  | Boundes     | Bonueier   | Corbine      | Clinels    |
| Byseg       | Bascoun     | Boteuile   | Corbett      | Chaundos   |
| Bardolfe    | Broilem     | Bellire    | Chaundos     | Courteney  |
| Basset and  | Broleuy     | Bastard    | Chaworth     | Clifford   |
| Bigot       | Burnell     | Bainard    | Cleremaus    |            |
| Bohun       | Bellet      | Brasard    | Clarell      |            |

|             |               |            |             |              |
|-------------|---------------|------------|-------------|--------------|
| D.          | Foluille      | Gressy     | Jasperuile  | Mortimaine   |
| Denauille   | Fitz Water    | Graunson   |             | Muse         |
| Derey       | Fitz Marma-   | Graey      | K.          | Marteine     |
| Diue        | duke          | Georges    | Kaunt       | Mountbothor  |
| Dispencere  | Fleuez        | Gower      | Karre       | Moutsoler    |
| Daubeny     | Filberd       | Gaugy      | Karrowe     | Maleuile     |
| Daniell     | Fitz Roger    | Goband     | Koine       | Malet        |
| Denise and  | Faucourt      | Gray       | Kimaronne   | Mounteney    |
| Druell      | Ferrers       | Gaunson    | Kiriell     | Monfichet    |
| Deuans      | Fitz Philip   | Golofre    | Kancey      | Maleherbe    |
| Dauers      | Filiot        | Gobion     | Kenelre     | Mare         |
| Dodingsels  | Furniueus     | Grensy     |             | Musegros     |
| Darell      | Furniuauus    | Graunt     | L.          | Musard       |
| Delaber     | Fitz Otes     | Greile     | Loueny      | Moine        |
| Delapole    | Fitz William  | Greuet     | Lacy        | Montrauers   |
| Delalinde   | Fitz Roand    | Gurry      | Linneby     | Merke        |
| Delabill    | Fitz Pain     | Gurley     | Latomer     | Murres       |
| Delaware    | Fitz Auger    | Grammori   | Lauesday    | Montiuale    |
| Delauache   | Fitz Aleyn    | Gernoun    | Louell      | Monchenesy   |
| Dakeny      | Fitz Rauff    | Grendon    | Lemare      | Mollory      |
| Dauntre     | Fitz Browne   | Gurdon     | Leuetot     | Marny        |
| Desny       | Fouke         | Gines      | Luey        | Mountagu     |
| Dabernoune  | Freuil        | Griuil     | Luny        | Mountford    |
| Damry       | Front de Boef | Greneuile  | Logeuile    | Maule        |
| Daueros     | Facunberge    | Glateuile  | Longespes   | Monhermon    |
| Dauonge     | Fort          | Gurney     | Louerace    | Musett       |
| Duilby      | Frisell       | Giffard    | Longechampe | Meneuile     |
| Delauere    | Fitz Simon    | Gouerges   | Lascales    | Manteuenant  |
| Delahoid    | Fitz Fouk     | Gamages    | Lacy        | and Manfe    |
| Durange     | Filioll       |            | Louan       | Menpincoy    |
| Delee       | Fitz Thomas   | H.         | Leded       | Maine        |
| Delaund     | Fitz Morice   | Haunteney  | Luse        | Mainard      |
| Delaward    | Fitz Hugh     | Haunsard   | Loterell    | Morell       |
| Delaplanch  | Fitz Henrie   | Hastings   | Loruge      | Mainell      |
| Damnot      | Fitz Waren    | Hanlay     | Longevule   | Maleluse     |
| Danway      | Fitz Rainold  | Haurell    | Loy         | Memorous     |
| Dehense     | Flamuile      | Husee      | Lorancourt  | Morreis      |
| Deuile      | Formay        | Herey      | Loions      | Morleian Ma- |
| Disard      | Fitz Eustach  | Herioun    | Limers      | ine          |
| Doiuille    | Fitz Laurence | Herne      | Longepay    | Maleuere     |
| Durant      | Formibaud     | Harecourt  | Laumale     | Mandut       |
| Drury       | Frisound      | Henoure    | Lane        | Mountmarten  |
| Dabitot     | Finere and    | Houell     | Louetot     | Mantelet     |
| Dunsteruile | Fitz Robert   | Hamelin    |             | Miners       |
| Dunchampe   | Furniuale     | Harewell   | M.          | Mauclerke    |
| Dambeton    | Fitz Geoffrey | Hardell    | Mohant      | Mauchenell   |
|             | Fitz Herbert  | Haket      | Mowne       | Mouet        |
| E.          | Fitz Peres    | Hamound    | Maundeuile  | Meintnore    |
| Estrange    | Fichet        | Harcord    | Marmilon    | Meletak      |
| Estuteuile  | Fitz Rewes    |            | Moribray    | Manuile      |
| Engaine     | Fitz Fitz     | J.         | Moruile     | Mangisere    |
| Estriels    | Fitz John     | Jarden     | Miriell     | Maumasin     |
| Esturney    | Fleschampe    | Jay        | Manlay      | Mountlouel   |
|             |               | Jeniels    | Malebraunch | Maureward    |
| F.          | G.            | Jerconuise | Malemaine   | Monhaut      |
| Ferrerers   | Gvrnay        | Januile    | Mortimere   | Meller       |

|                   |                      |                  |                        |                          |
|-------------------|----------------------|------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|
| Mountgome-<br>rie | Perche and<br>Pauey  | Rokell<br>Risers | Sanduile<br>Sauncey    | Vernoun<br>Vescy         |
| Manlay            | Peurell              | Randuile         | Sirewast               | Verdoune                 |
| Maulard           | Perot                | Roselin          | Sent Cheueroll         | Valence                  |
| Mainard           | Picard               | Rastoke          | Sent More              | Verdeire                 |
| Menere            | Pinkenie             | Rinuill          | Sent Scudi-<br>more    | Vauasour<br>Vendore      |
| Martinast         | Pomeray              | Rougere          |                        | Verlay                   |
| Mare              | Pounce               | Rait             |                        | Valenger                 |
| Mainwaring        | Pauey                | Ripere           | T.                     | Venables                 |
| Matelay           | Paifre               | Rigny            | Toget                  | Venoure                  |
| Malemis           | Plukenet             | Richemound       | Tercy                  | Vilan                    |
| Maleheire         | Phuars               | Rochford         | Tuchet                 | Verland                  |
| Moren             | Punchardoun          | Raimond          | Tracy                  | Valers                   |
| Melun             | Pinchard             |                  | Trousbut               | Veirny                   |
| Marceans          | Placy                | S.               | Trainell               | Vaunville                |
| Maiell            | Pugoy                | Souch            | Taket                  | Veniels                  |
| Morton            | Patefinc             | Sheuile          | Trussel and<br>Trison  | Verrere                  |
|                   | Place                | Seucheus         | Talbot                 | Veschere                 |
| N.                | Pampilioun           | Senclere         | Touny                  | Veffay                   |
| Noers             | Perelay              | Sent Quintin     | Traies                 | Vanay                    |
| Neuile            | Perere and<br>Pekeny | Sent Omère       | Tollemach              | Vian                     |
| Newmarch          | Poterell             | Sent Legere      | Tolous                 | Vernoys                  |
| Norbet            | Peukeny              | Someruile        | Tanny                  | Vrnall                   |
| Norice            | Peccell              | Siward           | Touke                  | Vukett                   |
| Newborough        | Pinell               | Saunsovere       | Tibtote                | Vrnafull                 |
| Neiremet          | Putrill              | Sanford          | Turbeuile              | Vasderoll                |
| Neile             | Petinoll             | Sanctes          | Turuile                | Vaberon                  |
| Normaule          | Preaus               | Sauay            | Tomy and Ta-<br>verner | Valingford               |
| Neofmarch         | Pantolf              | Saulay           | Trencheuile            | Venicorde                |
| Nermitz           | Peito                | Sules            | Trenchelion            | Valiue                   |
| Nembrutz          | Penecord             | Sorell           | Tankeruile             | Viuille                  |
|                   | Preudirlegast        | Somery           | Tirell                 | Vancorde and<br>Valenges |
| O.                | Percinale            | Sent John        | Triuet                 |                          |
| Oteuell           |                      | Sent George      | Tolet                  | W.                       |
| Olibef            | Q.                   | Sent Les         | Trauers                | Wardebois                |
| Olifant           | Qvinci               | Sesse            | Tardeuile              | Ward                     |
| Osenel            | Quintini             | Saluin           | Turburuile             | Wafre                    |
| Oisell            |                      | Say              | Tineuile               | Wake                     |
| Olifard           | R.                   | Solers           | Torell                 | Wareine                  |
| Orinall           | Ros                  | Saulay           | Tortechappell          | Wate                     |
|                   | Ridell               | Sent Albin       | Trusbote               | Watelin                  |
| P.                | Riuers               | Sent Martin      | Treuerell              | Wateuil                  |
| Pigot             | Riuell               | Sourdemale       | Tenwis                 | Wely                     |
| Pery              | Rous                 | Seguin           | Totelles               | Werdonell                |
| Perepount         | Rushell              | Sent Barbe       |                        | Wespaille                |
| Pershale          | Raband               | Sent Vile        | V.                     | Wiuell                   |
| Power             | Ronde                | Souremount       | Vere                   |                          |
| Painell           | Rie                  | Soreglise        |                        |                          |

## TO \_\_\_\_\_.

“That spot of hallowed ground  
By many a meeting known,  
With shadowing alders fenced around  
And flowers of spring o’ergrown.”

LORD FRANCIS EGERTON.

“Oh! what is now my name to thee,  
Though once nought seemed so dear?  
Perhaps a jest in hours of glee,  
To please some idle ear.”

JOHN CLARE.

AM I remember’d now, sweet girl,  
Am I remember’d now?  
Can sadd’ning recollection fling  
One shadow on thy brow?  
Oh! dost thou ever think of me  
Within thy joyous bow’r?  
Or picture forth my form in dreams  
At night’s mysterious hour?  
Dost thou recal the magic time  
When, wand’ring by thy side,  
I dar’d to tell thee of my love,  
And woo thee for my bride?  
Dost thou retrace, in loneliness,  
The wild fantastic tree,  
Beneath whose knotted boughs, I, first  
Impassion’d, gaz’d on thee?  
The narrow garden-path, the shade,  
The brook that babbled by,  
The branches bent with ruddy fruit,  
The clear October sky?  
The gentle girl whose blushing brow,  
With soft confusion dyed,  
The golden mazes of her hair  
All drooping strove to hide?  
And bending o’er her sylphid form  
The dark-eyed one who stood,  
With fond imploring looks of love,  
Beneath that autumn wood?—  
Those days are fled—for ever fled  
As summer sun-set hues,  
And hopes long bury’d in the past  
No fancy now renews.  
And yet that ancient tree is green—  
Its blossom pearly white,  
While Love—poor Love, alas! has met  
A chill destroying blight.  
Those days—those bright Elysian days  
That ne’er shall dawn again—  
That tree—*that unforgotten girl,*  
Still linger on my brain,—  
At morn, at noon, at pensive eve,  
When tender thoughts arise,  
Yea! in the visions of the night  
Still—still before mine eyes!  
*Dost thou remember these?* alas!  
Long intervening years  
Have swept from thee the dream that I  
Yet consecrate *in tears.*



## HORÆ POLONICÆ.

CONFOUND Polish duplicity, said I to my friend Dr. E\*\*, as we left the War Office, where for the last three months we had been most assiduous in attendance, and I should think had given some of the chivalrous heroes of pen and paper notoriety nearly as much annoyance as the whole *Russio Persico Barbaricam* army, for we had heard of battles, and we longed to see, if not to participate, in some of the glorious deeds about, as we fondly hoped, to revive again the days of the brave Sobieski, and to re-establish for the admiration of Europe, the saviours of Christendom, in their ancient liberty more glorious than before. We were daily amused with promises to be allowed to exchange our Hospital Commissions for appointments as Surgeon Majors in some of the regiments then in actual service; we had solicited the interest of as many Counts with long jaw-breaking names as might have sufficed, after the manner recommended by Capt. \*\*\*, to annihilate the autocrat's legion, including the Petersburg Guards. Promises proverbially cost nothing; but I think, from the profuse manner they were lavished upon us, that a promise must be cheaper in Poland than elsewhere. Having performed almost every operation in surgery, we were wishful to witness operations of a military nature, after having been cooped up in Warsaw for five months, devoting eight hours per day to dressing the wounded of previous battles, in the poisonous and almost suffocating atmosphere of hospitals, each containing from eight to fifteen hundred soldiers, many of whom were suffering from gangrenous wounds, and all from want of ventilation, proper food, and remedial applications; and then our ears tantalised with contradictory and conflicting rumours of daily engagements, victories, &c. &c., with accounts of which one of our acquaintances gulled the \*\*\*\* \*\*\*. We who had travelled from London to the seat of war with all the romantic enthusiasm of martyrs for the cause of Polish liberty, in the midst of all these soul-stirring events were left to pine in solitude, except when the dull monotony of our laborious hospital duties was *pleasantly* alleviated by attending to their silent graves the mortal remains of some of our friends, who were daily paying the debt of nature through the medium of cholera morbus and typhus fever. Hardened as I had become, I could not view without emotion the number of ready-made graves which at each funeral greeted our view, and which seemed to gape and yawn for their prey. Our friend whose obsequies we attended in the morning, had assisted at an amputation the previous night, and perhaps ere the day closed, some of us might be stretched stiff and frigid with spasm, and suffering agonies so indescribably horrible, that to those empty graves which we passed with a shudder in the morning, we might look forward as the much desired haven of peace. The attention of the great Linnæus was abstracted from the dangers of the devouring element or destruction from the fall of a lofty tree whilst travelling in the burning forests of Lapland, by reflecting that Flora, instead of appearing in her gay and verdant attire, was in deep sable—a spectacle more abhorrent to his feelings than to see her clad in the white livery of winter. Now with all due deference to the opinion of those who think that no sense of personal danger could have drawn the attention of the immortal gentleman entirely from considerations of his favourite studies, I can only say I often wished Linnæus, or any other personage desirous of putting on immortality, had been in my place, standing at the grave-side, gazing at

a human Flora in the shape of a friend in the livery of cholera morbus—advantages of study which I hope he or they might have appreciated more than I did.

A transition from the War Office to the grave, and that too a quick one, was the fate of many a brave Pole. To the chance of being carried off by this scourge, may be added the catalogue of the annoyances we experienced from the petty jealousies of our Polish medical brethren. It is too painful to dwell upon, but too true it is, that human nature is the same every where; that philanthropic and munificent as we are to the rest of the world, we are illiberal only to our own professional brethren—*humanum est errare*. It is, therefore, not surprising that Dr. E. and myself should prefer to face death *a la militaire*, with the Polish patriots in the field, to the almost certainty of the *mort de chien*, in company with the Jews of Warsaw. A dog may die two ways, the truth of which was daily illustrated upon the bodies of the long lost tribe of Israel, who, to a man, were in favour of the Russian party, by whom they were pretty extensively employed in their system of espionage both during and antecedent to the revolutionary struggle; and scarcely a day passed over without some of the caitiffs ornamenting the gallows, their bald heads, long flowing beards, and Bohemian countenances most sublimely suspended a sport to the winds. In comparison with the pangs suffered by the victims of cholera, the fate of these base scoundrels was enviable.

I can never forget the excitement of my friend and constant companion, Dr. E. (and I could fully appreciate his feelings from the state of my own) when, on Sunday, the 29th of May, we beheld, for the first time, the Polish army retreating after the battle of Ostralenka, approaching towards Warsaw, on the Praga side of the Vistula, where they halted and were joined by the City National Guard as a reinforcement in case the Russian General should have thought proper to follow up his advantage. On the opposite bank of the river we beheld that army on the very field of battle where it so lately defeated the Russians under Deibitsch, and the glorious chivalry of which was still ringing throughout Europe.

Some of the regiments we now beheld had taken part in the campaigns of Buonaparte. We looked upon the national standards of ancient Poland, and we thought of Leipsic and Poniatowski. Words could not do justice to the expressions of enthusiasm which glowed upon the countenance of my much esteemed friend. From the opposite side of the Vistula we could hear the inspiring sounds of military music arousing the soul to daring energy; but more immediately surrounding us we had strains which must have affected any one whose hearts of compassion were less seared than ours, for as an evil conscience dissipates courage, so the frequent and familiar intercourse we had with death had proved traitorous to the finer feelings of humanity. The frequent passage of litters with wounded and mutilated soldiers, announced the bloody strife which had taken place at Ostralenka, and told an eloquent and pathetic, though silent tale, of the miseries of war. Surrounding each litter, as they passed, was a crowd of women and decrepit old men, anxious to ascertain the fate of a son, brother, or father, and, like ourselves, being prohibited from passing over to the army, could scarcely suppress their groans and lamentations for the anticipated loss of their relatives; others stood mute with a look of vacuity, as if the powers of volition had succumbed under the awful feelings of suspense and despair.

The two armies had met and come to an engagement at Ostralenka, where the Poles, anxious to put an end to the cruelties practised upon

the insurgents by the Russians, and to support the cause of their party in Lithuania, had marched their forces with the intention of forwarding a detachment to Wilna, in which object they partly succeeded, after an obstinate conflict, with such heavy loss on both sides, that whilst Skrynecki retreated unmolested upon Warsaw, the forces of General Diebitsch were too crippled to resume the offensive during the remainder of that General's life. His death has been attributed to cholera morbus, and that it then prevailed in both armies to a fearful extent cannot be denied; but a blacker tale was currently believed in the Russian army, and I was informed by one of his officers (with whom I became acquainted after the capture of Warsaw) that the once enterprising conqueror of the Balkan, but more lately the drunken, sluggish, defeated Diebitsch, fell by his own hand. He was seen standing at the door of his head-quarters about mid-day soon after the affray at Ostralenka; my informant saw him receive, from the hands of an Envoy, despatches from St. Petersburg (as afterwards appeared), and amongst the contents was an order for his recal from Poland, and an announcement of the departure of Prince Paskiewitch to supersede him; that unable to bear the disgrace, he took poison, and was announced defunct at two o'clock the same day. Though I cannot vouch for the veracity of the statement, my bump of gullibility not being larger during the officer's recital than usual, yet I fully ascertained from the evidence of other Russians, that the above was generally credited.

Next morning our enthusiastic desire had so little subsided that we presented ourselves at the bureau of the Minister at War, and offered to join the army as private volunteers, since we saw no chance of receiving our long promised transfer from the hospital to the regimental staff. The officials in the Minister's office, upon hearing our offer, looked first at us, and then at each other, and I very much suspect thought us a brace of precious fools. Their guess was probably near the truth. Calmly considering the conduct of myself and friends, I can arrive at no other conclusion than that the events we witnessed had produced in all of us, more or less, excitement of the brain, as, notwithstanding our isolated situation (and in case of emergency the foreign surgeons having no resource but in themselves), nothing was in vogue but hostile messages and duels, *à la Polonais*. A similar excitement pervaded all classes of this brave and devoted nation, for at the very period I am now alluding to, noblemen (noble indeed) had converted their palaces in Warsaw into military hospitals, and were actually fighting in the ranks. Nor did the flame of patriotism spare even the gentler sex, the angels of life, as Montgomery emphatically calls them, in whose delicate frame weakness is interesting and timidity a charm, were known to have headed cavalry regiments in the field of battle during their struggle for freedom. A member of the family of Lubienski, with whom I had a short acquaintance, one of the bravest and most skilful of Buonaparte's officers, and who being proscribed by the Russians, had been living for some years in the Prussian Grand Duchy of Posen, at the commencement of the Polish revolution had contrived to elude the prohibition and vigilance of the Prussian police (for they had set a guard about him, and forbid any of their subjects, under pain of treason, to take part with their brethren in arms), and by means of false whiskers and a peasant's dress, had found his way to Warsaw in time to take part in the battle fought on the outskirts of Praga, where, perceiving a body of raw recruits hesitate to advance to the charge, in consequence of thinking their scythes insufficient, he threw himself from his horse, seized a scythe from a soldier, and led the regiment into action, and, thus encouraged by his example, did con-

siderable execution. Our application met with no success, and we were doomed to curse our misfortune in having been commissioned to hospitals in the first instance, not that our situation was at all irksome, but then it was not as interesting as our excited anticipations had promised. From six o'clock in the morning until noon was occupied at our respective hospitals, when fatigue and the impure atmosphere obliged us to rest for two or three hours; at five we met a party to dinner, and spent the evening in dancing or walking in the gardens under rows of shady trees.

A few days previous to the battle of Ostralenka, we witnessed the execution of a nobleman, who, having been tried by a court-martial, was found guilty of espionage and covertly sending information to the Russians. He petitioned the Senate for a revision of the sentence; I was in the Senate-house when the petition and his defence were read, but without effect. In company with some officers I witnessed his execution, submitted to with a manly fortitude which would have done honour to a better cause. The tragical scene took place in a sandy plain, adjoining the suburbs of Warsaw, whither the traitor was escorted by a troop of the National Guard. He was a fine noble-looking man, with the characteristic Polish eye, rather aqueline nose, and upon the whole a prepossessing countenance,

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“ Skill'd to grace  
A devil's purpose with an angel's face.”

When placed upon the stool surmounting the scaffold, I narrowly scrutinized his features, upon which scorn and contempt seemed to obliterate all fear of death; hatred seemed paramount to the consciousness of his awful situation. The priest, having as I supposed given him absolution, and muttered a few prayers—the executioner having stripped off the upper garments and exposed the symmetrical shoulders, neck, and chest of his victim, stood behind him, resting on a huge sword with which traitors had been decapitated in the days of Sobieski, whose name it bore—still I could detect no alteration of countenance, except in the spectators, and when the criminal with perfect *sang froid* had taken one pinch of snuff, and was, as I thought, in the act of taking a second, a blow from the executioner intervened, and at one stroke his head rolled upon the scaffold.

Although the numbers we daily witnessed falling victims to cholera morbus and their wounds had generated in us a contempt of death and indifference to life, I was particularly affected by the loss of a friend named Dufois, who had an attack of fever, attended with great congestion in the head, for which I was anxious to bleed him; but wishing to have the opinion of some one more conversant with the treatment of the fever as it then raged than myself, I called in one of the most celebrated of the physicians practising in Warsaw. He would, however, by no means hear of any depletion, either by bleeding or medicine, and contented himself by prescribing some simple febrifuge powder, which, far from fulfilling the intention of the prescriber, caused the loss of much valuable time, when more energetic measures might have, in all probability, subdued the disease. The approach of night was the harbinger of violent delirium; I sat hour after hour by his bedside, forcibly controlling the violence of his phrenzied actions, and earnestly hoping that the burning heat which pervaded his frame and that raging fever which, in imparting more than natural strength to his feeble body,

had for a time overthrown the empire of his mind, would ultimately settle into a quiet and rational calm. The accession of the unfavourable symptoms had been too sudden to admit of my finding any assistance amongst our acquaintance, and as for female nurses, that was out of the question; near neighbours we had none, in consequence of the house on which my friend was billeted being situated in a street consisting of detached houses, and leading to one of the most important batteries, with a mine of gunpowder, interposed at short distances, communicating with the same. The inhabitants, naturally concluding that sooner or later their property so situated must suffer in the impending conflicts, had removed to parts of the town they considered safer. As may be supposed, the comforts afforded by my friend's situation were few, and rude in kind. His soft bed of down consisted of straw spread upon the floor, and that constituted his whole stock of furniture; but his military hospital, the scene of his professional duties, was near at hand, and if not a soldier, he possessed a soldier's idea of comfort. Miserable as the situation may appear, its position was of importance, and in consequence not entirely isolated, for armed sentinels were placed on all sides, whose duty was comprised in reconnoitring and putting in force a strict order from the commandant, prohibiting the inhabitants in that vicinity from having a light of any kind in their houses after a certain hour at night. The situation of my friend became hourly more critical, for as the darkness advanced his delirium increased. Towards midnight, however, as I sat by his wretched pallet, the misery of my unpleasant dreary situation being only equalled by the gloom of the hour, his voice became feebler, and the efforts of his convulsed frame required less powerful restraint on my part, and gradually he appeared as if nature's soft nurse, balmy sleep, was about to compose his agitated frame. Excessively fatigued by watching and my previous hospital duties, it required no sedative to wrap me in complete forgetfulness ere I had scarcely laid myself down at his side, taking, however, the precaution to fold him gently in my arms. I was always a light sleeper, and can form no idea of the space of time that might have elapsed, when I was aroused from my slumbers by a noise in the room. The first impulse led me to direct my hand over the pallet, of which I was now the sole occupier. All around me was dark and silent, save the rattling of our half-broken windows, and an occasional gleam of lightning. I had now no doubt that the treacherous calm in the state of my friend had only been the precursor of a more violent storm of delirium, and that he had made his escape from the apartment into the street. The horror of the idea banished in an instant from my recollection the commandant's order, and with all the haste in my power, by means of a phosphorescent match-box, I lighted a candle, but before I could accomplish my object I unfortunately stumbled over an amputation case, the instruments of which fell out, and lay scattered about the apartment. The object of my search was not in the chamber, but I can never forget the countenance so expressive of anguish, horror, fury, and madness, which presented itself as I discovered him in a recess adjoining. His bloodshot fiery eye seemed rivetted upon me like that of a hungry tiger upon his prey, and my blood seemed to freeze in my appalled frame; my very wig felt uneasy. I was recalled to myself at last by an effort he made to force open the window frame, and I mustered courage and strength sufficient to raise him in my arms, and replace him on his bed of straw. I now determined, if possible, to pinion his arms, and had taken off one of my garters for that purpose, when my attention was arrested by the loud knocking of the sentinel at the street door, who, perceiving the light in the window,

as a matter of duty, came to inquire the cause. I felt anxious to accomplish my intention of securing my patient before attending to the sentinel's knocking; he, however, kept repeating his demands for admission, accompanied with growling imprecations, and so much impatience, that without further delay, I descended and opened the door. I had not sufficient knowledge of the Polish language to understand the purport of his address, which he delivered in a menacing manner; but taking him by the arm, I made him understand that I wished him to ascend to the chamber in which the offending light had attracted his attention. This, however, with a ferocious look, he declined doing. But no sooner had I announced myself in the Polish tongue as an English surgeon, than his countenance and manner underwent a sudden change, and with a pleasant and friendly air, beckoned me to follow him. We soon found the officer in charge of the watch, whom I addressed in French, and who, upon hearing my tale, immediately accompanied me back to the apartment of my sick friend. During my unfortunate absence, he had prepared a scene to meet our horror-stricken eyes, the recollection of which to this day causes a shudder. With one of the amputation knives, he had inflicted upon himself a severe wound in the throat, which had divided some of the minor blood-vessels, and laid open about one-half of the windpipe, through which (as he lay weltering in his gore) the air and blood came hissing forth at every respiration. By the assistance of the officer, I succeeded in applying the requisite dressings, and arresting the violent loss of blood.

But why delay the truth? He died.

The Polish army remained about a month in the environs of Praga and Warsaw, during which time the town was one continued scene of gaiety and pleasure. The theatres were crowded night after night, and during the day the suburbs resounded with notes of military music. In the mean time the Russians, under their new commander, Paskiewitsch, having received reinforcements, began to act on the offensive, and their skirmishes approached within a few miles of Praga; but finding that position too strong to be taken by assault, whilst they made a feint of forming a blockade, their main body crossed the Vistula about fifty miles lower down, and marched into a country without forage or the means of maintaining so large a body of troops for even a single day. And now the cloven-hoofed hypocrisy of Prussia developed itself; for upon the Autocrat's army approaching the frontiers of that power, Paskiewitsch was most abundantly supplied with provisions, and a materiel for carrying on the war with vigour. Without a confident assurance of such a supply, he never could have dared to transfer his army into a country already stripped (by the politic orders of the Polish commander) of its inhabitants, and converted into a uniform waste, possessing all of desolation

“ Save its peace.”

He had no provisions to carry across the Vistula with him, for his army had been upon extremely short allowance for some time before he left Ostralenka; and by this movement he abandoned his communication with the magazines stationed on the road to Petersburg through Lithuania, at the same time allowing the Poles an opportunity of outflanking his army (as they had before outflanked Diebitsch), and overpowering his depôts on the road to Wilna. Had Prussia maintained her promised neutrality, famine must have compelled him to lay down his arms at discretion, before he could make preparations for attacking the Poles in their formidable line of entrenchments round Warsaw. The

genius of the Russian commander, in making this apparently bold and rash movement, had not, to use a stale proverb, "reckoned without its host," and the handful of patriots, whose valour will shine on the page of modern history inferior in lustre to none of the deeds of antiquity, were about to be annihilated, and the capital of Poland, attacked on its weak side, again to succumb to the power of the Northern Despot.

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## INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS,

"The wise are happy nature to explore."—POPE.

It is impossible, if we look around us in our walks through gardens, orchards, fields, or woods, not to be struck by the melody, the economy, the various action, and particularly the *services* of our summer warblers belonging to the genus *sylvia*. It seems to be a law of nature extending through all animated creation, that wherever there is a tendency of any particular tribe, or family, which, by predominance, threatens the extinction of any other, there is always a counteracting provision co-existing to avert the destruction. Our choicest cereals, foddors, fruits, and flowers, are destined to be the prey of innumerable insects. These are hatched from eggs laid in the soil, or on their favorite plants in the previous summer or autumn, and come forth at the same time with the bursting buds of spring, on the very core of which many of their larva feed. The ravages of these insects would soon blight the hopes of the year, were it not that at the instant of their most fatal attack, flocks of summer visitants arrive on our southern shores, and dispersing themselves over all the land, into every garden and leafy grove, pry into each twisted leaf and wounded bud to draw forth the tiny depredator, and save the yet incipient embryo fruit.

Although the insect tribes far outnumber their natural enemies, especially in some localities and seasons; yet when it is considered that nearly the whole business of these little birds, from their arrival in the spring till their departure in autumn, is the destruction of larvæ of beetles, moths, butterflies, and other winged and wingless insects, an incalculable multitude must be devoured, especially when we take into account the extra demands of the young broods which are soon taught to find their own food. Nor is it only the individual caterpillars that are thus destroyed; their progeny through endless generations are also extinguished.

Thus are these mischievous tribes of insects kept within bounds through the instrumentality of one of the most agreeable and interesting families of the feathered race; and which, notwithstanding their usefulness, are neglected, despised, and persecuted, even to the death! Because they eat a few currants or raspberries—or pick a hole in a pear or apple, they are execrated by those ignorant of their usefulness to man—their nests are wantonly destroyed by thoughtless boys, who are even rewarded for this inconsiderate spoliation! Most sincerely would I plead the cause of these melodious and beautiful benefactors of the orchardist and farmer; and hope when their real worth is known, that they may receive a share of that regard which is so often and humanely bestowed on the robin and the wren.

The first of the throng of summer visitants is the little chiff-chaff or middle-willow wren (*Sylvia hippolais*.) This bird is oftener heard than seen; because, on its first arrival, it frequents the tops of lofty trees, seeking its food among the opening buds. They arrive in Britain sooner or later according to the forwardness of the season. Sometimes as early as the 20th of February; but if the winter be continued into the spring, they defer their visit till the end of March or beginning of April. If stormy or frosty weather set in after their arrival they take shelter among the thickest branches of fir trees, or on the ivy-covered trunks of the oak. In fine sunshine days, however, they are seen on the topmost boughs, every now and then chanting their short unvaried love song of chiff-chaff, chiff-chaff, for several minutes at a stretch. Although they pass the greater part of their lives on trees, they nestle and breed on the ground. The place for their nest is chosen with much sagacity; not in a hole on the surface exposed to the light and eye of every enemy: but in the brow of a ditch, or steep bank, concealed by overhanging herbage, and to which the bird enters laterally. It is remarkable, too, that they prefer the bank of the ditch farthest from the hedge, if there be one; so that if disturbed by a passenger, they flit from the nest without discovering the identical spot. The nest is small and neatly formed of withered leaves of grass, moss, and slender bents. The brood generally five or six.

The next warbler in order of arrival is the redstart (*Sylvia phœnicurus*.) This beautiful bird arrives about the first of April, and is known by the quick vibrations of his red tail: hence the common name. They roost and build their nests in holes of trees or old walls, laying usually five blue eggs. The male bird stations himself on the top of tall trees, and thence pours forth, at short intervals, his brief, though not unpleasant strain. He captures winged insects; and may be often seen on the ground searching among decayed leaves and herbage for the larva of beetles, tipulidæ, &c. They generally migrate about the end of September.

The next insect-eating warbler to be noticed, and which follows in the train of the preceding, is the smallest willow wren (*Sylvia trochilus*.) Except two, viz., the common wren (*Sylvia troglodytes*), and the golden-crested wren (*Sylvia regulus*), this is the smallest British bird. They arrive about the 10th of April, and are constantly employed flitting from spray to spray of trees and bushes for small caterpillars rolled up in the young foliage. Their song is a short strain of ten or twelve notes, graduated from a pretty high, to a low note, scarcely audible. Except that they are somewhat smaller, and of a bright yellow on the throat and breast, they very much resemble the chiff-chaff, their manner of nestling and economy being very similar.

There is yet another willow or wood wren (*Sylvia sylvicola*), which appears in the south of England about a fortnight after the preceding. This bird is rather longer than the chiff-chaff, but resembles it very much in colour and action. It is easiest discovered by its song, and place where it is always met with. Like the *Sylvia trochilus* it sings a short graduated strain of fourteen or sixteen notes, commencing high, and finishing in a demi-semiquavered slurred cadenza; the three or four first notes distinctly staccato to introduce the descending passage. They are most frequently met with in hollow woods, perching on the lower boughs, and every now and then piping their joyous song. Like their congeners, they nestle under tufts of grass or briers on the ground, and are well concealed. It is observable the young broods of all the three congregate and feed together after the breeding season, at which time it



is impossible to distinguish one from another, especially as their mutual calls and notes of alarm are all similar.

The next of this tribe of summer birds is the pettychaps (*Sylvia hortensis*), or garden warbler, so called because they frequent gardens, and seem to be as fond of fruit, particularly red currants and raspberries, as they are of caterpillars. They are, in their usual habits, a shy bird, and when singing, endeavour to hide themselves in the thickest hedge or bush. Their song is hurried, but with considerable modulation; some of the tones being nearly as deep as those of the blackbird: of course, the ear detects the bird much more readily than the eye; for if any one tries to have a sight of him, he warily flits to the further side of the bush.

The next warbler is the whitethroat (*Sylvia cinerea*). This bird inhabits field hedges, building his filagree nest in low thorn or bramble bushes. He is a jocund, sprightly bird, repeatedly bawling forth his short, yet cheerful, song from the topmost spray of the hedge; or, mounting in the air, with jerking notes and action, seems to challenge the notice of every passerby.

In the same hedge may be seen, and occasionally heard, the lesser whitethroat (*Sylvia sylvicola*.) This is a smaller bird than the preceding; and by no means a conspicuous character, either for beauty or song. He, however, frequents the same places, builds in the same style, arrives and departs at the same seasons with the larger whitethroat; and is rather a scarce bird.

The next summer bird is one of the most admired, and best known of all the tribe, namely, the blackcap (*Sylvia atricapilla*), a cheerful, social bird, frequenting gardens and shrubberies, and never at a great distance from the habitations of man. Among the pear and apple trees he is indefatigable; and many a score of the tortrix and other tree destroyers does he devour every day. The blackcap likes a currant or gooseberry occasionally; but these should not be grudged, as some reward for his invaluable services in the orchard, for his cheering matins, and for his lively evening song. As a chorister he is only inferior to the nightingale.

The last, though not the least, of insectivorous birds which may be mentioned on the present occasion, is the far-famed philomel (*Sylvia luscinia*.) As a friend to the gardener and farmer, the nightingale has merit: their food are the grubs of beetles, and various sorts of flies which they find among decayed vegetable substances at the roots of trees and hedges; and though not so ostensibly useful in the orchard as many of the foregoing, still they keep in check some insect families which, but for them, might become extensively annoying, and in a way, perhaps, of which we can have no conception.

The preceding notices of the summer birds are presented with the two-fold view of leading the young naturalist to the contemplation of the great truth, viz. "that not any thing was created in vain," and to show the mutual dependence that animals and vegetables have on each other. Many are ready to cry out, what is the use of insects, or small birds, or weeds? It may be safely answered that, not one tribe of these can be spared; each are links in the great chain of being; and were one of them lost, a very extensive derangement might be the consequence.

## THE HEBREW'S PRAYER.

A Hebrew knelt in the dying light,  
 His eye was dim and cold,  
 The hairs on his brow were silver-white,  
 And his blood was thin and old—  
 He lifted his look to his latest sun,  
 For he knew that his pilgrimage was done,—  
 And, as he saw God's shadow there,  
 His spirit poured itself in prayer.

TOWARDS the close of a dark November day in the year 16\*\*, I was returning home through one of those narrow streets at the back of the Minories, which are inhabited principally by Jews, when my attention was suddenly awakened by a low moan, which seemed to come from the opposite pathway.

The deep gloom of the evening, and the profound stillness, in which all around was enveloped, imparted an almost unearthly character to that which at an earlier hour would probably have escaped unheard, or if heard would have been scarcely noticed. My first impulse naturally was to cross the street, and endeavour to ascertain the cause of so unusual a sound; but the recollection of the numerous robberies which had been committed in the neighbourhood, and of the success with which\* the same or similar stratagems had been attended, banished all feelings of curiosity, and I was proceeding on my path homewards, when a repetition of the same extraordinary noise so far overcame all feelings of caution as to induce me to hasten to the other side of the street, in the direction of the spot whence it seemed to issue. I had scarcely reached the centre of the causeway, when a stifled sob from an adjoining house convinced me that I had not been mistaken in my conjectures. Upon looking round, I perceived that I was standing near the portal of a curious old building, which I had previously remarked, as being one of the few specimens of Elizabethan architecture that had escaped the ravages of time, and of the great fire. At this moment, the lantern of the night-watch, who was going his rounds, shone on the gilded hammer, and other devices emblematical of the goldsmith's craft, which were suspended over the door, and I then recollected that it was the abode of the wealthy Benoin.

I was on the point of knocking at the door to offer my assistance to the sufferer, if sufferer there were, and of that the

\* The stratagem here particularly alluded to, is one, which, even now, is frequently employed by the robbers in the interior of India. They post one of their band, generally a woman, by the road side, with instructions to howl and make other audible demonstrations of suffering. Should the solitary traveller be so incautious as to approach the pretended sufferer, a noose is thrown over his head by an accomplice, who is concealed close by, and he becomes an easy prey to the band.

nature of the sounds I had heard left little room for doubt, when it occurred to me, that the intrusion of a stranger, though with the best intentions, might be considered unwelcome. I determined, therefore, to pause, and endeavour first to ascertain what was passing within, and how far my presence might be desirable.

This was easily done, as the draperies which were suspended in front of the window, were but partially closed, and admitted of my obtaining a full view of the interior without being observed.

A single lamp, suspended from the ceiling, shed its dubious light through an apartment, in which the taudry gilding of the cornices was strangely at variance with the simplicity, nay, almost meanness, of the furniture. Upon a couch, the antiquity of whose form was in keeping with the rest of the chamber, lay an old Hebrew (for such his appearance bespoke him to be), evidently in the last stage of existence. The snow-white locks, scattered thinly over his brow—his sunken eyes—and emaciated features, proclaimed that his years had already far exceeded the span allotted for human life. A young female knelt by his side, apparently not more than sixteen years of age. Her dress was unaffectedly simple; and on her looks was portrayed that melancholy resignation with which a well-regulated mind contemplates the loss of all that it holds most dear. An elderly woman, who appeared to be acting as nurse to the invalid, and two old men, who were engaged in earnest conversation at the foot of the bed, completed the group.

At this instant, the noise of revelry at the farther end of the street, distracted my attention; and when I returned to my post at the window, I observed that the old man, whose eyes had hitherto been fixed upon his daughter, had now changed his position, and was intently watching an hour-glass, which stood near the bed, as if he would count the moments he had yet to live. The sand had nearly run through—a few seconds only, and another hour would be added to the eternity of the past. At length, the last grain trickled down; and the invalid, raising himself on his pillow as far as his feebleness would allow, waved his hand as though he would request attention.

Weakness and emotion at first rendered his voice inaudible; but from the expression of his countenance, and the few words which reached my ears, it appeared that he was exhorting his daughter to patience and resignation under the approaching calamity. By degrees, however, he rallied, and I caught the following words:—"Weep not, Zillah—nor do you, my friends, waste the precious moments in fruitless lamentations for that which must eventually be the lot of all. The hand of the Almighty is upon me, and the chill clammy sweat of death already settles on my brow; my eyes grow dim—and my tongue with difficulty performs its wonted office;—yet could I not go down to my grave in peace, were the present hour to pass un sanctified

by the performance of those duties which the ordinance of the Almighty and the customs of our nation have established."

Here he paused—and after remaining a few moments absorbed as it were in inward prayer, continued—"Zilla, my child, daughter of my long lost Miriam, once more, before I die, let me hear thy voice in one of our sacred melodies—methinks, I could then close my eyes in peace."

Zillah arose from her knees at her father's request, and, reaching down a small harp, which was suspended from a nail near the head of the couch, drew her fingers rapidly over the strings—struck a few simple, yet impressive chords—and then paused awhile, as if overpowered by conflicting emotions. At this moment, she presented one of the most lovely, and, at the same time, most solemn spectacles I ever beheld—though young, she had all that voluptuous fulness of figure which is so peculiar to the natives of the east—her jet black locks were collected in a silken net at the back of her head, and left bare a forehead, in which was displayed more determination of character than one would have expected to meet with in a being so frail and so delicate.

"Her dark eye had misfortune's doubtful presage,  
It had that troubled melancholy loveliness,  
'Twas like the fabled flower of woe, that lines  
Of sorrow in its cup of beauty bears"—

And her whole expression, though dejected, was yet calm.

I had hardly had time to observe her, when, suddenly recovering from the fit of abstraction in which she had been plunged, she took up the harp, which had fallen from her grasp; and, her countenance beaming with an almost supernatural inspiration, began to sing or rather chant to a melancholy air the following words:—

An exile in a foreign land,  
I bend a suppliant knee;  
Then stay, Great Lord, thy chastening hand  
From those that trust in thee.

Now, in this last, and saddest hour,  
When yawns the expectant grave,  
Save me—for thou alone hast power  
To pity, and to save.

Far from that happy land I roam,  
Which erst my fathers trod;  
Oh! take me to the outcast's home,—  
The bosom of my God.

In those bright regions of repose,  
My wearied soul receive;  
Where way-worn travellers end their woes,  
And mourners cease to grieve.

And, when the heavenly harps inspire  
 The song of praise and prayer;  
 Oh! let not—Lord—thy Judah's lyre  
 Alone be wanting there.

The dream of life is fading fast—  
 Farewell—my friends—my home—  
 Thy bitterness, oh death! is past—  
 I come—Great God—I come.

The hymn was finished—but the last notes had scarce died away on my ears, when a piercing shriek announced that all was over,—that the dreaded, yet inevitable event had come to pass.

Exhausted with the exertions which he had made in the performance of his last religious duties, the invalid had sunk back upon his pillow. His eyes were now closed, and his features were almost painfully calm. Indeed, so gradual had been the departure of life, that a faint smile seemed even yet to hover over the lips of the deceased. Zillah leaned over the body of her father; pale, and motionless as a statue. A careless observer would have called her unfeeling, so devoid was her countenance of all external marks of sorrow. But no—hers was not that impatient grief which vents itself in tears and exclamations, and then passes away; but that keener, and more lasting regret, which, like the “worm that dieth not,” preys on the heart incessantly, and embitters the happiest moments of future years.

The two elders were still standing at the foot of the bed; and in the same position in which I first observed them. The slightly compressed lip, and an almost imperceptible contraction of the brow alone betrayed their consciousness of what had come to pass. Age had blunted their feelings, and destroyed the more sensitive portion of their nature. The old nurse alone seemed wholly unaffected; death was her trade—and she had viewed the grim tyrant in forms too terrible to be moved by him when in his mildest shape. She still sate dozing over the fire.

The scene had now closed—and nothing remained which could either excite my curiosity, or require my commiseration. I tore myself with difficulty from the post which I had so long occupied, and sauntered slowly home, to meditate upon all I had seen and heard, and to profit by it.

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Comte De Viry was a man of the greatest secrecy and reserve. The most trifling message delivered to one of his domestics was a mystery to all the others; and if he happened to be indisposed, it was a state secret. He once called a surgeon to dress an ulcer on his leg; and when a similar one broke out on the other, he sent for a different surgeon, that the disordered state of both limbs might not be known—a circumstance which was the cause of his death; when to a person who inquired for him, his secretary said, “he is dead, but he does not wish it to be known.”

## A TEAR.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LAMARTINE.)

“Tombez, larmes silencieuses  
 Sur une terre sans pitié;  
 Non plus entre des mains pieuses,  
 Ni sur le sein de l'amitié!”

Down, down to earth, ye silent tears,  
 Nor seek for kindred rest  
 In the soft hands of charity,  
 Nor yet on friendship's breast.  
 What boots it to my fellow man,  
 Like mine, a broken heart!  
 He feels himself above my woes,—  
 He stands far, far apart.  
 Oh! let me, then, no longer seek  
 The hand of man to guide;  
 But nurse, with silent tears, my grief,—  
 My throbbing temples hide.  
 When at the hour the troubled soul,—  
 Fast sunk in deepest shade,—  
 Yields all of earth—whose widow'd hopes  
 Before its vision, fade;—  
 When faithless friendship turns aside,  
 Unheedful of our throes;  
 And the last earthly prop gives way,  
 And pierces as it goes;—  
 When feeble man, who weakly fears  
 Contagion of distress;  
 Leaves us far off to face our griefs  
 In tears and loneliness;—  
 And when for us the coming day,  
 Nor hope, nor pleasure wears;  
 And when the very bread we eat  
 Is mingled with our tears;—  
 'Tis then thy gentle voice, my God!  
 Brings to my soul relief;  
 'Tis then thy hand removes the weight—  
 The icy weight of grief.  
 'Tis then we feel that gentle voice  
 Hath been withheld in love;  
 Till we have learnt the nothingness  
 Of all things else to prove.  
 Now like a friend, our weary head  
 Is laid upon thy breast;  
 And eyes that see us sweetly smile,  
 Ask of us, “whence such rest?”  
 The raptured soul absorbed in prayer,—  
 Lost in effulgent light—  
 Feels the warm gush of sorrowing tears  
 Sink at the glowing sight.  
 Like the last dew-drop on the rock,  
 Dried by the sun's bright ray;  
 Which neither shade, nor wind, nor storm,  
 Had power to take away!

## FINE ARTS.

## BIRMINGHAM EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART.

BY WILLIAM CAREY.

ON Thursday, the 11th instant, this annual display was opened to the public at that noble edifice, the Institution of the Society of Arts or Artists, in New-street, and owing to its commencement so late in September, any notice of it to be in time for insertion in the allotted pages of "The Analyst," to be published on the 1st of October, can include little more than a cursory glance at a few leading points, and some general remarks on the character of the whole. Owing to this urgency, by far the greater number of the pictures and of the exhibitors must be passed in this brief outline without mention, solely through a want of space and time. The candid reader and the impartial artist, will not, therefore, mistake the omissions for any indication of a want of inclination on my part, or of merit in the works so unnoticed. My will may be judged of by the fact that, although not wholly recovered from the sufferings of an acute illness, I have suspended my own immediate avocations, and journied from a distance here, at some risk of a relapse, but, fortunately, as yet, without any ill consequence, to write my notes for this brief communication, from the exhibited paintings and sculpture. When these things are considered, and that I have no personal interest whatever in the exhibition, or in the publication in which these observations are intended to appear, my wish to be of service will hardly admit of question, although my judgment very justly may.

The collection includes 532 productions of the British pencil and chisel, and necessarily, like all other public exhibitions in England and on the Continent, it includes some inferior things, some of a better order, a great majority very excellent, and many master-pieces of the highest class. I may truly say it is a very splendid exhibition. The great national school, the Royal Academy, has lent its powerful aid. The President, Sir Martin Archer Shee, and the following Royal Academicians are exhibitors:—Bailly, Calcott, A. E. Chalon, A. Cooper, Collins, Constable, Daniell, Ety, H. Howard, Leslie, — Reinagle, Sir J. Soane, Phillips, Turner, Westall, and J. Ward; added to these are the associate Academicians, G. Arnald, J. J. Chalon, Drummond, F. Danby, Stanfield, and Witherington. These eminent artists, on this muster of British genius, appear, generally, with one or two exceptions, in their strength. There are also one hundred and ten additional London artists exhibitors; fifty of Birmingham and its immediate vicinity, and seventeen more provincials. In the whole number, there are fifteen female artists, fair candidates for public favour.

In the great room, there are three subjects from Shakspeare; one of them, "No. 1—*Miranda entreating Prospero to allay the Storm,*" by J. King, is a large picture, which, from the necessity of the arrangements, is hung at the top of the room too high for any detailed observation of its merits. The other two, 124 and 128, are of a small cabinet size, by T. P. Stephanoff, and, with the exception of Desdemona's profile, in the best manner of this popular artist. There are four sacred and scriptural subjects; "15—*Abraham and Isaac in thanksgiving after the deliverance from the Sacrifice,*" by J. King, one of the most successful efforts of his

pencil; 137—a capital gallery picture of “*Christ disputing with the Doctors*,” by *R. Westall, R. A.* The composition is full but not crowded. The various workings of the passions are strongly marked in the old heads, and the meek fervour, in the countenance of Christ, is a fine specimen of expression; the light and shadow are well diffused, and the general effect is solemn and reposeive. “152—*The Calling of Samuel*,” by *W. Green*. This is intended for a gallery, and if the artist has not wholly overcome all the difficulties of the subject, he has evinced much practical skill and originality of invention. “157—*Eve*,” by *J. Mills*, is rather a small size, and, being hung at the top of the room, is too high for critical inspection.

There are, in this room, two interesting scenes from Lord Byron; “11—*Haidee and her Attendants recovering Don Juan after his Shipwreck*,” a free, tasteful, sketchy performance, by *S. Drummond, A. R. A.*; and “57—*Haidee aroused from her Trance by the sound of Music*,” by *H. G. Hurlstone*. These figures are half-lengths, about the size of life, and cleverly composed. The expression, particularly the vague unsettled gaze which betrays the disturbed mind of the heroine, is very good. The characters of the Corsair and Harper are strikingly defined, and the young attendant is well introduced. There is an ideal elegance in the forms of Haidee’s head, neck, shoulders, bosom, and extended arm; and the execution is loose and full. The colouring, in general, is mellow; but the cold purple drapery descending from her shoulders forms a line down the middle of the composition, which disturbs the union, and, as it were, divides the effect into *two*. As this artist is skilled in the science of scumbling and glazing, a very little effort of his able pencil would bring this cold drapery into tone, and remove the only flaw in this, otherwise, commanding picture.

In this first room there are also twenty-eight fancy subjects, single figures or groups, inventions from nature, or striking incidents from modern novels, &c. There is one composition, “25—*Hylas and the Nymphs*,” from “*Apollonius Rhodius*,” by *Wm. Etty, R. A.*—but that one, though not without some of what Pope, in referring to Homer, has termed, “brave neglects,” is an exhibition in itself. This precious work of art is now the envied property of Vincent Thompson, Esq. This room also contains sixty-nine landscapes, thirty-five portraits of ladies, gentlemen, and children, fourteen pictures of dogs, horses, cows, a Spanish ass and foal, one of fish, and four of dead game. It will be seen from this rough and hasty classification, *how* the public taste runs; and sorry am I to observe that the taste for *British historical painting* is not advancing. On the contrary, judging from this, and other recent exhibitions, in London and elsewhere, it is rather losing than gaining ground.

Again I remind the amateur reader, and the candid artist, that the necessity of hastening this manuscript to the Editor, allows only a few opportunities of detail, and obliges me, unwillingly, to confine myself to a very concise and scanty general idea. The superior class of landscapes is numerous, but amidst this rich harvest, I can only name a few, and if some commendation escapes from me on any work of excellence, I feel like a criminal, in being forced to pass the next, perhaps of equal or superior merit, without a name or notice! Among these treasures of art, are, “9—*A landscape*,” with boatmen in a market-barge on a river, in the dusk of evening, and a sullen gleam of sunny reflection still lingering on the horizon of a sombre sky; a picture of a deep, low tone, and prodigious power. When I first saw it, some years ago, it was much clearer; it is now loaded with smoke, or impure varnish, which gives



a degree of heaviness to the effect. "37—*Stormy Evening*," and "99—*The Thames, near Twickenham*," are by *Wm. Havell*, whose whole soul is wrapped up in the poetry of art. These two are fine works of genius. The sun absolutely glitters in the latter; but it is somewhat coarse and mannered in the handling;—the former combines the grandeur of Titian with the phenomenic flashes of light and fierce tones of Mola. The spirit of the storm is abroad, the huge oaks appear to topple, and the whole landscape is in motion. This inspired creation reminds me of "*Stormy Twilight*," by the same artist, which I noticed in 1809, in my printed letter to "J. A. (Colonel Anderdon), a connoisseur in London." Mr. Angerstein afterwards purchased that splendid water-colour painting.

The enchantment of this Havell has almost spell-bound me, but I must proceed to "58—*Caernarvon Castle*," "61—*A Water Mill at Aberayron, Wales*," and "73—*A Timber Ship ashore, near Aberystwith*," by *Wm. Earl*, three works which reflect high honour on this excellent artist's taste, feeling, and execution. "64—*Solitude*," the property of John Gibbon, Esq. by *F. Danby, A. R. A.*, is a composition of the very highest quality, replete with beauty and grandeur; the handling vigorous but solid; the colour, the living truth itself, and a truth delivered in such a tone of deep and golden harmony, that no words can convey an adequate idea of its magic effect upon the mind. The breadth is so extensive, so admirable, that without any sacrifice of clearness or form, it presents all the various objects and passages in the landscape as *one!* Never did the pencil of Nicholas or Gaspar Poussin, at whose altars I am, and ever will be, a worshipper, represent the stillness of the sublime with more majesty and repose. This fine production adds a new glory to the British school. It is a *chef d'œuvre* by one of the greatest landscape-painters in the world. In the very foremost line of the first class, as a colourist; great as a designer; with the elevated imagination of a poet and painter; what is it that he cannot accomplish if roused by a sacred emulation to the highest pitch of his extraordinary powers? "84—*On the Banks of Loch Lomond*," by *P. Rogers*; the cool, clear, airy serenity of Claude, in his purest silvery style, pervades this delicious landscape; the execution is all in fine taste, and the effect very fascinating. "153—*L'Isle Berb on the Soane*," *C. Stanfield, A. R. A.*; this jewel beyond price, is in the collection of the Right Hon. Lord Northwick. Here, also, the cool, airy, local colouring enchants the eye, with the simplicity, truth, and freshness of nature. I never think of it, but I catch myself repeating "oh, how lovely! how very lovely!" "48—*The Horse-ferry*," by *A. Cooper, R. A.*; a cabinet picture, which for correct drawing, and general delicacy of penciling, might hang beside a *Wouvermans*, and not suffer by comparison.

"101—*Entrance into the harbour of Marseilles*," by *W. Daniell, R. A.* is one of his very attractive pictures. He has, also, "76—*A rich romantic prospect in Ceylon*;" and 296, 385, 418, and 489, all well selected picturesque scenes in India, embellished with groups of figures in their native costume, painted with much taste and elegant fancy, and furnishing very interesting and beautiful views in that country. "133—*The Moorish Tower at Seville, called the Giralada, painted in that city, in 1833*," by *D. Roberts*. The splendour of light in a bright unclouded sky, and the rich colour on the principal building, combined with the singular variety and grandeur of the Moorish architecture, render this one of *Roberts's* most magnificent prospects. With all *Canaletti's* exquisite sense of colour, his happy selection of Venetian architecture, and his brilliant execution (to which I do homage and pay the full tribute of admiration), yet, here, he is not only equalled, but surpassed, by this

British artist. What a glorious triumph this for the British school, if placed in the national gallery!

“19—*Throwing the Casting Net*,” by *J. R. Lee*.—This is a picturesque, but rather a close, woody scene; with well-drawn figures; a felicitous execution; a touch in the foliage, trunks of the trees, grounds, and every other object, free but firm, and full of character, without anything hard or laboured, or vague or spongy; and with a mellow breadth of verdure combining the true local colour and freshness of English scenery with a noble sobriety of tone. It is evidently not a work of imagination, but a truth from nature, told without swagger or pretension, without a stroke too little or too much, and without a *flaw*. At first glance I took it for a production by Henry Lines, and from the resemblance of style, I cannot avoid, perhaps, an erroneous surmise, that the two artists must have studied together, or that one has been a pupil of the other. “154—*The River Dart—Summer*,” by the same artist. This is, also, a woody scene, but darker, more extensive, and romantic, with admirable figures; and a Ruysdael-like flow of water inviting the eye to wander and the mind to muse. The verdure is shadowy and solemn, but with all the delicious freshness of English landscape; and the handling unites everything essential to a vigorous freedom with all that is excellent in truth. What a source of inspiration for a poet! What a study for a painter! What a banquet for an enthusiastic lover of nature! What a jewel for a collector of the beauties of British art! These are the two first works, which I have seen from this artist’s pencil; and they leave nothing to be wished for in their class.

*T. Baker* has the following very charming landscapes:—“33—*Holloway, near Hales Owen*;” “44—*In the Leasowes*;” “77—*View on the river Leam, in Warwickshire*;” “113—*Landscape with Cattle, near Leamington*;” “126—*Ivy Bridge, Stoneleigh*;” and “149—*Scene at Battersea*.” In the happy choice of his subjects, the crispiness, delicacy, and sweetness of his penciling; the mild chastity of his tone; the calm, clear, unclouded breadth of his light; the depth and repose of his shade; and the brilliancy of his general effect, this artist’s style so closely resembles that of *Creswick*, the *admirable Creswick*, that, at first view, I thought these were the works of the latter. I can give *Baker*’s performances no higher praise than to point out this similarity. Yet they do not betray the smallest trace of that servility or tameness, which marks the manner of an imitator; they have all the pure and beautiful spirit of originality. “110—*A Brook Scene*,” and “112—*A Wood Scene*,” by this artist, hang close to “109—*A Landscape—Morning*,” by *Creswick*; and “111—*A Street Scene near Lilangollen*,” by the same. The four little gems are very small, nearly of the same size, and in the sparkling lightness and vivacity of the penciling, are equal to the most admired small landscapes by *Velvet Breughell*; but, in chastity of colour and tone, they possess a beauty which the *Flemish master* never reached. A visionary might suppose the soul of *Creswick* had entered into *Baker*; or of *Baker* into *Creswick*. Which is the master or scholar? What is their age? Or whether they ever studied together, or not, are matters of which I know nothing.

The above are only a few of the excellent landscapes and city views contained, with three or four exceptions, in the great room, without my selecting from the other three rooms, which are, also, rich in fine landscape specimens.

Among the fancy subjects in the great room, I can mention only the following, being a few of those, which claim particular notice:—“12—*The Travelling Tinman*,” by *C. R. Leslie, R.A.* Two girls are surprised

by finding the itinerant asleep in his cart, on the road, of a lovely moon-light night. The effect is magical, and the whole, in the artist's best style. "34—*Sleeping Children*," by C. Landseer; correct drawing, delicate execution, a gentle character of nature, and mellow colouring, set a stamp of peculiar value on this pleasing cabinet ornament. "41—*Returning from the haunts of the Sea-fowl*," by W. Collins, R.A. One of his most vigorous pictures. The fearless climbers afford a variety of action and attitude, which adds to the interest excited by the novelty of the subject. The colouring of the flesh tints is glowing, and the entire painted with a strong rich effect. "92—*The Falconer*;" and "122—*The Gentle Reader*" (a lovely young lady lulled asleep in her chamber, by the imaginary sorrows of a romance), are two pictures of high excellence, by H. Wyatt. They combine truth, good taste, splendid colouring, and a noble freedom of execution. The fame acquired at the British Institution, by his superb "*Chapeau Noir*," is fully sustained by these two capital productions. "159—*Francis the First and Francois de Foix*," by D. Mac Clise. The chivalrous gallantry of the amorous monarch, the grace and beauty of the lady, and the congenial taste and gaiety of the page and young female attendant, are finely contrasted by the sleepy old Duenna, and the fiend-like scowl of jealousy on the distorted features of the dwarf. This painting stands high in this class of art. It is a triumphant specimen from the pencil of one of the most extraordinary geniuses of the age. Here, I am concerned to remind the reader, I am writing post, against time, and I must pass, without mention, many fine works of fancy, to glance at a few of a different order.

Among the distinguished portraits are "22—*The Children of J. Clifton Jukes, Esq.*;" 45—*Of Mrs. Throckmorton and Children*; and "51—*Of John, the fourth son of Sir Robert Peel, Bart.*," all by J. Partridge; the latter is exquisitely painted, but the shoulders appear rather small for the size of the head; "105—*Of Edwin Guest, Esq. Barrister of the Midland Circuit*," by E. Coleman; a capital head in all the best qualities of a manly, vigorous portrait; "114—*Of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Gill, K. C. B.*" by the same artist. The gallant officer is mustachioed and "bearded like a pard," but is firmly drawn, handled with spirit, and warmly coloured. "108—*Sir Edward Thomason, K. F. M., H. R. E., &c. &c.*" a clever head, is also by Coleman, but the ostentatious display of his honorary distinctions, which would be well enough at a public ceremonial, is not in the best taste on canvass; and by no means adds to the good effect of the picture.

"18—*A Young Lady*," by J. Hollins, and "115—*The Young Amateur*," by the same painter, shew, at first glance, something like the good time of the Bolognian school. In these two fine pictures, the simple graces of the disposition and delicate sensibility of the characters and expression, evince a very refined taste and feeling. There is not a tinge of the ruddy or golden, glow in the flesh, nor of the rose on the fair cheeks; but the delicious breadth of demi-tints, the purity of the carnations and chastity of the tone, confer a vestal loveliness on these fascinating productions. This attraction is heightened by the richness, force, and beauty of the chiaro-scuro. To combine a correct and pleasing veri-similitude of individual nature with elegance of fancy and the charm of ideal colouring, is one of the highest qualities of a portrait painter. This was the magic of Reynolds; and this, with more correct drawing, is a prevailing excellence in these performances by Hollins. Independent of their present value as portraits, they will be ever prized as chaste works of art, should they escape the ravages of time for centuries.

There are two very striking portraits of public characters by Sir

*Martin Archer Shee*, which have engaged much attention; the one is "85—*Sir Henry Halford, &c. &c.*" the other "96—*The Rt. Hon. Lord Denman, Lord Chief Justice of England.*" These are fair specimens of the President's never-failing talent at resemblance. "82—*The Rev. Adam Sedgwick, Woodwardian Professor of Geology at the University of Cambridge,*" is a very excellent three-quarter length, by *T. Phillips, R. A.* "70—*Children of J. Farquhar Fraser, Esq.*" by *H. Wyatt*, is an agreeable family picture, well composed, and coloured with freshness and vigour. In the front room, west, "306—*Come away to the Masquerade,*" by the same artist, is a small three-quarter length of a young and handsome lady, with a sprightly smile on her lip, and a gay sparkle in her eye, giving an invitation to the temple of fashionable dissipation. She is dressed in a by-gone showy Parisian mode, and painted with a free, firm pencil, a bright, fresh complexion, and a delightful flush of youth, hope, and joy on her countenance.

"*Napoleon in St. Helena,*" the property of Sir Robt. Peel, Bart. is by *B. R. Haydon*. Bonaparte is represented nearly in a back view, standing on a rock overhanging the sea, with his arms folded and looking out towards Europe, the scene of his unparalleled vicissitudes. He wears his usual military coat, cocked hat, and boots, and, although his features are not seen, the correct outline of his person and head instantly point out the imperial exile. There is a grandeur in the contemplative quietude of the attitude, and in the ideas of immensity associated with the solitude of his remote island-prison. The ocean spreads in one undivided, immeasurable extent before him, and the sky equally still and unbroken, bounds his earthly view. His figure at once brings to our mind the succession of revolutions in which he shook and overturned thrones, and changed the destinies of great kingdoms and states. These memorable changes, and the death of nearly a million of victims, who perished in the wars, in which he was engaged, are all calculated to rivet attention on this noble historical portrait. But *how* Philosophers, and Divines, and Statesmen, who affect to esteem and admire Washington, can, also, affect to esteem and admire Bonaparte, is a question beyond my solution!

There are a number of other excellent portraits in the rooms, which I am unwillingly necessitated to pass without notice. I cannot, however, close without calling the attention of the reader to the fact that Sir Robert Peel, Bart., that munificent encourager of the arts, has contributed thirteen British pictures, from his splendid collection, to this exhibition, and Charles Price, Esq. thirty-four capital productions of the British pencil. It is due to the tasteful acumen of this liberal patron of the native school, to name the eminent artists, of whose genius he has selected these choice specimens,—Constable, Cattermole, Liversage, Stanfield, G. Barret, C. J. Fielding, Oakly, Girtin, Prout, J. D. Harding, Taylor and Barret, W. Hunt, Callcott, Bonington, A. E. Chalon, S. Austin, J. M. W. Turner, J. F. Lewis, and J. Glover. By some of these he has two, by others three, gems of the most brilliant quality.

In the sculpture room, there are two superb busts in marble, by *P. Hollins*; one of them the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and the other William Hollins, Esq. These two, and his marble statue of the daughter of Vincent Thomson, Esq., a production of exquisite taste and beauty, place this sculptor in the first class of his profession. "530—*A Group. The Slaying of the Children by order of Herod,*" a model, by *S. W. Arnald*, which obtained the gold medal at the Royal Academy, is composed with admirable feeling and a refined sense of beautiful form. The infantine roundness and tender fleshiness of the boys, remind me of the beauties, which are so highly admired in the boys of Fiamingo.

Here the restricted limits of "The Analyst" and my health compel me to conclude, without having even half executed my intended outline; and I must reserve the pleasure of continuing some critical observations on this very splendid exhibition, in the next number of the publication, as a literary volunteer.

Sept. 14, 1834.

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## REVIEWS OF PRINTS AND ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

"*Landscape Illustrations of the Poetry of Burns;*" London, Cochran & M'Crone, 11, Waterloo Place.

In fulfilment of our promise to make these exquisite achievements of art the subject of our critical comment, we hasten with pleasure to the task. The first, a vignette view of "the birth-place of Burns," drawn by W. Booth, from the original sketch taken by Stothard, in 1812, is, from association, one of particular interest; the "clay-built cottage," the trees, the high bushes, the banks, and the rural pathway with the blithe lasses engaged in an innocent *causerie*, are happily brought together so as to produce a picturesque combination. The figures are most deliciously put in, with an elegant rusticity breathing of the painter whose pencil was grace and loveliness: the print is brilliantly executed by R. Brandard. The succeeding illustrations are from drawings by D. O. Hill, who has displayed in these specimens the most favorable proofs of his power. "The monument to Burns, on the banks of the Doon, Ayrshire;" by R. Graves, is, possibly, a little too laboured; the scene is clustered with a promiscuous assemblage of visitors—fashionable belles and beaux, seated on the sward with music books before them; and old men, and Highlanders in the national costume, making merry, apart. The design presented innumerable difficulties to the engraver; it is crowded, and bears evident traces of over anxiety; greater simplicity would have rendered it much more impressive, and drawing-room groups utterly destroy the poetical proprieties of the scene; the "Muse of Coila" would have been meet mourner at the monument of her favorite bard. The view of "Tay-mouth" is beautiful in the extreme; in fact, a chef-d'œuvre; the figures are small brilliants. "The Braes of Ballochmyle," by W. J. Cooke, a romantic and richly-wooded scene, with the river winding through flowery and broom-clad banks; a slight heaviness of handling in the principal trees is a drawback on the general attractiveness of the engraving. "The Birks of Aberfeldy," by R. Brandard, are enchanting; nothing can exceed the sharpness, spirit and delicacy of the Artist's burin. "Lincluden College," by W. Outhwaite, though cleverly engraved, is not so imposing in character as we might have expected; the sun-light effect is very successfully given. "The Field of Bannockburn," felicitously executed by E. Goodall, cannot be dwelt upon without intense interest; the exquisite little figures introduced are so many links of association with the story of that memorable scene. "Dumfries, from Castledyke," by E. Goodall, is engraved with surprising harmony; and the design full of taste. "Coilsfield, with the Castle of Montgomery restored," not one of Brandard's happiest contributions; there is a tendency to the false glitter of mere black and white, and the figure of the bard is an absolute spot which defaces rather than embellishes the plate; the foliage of the trees in the distance is touched in with the charming freedom and veracity for which the artist is eminent. "Ayr," by W. Millar, a graceful illustration tenderly executed. "Nithsdale," by W. J. Cooke, is also extremely beautiful; the incident of the bard seated on a little eminence, and penning a stanza, is judiciously imagined.

Upon the whole these are embellishments of uncommon excellence, slightly varying in the degrees of that excellence, as must be the case where a variety of talent is called into requisition; but still sustaining throughout a claim to a most liberal share of encomium. Brandard's productions are among the gems of the series. As specimens of art they would grace any portfolio; and as illustrations of Burns they must be welcome and valuable to every admirer of that gifted individual.

“*The Botanic Garden, or Magazine of Hardy Flower Plants cultivated in Great Britain;*” by B. Maund, F. L. S. London, Simpkin & Marshall. No. 117. (Bordered Edition.)

This unrivalled little series continues to put forth fresh proofs of un-decreasing excellence: the attractions naturally vary according to the specimens represented, but these are, in general, so admirably selected, that the eye is no less gratified than the understanding informed. The present number is one of more than ordinary interest, and the plates are, as usual, exquisitely executed and coloured. The first is the “*Rosa centifolia*,” or “variegated Provence Rose,” otherwise, and, we think, poetically, entitled the “Village Maid;” this is pleasingly contrasted by a branch of that very beautiful plant, the “*Hyssopus Orientalis*,” probably the “Hyssop that springeth out of the wall;” the sapphire flowers of this picturesque little shrub give an air of singular vivacity to the stem; the “*Leptostelma maxima*,” with its silver-rayed ægis of gold, follows up in due order, and “*Campbell’s Hybrid Foxglove*,” a rich yet delicate variation of the *Digitalis*, completes the regular number of plates. The descriptive accounts are satisfactory and of general interest; and the “auctarium,” of which there are two pages *gratuitously* attached to each number, embodies a mass of most valuable information, practically available to the horticulturist. The portion in the number before us contains some highly important remarks on that destructive malady the “bark-binding” of trees; “*decortication*,” the remedy, is, also, very luminously touched upon. As an assistant to the botanical student, or a present to a fair friend, who, (as all ladies do) looks upon flowers with a favorable eye and “in trim gardens takes her pleasure,” the “bordered edition” of this work must supersede every similar publication, in the opinion of taste. It is indeed worthy of royal patronage.

“*Sportsman preparing;*” and “*Sportsman’s Visit;*” engraved by G. and C. Hunt, from E. F. Lambert. London, John Moore, 1, West Street, Upper St. Martin’s Lane.

Pleasing companions, in colours, well-calculated for the eye of the amateur of field-sports, to whom we recommend them with cordiality, at this àpropos period when

—“Westlin winds and slaughter’ring guns  
Bring autumn’s pleasant weather.”

They have the peculiar merit of being correctly and agreeably designed and cleverly executed. Framed and glazed they are handsome parlour embellishments. The illustrative verses are by Moncrieff of dramatic celebrity.

“*Shooting.*” Four plates. From original paintings by S. J. Jones. Moore, West Street.

Spiritedly engraved, richly coloured, and most particularly attractive: these are, indeed, among the choicest and most tempting ornaments for the porte-feuille or the chimney piece of the sportsman, which the active and liberal publisher is perpetually bringing forward.

“*Etching and Engraving on Marble.*”

We have been gratified with a view of two singular specimens of a curious variety of lithograph not generally practised; indeed, we believe, but very partially known. They are impressions from *blocks of marble*, on which the design has been carefully drawn, and the spaces surrounding the lines corroded away, or ultimately removed with the graver: the prints are struck from the surface in the manner of the letter-press prints of the early engravers. The effect strikingly resembles that of the clear and spirited wood-cuts of the Germans, having nothing of that similitude to chalk-drawing by which the common lithograph is distinguished. The first is an equestrian sketch from a mutilated bas-relief in the Elgin collection; the figure is well drawn, and exhibits a masterly spirit; a short, tasteful, cross stroke is employed in the shadows, and, with the exception of a trifling hardness in parts of the outline similar to that inseparable from wood-engraving, the management of this novel experiment has been very successful.

The second is a subject of particular interest to the antiquarian, as commemorating one of those relics of antiquity which the improvements of modern days are progressively sweeping away; the east gate of the old weigh-house in Edinburgh, pulled down in August, 1822. The venerable gate, arched and enriched with the castellated arms of the city, with pillars formed of blocks of stone, square and oblong, placed alternately, is humourously adorned with the graphic advertisements of theatrical tumblers, and modern manufacturers of jet; one conspicuous bill bears the semblance of a rope dancer performing some extraordinary evolution; another, of more aspiring dimensions, discovers the familiar device of a man mowing down the stubble on his chin by the "bright bloom" of a boot illumined with that unsurpassable jet, which, like a second fountain of Helicon, has inspired the lucubrations of many a bard; and a third, a pithy placard prudentially pasted on high to screen it from the unhallowed fingers of juvenile depredators, laconically informs us of the bodily existence and calling of one "Peter Small-text," (otherwise, *weight*) "dealer in cheese!" Besides these important announcements, there are divers others which, confessing we have not eyes to decipher, we leave to the sharp-sightedness of those to whom spectacles and old age are a dream. The work of demolition has already commenced, and, on a dilapidated part of the building above, three or four labourers are busied with pickaxe and lever. The execution of this rare little print manifests remarkable taste; there is a spirit, and, withal, a delicacy in the touch which, united to an elaborate degree of detail, immediately reminds us of the small and beautiful wood-prints of the ancients. The marginal inscription we copy:—

"The East Gate of the old Weigh-house, Edinburgh. Pulled down, August, 1822."

"Drawn and executed on marble, by corroding and engraving away the interstices between the lines, and printed from the surface in the manner of types, at the common printing-press, in imitation of the crossed-wood engravings of the old masters. By Daniel Somerville, Edinburgh."

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## CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The New Statistical Account of Scotland, No. III.*, containing the county of Peebles complete, with Map, and part of the county of Lanark.\* August, 1834. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London.

It is at length generally allowed that the illustration of the parochial statistics of a country is important enough to claim the attention and study of every description of reading and thinking men. To the honour of Scotland, from whence, if the idea did not originate, the executive part was first given to the world, a most able work on the statistics of that portion of the country is now in a course of regular publication. Of the different parts already issued, the public have expressed a very favourable and encouraging opinion. We shall, therefore, devote some brief comments to a subject on which so much interest has been latterly excited.

The general and laudable desire of being useful has influenced the clergy without the smallest hope of reward, or the most distant idea of ambition—and their labours in this undertaking appear to have been highly beneficial and extensive. In ascertaining the gross amount of the agricultural produce of their parishes, they seem to have experienced the greatest difficulty, the ratio commonly understood to exist betwixt

\* By the Ministers of the respective Parishes, and under the superintendance of a Committee of the Society for the benefit of the Sons and Daughters of the Clergy.

produce and rent not having been always preserved; therefore their calculations of agricultural produce must be considered only an approximation to the absolute amount.

No statements of opinion on the debated questions of political economy—no reflections likely to prove offensive to individuals, societies, sects, or interests of any description, beyond what may be conveyed in the bare announcement of statistical facts, have been invited or encouraged by the committee superintending this great work of utility—and we do most sincerely hope that the path so ably chalked out will be made perfectly free from all obstructions.

The counties which are selected in this third number are Peeblesshire and Lanarkshire; and in the mode and form of classing the various subjects treated, there is much regularity and perspicuity. For instance—in each parish, under the heads Topography and Natural History, are methodically arranged “name and boundaries—topographical appearances—meteorology—hydrography—geology—zoology—minerals;” under that of Civil History—“historical notices—ecclesiastical history—land-owners—parochial registers—antiquities—modern buildings—eminent characters.” Then comes Population and Industry. Under the latter head are treated “agriculture and rural economy—plantations—husbandry—breeds and quantity of live stock—rent of land—rate of wages—improvements—manufactures—character and habits of the people.” To these succeed Parochial Economy, comprehending “town—roads and bridges—ecclesiastical state—education—library—friendly society—poor—inns, &c.—banks—fairs—fuel—prison—miscellaneous observations.”

Having thus explained the nature of this publication, we think it is unnecessary to make copious extracts in elucidation of our remarks. It is written in the style appropriate to the subject, and with a minuteness most commendable to the zeal and efficiency of the clerical contributors. The *utility* of such a work is too apparent to be overlooked—indeed from the imperfect sketch we have thus given, we are persuaded that very few persons will be found hardy enough to contest such a palpable conviction.

When to its usefulness is added the natural gratification which every rational person must derive by the perusal of a comprehensive history of the soil and civil institutions of the county in which he was born, and perhaps, educated, we are led to marvel that no general statistical description of the several counties in England has yet been submitted to public investigation. Surely such a chasm cannot be too soon filled up.

The name of statistics is so startling to some ears, and so dull to others, that, young persons in particular, are fearful of giving their attention to a pursuit which is so likely in their estimation to turn out unprofitable and stupid. We admonish all such to discard the repugnant impression from their minds, and to be assured from the testimony of the experienced, that the knowledge of the value and resources of our own country, in all their interesting varieties, is as superior to the works of the most elegant fiction, as the truth of nature is superior to the most exquisite specimens of art. The following brief extract from the delineation of the parish of Peebles will prove that all light and attractive matter is not banished from these important records:—

“*Peblis to the Play, &c.*—Peebles, though in former times celebrated for games and amusements, at which sovereigns presided, can now boast of no such diversions. ‘*Peblis to the Play*’ gives us a good specimen of former sports and pastimes. ‘It was composed,’ as a profound scholar, and good judge of early Scottish literature writes to me, ‘by James I., one of the most distinguished characters of the age in which he lived. It is written in the same stanzas as *Christ-kirk on the Grene*. Like that poem, it is descriptive of rustic merriment and of rustic quarrels, and it is conspicuous for the same rich vein of native humour. It was first published by



Pinkerton, and occurs in his select Scottish Ballads, vol. ii. Lond. 1783.' By a strange and unaccountable mistake which a perusal of one stanza of the poem would have corrected, Peblis to the Play has often been ascribed to Allan Ramsay, who, like Hercules of old, seems to have fathered all unappropriated prodigies. Connected with the locality of Peebles is another poem of merit though little known. 'From an edition which appeared at Edinburgh in 1603, Mr. Pinkerton has also published,' says the learned author of the Life of Buchanan, '*The Thrie Tales of the Thrie Priests of Peblis.*' These tales, with apparent propriety, have been referred to the reign of James III. Many of the allusions are completely applicable to the conduct of that deluded prince. King James, it will be necessary to recollect, was slain in the year 1488; and the style of the poem does not seem of a modern cast. 'The three priests of Peebles having met on St. Bride's day for the purpose of regaling themselves, agree that each in his turn shall endeavour to entertain the rest by relating some story. They acquit themselves with sufficient propriety. The tales are of a moral tendency, but at the same time are free from the dulness which so frequently infests the preceptive compositions of our earlier poets.\*' The earliest edition that has been traced of this curious poem was 'imprinted at Edinburgh by Robert Charteris,' 1603, 4to. It is a book of great rarity, and probably not more than one copy exists."

However pressed we may be for room, we must yet give another short quotation to enable our readers to judge of the style and method of the work in question. For this purpose we select the article "Parochial Economy," as connected with the town of Peebles.

"Peebles, the capital of the county, and the seat of the presbytery, is situated on the north side of the Tweed, in latitude 55° 38' 40", and 3° 6' west longitude, the meridian of Edinburgh passing through the town. It is 21 miles south from Edinburgh, 22 from Selkirk, and 54 from Glasgow. The town is divided into the Old and New, the former standing on a high ridge of ground, with the Tweed forming the southern boundary; and extending to the east on a lower tract of ground; it is bounded by the Eddlestone or Peebles water. The New town, with the exception of a few paltry houses on the south side of the Tweed, lies in a peninsula formed by that river and the Eddlestone water. This water runs in almost an opposite direction to the Tweed, and falls into it, contrary to the course of most rivers, forming an acute angle, with the apex pointing up the stream. The New town presents the strange anomaly of being bounded on the south by a river running due east, and on the north by another river running due west.

"The burgh of Peebles, till the passing of the bill which altered the representative system, joined with Selkirk, Linlithgow, and Lanark, in returning a member of Parliament. It was then thrown into the county. The town-council consists of a provost, two bailies, a dean of guild and treasurer, with twelve councillors. The number of electors amounts to about 94. The revenues of the burgh amount to about £643, from the following sources:—

|                                 |                |    |    |
|---------------------------------|----------------|----|----|
| Rents of lands.....             | £333           | 2  | 6½ |
| Rents of mills, houses, &c..... | 168            | 14 | 2  |
| Customs, &c.....                | 120            | 5  | 0  |
| Feu-duties.....                 | 10             | 9  | 8½ |
| Interest on fences, &c.....     | 10             | 17 | 9½ |
|                                 | -----£643 9 2½ |    |    |

"The amount of debt in October 1833 was £5426. 2s. 5d. The income at present is more than sufficient for all expenses, and even for discharging part of the debt. The town is very well supplied with water, and lighted with gas from the burgh funds. The weekly market for grain in bulk has within these few years been revived, and the magistrates, with a becoming liberality to encourage the farmers to bring their grain, make no demand for customs."

These we acknowledge to be insufficient extracts whereby to judge of the entire merits of the publication. To bring to view a single brick as a specimen of an entire building is certainly not the way by which a splendid edifice can be estimated; but it may in this instance be taken as a sample of the matter and style; and sorry we are that our citations, by necessity, should be so incomplete.

\* Irving's Lives of the Early Scottish Poets, Vol. i. p. 372.

*The Springs of Plynlmmon*, and other works, by the Rev. Luke Booker,  
LL. D. F. R. S. L.

As it is probable that comparatively few of our readers are aware of the multifarious complexion of the works of the Rev. Divine, for whom we entertain the highest respect, we shall, perhaps, be doing them a service by giving the subjoined enumeration. In this article, we do not intend to canvass the merits of Dr. Booker as a controversialist and divine, our object being only to consider him in the light of a bard, and discuss the manner in which he has handled the "living lyre." We will, however, first glance over the list of works published by our author, the "principal of which are," as announced at the end of the "Springs of Plynlmmon," as follows:—

Sermons, in 3 vols. large 8vo.—Illustrations of the Litany and Lord's Prayer, 1 vol. 8vo.—Admonitory Prayers, for Families and Individuals, 8vo.—The Church of England. "The Ground and Pillar of Truth." Two Sermons—Suggestions for a Candid Revisal of the Liturgy—Plentiful Harvests Motives for National Gratitude—The Cause and Cure of National Distress. [We are afraid this work has been overlooked by the political economists of the day.]—Euthanasia: the State of Man after Death—A Descriptive and Historical Account of Dudley Castle—Letters on Malvern—Malvern, a *descriptive* Poem—The Hop Garden, a *didactic* Poem—Calista, a *moral* Poem—Poems descriptive of Himley—Tributes to the Dead: Epitaphs—The Champion of Cyrus, a Moral Drama—Poems applicable to Persons of various Professions—Last, but not least, the Springs of Plynlmmon, a Poem, with *copious* Notes, descriptive of scenery and circumstances connected with the Severn, the Wye, and three Minor Rivers, which emanate from that noble mountain.

We must pass over the early poetic productions of the worthy Doctor, and speed to the Springs of Plynlmmon—having first torn ourselves from

———— "Women beautiful and men  
Worthy each fertile plain and glen." (Page 3.)

Whether our author really mounted the summit of Plynlmmon, or whether he wisely preferred the safer position at its foot, we hardly presume to say; we cannot help half suspecting he was contented with the latter station, for he does not expatiate on the glories of the prospect, as we might have expected, attempts no exalted flight, but looks only to security and *terra firma*,—however, judge, reader, and mark the following sketch of this wild but noble mountain—

"Nor wish I, Snowdon! on thy peak,  
Or Idris summit fame to seek;  
But, with her, o'er Plynlmmon stray:—  
He and his springs, then, be my lay.  
Yonder, the Monarch sole he seems  
Mid lesser hills. With solar beams  
His head is crown'd; which now he rears  
To the dense clouds and disappears,—  
Save, at the footstool of his throne,  
Where his *stupendous base* is shown."

Having arrived at the "stupendous base" of Plynlmmon, the Doctor conducts us no farther, and we are permitted to flounder through moss and bog, morass, ravine, mud, and water, till we reach the "Springs of Plynlmmon." Well, and what then? Why in good sooth we must—"Go back again." Our worthy author, having sought for a

legend on which to found his poem, is fortunate enough to obtain one for his purpose, though almost as old as the creation.

The legend chosen for the occasion is, that the Wye, the Rhyddol, the Severn, and two minor rivers, all rising from the "Springs of Plynlimmon,"

"A frolic-journey, wild and free,  
Would take to their great Sire, the Sea."

As the rivers in question actually *do* flow to the sea, "the legend" does not draw very largely upon our credulity. We must decline following the sportive gambols of Mesdames Vaga, Rhyddol, and Co., and take our course by the Severn, which promises in due time to carry us safe to the head quarters of "The Analyst" with our critique. Simple as the legend appears, however, it soon involves the Doctor in difficulties, because he of course jounies with the stream, describing things as they then appeared, or ought to have appeared; but he seems completely puzzled at what point of time to date his journey, and thereby throws a cloud of confusion over the scene. Thus when the Severn and the Doctor come together in view of the Brythen hills, he exclaims—

"On whose high peak, a column grand  
She knew, in future time, would stand,  
Where England's naval heroes bold  
And Rodney chief, would be enroll'd."

How she (the Severn) obtained this information the Doctor does not reveal; but Sabrina appears ignorant of subjects well known at the present day, and is entirely silent on the secrets of geology as to the rise of mountains, the first flow of rivers, depositions of the older strata, &c. The result, therefore, of this mighty legend amounts to nothing more than a jaunt down the stream in the present day.

The banks of the Severn undoubtedly present some fine materials for a genuine poet, and the scenery it presents—the wild chilling moors of Plynlimmon—the romantic glen near Llanidloes—the beauties of the plain of Salop backed by the lone pharos of the Wrekin—Coalbrookdale, where the Severn is engulfed almost and lost among the limestone rocks—the sweet scenery of Apley—the rugged sandstone rocks of Bridgnorth, and Blackstone below Bewdley—and the river gliding through the richest flowery meadows till she comes in sight of Worcester, might, surely, awaken some enthusiasm. Thus had Dr. Booker, in his own capacity as a bard, taken a rapid though poetic glance at the scenery of the Severn, and the associations arising from it, he might have, perhaps, produced a poem not unequal in pathos and descriptive powers to the best parts of his "Malvern;" but chained to the "legend," all is involved in obscurity, and we can neither tell where we are or what we are about. Fancy the Severn taking its legendary journey some 4000 years ago, when all was silence and solitary desolation on its banks (if it then had any), and making the following observation on the individual who was to reside at Areley Hall in A. D. 1833.

"Then Areley's lawns Sabrina pass'd—  
But not till upward gaze she cast,  
To note the seat whose charms refin'd  
Would a Valentinia's gifted mind  
Induce to bring a treasur'd store  
Of nature's gems—of Persia's lore,  
To gratify the curious sight,  
And give to science new delight." (P. 31.)

We have no objection to the compliment to Lord Valentia (Sabrina should have recollected he is now Earl of Mountnorris), but why not have prophecied the establishment of "The Analyst" in Worcester, in 1834, a subject of vital importance sufficient to have justified the outpourings of the river at the period in question, and of more real consequence to the community than all the "gems" brought by his Lordship from Persia.

The Doctor hurries the river on past Bewdley and Stourport, to "Vigornia fair," and carries us up the Teme *nolens volens* into Radnorshire, almost in sight of Plynlimmon again! There is an old familiar rhyme celebrating some tutor, who, it is said, flogged his scholars

"Out of France into Spain,  
And then he flogged them *back again*."

The Doctor serves the unfortunate companions of his pilgrimage in a similar way, and has hardly got them *up* the river, before he hurries them *down* again. Our author informs us in his preface that he is a great lover of "legendary lore," and indeed he need not have made the statement, for the fact soon unfolds itself, and before we have escaped from one legend, we find ourselves engulfed in the jaws of another. This latter is the celebrated local legend of

#### ST. CATHERINE'S MARE AND COLT

Near Knightsford bridge a rivulet called Sapey brook (Dr. Booker says he gave it the name of *Delamere*, nevertheless still *vulgo* Sapey brook), flows into the Teme. Its course from Upper Sapey, through Lower Sapey to Tedstone, is strewn with blocks of sandstone, several of which bear upon them circular and semi-circular depressions in the stone, which the rustics allege are indentions made by a mare and colt stolen from St. Catherine, when she resided at Sapey, which said mare and colt being conducted down the bed of the brook by the robbers, to avoid detection, St. Catherine prayed they might leave their marks upon the stones wherever they trod. Presto! no sooner said than done, the tracks appeared, and hastening after them down the brook, the mare and colt were discovered to the great joy of St. Catherine. But let the poet narrate the case himself—

"A pious maiden with her sire  
Heedless of peril, toil, and *mirè*,  
Pursued the robbers, tracing plain  
The footmarks fresh through field and lane,  
Till, on the brook's smooth fording side,  
These marks more plain were soon espied;  
While on the further brink were none.  
The maiden then this orison  
Pour'd forth to heaven, in lowly guise,  
*Faith beaming from her upcast eyes*:  
'O Thou! who to the good art kind,  
Grant we our plunder'd own may find.'  
Then down the stream their course they bent,—  
Its aid, the clear stream gladly lent;  
And show'd in many a shallow place,  
The marks by which pursuit could trace,  
The fav'rite pad, and filly too,  
That yet had never worn a shoe.  
These, with the robber soon they found;  
And fast with cords, the culprit bound,  
Near Hoar-Stone's rocks which tow'r sublime,  
And frown'd on such a *heinous crime*." (P. 40.)

Here we have an every-day case of horse-stealing spun out into thirty-two 'couplets of rhyme, and dignified by the appellation of a—

————— “ *Strange event in olden day,  
When some nocturnal robber stole  
From pasture green a mare and foal.*” (!)

Floating down the stream we now get into the Severn once more, when the Rhyd stops us for a moment, and the Doctor whispers the river not to forget Sir Anthony, and she takes the hint—

“ Yet she her current turn'd aside  
To where a Lechmere would abide  
On fertile Rhyd's commanding brow—  
Lechmere, the patron of the plough.”

Having thus “ turned aside,” the river sullenly and silently rolls on to Tewkesbury, and pursues her career to the ocean.

We shall leave Vaga and the other “ minor rivers” to proceed in their course, a host of notes, more bulky than the poetry itself, requiring a passing notice. As the postscript to a letter sometimes contains the only important intelligence, so the “ notes” to the “ Springs of Plynllymmon” are far more entertaining and agreeable than the “ springs” themselves. In fact, as a descriptive and topographical writer, we scarcely know a more instructive guide than Dr. Booker, and he does not consult his own good fame in attempting a poem in the octosyllabic couplet. When he employs blank verse he is more at home, and we then see the good vicar walking solemnly in his canonicals respected by all. We extract from the notes the following

#### ADVENTURE ON THE BLACK MOUNTAIN.

“ The thunder storm described in the poem (p. 152) was witnessed with delight from the apex of the mountain, where in bright sunshine, myself and a friend remained on our horses some time, surveying the progress of the storm far beneath us. Perceiving, at last, it was advancing towards us, we galloped to a large heap of cut peat; and instantly alighting, giving the horses in charge to a servant, set about rearing a cove, five or six feet high, with the large masses of peat. This done, we took off the saddles and sat upon them, with *our backs to the coming storm*, drawing the horses as close to us as possible by their bridles. Thus we were sheltered: but not so our steeds, which the storm, attended by a furious wind (following a dead calm), assailed most violently, driving hailstones and rain in their faces, attended by lightning and immediate thunder, the most terrific I ever knew. Affrighted, they pulled us from our seats; when we were constrained to let them go, with their bridles in disorder. Away they scampered, over the wide range of uninclosed mountain, whither we knew not, till we heard them neighing in the direction of Llantony Abbey, whence they had just before carried us in their peregrinations. With them, the storm also took its departure; and the saddles we conveyed, as well as we could, toward them; but not till again we had surveyed the magnificent prospect with which we were surrounded, left illuminated on all sides with the brightest sunshine,—many objects then distinctly appearing in the glorious landscape, which before were invisible. My own horse, a petted animal, knowing *his* name and *my* voice, on my calling him aloud, as we proceeded, soon came joyously towards me; when having secured *him*, he, by his neighing, served as a decoy to the others, who surrendered themselves with broken bridles to our guidance; so that the incident, upon the whole, was neither disastrous nor unpleasing.”

It must be admitted that our author wanders about rather freely in his notes, breaking loose like his own horse, and giving long extracts from Milton's *Comus*, his own “ *Malvern*,” &c.; but this is all done in such an apparent amiable, simple spirit, that we can scarcely complain. The

Doctor tells us, with an excusable pride, that a bold convex terrace at Malvern is now called "Booker's Mount," from the partiality displayed by himself for this particular spot in his poem. In adverting to his friend Jenner, Dr. Booker manifests a disposition to take up the cudgels against Malthus, and quotes Proverbs xiv. 28, against him and the political economists, who think "mankind have multiplied *too much* upon the face of the earth." A variety of other miscellanea appear on the origin of Sunday schools—size of trees—a new "Man of Ross"—height of St. Andrew's spire, Worcester (which the Doctor *says* is the "loftiest in Europe for the base on which it stands;")—Fair Rosamond—Ostorius Scapula—the Goodwin Sands, &c. &c. for which we refer our readers to the book, consisting of 63 pages of octosyllabic rhymes, and 91 pages of notes.

Having once got into the water, Dr. Booker appears very unwilling to quit the element, but invokes the aid of Taliesin, the Welsh bard, in a concluding page, to keep him and his poem "afloat." Whether, as he infers, his present work will be "kept from perishing," as the infant Taliesin was when exposed to "the uncertain fate of public opinion," is more than we dare venture to predict; for we greatly fear that, in spite of his invocation, some of the sheets will ultimately be used to line those very useful articles called trunks.

*A Dictionary of Terms employed by the French in Anatomy, &c. &c.*  
Part I. By Shirley Palmer, M. D.: Birmingham.

This work, the author states, "was undertaken with a view of facilitating the perusal of French and German Literature to the Medical Student or Practitioner;" a design which every one must admit to be most laudable, and, if executed with ability, will prove a very useful companion in our medical libraries, as it will supply a deficiency which most have been too much felt by all who are studious of the literature of the "healing art."

Judging from the specimen we have before us, we are inclined to think the work will fully answer the object its author has in view; it is executed with much talent, and bears marks of great industry and research. We will lay before our readers two examples taken at hazard.

"ASPHYXIE, s. f.,—*ασφυξία* (*α* priv., *σφυξις*, pulse),—asphyxia, f. L.,—pulslosigkeit, f., scheintod, m. G. The term, *Asphyxia*, was long employed by pathologists, as its etymology indicates, to designate *suppression* of the *pulse*—*suspension* of the *circulation*. But it is now commonly understood to signify suspension of all the vital phenomena by causes which operate exclusively, or at least specially, upon the respiratory organs. Asphyxia may be referred to three principal sources: exclusion of air from the lungs, as in strangulation; introduction of air into them, unfit for respiration; and of air possessing deleterious qualities. Each of these species present several varieties, with phenomena modified by the peculiar causes from which they have resulted. ASPHYXIE, adj.,—*ασφυκτος*,—asphycticus,—asphyktisch, scheintodt, ohne pulsschlag,—asphyxiated, in a state of apparent death, without pulsation. ASPHYXIER, v. a., to produce a state of *Asphyxia*."

"CŒUR, s. m.,—*καρδία*,—cor, n. L.,—herz, n. G.,—heart: in Comparative Anatomy, a muscular organ consisting, in Man, the inferior *Mammifera*, and Birds, of four distinct cavities: two *Auricles*,—see OREILLETE; the *right*, receiving the blood from all parts of the system, by the *venæ cavæ*; the *left*, from the lungs, by the pulmonary veins: and two *Ventricles*,—see VENTRICULE; the *right*, propelling the blood to the lungs, by the pulmonary artery; the *left*, to the general system, by the aorta. Thus, the heart, constituted, in all these animals, of a pulmonary and aortic portion,—each comprizing an auricle and ventricle, is said to be *double*; and performs a *double pulmonary* and a *systemic*—circulation. In

some *Chelonian* and *Saurian Reptiles*,—as the Turtle and Crocodile, the heart consists of two *auricles*; one, destined for the reception of the venous or carbonized blood from the system; the other, of the arterial or decarbonized fluid from the lungs,—hence respectively corresponding to the pulmonary, and aortic or systemic, auricles of the higher animals: and of two *ventricles*, so disposed as to constitute, in fact, but one cavity; from the pulmonary portion of which, all the arterial trunks of the organ emanate. The *Batraciens*, F. exhibit only a single auricle and ventricle; presiding, however, over a double circulation. One auricle and one ventricle exist, also, in *Fishes*; they execute merely a *branchial* circulation; which corresponds with the *pulmonary*, of the preceding classes. Thus far, as regards the great order of circulation in the *Vertebrated* animals.”

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## FOREIGN CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Congrès scientifiques de France—Première session tenue à Caen en Juillet, 1833.*

Our readers have already been made acquainted with the learned meetings held annually in Germany, and on the plan of which our own British Association has been modelled. In France, too, a meeting of this kind took place last year, of which the book whose title we have quoted above gives an account.

Although it would be unreasonable to expect complete success in a first attempt of this nature, and to judge of future excellency by an imperfect commencement, yet we may, without hesitation, predict that these Gallic meetings will widely depart in their character from those of Germany and England, at which we ought not to be surprised when we consider the diversity of our national character.

That which immediately arrests attention is the appellation of Congress, with which they have denominated these meetings, as if they intended to oppose these peaceable and scientific meetings to the political and diplomatic *rendezvous*, which so greatly influence the weal or woe of nations. Already this learned Congress appears desirous of not remaining without influence on the social welfare of nations. It is by such features that the French meetings will be conspicuously distinguished from those of Germany and Britain, where learned societies are not permitted to overstep the modest boundaries assigned to scientific pursuits, and to extend themselves into the territories of active life. A learned meeting which should direct its views to social ameliorations would justly incur general censure for so widely departing from its purposes, whilst the most influential among the learned and scientific would not delay in withdrawing their countenance from it. But it is otherwise in France—both the Government and all classes of the people do not deem it inconsistent, that on every occasion some attention at least should be paid to public transactions, some effort be made to discover abuses, and ameliorate whatever exists. Accordingly, it is not much to be wondered, that at this Congress so many proposals, suggestions, and wishes should have been advanced in learned essays, of which *we* should never dream.

Monsieur Caumont, of Caen, who devotes much of his time to Natural History and Antiquities, and is accordingly a member both of the Linnæan and Antiquarian Societies of that city, together with some scientific gentlemen of the provinces, first established this Congress in July, 1833, having invited thereto the learned and scientific of France and foreign countries. Above a hundred persons met, among

whom there were a few from Paris, but no Academicians. From the provinces many attended.

The more than usual number of speeches having been duly delivered, the meeting proceeded to the election of officers and the appointment of committees of—1. Natural History; 2. Natural Philosophy, Mathematics, and Agriculture; 3. Medicine; 4. Antiquities and History; 5. Literature and the Fine Arts; 6. Political Economy. The space we usually assign to subjects of this description will not allow us to go seriatim through the several subjects discussed in learned dissertations. The inquisitive reader will find them all in the work itself, to the number of 35. A few instances will, however, suffice to bear us out in our observations on the political tendencies of these French meetings. It was suggested that the *attention of the Government*, as well as of learned bodies, should be called to the neglected condition of the breed of cattle. A medical man of the name of Lafosse proposed that in order to eradicate the race of “Charlatans,” medical men should form a guild; but this proposition met with an indifferent reception, from the horror the French entertain for all corporations. In the same paper the Government was *censured* because it did not, after the cholera had ceased, call upon the profession to publish the remedies which had been found more or less, or not at all, efficacious. For the forwarding of Archaeology, the Government should transplant from the provinces to the capital ingenious youths to pursue the study of public muniments. The advancement of belles-lettres being also an object of this meeting, there was no deficiency either of poets or poems; but the object of human inquiry, which appears to have been most inviting, was the “*Economie Sociale*,” by which, we presume, political economy is to be understood. A Monsieur Jules Lechevalier proposed that the Congress should take into its serious consideration the question of free trade and rail-roads—in fact, every branch of commerce received from these acute philosophers the consideration it deserved—colonization, the establishment of country banks, companies for bringing into cultivation lands which no plough had ever up-turned, institutions to promote arts and trades, with many &c. &c. We cannot forbear noticing a circumstance showing that the characteristic gallantry of the French displays itself no less at a learned Congress than in a drawing-room. A Madame Cauvin was present at this meeting, and read a paper on botany.

*Nouvelle Histoire de France depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à la révolution de Juillet.*

The prospectus states “the Chronicles of St. Denis formed the groundwork of the first history of France, by Robert Goguin, after whom appeared Nicolle Gilles, and to him succeeded Belle-forêt, Duhaillau, Mezéray, Velly, and Anquetil.” These historians, as they follow each other in regular succession, display features degenerate, deceptive, and colourless, just in proportion as they have deviated from the common parent. The present undertaking promises to disinter [*exhumer*] not create history—to view the passed with the eyes of a contemporary, not with those of a modern. These magnificent expectations are to be fulfilled under the direction of a certain Monsieur Henri Martin, who has been preparing himself, says the prospectus, for the arduous task by the composition of historical romances. Now to us it appears that this species of preparation is not exactly that which would form an historian. The approaching publication of this work has been trumpeted forth in a style of extravagance and pretension, which excite some misgivings as to the excellency of its execution.



*Parallèle des principales Résidences des Souverains d'Europe*, by Percier and Fontaine, is a work highly important and interesting to architects. We extract from it the following story of Napoleon relating to the statue and inscription of the triumphal arch on the Place de Caroussel. This monument of the Emperor's victories was nearly completed in the month of August, 1808, on his first return from Spain; some scaffolding and pieces of canvass concealed part of the edifice from the inquisitive eye. Observing this unsightly appearance from one of the windows of the Palace, Napoleon inquired when it would be removed? in a short time, replied Fleurier, Intendant General of the Imperial Household, as the statue of your Majesty, which the Director of the Museum has ordered, is nearly finished. What do you mean, said the Emperor; I have never desired or ordered that a statue of me should become a principal object of the monument which I have erected at my private expense to the fame of an army which I have had the honor of commanding. My person may appear in the representation of a deed of arms in which I have shared—this is reasonable—but it would be highly unseemly to arrogate to myself the honor of an apotheosis, or allow it to be conferred on occasion of a public monument. If the statue be already erected, I desire that it be taken down, and if nothing better can be found to fill up its place, let it remain empty. The will of the Emperor was obeyed, and the statue deposed. The inscriptions which it was proposed to affix to this monument afforded Napoleon another opportunity of developing his views in a manner still more decidedly. Two Latin and two French inscriptions had been prepared by the Institute during the Emperor's absence in his German campaign of 1809, and sent to him for his approbation.

A Napoléon, Empereur et Roi, toujours victorieux, et à la grande armée, qui sous ses ordres, dans la campagne de 1805, vainquit à Ulm, prit Vienne, et détruisit à Austerlitz les forces combinées de l'ennemi.

Napoléo. Aug. Germ. exercitibus hostium deletis, Vindobona in deditionem accepta, terris a Rheno ad Marum trimestri spatio subactis, victoriae monumentum dicavit anno. 1809.

Dans l'espace de cent jours, 26 villes, 203 drapeaux, 2319 canons, 49 généraux, 88,000 soldats ont été pris à l'ennemi; par la paix dictée à Presbourg 6 provinces ont agrandi le royaume d'Italie et les états alliés de la France.

Captis urbibus atque oppidis 26, vixillis 203, tormentis exære ferroque 2319, hostium ducibus captivis 49, hominum millibus 88, bello intra dies centum confecto pacis leges Posonii dictæ, 27 December, 1805, Veneti, Dalmatæ, Rhæti, Germani, cis Aenum ab imperio Austriaco abscedunt, sociis adtribuntur.

Napoleon dictated to Marshal Duroc the following answer:—"The French language is the most cultivated of modern languages, and more settled and better known than the dead languages; none other need, therefore, be employed in the inscription for the triumphal arch. To what purpose is the title of Augustus and Germanicus given to the Emperor Napoleon. Augustus never gained but the single battle of Actium, and his misfortunes only obtained for Germanicus the sympathy of Rome. There is nothing enviable in the destiny of the Roman Emperors. What dreadful recollections are connected with the names of Tiberius, Nero, Caligula, Domitian, and all those chiefs who, having obtained their sway without inheritance and legitimate rights, and committed so many deeds of horror, plunged Rome in inextricable calamities. The only man who shone conspicuously by his own character and great achievements, was not an Emperor—it was Cæsar. If the Emperor's name is to be inscribed on the monument, neither that of Augustus nor of Germanicus must be placed by its side. We can allow of no com-

parison with the Emperor of the French." These observations were considered as an absolute rejection of the proposed inscription. The Institute altered its labours, the architects hesitated, events hastened apace, and thus it happened, that when the Allies entered Paris they found the triumphal arch without any inscription.

*Le Caméléon, Journal non politique; Paraissant tous les Samedis.* Paris, Jules Didot l'aîné, Boulevard d'enfer. Londres, H. Hooper, Pall-Mall East. 1834.

A very desirable accession to the cheap literature of the day, and chiefly designed to familiarise the youthful reader with the idiomatic forms of the language. It presents an agreeable and instructive half-sheet, is exceedingly amusing, and on the whole, well selected; the style of the articles being so simple and unaffected that one but little skilled in French may peruse it with facility. Sketches of Parisian society, historical and biographical outlines, gleanings in natural history, anecdotes, brief tales, illustrative of some moral or maxim, poetry, &c. &c., constitute the attractions of its pages. The numbers which we have seen have given us much pleasure, and we recommend the "*Caméléon*" to the patronage of our young friends; for the satisfaction of their guardians, M. Barbieux, the editor, pledges himself for the scrupulous selection of matter. We might, however, suggest to the Professor, that in a periodical destined for circulation principally in a Protestant country, subjects less glowingly descriptive of Catholic ceremonies than "*Le Mendiant*," would be more in conformity with the interests of the undertaking. At least such is our impression. Again, we would recommend the omission of all *malicious* little witticisms, such as "*Les deux Magots*:" an unaniabable propensity to satire—a desire to be "*smart*" at the expense of another, may, unconsciously, be matured and encouraged by the perusal of such *jeux d'esprit*; and surely nothing can be more ungraceful and disagreeable than a child setting itself up as a *wit*, and lipping pert "*pleasantries*" on its companions, or probably its elders. Are we too fastidious?

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS,

*From August 15 to Sept. 15.*

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| Album Wreath, new series, 4to, 31s roan.  | Boase's (Dr.) Treatise on Primary Geology, 8vo, 12s.   |
| Allan's (R.) Manual of Mineralogy, 8vo, 10s 6d.                                   | Bourchier's (W.) Narrative of a Passage from Bombay to England, 12mo, 5s.                          |
| Anderson's (G. and P.) Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, 12mo, 16s. | Bourne's (Mrs.) Pearls of Sacred Poetry, 32mo, 2s 6d.  |
| Archbold's Amendment of the Poor Laws, 12mo, 5s.                                  | Brooks' Daily Monitor, 8vo, 7s.  |
| Bailey's Selections from Ovid's Metamorphoses and Epistles, 12mo, 5s bd.          | Browning's (G.) Political and Domestic Condition of Great Britain, 8vo, 16s.                       |
| Bancroft's History of the U. States, Vol. 1, 8vo, 14s.                            | Clarke (T. H.) on the Architecture, &c. of Eastbury, Essex, imp. 4to, 42s.—India 63s.              |
| Bardwell's Memoir of the Rev. Gordon Hall, 12mo, 3s 6d.                           | Court of Sigismund Augustus; or, Poland in the 16th Century, a Novel, 3 vols, post 8vo, 1l 11s 6d. |
| Bayley's (W.) Practice of the Courts of Common Law in Civil Actions, 10s.         | Cox's (F. A.) Memoirs of the Rev. W. H. Angas, 12mo, 4s.   |
| Beck's (Dr. E.) Treatise on Leprosy, 8vo, 7s 6d.                                  | Crutwell's Atlas, 4to, 16s.  |
| Beltz's (G. F.) Review of the Chandos Peerage Case, 8vo, 10s 6d.                  | Cumming's (J.) Psalms of David, (Scotch Version, with Notes,) 12mo, 6s.                            |
| Beresford's Second Letter to C. E. Long, 8vo, 4s.                                 | Dalton's (J.) Meteorological Observations and Essays, 8vo, 6s.                                     |

- De Crequy's Recollections of the 18th Century, 2 vols, 8vo, 21s.
- Delille's French Class Book, 12mo, 5s 6d.
- Dwight's Father's Book, 18mo, 2s 6d.
- Fourteen Sermons on the Lord's Supper, &c. 12mo, 3s.
- Gale's (P.) Inquiry into the Ancient Corporate System of Ireland, post 8vo, 12s.
- Galt's (John) Literary Life and Unpublished Miscellanies, 3 vols, post 8vo, 31s 6d.
- Greek Authors, for the Use of Schools, 12mo, 3s 6d.
- Gutzlaff's (Chas.) History of China, 2 vols. 8vo, 28s.
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- Agassiz, Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles, liv. 2, 11. 10s.
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- Gehler, Physikalisches Wörterbuch, Vol. 7, part 2, 8vo. 16s.
- Geijer, Geschichte Schwedens Vol. 2, 8vo. 10s.
- Grunert, Lehrbuch der Mathematik, 2 vol. 3vo. 6s.
- Hoffman, Die Altherthumswissenschaft, part 2, 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- Hübener, Hepaticologia Germanica, 8vo. 10s.
- Lappenberg, Geschichte von England, Vol. 1, 8vo. 18s.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &amp;c.

Mr. Pryse L. Gordon will shortly publish Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Belgium and Holland, from their Union in 1814, to their Separation in 1830; with Details of the Revolution, and a View of Society and Manners.

Mr. Britton, F. S. A., &c., is preparing for publication, Illustrations, with a topographical and descriptive Account of Cassiobury Park, Herts, the seat of the Earl of Essex; and the impression is to be limited to 150 Copies.

In the Royal Press at Paris, there is now in course of publication, by order of the King, "Notice et extraits des Manuscrits Italiens de Bibliothèque de Roi," edited by Dr. Marsand, emeritus professor of the University of Padua.

Count Wackerbarth has issued a prospectus of his new Work now in the press, entitled the History of the British Isles, from the remotest times to the arrival of the Saxons.

The Oriental Annual for 1835 is announced for publication on the 14th of October.

The Geographical Annual for 1835 will comprise, in addition to its Engravings, a compendious Universal Gazetteer.

In the press, Illustrations of the History

of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries; translated from the German of Frederick von Raumer. Part I. Germany, Denmark, Spain, the Netherlands, and France.

Mr. Woronzow Greig, Barrister, M. A. F. R. S., is preparing a work on the Moral Statistics of Great Britain.

Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, has found in his researches, a portrait of Luther, in wood, and coloured. It appears to have been sent to England soon after that great Reformer's death, in 1546; and represents him seated in his study, with a skull resting on a Bible before him, and a small clasped book in one hand, an hour glass, and pen and ink are on either side, and a German poem beneath, which amplified the famous prophecy against the Pope.

M. Siebold, the Dutch traveller in Japan, has commenced the publication of a Fauna of that country, in which he is assisted by the celebrated naturalists, MM. Temminck, Schlegel, and Hahn; two livraisons of which have appeared, one on the Chelonians, and another on the Crustacées.

M. Fischer, a Dutch traveller, is preparing an Account of Japan, from the observations made by him during a residence of many years in that remarkable country.

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ON THE PROBABLE FUTURE EXTENSION OF THE COAL-FIELDS AT PRESENT WORKED IN ENGLAND. BY THE REV. W. D. CONYBEARE, M.A., F.R.S.—The boundaries of the Dudley field can hardly yet be considered as accurately ascertained. The anticlinal ridge of transition limestone of Dudley throws up the beds which crop out all round it; and as on the eastern edge of the field near Walsall, the same transition limestone again emerges, we may consider the coal-measures around Bilston as lying in a trough between these points. I do not find any account of the exact limits of this trough on the N.W. border from the Dudley limestone range to Cannock, at the northern apex, or on the N.E. from Cannock to Walsall; but I rather believe that the beds crop out in these directions; so that we cannot in these quarters look for any probable extension. Not so, however, with regard to that portion of the coal-field which, ranging beneath the overlying basalt of the Rowley Hills, extends to the west and south-west of Dudley: here from Wolverhampton to Stourbridge the beds dip beneath the new red sandstone in a westerly direction, and pursuing that course about 10 miles we see the coal-measures again emerging from beneath this investiture around Over Arley in Shropshire, *The western border of this Dudley field, and the eastern border of corresponding Shropshire fields ought to be carefully examined, as it seems very probable that the strata may here extend continuously within workable depth.*—The indications of coal at the foot of the Bromsgrove Lickey are so exceedingly shattered and disturbed as to afford very little prospect of leading into any valuable districts.

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A French Finance Minister was wont to relate that he possessed in his office hundreds of projects to increase the wealth of the nation, which had been sent to him by some of the cleverest men. These he had arranged and subscribed with the following title:—"Recueil de projets très-beaux et très-inutiles à la France."

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY.

## WORCESTER LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

A Survey of the Life, Character, and Writings of the great Lord Bacon, was the subject of a Lecture delivered by Dr. Malden, at this Institution, on Monday evening, the 15th of September.

If the only good this Institution accomplished were the drawing out of intellectual treasures, it would be most worthy of general patronage—but it has other merits: it is an arena in which instruction assumes her most engaging form, and the rugged road to eminence in the arts and sciences is made smooth and attractive to all orders of the community. Here is a theatre in which talent may appear, and pour forth its rich treasures, sure of the reward which genius and learning never fail to command—and here are offered facilities of every description to the acquirement of general knowledge. Who would have ventured to predict ten years ago that a Literary and Scientific Institution, a Natural History Society, and a splendid Exhibition of the Fine Arts, would be the boast and ornament of Worcester? With the exception of Birmingham, Liverpool, and Bristol, the population of each of which places exceeds that of Worcester almost sixfold, where shall we meet with such receptacles of learning, science, and taste, or where shall we find them supported by such talent, or marked by such practical utility? We mean not to disparage other Institutions; but it should not be forgotten in the history of intellectual improvement in the provinces, that the residents of the county and city of Worcester were the first to prove and maintain by their example the indissoluble alliance of literature, science, and the arts.

“*Suaves filix, triplici junctæ nexu.*”

From this digression we now revert to the matter from which we have strayed—“Dr. Malden’s Lecture on the Life, Character, and Writings of the immortal Bacon.”

After an exordium, remarkable for its eloquence, the Lecturer entered upon his subject, which he handled with much good taste, sound judgment, and critical acumen.

His apostrophe to science, which he aptly compared to a sacred river, was well conceived, and delivered with considerable animation and feeling.

The Lecturer, it should be observed, did not deliver a dry oration on the life and writings of Bacon—but intertwined with them the most interesting portion of the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

It is a melancholy reflection, but one too well confirmed by time and experience to admit of doubt, that supreme talents, the most brilliant imagination, and the soundest learning, afford no security against the common frailties of human nature. Bacon harboured the sin of ingratitude. His constant and firm friend in all his difficulties and embarrassments (and he was involved in many) was the generous and noble-minded Lord Essex, who assisted him on every pressing emergency from his private purse, and even gave him an estate, which he ultimately sold for more than eighteen hundred pounds! The history of Earl Essex’s fate is well known—but it is not so extensively known that the pen of Bacon was employed by the Court to extinguish the pity and lull the murmurs of the people, by heaping calumny on the head of a victim basely sacrificed to state policy.

This sin did Bacon commit—and for this he was justly execrated by his countrymen—nay, he was in daily hazard of being assassinated—and the fear of such an event occasioned the publication of his “Apology.” Well does the Lecturer observe—

“He did that which, if necessary, others ought to have done. If the clamours of the multitude required to be stilled, he was not the man who should have undertaken the task, in *itself* of no essential importance to the state, but in *him* a violation not only of the sacred ties of friendship and of gratitude, but of the most solemn of all human obligations—the silence that should hallow the sanctuary of a friend’s tomb.—Elizabeth survived her favourite scarcely a year. Grief and remorse for his fate accompanied her to the grave.”

The Lecturer next proceeded to comment on Bacon’s long meditated work, “The progress and advancement of learning.” He stated that—

“The great aim of this treatise, no less original in the design than happy in the execution, was to survey accurately the whole state and extent of the intellectual world—what parts of it had been unsuccessfully cultivated—what lay still neglected and unknown—and by what methods discoveries and improvements might be made for the further benefit of mankind. By exposing the errors and imperfections of our knowledge, he led mankind into the only right way of reforming the one or supplying the other: he taught them to acknowledge their blindness, and to feel and know their wants. He went further—he himself pointed out general methods of correction and improvement in the whole circle of arts and sciences.”

A treatise “On the wisdom of the Ancients” was Bacon’s next publication—and on this the Lecturer thus commented—

“This work bears the stamp of an original and inventive genius. He strikes out an unbeaten track for himself, and appears quite new on an old subject; and if we cannot persuade ourselves that there is all the physical, moral, and political meaning veiled under those fables of antiquity which he has discovered in them, we must own that it required no common penetration to be *mistaken* with such an air of *probability*. Though it may remain doubtful whether the ancients were quite so knowing as he attempts to shew they were, this very attempt places beyond doubt the variety and depth of his own knowledge.”

The interest of the Earl of Buckingham, it now appears, obtained for him that appointment which had been for many years the cherished desire of his heart. On the Chancellor’s resignation, the seals were given to Bacon, with the title of Lord Keeper, on the 7th of March, 1617. In the beginning of 1619, he was created Lord High Chancellor of England, shortly after, Baron Verulam, and in the following year Viscount St. Alban’s. There could be little doubt that he owed this advancement entirely to the favour of Buckingham.

In the year 1620 he gave to the public his “Novum Organon,” as a second part to his “Grand Instauration of the Sciences”—a work that for twelve years together he had been methodizing, altering, and polishing, till he had laboured the whole into a series of aphorisms as it now appears. Of all his writings this seems to have undergone the strictest revision, and to be finished with the severest judgment.

The Lecturer next alluded to the sad reverse of fortune which overtook him. He was impeached on twenty-eight articles, found guilty by the Parliament, and sentenced on the 1st of May, 1621, to undergo a fine of 40,000*l.*; to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King’s pleasure; to be for ever incapable of any office, place, or employment in the Commonwealth; and never to sit again in Parliament, or come within the verge of the Court. After a short confinement in the Tower, however, the King restored him to his liberty, and forgave the fine in which the Parliament had amerced him. About three years afterwards,

he petitioned the King for a total remission of his sentence, and obtained a full and entire pardon.

“He now withdrew from the glare of a public station into the shade of retirement and studious leisure; often lamenting that worldly ambition had so long diverted him from the noblest as well as the most useful employments of a reasonable being:—mortified into these sentiments by his severe personal experience of the instability and emptiness of all human grandeur.

The man who loves the golden mean  
Will not in squalid hut be seen,  
Yet calmly will despise the state  
And envied mansions of the great.  
The loftiest foreign pine but grows  
To shake with every wind that blows:  
The highest tower on castle wall  
Is that which has the heaviest fall,  
And the fierce shaft of lightning dread  
Strikes ever on the mountain's head.

“Bacon now found himself freed from the servitude of a Court, and from mingling with the vices and follies of men in every way his inferiors; and at liberty to pursue the native bent of his genius to the advantage, not only of one age or one people, but to the enduring benefit of the whole human race. The first considerable work in which he engaged, after his retirement, was his ‘History of Henry VII.,’ wherein the entire character of that suspicious and avaricious Monarch is admirably portrayed.

“Of all his works, his ‘Essays’ have been the most current, and are still popular. They are intended not to amuse but to instruct, and are remarkable for the pithiness of their style, or for that condensation which gives a large quantity of matter in a few words. Nothing can give a more exalted idea of the fruitfulness and vigour of his genius than the number and nature of the works which he composed in this last scene of his life. Under the discouragement of public censure, broken in his health, broken in his fortune, he enjoyed his retirement not above five years—a little portion of time! Yet he found means to crowd into it what might have been the whole business, and the glory too, of a long and fortunate life. Some of his former works he methodized and enriched; several new ones he composed, no less considerable for the greatness and variety of the subjects he treated, than from his manner of treating them. Nor are they works of mere erudition and labour that require little else but strength of constitution and obstinate application—they are original efforts of genius and reflection on subjects either new, or handled in a manner to make them so. His notions he drew from his own fund; and they were solid, comprehensive, systematical—the disposition of his whole plan throwing light and grace on all the particular parts of it.”

“The multiplicity of business and study in which he had been long engaged, but above all, the anguish of mind he had endured, undermined his health. After having been for some time in a declining state, he owed his death at last to an excess not unbecoming a philosopher—in pursuing, with more application than his strength could bear, ‘certain experiments touching the conservation of bodies.’ He was so suddenly struck on his head and stomach that he was forced to retire into the Earl of Arundel’s house, at Highgate, near which he happened to be. There he sickened of a fever, with effusion into the air tubes of the lungs, and, after a week’s confinement to his bed, expired, on the 9th of April, 1626, in the 66th year of his age. He was buried privately, at St. Michael’s church, near St. Alban’s. There the gratitude of a private man, formerly his servant (Sir Thomas Meautys), erected a monument to his memory: but that memory alone is an undecaying monument deserving the lasting homage of mankind, and calling upon all true lovers of science to revere his name, study his writings, and embalm his example.”

We must now take leave to close our account of this exceedingly interesting lecture. Dr. Malden’s delivery is entirely free from the hurried and ungraceful manner of which even more practised orators are often guilty. He was listened to with the most profound attention, and at the termination of his discourse, a vote of thanks to the Lecturer was proposed by Dr. Redford, seconded by Dr. Corbet, and carried unanimously.

## WORCESTERSHIRE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

The increasing importance of this Society is sufficiently exhibited in the rapid progress it has made in the formation of a Museum, which, in the short space of eighteen months, has received, in presentations, upwards of 3000 specimens in the various departments of Natural History, independent of those purchased by the Society. Nearly 200 volumes of books have likewise been presented by individuals residing in the city and county, and 40 volumes from Sir C. Throckmorton, Bart. of Coughton House, Warwickshire. A donation of ten pounds has also been recently received from James Fryer, Esq. of Bewdley.

At the first meeting of the Council in September, the members proceeded to make a cursory examination of the museum (now opened for public inspection), and expressed themselves much gratified at the order exhibited in its arrangement. The birds comprise 450 specimens, beautifully preserved; there are nearly 200 species of serpents, a large case containing tortoises, turtles, and other members of the Chelonia and Sauria; various marine and fresh water Mollusca, some extraordinary Zoophytes, several cases of insects, an herbarium of rare Worcestershire plants, and upwards of 2000 specimens in Geology and Mineralogy. Dr. Hastings having taken the chair, Mr. Lees announced several additional donations from Rev. J. C. Dale, Miss Hastings, Sir Charles Throckmorton, Bart., Ewen Cameron, Esq., Jabez Allies, Esq., Mrs. Blydes, Martley, and Mr. Batchelor, and thanks were voted to the enlightened donors. A communication was read from Mrs. C. L. E. Perrott, relative to her contemplated publication on the Worcestershire birds, some splendid drawings of which were exhibited to the Society. The Honorary Secretary reported that the following gentlemen had undertaken to deliver lectures to the Society in the course of the autumn, viz.—John Conolly, M. D., of Warwick; John Davidson, Esq., F. R. A. S. of London; Edward Morris, Esq., M. R. C. S.; Oswald Beale Cooper, Esq., and F. A. Walter, Esq., F. R. S. L. A Committee was appointed to examine the various papers received, and to make a selection therefrom for reading before the Society. The following gentlemen were then proposed, and severally elected members:—The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Worcester; the Very Rev. the Dean of Saint Asaph; Rev. John Vernon, Shrawley; J. S. Pakington, Esq., Westwood; Thos. Woodyatt, Esq., Holly Mount, Malvern; Rev. Chas. C. Crump, Halford Bridge, Shipston-on-Stour; James Fryer, Esq., Bewdley; and George Talbot, jun. Esq., Honeybrook, near Kidderminster.

The number of members now amounts to upwards of 200, exclusive of Honorary Corresponding Members.

## LUDLOW NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

The county of Salop, it will appear, is treading in the footsteps traced out by her neighbours, and a Natural History Society, in Ludlow, is now fast rising into importance. A course of eight lectures on Geology, twice in a week (Tuesdays and Fridays), commenced on the 12th of September, at the Market-hall, in that town, by Samuel Worsley, Esq. in aid of the funds of the institution, and we understand they are likely to be well supported. These lectures are designed to assist the progress of those students just commencing the interesting study of Geology; and to give to the more advanced a general view of the present state of the science.



## THE FOURTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SCIENCE.

THIS meeting took place at the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, on Monday, the 8th of September, and ended on the following Saturday. The large room was completely crowded with the members and the ladies by whom they were accompanied, there being present about twelve hundred of the former, and four hundred of the latter. Professor Sedgwick, the chairman at the Cambridge meeting, came forward to resign his presidency to Sir T. Brisbane. He adverted to the original institution of this association, which had been started by a set of independent men, with the best intentions, and with the most sober views of future good, and of the success of their scheme, hardly knowing what constitution to give it, and never dreaming of the glorious success which it had now obtained. The first meeting had been held at York, the second at Oxford, where a large accession of numbers was experienced—the third at Cambridge, where they still further increased, and now it had reached the Scottish capital, where an addition had been made to their number beyond all precedent. He then proceeded to expatiate on the advantages of an association of this nature. On his way he had the good fortune to meet with M. Arago, the perpetual Secretary of the French Institute, and Dr. Vlastos, from Greece—to meet with men like these, to breathe the same atmosphere, to partake the same sentiments, and enjoy their conversation and their friendship, were enough to justify the establishment of that association, were there no other advantages. After some observations in reply to the doubts expressed by many well-meaning persons of the moral tendency of such institutions, in which he denied that the investigation of truth could ever be injurious to mankind, the learned Professor concluded by moving, that in accordance with the resolution of the general committee last year at Cambridge, Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Brisbane do take the chair.

In complying with this request, the gallant officer, Sir Thomas Brisbane, observed that the luminous *exposé* of his learned predecessor had left him no subjects to touch upon. Professor Forbes had kindly undertaken the task of detailing the labours of the association since the last meeting, and he need not say it could not be in better hands. He should not, therefore, waste the time of the assembly, but conclude by congratulating the association on its prospering condition, not doubting it would go on progressively until its beneficial effects should be felt, not only over the whole of the united empire of Great Britain, but even throughout Europe.

Professor Forbes then rose and proceeded to give a general view of the progress of the affairs of the association, and an outline of the different subjects under discussion, mentioning the names of the individuals by whom reports in their respective departments were drawn up—and after many pertinent observations on the several subjects for discussion and inquiry, concluded by confidently anticipating the most brilliant results from the exertions of its most distinguished members.—This terminated the transactions of the first day.

*Second Day (Tuesday).*—The different sections met in the class rooms of the University, elected their office-bearers, and appointed committees for conducting the business; immediately after which they proceeded to the discussion of their various departments of science.

At eight o'clock in the evening the general meeting took place in the Assembly Rooms, at which the company was as numerous and brilliant as on the night preceding—in fact the rooms were literally crowded almost to suffocation from the first to the last evening.

*Third Day (Wednesday).*—The reports of the proceedings of the different sections through the day were read by the following gentlemen:—Professor Whewell, mathematics; Professor Christison, chemistry; Lord Greenock, geography and geology; Professor Graham, natural history; Dr. Abercrombie, medicine; and Sir Charles Lemon, statistics. The papers read were—Professor Moll, on transverse vibrations—Mr. Phillips's report on meteorology—Dr. Charles Williams, on a new law of combustion—Dr. Daubeney, on the comparative degrees of heat in coal tar and splint coal—Mr. Stephenson's report as to the change in the relative level of land

and water—Lord Greenock, on the coal strata of Scotland—Dr. Clelland, on the statistics of Glasgow. Dr. Powell, of Oxford, stated his views in reference to the undulatory theory.

*Fourth Day (Thursday).*—Professor Whewell reported the transactions for the day in the section of mathematics and general physics. A paper had been read by Professor Reunie on hydraulics. Mr. Phillip read a paper on a new form of the dipping needle, whereby errors regarding the centre of gravity could be corrected. Professor Robinson made some remarks on the Edinburgh observatory—Dr. Christison reported the proceedings of the chemical section—Lord Greenock those of geology and geography—Mr. Nichol read a paper on fossil wood, and Professor Traill on fossil remains found in Orkney. Professor Graham reported the section of natural history—Mr. Selby read a notice of the birds in Sutherlandshire—Sir W. Jardine on the various species of the genus *Salmo*—Mr. Trevelyan on the distribution of the phenogamous plants of the Faroe Island—Mr. J. D. Dalzell on the propagation of Scottish zoophytes, and Dr. Arnott on the *coculus indicus* of commerce. Dr. Roget reported the proceedings of the section of anatomy and medicine, the most prominent feature of which seemed to be a lecture by Sir Charles Bell, on the nervous system. Col. Sykes reported the statistical section, and Earl Fitzwilliam suggested that more minute details regarding the subject of agriculture should be obtained. On the suggestion of Lord Jeffrey, the committee undertook to communicate with the Highland Society on the subject. Mr. Brunel reported the proceedings of the sub-section of mathematics.

*Fifth Day (Friday).*—After the reports of the different sections had been read, Professor Robinson read the report from the section of mathematics and physics, at which, among other topics, Dr. Knight had explained a method of rendering the vibrations of heated metals visible to the eye. Mr. Russell read an account of experiments relative to the traction of boats at considerable speed on canals; and Sir D. Brewster of a series of experiments relative to the surfaces of crystals when in a state of solution. Sir Thomas Brisbane made some remarks on a kind of siliceous sand found in New South Wales, from which glass of a superior quality is manufactured. Dr. Christison read the report from the section on chemistry, in which papers on various subjects connected with the science were read by Mr. Harcourt, Dr. Clark, Sir David Brewster, Mr. Graham, and Mr. Kemp. Professor Phillips reported from the section of geography and geology, and Mr. Murchison read a paper on the fossil fishes found in the old red sand-stone of England, and also in Forfarshire, and other counties in Scotland. Dr. Traill announced that the fossil fishes which he had brought from Orkney had been inspected by M. Agassiz, who had discovered among them five new species. M. Agassiz read a paper on certain fossils found in the quarries near Burdiehouse, which he conceived at first to be reptiles, but which were in reality fishes, partaking of the character of reptiles. This remarkable fact was now brought for the first time under the notice of science. Professor Graham read the report from the section of natural history, and Mr. Pentland concluded his observations on the remains of what appeared to him to be an extinct variety of the human race, which had inhabited a district in South America, extending from the 16th to the 19th degree of south latitude. Sir David Brewster gave a masterly and luminous account of a remarkable structure in the webs of the feathers of birds, for keeping the laminae from separating during flight. This extraordinary fact had hitherto escaped the observation of naturalists. Dr. Abercrombie reported from the section on medicine, that several papers on that subject were read and discussed. The learned Doctor then took occasion to express the gratification he and his brethren had experienced from the meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh, and their anticipation of the happy results to which the friendships thereby commenced might lead. He was not one of those who were of opinion that the pursuit of physical science was hurtful to the higher interests of man considered as a moral being. Col. Sykes reported from the section of statistics, and Capt. Maconochie read a long and interesting paper on the population and state of crime in France.

*Sixth and last Day (Saturday).*—The Rev. G. Harcourt, general Secretary, read a report of the week's proceedings, and stated the objects to which it was desirable that the members should direct their attention during the coming year. Thanks were then voted to the officers of the University—to the Royal College of

Physicians—to the proprietors of the Assembly Rooms where the meetings were held—and to other public bodies, for their liberality and kindness. Professor Sedgwick proposed, and the Lord Chancellor seconded, a vote of thanks to M. Arago, and the other distinguished foreigners who had attended the meeting, which was received with great applause. M. Arago returned thanks in French. The President then addressed the meeting, congratulating the members on the result of their labours, and announced that the next meeting would be held in Dublin, on the 10th of August, Dr. Lloyd, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, to be President, Lord Oxmantown and Professor Whewell, Vice-Presidents, and Professors Lloyd and Hamilton, Secretaries.

**THE EVENING MEETINGS.**—The design of the meetings in the evening was to present some scientific subject in a popular form, so as to make it intelligible and interesting to ladies and ordinary visitors. On Tuesday the subject of Comets was discussed. Wednesday, after the chairman of sections had reported, Dr. Lardner gave a Lecture on Babbage's Calculating Machine. Thursday, Professor Buckland gave an admirable Lecture on Fossil Reptiles, which he enlivened by various strokes of humour; whilst its great research and extensive information rendered it interesting to the most sober student of science. The object of the Professor was to prove the admirable adaptation of animal life to the constitution of the globe at the various eras of its history—and in conclusion, he alluded to the probable age of the world. Friday, a Lecture on several interesting phenomena connected with the tides, was delivered by Mr. Whewell, who described the manner in which tides were brought to our coast, and showed that the great tidal wave of the Atlantic in approaching the shores of England, divided into three columns, and that two of them met exactly at the mouth of the Thames, one of them twelve hours after the other, so that each tide was compounded of an evening and a morning tide, and in consequence there was no alteration in the daily tides of that port. Professor Sedgwick, at some length, took a general review of the results of the labours of the geological and geographical sections during the week, in the course of which the learned Professor detailed the relation subsisting between the geological formations of the sister kingdoms. Geology, he observed, had made a very important advance during this meeting, in the course of which he himself had gained new views of the science. M. Agassiz, in particular, had brought to light several interesting facts relative to fossil remains. In conclusion, he congratulated the Association on the countenance which had been bestowed on their meeting by the presence of so many of Scotland's daughters; and re-echoed the sentiments of Dr. Abercrombie, that the pursuits of science, instead of leading to infidelity, had a contrary tendency—they tended rather to strengthen religious principles, and to confirm morals.—The Professor's Address was universally allowed to be most interesting and intellectual, his scientific statements having been enlivened with the most eloquent language and ready wit.

The President of the meeting was Sir T. Brisbane; the Vice Presidents were Sir David Brewster, and the Rev. Dr. Robinson, Astronomer Royal, of Armagh; J. Robison, Sec. R. S. E., and Professor Forbes, acted as Secretaries. The Royal Institution and the Library of the University were thrown open as reception rooms: and the class rooms of the University were appropriated to the Sections. The Sections into which the business was divided, were as follow: 1, Mathematics and Physics; 2, Chemistry and Mineralogy; 3, Geography and Geology; 4, Anatomy and Medicine; 5, Zoology and Botany; and 6, Statistics. The Presidents were Dr. Lloyd, Mathematics and Physics; Dr. Dalton, (in room of Dr. Hope,) Chemistry; Professor Jameson, Geology; Professor Graham, Natural History; Sir Charles Lemon, Statistics; Dr. Abercrombie, Medicine.

The first of these meetings took place at York, at which 350 were present; at Oxford 700 gentlemen joined the Association; at Cambridge the number increased to 1400; and at Edinburgh to 2440, of whom it is calculated 1500 were actually present.

The meetings in the Assembly Rooms were not only crowded to excess, but many members were excluded, and forced to promenade the lobbies and stair-

cases, hoping that heat and pressure might compel the ladies to resign their posts, and afford them an opportunity of hearing the Lectures, or seeing the speakers—but in this they formed an erroneous calculation, the ladies of Edinburgh possessing the love of science too ardently to be driven away by heat and pressure.

For several previous days, the roads in every direction were thronged with vehicles bearing company of both sexes to the Scotch metropolis. The arrangements made for their reception were admirable: all the public institutions, libraries, exhibitions, and news-rooms were thrown open; invitations in blank were left by many for those who were unprovided with letters of introduction; and very few of the members were permitted to go into hired lodgings. At York, Newcastle, and other towns on the line of road, from every quarter, the hotels were so crowded that it was impossible to get beds; and vast numbers were unable to proceed, for want of conveyances, *until the meeting was over!*

On the first day, (Monday,) at five o'clock, there was a dinner in the Hope-town Rooms, Professor Sedgwick in the Chair, at which 350 members attended. The health of M. Arago, the Astronomer Royal of France, who was present, was proposed, and the toast received with the utmost enthusiasm. M. Arago returned thanks, and dwelt at some length on the advantages that must result from the union of the minds of Europe; he regarded it as the pledge of the peace of the world, because intellectual supremacy daily acquires more direct power over the affairs of nations, and when the intellectual rulers are banded in friendship, the nations subject to their influence cannot be forced into hostility. These noble sentiments produced considerable impression. M. Arago possesses great physical advantages: in figure he resembles the Farnese Hercules; his voice is, at the same time, powerful and melodious—his action rounded and graceful.

The following are a few of the distinguished strangers who were present at this Association:—Professor Arago; Le Chev. Gregoire Berardi; F. G. Von Druffel; M. le Baron Ende; Monsieur Gerard; Dr. Vlastos; Dr. Bernhard Erbkam, from Berlin; Professor Henslow; Professor Moll, of Utrecht; Professor Ullman, of Berlin.

Sir David Brewster, D. C. L., F. R. S.; Francis Baily, V. P. R. S.; H. S. Boase, M. D., M. G. S. C.; Rev. W. Buckland, D. D., Professor V. P. G. S., F. R. S.; John Dalton, D. C. L., F. R. S.; C. Daubeny, M. D., F. R. S.; G. B. Greenhough, P. G. S.; W. Huton, F. G. S.; Luke Howard, F. R. S.; Rev. J. S. Henslow, M. A., F. L. S. and G. S., and Professor; W. J. Hooker, Professor; Charles Lyell, M. A., F. R. S., L. S. and G. S.; Rev. Dr. Lardner, LL. D., F. R. S.; Capt. Maconochie, F. G. S.; Sir G. S. Mackenzie; R. J. Murchison, F. R. S., V. P. G. S.; Rev. B. Powell, M. A., F. R. S.; Col. Silvertop, F. G. S.; Professor A. Sedgwick, M. A., F. R. S. and G. S.; D. L. C. Treviranus, of Bonn; A. Van der Toorn; John Taylor, F. R. S., Treas. G. S.; Professor Edward Turner, M. D., F. R. SS., L. and E.; H. T. M. Witham, F. G. S.; Rev. W. Whewell, M. A., F. R. and G. SS.; James Yates, M. A., F. L. and G. S.

**WATER AND OIL.**—If a glass tumbler, containing equal parts of water and oil, in such quantity as to occupy two-thirds of it, be suspended by a cord, and swung backwards and forwards, the oil will remain perfectly smooth and undisturbed, whilst the water below is in violent commotion. If the oil be poured out, and its place supplied with water, the fluid will remain perfectly tranquil throughout the whole vessel, though the same motion be given to it as before. If spirit of wine be substituted for water, the oil, being the heavier fluid, becomes agitated, while the spirit remains at rest. This circumstance has been supposed to arise from a repulsive power, subsisting between the particles of oil and water, or from the different gravities of the two fluids; but is now found to proceed, solely, from the different velocities necessarily impressed on the upper and lower parts, for one homogeneous fluid, water alone, undergoes the very same motion at the bottom, which is rendered sensible by impregnating the lower part of the water with some colouring material, or by dropping a coloured powder, as yellow ochre, into the water during the vibration.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE LATE S. T. COLERIDGE.

*To the Editor of the Analyst.*

Sir,

Shrewsbury, September 22, 1834.

Permit me, as a well-wisher to the success of your spirited undertaking, to correct an error which appears in the Biographical Memoir of the late S. T. Coleridge, in your second number.

It is there stated, that when he was at Jesus College, Cambridge, "it does not appear that he obtained, or even struggled for, academic honours."

As I was his contemporary at the University, and enjoyed his youthful friendship, (the kindly remembrance of which continued between us till his death, though we had few opportunities of personal intercourse,) I beg to state that his Biographer has under-rated both his struggles and his success.

In the summer of 1792 he gained the "Browne medal" for his Greek ode on the slave-trade, which contains some highly spirited and poetical passages, tinged with a deep feeling of melancholy, and moral pathos: and in the months of December and January following, he was a competitor for the University Scholarship, then vacant by the election of the illustrious Richard Porson to the Greek Professorship, who was himself the principal examiner on that occasion: and although he was not successful, he was so far distinguished as to be one of the four who at a certain period of the examination were selected from the general body of candidates, and formed into a separate class for a second more severe and decisive trial.

I believe no other opportunity occurred for his exertions during his stay at College, he may, therefore, be fairly said to have distinguished himself on every occasion of competition for first-rate honours while at the University. And I feel happy in this opportunity of testifying my regard, and doing justice to the memory of a man whom we cannot but admire for his talents and high attainments, pity for his severe and protracted sufferings, and reverence for the patience and christian resignation with which he endured them.\*

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

S. BUTLER.

## PREFERMENTS, MARRIAGES, &amp;c.

## PREFERMENT.

The Rev. Thos. Shrapnel Biddulph, M.A. of Amroth Castle, Pembroeshire, to the Prebendal Stall of Llanewydd, in the Collegiate Church of Brecon.

## MARRIED.

At Charleville, the seat of the Earl of Rathdowne, Owen Blayney Cole, Esq. of Knightsbridge, London, and Twickenham, Middlesex, Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Monaghan, to the Lady Frances Monck, second daughter of the Earl of Rathdowne.—At Walcot Church, Bath, John Hawkesworth, Esq., of Forest, Queen's county, to Florentina, eldest daughter of John Walmsley, Esq., of the Circus, and grand-daughter of Richard Long, Esq., of Rood Ashton, Wilts.—At Hanliam, Denbighshire, L. R. Willan, Esq., M.B. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to Alicia, third daughter of the late Joseph Peel, Esq., of Staperhill, in the county of Derby.—At Blakemere, Herefordshire, Wm. Higgins, Esq., of Hungerford Wharf, London, merchant, to Catherine Frances, second daughter of Mr. Webster, of Moccas, in that county.—At West Bromwich, Mr. P. H. Chavasse, surgeon, of Birmingham, to Fran-

ces, eldest daughter of William Izon, Esq., of the Lodge.—Henry Horn, Esq., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and barrister-at-law, to Amelia Anne, eldest daughter of John Samuel Gowland, Esq., of Cagebrook, in the county of Hereford.—At Abergavenny, George Morison, Esq., to Olive, second daughter of the Rev. Wm. Powell, Vicar of Abergavenny.—At Martin Hussingtree, Worcestershire, John Gregory, eldest son of John Watkins, Esq., of Woodfield House, near Ombersley, in the same county, to Elizabeth Randle, only daughter of the late Mr. John Parker, of Balsall Heath, near Birmingham.—At Clifton, William Gibbons, M.D., of Twickenham, to Psyche Emmeline, youngest daughter of John King, Esq., of Clifton, and niece to the distinguished Maria Edgeworth.—At Bridgnorth, Salop, by the Rev. Wm. Rivers Marshall, John Nigel Heathcote, Esq., to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late H. Oakes, Esq., of Bridgnorth.—At Birmingham, Mr. Dominic Poncia, eldest son of Mr. John Poncia, of that town, to Maria Magdalene, only daughter of Mr. Andrew Poncia, merchant, of Amsterdam.—At Stafford, Thomas Messiter, Esq. of the Inner Temple, London, barrister-at-law, to Marianne Louisa, only child of Sir Charles

\* On this head one is almost tempted to say in the words of our greatest poet, divested of their censure,

—————"Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it."

Alston, Bart.—At Newent, by the Venerable Archdeacon Onslow, Mr. John Charles Cooke, surgeon, to Mary Newton Bishop, youngest daughter of Mrs. Beale, of Bury Hill, and grand-daughter of the late J. N. Morse, Esq. all of Newent.—At St. James's Church, Westminster, by the Rev. T. G. Ward, Dugdale Stratford Dugdale, of Merivale, in the county of Warwick, Esq. to Lady Sykes, widow of Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, of Stedmore, in the county of York, Bart.—At St. Phillip's, Birmingham, Mr. William Amos, of Calthorpe-street, in that town (son of Samuel Amos, Esq. of Evesham), to Helen, daughter of Mr. Waddell, of New-street, Birmingham.—At Claines, Worcestershire, by the Rev. Harcourt Aldham, Mr. W. Burman, jun. of Stratford-upon-Avon, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late John Fox, Esq. of Worcester.—At Tunbridge Wells, Thomas Henry, Lord Dalzell, eldest son of the Earl of Carnwath. to Maria, relict of — Blatchford, Esq. and daughter of the quondam celebrated Irish orator Grattan.—At Weyhill, by the Rev. Francis Courtenay, Edward Harrison, Esq. of Southampton, to Miss Caroline Courtenay, of the same place.

## BIRTHS.

At Cheltenham, the lady of Sir W. Majoribanks, Bart. of a daughter.—The lady of the Rev. Humphrey Pountney, of St. John's Church, Wolverhampton, of a son.—At Studley Castle, Mrs. Holyoake Goodricke, of a daughter.—At Corfton Vicarage, Salop, the lady of the Rev. T. Rocke, of a daughter.—The lady of the Rev. George Norman, M.A., Head Master of the Free Grammar School, Stafford, of a daughter.—At Oxenhall, Gloucestershire, the lady of R. Foley Onslow, Esq. of a daughter.

## DIED.

At Blount's Court, near Henley-upon-Thames, in his 34th year, the Right Hon. Charles Viscount Dungarvan, eldest son of the Earl of Cork and Orrery.—At Windsor Castle, in his 64th year, Sir John Barton, Treasurer to the Queen.—In his 65th year, the Rev. Richard Yates, D. D., Rector of Ashen, Essex, and for 36 years one of the Chaplains of Chelsea Hospital.—At Alverstoke Rectory, Gosport, her Royal Highness Donna Francisca, wife of Don Carlos, of Spain. Her illness was a bilious attack, which lasted but a few days, and ended in inflammation.—Of cholera, at Rosstrevor, in the county of Down, after an illness of thirty hours, in his 69th year, the Hon. Richard Jebb, second Justice of the Court of King's Bench, in Ireland.—At Beaufort House, Gloucester, after a lingering illness, Edward Howell, Esq. of Taynton, Gloucestershire, in the 68th year of his age.—At Washington, United States, aged 78, Thomas Law, Esq. brother to the late, and uncle to the present, Lord Ellenborough. He was also brother to the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.—At Portland House, Bristol, in the prime of life, Maria, the beloved wife of Alfred Ricketts, Esq.—At Longdon Heath, Upton-upon-Severn, Worcestershire, in her 90th year, Mrs. Clarke.—At Seacombe, in the 9th year of his age, Henry, third son of the late John Mytton, Esq. of Halston, Shropshire.—At his seat, Beddington Park, in the county of Surrey,

Admiral Sir Benjamin Hallowell Carew, G.C.B., in the 74th year of his age.—In Hereford, aged 25, Mrs. Aveline, relict of the late Capt. Aveline, of the 8th Native Madras Infantry.—In London, of malignant cholera, J. P. Sarel, Esq. of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, aged 32.—In his 62nd year, at his house at Poswick Lodge, Herefordshire, J. Jennings, Esq. sincerely lamented.—In his 80th year, Mr. W. H. Parker, for many years a respectable printer and bookseller of Hereford.—At Wyesham, Mr. T. Pritchard, aged 76; for many years a worthy and respectable, and, at the time of his death, the oldest burgess of the borough of Monmouth.—At Abersychan, Monmouthshire, at the advanced age of 92, Mrs. Eleanor Brown, leaving behind her *three generations*.—Aged 71, Mr. William Thomas, surgeon, of Princess-street, Shrewsbury.—At Stroud, very suddenly, Mr. N. Mills, surgeon.—In London, aged 80, G. Clymer, Esq. late of Philadelphia, the inventor of the Columbian Printing Press.—Mr. John Downing, of Blakeley Hall, near Oldbury, aged 59.—In the Isle of Wight, in his 61st year, John Mills, Esq. of Stratford-upon-Avon.—At Coleford, Frome, Somersetshire, aged 23, a few days after the birth of a son, who survives her, Helen Maria, wife of the Rev. G. W. Newnham, and youngest daughter of the late Rev. W. Heath, of Inkberrow, Worcestershire.—In the 20th year of his age, Mr. James Teverill Goodman, son of Mr. John Goodman, of the Bath-road, Worcester.—At his house in Abingdon-street, Mr. Telford, the eminent civil engineer, in his 79th year.—At South Hamlet House, Gloucester, aged one year and nine months, John de Wilton Roche, youngest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Thackwell.—At Paris, Colonel Richard Sutton, Count Clonard, aged 75. Col. Sutton was a native of Wexford, and served many years in the Irish Brigade of France, and having emigrated with the Bourbon Princes at the French Revolution, entered the British service. His brother (also Count Clonard) commanded the frigate which accompanied that of La Perouse in his last and fatal voyage, and shared his fate.—At Leeds, from the rupture of a blood-vessel, Colonel Sir Michael M'Creagh, C.B., K.C.H., and K.C.T.S., Inspecting Field Officer of the Northern Recruiting District, in the 49th year of his age.—Aged 32, Isabella, wife of Mr. J. H. Beilby, of Birmingham.—At his house in Russell-square, after a lingering illness, Sir Charles Flower, Bart. in the 72nd year of his age.—At St. John's, Worcester, much esteemed by all who knew her, Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Robt. Harrison, Esq. of that city.—At Rio Janeiro, after a protracted illness, Rear Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, Bart. K.C.B. and Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Forces in the South Seas, in the 66th year of his age.—In the 76th year of his age, at Poltimore House, near Exeter, the Rev. Richard Warwick Bampfylde, Rector of Poltimore, brother of the late Sir Charles W. Bampfylde, Bart., and uncle to the present Lord Poltimore.—At Perdisswell Cottage, near Worcester, in the 57th year of his age, William Raphael Eginton, Esq.—At Gottingen, the celebrated astronomer, Harding, who discovered the planet Juno.—In Norfolk-street, Strand, James Waddell, Esq. R.N., F.R.S.L., in his 47th year.

## LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

*John Twisden*, of Halberton, Devonshire, Commander in the Royal Navy, for improvements applicable to inland navigation.—July 24, 1834.

*William Hale*, of Colchester, for improvements in windmills.—July 26, 1834.

*William Coles*, of Charing Cross, for a specific or remedy for the cure or prevention of rheumatic, gouty, or other affections arising from colds, &c. or other causes.—July 26, 1834.

*Pierre Barthelemy Gumbert Debae*, of Acre Lane, Brixton, for an improved machine for weighing, with a means of keeping a register of the operations of the instrument.—July 26, 1834.

*John Chanter*, of Stamford-street, Blackfriars, and *William Witty*, of Basford Cottage, near Newcastle, for an improved method or improved methods of abstracting heat from steam applicable to stills, breweries, and other useful purposes.—July 26, 1834.

*Thomas John Hamilton*, *Earl of Orkney*, and *John Easter*, both of Taplow, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for propelling vessels on water.—July 26, 1834.

*Edmund Youlden*, of Exmouth, for improvements in preventing or curing smoky chimneys.—August 5, 1834.

*Levuel Wellman Wright*, of Sloane-terrace, Chelsea, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for refrigerating fluids.—August 7, 1834.

*Andrew Hall*, of Manchester, and *John Stark*, of Chorlton-upon-Medlock, for improvements in the construction of looms for weaving by hand or power.—August 12, 1834.

*James Ward*, of Stratford-upon-Avon, for improvements in apparatus for ventilating buildings and other places.—August 12, 1834.

*Charles Arter*, of Havant, for improvements on cocks and taps for drawing off liquids.—August 12, 1834.

*James Pedder*, of Rew Radford, for improvements applicable to machinery for making bobbin net lace.

*Jacob Perkins*, of Fleet-street, for improvements in the apparatus and means for producing ice and in cooling fluids.—August 14, 1834.

*Thomas De la Rue*, of Finsbury-place, for an improvement or improvements in manufacturing or preparing embossed paper hangings.—August 15, 1834.

*James Slater*, of Salford, for improvements in addition to certain improved machinery for bleaching linen and cotton goods.—August 23, 1834.

*George Child*, of Brixton, for an improvement or improvements in machinery for raising water and other liquids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—August 23, 1834.

*Webster Flockton*, of Horsleydown, Southwark, for an improvement in manufacturing rosin.—August 23, 1834.

## METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

| Aug. | Barometer.       |        | Thermometer    |      | Day.                     | Remarks.        |             |
|------|------------------|--------|----------------|------|--------------------------|-----------------|-------------|
|      | Morn.            | Even.  | Max.           | Min. |                          | Night.          | Wind.       |
| 1    | 29.255           | 29.210 | 70.5           | 58.5 | Heavy showers, thunder   | Clouds & rain   | N. light    |
| 2    | 29.213           | 29.300 | 71             | 54   | Fine, clouds, sun        | Fine            | E. light    |
| 3    | 29.280           | 29.280 | 71             | 59   | Very fine, showery       | Rain            | Clm, vble   |
| 4    | 29.285           | 29.265 | 70.5           | 59.5 | Cloudy                   | Cloudy          | S. W. light |
| 5    | 29.200           | 29.175 | 68             | 54   | Clouds, rain             | Clear, fine     | S. W. frsh  |
| 6    | 29.190           | 29.260 | 67             | 55   | Clouds, showers, & sun   | Cloudy          | S. W.       |
| 7    | 29.270           | 29.145 | 64             | 61   | Cloudy, rain, damp       | Heavy rain      | S. W. clm   |
| 8    | 29.100           | 29.350 | 69             | 53.5 | Clouds, rain, and sun    | Fine            | S. W. & N.  |
| 9    | 29.485           | 29.545 | 69.5           | 54   | Clouds and sun           | Fine            | N. W.       |
| 10   | 29.528           | 29.432 | 70             | 58   | Hazy, clouds, and sun    | Fine            | S. E.       |
| 11   | 29.400           | 29.440 | 74             | 59.5 | Very fine                | Fine            | S.          |
| 12   | 29.440           | 29.380 | 75.5           | 62.5 | Very fine                | Fine            | S.          |
| 13   | 29.330           | 29.510 | 72             | 54.5 | Clouds and sun           | Fine            | S. W. & N.  |
| 14   | 29.520           | 29.500 | 65.5           | 53   | Hazy, cloudy             | Fine            | N.          |
| 15   | 29.532           | 29.605 | 68             | 54   | Fine, haze               | Fine, cloudy    | N.          |
| 16   | 29.600           | 29.570 | 69             | 55.5 | Fine, clouds, sun        | Fine            | N.          |
| 17   | 29.540           | 29.410 | 67             | 57.5 | Fine, sun, clouds        | Fine            | N. calm     |
| 18   | 29.346           | 29.350 | 65             | 56   | Continued slight rain    | Rain            | N. light    |
| 19   | 29.380           | 29.270 | 64             | 54   | Cloudy                   | Fine            | N. light    |
| 20   | 29.170           | 29.100 | 66.5           | 49   | Cloudy                   | Fine            | Calm.       |
| 21   | 29.110           | 28.930 | 64             | 47   | Fine, sun                | Fine            | N. S. W.    |
| 22   | 29.100           | 29.100 | 63             | 45.5 | Sun, clouds, showers     | Fine            | S. W.       |
| 23   | 29.240           | 29.210 | 65             | 45   | Sun, clouds, lt. showers | Fine            | S. W.       |
| 24   | 29.104           | 28.940 | 55             | 43   | Clouds, heavy showers    | Cloudy          | S. W.       |
| 25   | 28.965           | 29.110 | 59.5           | 43   | Sun, clouds, showers     | Fine            | S. W.       |
| 26   | 29.145           | 29.250 | 63             | 46   | Fine, sun, clouds        | Clear, fog vble | Lt. vble.   |
| 27   | 29.175           | 29.235 | 62             | 43   | Hazy, cloudy             | Fine, cloudy    | N. light    |
| 28   | 29.250           | 29.125 | 57.5           | 55   | Clouds, rain             | Cloudy, rain    | S.          |
| 29   | 29.005           | 28.915 | 62             | 53   | Rain                     | Showers         | S.          |
| 30   | 28.995           | 28.995 | 64             | 53   | Showery                  | Heavy showers   | S. W.       |
| 31   | 29.010           | 29.200 | 66             | 53   | Showery, fine            | Showers         | S. W.       |
|      | Mean Max. . 66.4 |        | 53.2 mean Min. |      |                          |                 |             |

[The Meteorological Report for Malvern, for each succeeding month, will appear regularly in the forthcoming numbers.]

W. H. L. L. L.

25 NOV. 1916



# Worcestershire Natural History Society.

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“This is another literary novelty, and a remarkable one too: remarkable no less for the talent that it displays, than for the singularity of its birth-place. It is a Magazine printed at Worcester, and we assume, from what we now see of its pretensions, that it must very shortly become—if it be not already—the Magazine of the Midland Counties.

“Of course some allowance is to be made for a first attempt to produce a literary work of high character in the provinces; for however rich and appropriate the soil, and considerable the natural advantages, it is next to impossible that the cultivator, whatever his skill, can at once fully develop all the available resources: but speaking as very niggards in our indulgence, we must award the meed of much praise to the ‘Analyst.’ The least we can say of it is, that it looks as if it were grown in the highly cultivated *parterre* of the Metropolis—that possessing the rare qualities of an exotic, it exhibits the hardness of an indigenous plant.

“The contents of the present number are an Historical Notice of considerable local interest; an able review of Mudie's ‘Feathered Tribes of the British Islands,’ with copious extracts from the Work; a piece of smart satire on the maudlin sentimentality which is the *fungus* of the Byron School; a learned communication on the ‘Arch;’ an elaborate review of ‘Illustrations of the Natural History of Worcestershire,’ by Dr. Hastings; an antiquarian communication on ‘Armour;’ a rich and deeply-toned narrative of romantic interest, entitled ‘Crépu, or is it possible?’ &c. &c.”—*Morning Chronicle*.

“A new magazine, printed and published in Worcester, in which we recognise a very chaste spirit and considerable ability. The subjects are well chosen, and treated with power and refined taste.”—*Atlas*.

“This is a new periodical, which, though published in London, is adapted more immediately to the meridian of Worcester and the midland counties. The first number is seldom a fair criterion by which to judge of publications of this description; but the present holds forth hopes of future excellency; it contains the germs of talent and sound criticism. The paper of Dr. Milligan on Phrenology is very interesting, and we shall be curious to know what answer the phrenologists will give; for it seems calculated to make sad havoc in their science.”—*Brighton Herald*.

“This is a literary adventure of high promise, and we hail it as a star of honour to the Midland district of this intellectual country. The first number of this undertaking is a production of no common order, especially from a provincial press. Its literary contents are equal to the more aspiring Metropolitan Magazines. The critical notices are characterised by elegance, appropriateness, and brevity; the scientific papers, and miscellaneous communications, of a most useful and attractive nature.”—*Warwick Advertiser*.

“It caters aptly for the public taste,—we can have no doubt of ‘The Analyst's’ eventual success.”—*Sun*.

“A clever literary and scientific journal, published at Worcester, and which will tend to give that part of England some of the advantages which have hitherto been confined to the metropolis. What a change does this mark between the present time and fifty years ago, when there were only two booksellers' shops between London and York.”—*Courier*.

"The poetry, tales, and philosophical papers that are introduced, are all of a high class; while the critical notices, literary intelligence, and monthly reports of local and general information, constitute a valuable periodical record of passing events. This number is embellished with a wood engraving of the oak in front of Ribbesford Hall."—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

"The two first numbers of this new periodical now lie before us, and for the credit of the provincial press from which it emanates, we feel great pleasure in bestowing unqualified commendation upon the style, quality, and variety of its contents. Most of the articles display great talent, and in some of them we perceive a refinement of taste and sentiment, and an extent of information which must be truly gratifying to the literary world. The local notices which it conveys are not amongst the least interesting features of this deserving miscellany."—*Gloucester Journal*.

"As we do not read the remarks of others on works which are to be noticed by us, until our opinions are laid before the public, we are gratified when we afterwards perceive them to be consonant with those of some of the first critics of the day, as in the recent instance on this scientific journal; and our pleasure is now augmented by the articles that enrich the number for September, which so fully confirm our judgment as to the talent of its conductors and contributors, that we are convinced *THE ANALYST* will receive the patronage of those whose refined taste leads them to delight in the cultivation and encouragement of polite literature and the arts, to whose matured judgment alone we submit ours with the deference which is due. We conclude our remarks by averring, that such is our opinion of *THE ANALYST*, that we anticipate its popularity, stability, and extensive circulation; and, knowing the value of early patronage, we recommend it to the prompt support of every lover of science."—*Hereford Journal*.

"The high promise which the first number of the "Analyst" gave to the reading world of distinguished excellence, has not been disappointed. Distinguished as was its predecessor for critical talent and acumen, this second number rather excels it in these respects, as well as in the importance of the articles themselves."—*Worcester Journal*.

"We have often felt surprised, considering the great literary talent in this country, that the whole of our periodical literature should be confined to the metropolis. A new magazine under the above title has just emanated from Worcester, and from the perusal of the two first numbers, we cordially recommend it to public notice; it deserves to be enrolled among the most scientific periodicals of the day, and we have no doubt will become popular. Some of the papers on science and the fine arts are particularly interesting. Each number contains also a copious and we think an impartial review of the literary productions, both British and Foreign, of the preceding month. We heartily wish it success; it is creditable to the editor and honorable to Worcester in having among her citizens, men capable of contributing papers so full of interest, and containing so much valuable information."—*Gloucester Chronicle*.

"The second number is now before us, and we rejoice in being enabled to speak favourably of its contents. Altogether it is a very decided improvement upon the first. Several of the articles are, indeed, such as even the leading metropolitan journals might have been proud of, had they graced their pages. Of these, "*The Byrons*" is one of the cleverest satires upon modern manners, and the would-be geniuses of our fashionable and unfashionable coteries, that we have lately read."—*The Looker-on*.

"It is most gratifying to us to find the favourable opinion we entertained of this periodical on its first appearance, more than justified by the development of still higher claims to public patronage in the second number, which contains many articles of general and local interest, and some admirable disquisitions upon literary and scientific subjects. Our cotemporary, *The Sun*, in noticing its contents, betrays more carelessness than we could have suspected in a London luminary of criticism, when it recommends 'the Editor to be more liberal of his local information, where it is natural to suppose it would prove equally acceptable, though from different motives, to his town and country readers. \* \* \* \* Does not Worcester, or do not any of the neighbouring counties, supply subjects of antiquarian or other interest in sufficient abundance to make the mine worth working?'—Now, when we ascertain that out of eighty pages of well and closely printed matter, five are devoted to 'Historical Memoranda of Ribbesford' in Worcestershire; twelve to a very able critical notice of Dr. Hastings' 'Illustrations of the Natural History of Worcestershire;' and eight to the 'Transactions of the Worcestershire Medical and Surgical Association;' it must be owned that the Editor of the 'Analyst' has proved himself not indifferent to subjects of local information and interest; but has judiciously made the choice of those subjects subservient to the discussion of topics calculated to instruct and gratify all classes of readers."—*Cheltenham Journal*.

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## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several Prose and Poetical Contributions are under consideration.  
Communications for "The Analyst" are requested to be addressed, free of  
expense, to the Editor, 72, High-street, Worcester.

## ERRATA.

P. 212, last line, for "and performs a double *pulmonary*," read "a double—a  
*pulmonary*." P. 213, l. 11, for "order," read "organ."

## ON ANCIENT CASKETS OF IVORY AND WOOD.

WHATEVER object of antiquity tends to exhibit the manners and customs of former times, affords an illustration highly useful and interesting. It is in such way that the study becomes of the utmost service to history, and enables us the better to appreciate the blessings of our present highly cultivated and enlightened state of society. We shall find, on investigation, that this remark applies in an eminent degree to those caskets of wood and ivory, of which, owing to the handsome bequest of the late Francis Douce, Esq., F. S. A., the largest collection in this country is at Goodrich Court, in the county of Hereford. This is the case not merely on account of the purposes to which they were applied, but more especially from the instructive details of their sculptured ornaments.

During the XIIIth, XIVth, and XVth centuries these caskets appear generally to have belonged to a lady's toilette, and strongly resemble, what was no doubt their prototype, the pyxis of the ancient Greeks, which is so frequently seen in the hands of ladies represented on the fictile vases; and this opinion is strengthened by the fact of the fashion having been derived from the Greeks of Constantinople, and perhaps introduced by those who returned from the crusade of St. Louis, and Prince Edward. M. Millin, in his "Voyage dans les Departemens," tom. 1, p. 241, describing the museum at Dijon, mentions "Boites d'ivoire venant de la toilette d'une ancienne duchesse;" and, what is still better authority, Higden, in his Cronicle, fol. cclxxxix, speaking of Fair Rosamond, gives a picture of his own age, by saying "this wenche had a lytyll coffer scarcely of two fote long, made by a wonder crafte, that is yet seen there, (Woodstock.) Therein it semith that geantes fighte, beestes startle, foule flee, and fysse lepe, without any mans mevyng." The passage is to the same effect in the Latin edition. By this we are not to conceive that this effect was produced by any mechanical means, as by some kind of clockwork, but that it was sculptured in such an admirable manner that the subjects on it looked as if they had motion. The generality of the caskets in the Doucean Museum here, do not exceed one foot in length, but there is a Greek ivory one, of the IXth century covered with half-length effigies of saints, which answers in size to that which Higden describes. It has a sliding top, and was

probably used for some religious purpose. In Queen Elizabeth's time they appear to have been appropriated to men, and solely as repositories for money. Thus, in Shakspeare's play of the Taming of the Shrew, Act II, Gremio, setting forth the splendid manner in which he had furnished his house, says, "in ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns." As Italy had the credit of introducing such caskets to the rest of Europe, Passin, in his additions to Gori's *Dyptychs*, Vol. III, declares that he found many of these chests used by noble ladies, for their treasures, in the XIIIth and XIVth centuries, existing in Tuscany and the cities of Picenum, either whole or in fragments.

Besides those alluded to, some small ivory caskets were manufactured to contain marriage presents to ladies, which were generally ornamented with sculptures bearing reference to that circumstance. On this a French work may be consulted, "*Sur le petit Bureau Italien*," published in the year 1811, 8vo, pp. 54, 55.

Sir Willam Compton, in his will, dated 1522, bequeaths to the king a little chest of ivory, whereof one lock is gilt, with a chess-board under the same, and a pair of tables upon it, and all such jewels and treasure as are enclosed therein. This does not appear to have had any ornamental subjects upon it, and, therefore, more nearly resembles a small backgammon board at Goodrich Court, of the time of Charles I., of wood, inlaid with ivory, on the top of which is a chess-board, and underneath a merelle table. But in the second volume of "*The Portfolio*," published in 1823, is an ivory chess-box engraved and described, of a similar character to that bequeathed by Sir William Compton, then in possession of Mr. Upcott, but now, through Mr. Douce's kindness, in this house, which is said to have belonged to Agnes Sorel, the favorite mistress of Charles VII., King of France. On the lid, which contains the principal subject, is a representation of the Morris, or Moorish dance, and the characters who compose it are, the lady of the May, three morris dancers, the fool, and a piper. The French lady of the May, called Marian the shepherdess, was generally a boy clad in a girl's habit, and this seems pointed out in the present specimen by the leg being so much displayed. The costume fixes the date of this box as of the time of our Henry VI. Four subjects are consecutively represented on the sides of the box. The first is a pastime in which a lover beats the leaves of a tree to be caught in the lap of his mistress, attended by male and female minstrels, the former with a pipe, the latter with a harp and Cauchoise head-

dress. Next is a joust, the combatants in which have those large fanciful sleeves, of Lombard fashion, which pervaded the period. The immense spurs, with rowels so disproportionate, are characteristics of the time, as are the jousting helmets. The long bow is introduced in the next compartment, as used in the chase. Hunting with staff and horn is the subject of the last compartment. Thus, these caskets were to contain money, jewels, and valuable trinkets. In the second cut to Godfrey de Boulogne, or, rather, the Chevalier au Cygne, Edit. 1511, the waiting-maid of the queen follows her to her wedding with one probably containing marriage presents.

The great interest, however, which they possess, is derived from the sculptures with which they are covered. Those which ornamented the toilette caskets were taken from the fabliaux and romances that formed the literature of genteel society at that period, or from the tournaments and other sports which produced amusement. The marriage-present boxes had the general circumstances attendant on courtship and matrimony, and on boxes for religious purposes were incidents in the life of Christ, or the legends of saints. Of the first and second only will it be requisite to give particular descriptions.

I. A lady's casket of ivory, the top wanting. Subject, the Romance of Sir Tristrem, of the time of Edward I. On one side the adventure with the two palmers. See stanzas xxxix and LIV of Sir Walter Scott's edition. On the front Sir Tristrem conveying the princess Iseult, attended by her maid Brengwain and an old woman, in a boat from Ireland to Cornwall, where the love-potion intended to be given to king Marc and Iseult on their marriage is fatally administered to Sir Tristrem and the lady, occasioning their mutual affection. Then the incident of this knight letting the lady fall. After that the arrival of the party, and the introduction of Iseult to the king. On the other side, the queen placing her maid in bed with the king, and going off with Tristrem. On the back, Sir Tristrem and the queen in bed together. Next, a palmer carrying Iseult on his back through the water, accompanied by Sir Tristrem, and, lastly, the queen on her knees in the presence of king Marc, taking the deceptive oath. This romance, like those of Arthur and Gwenever, Sir Lancelot, &c., was fabricated in Bretagne, from the ancient Druidic Mabinogion, or tales for noviciates in the mysteries of the Bardic religion. The names in it are pure ancient Welsh; Tristrem signifies *herald* or *proclaimer*, Iseult *specta-*

*tacle* or *worthy to be looked at*, Brengwain *fair-breast*, and Marc *stallion*.

II. A lady's casket of ivory, the two sides wanting. Subject, the *fabliau* of the Comtesse de Vergy. Time of Edward II. On the top, first, the mutual declaration of love between Sir Agolane and the countess, who shews her little dog, and of what service he might become. Then the countess instructing her dog. Then her sending the dog to meet Sir Agolane; and his fondling the animal. Then the meeting of these lovers in the orchard. Next, the declaration of a burning passion for Sir Agolane by the Dutchess of Burgundy. Then her false accusation of him to her duke. His return to the chamber of his countess. Then, the duke threatening to put him to death unless he can prove the accusation false. On the back, first, his leading the duke to the orchard; then, his placing the duke so as to see his courtship of Vergy. Next, the duke assuring his dutchess of Agolane's innocence, and last, the messenger from the dutchess bringing the letter of invitation to the countess at the chateau de Vergy. On the front, the lamentation of the countess at finding her secret known, and her death. Then, the maid bringing Sir Agolane to witness the sad event, and his stabbing himself. Next the maid fetching the duke to see the sad catastrophe, and his drawing out the sword for vengeance; and, lastly, his punishing the dutchess with instant death.

III. A lady's casket of ivory, complete, of the time of Edward II. The top contains the particulars of the siege of the chateau d'amour, or, as it was also termed, the castle of roses. In the left compartment is the castle, with ladies on the battlements hurling down roses on their assailants, and over the gateway an angel shooting with a long bow at the son of a knight, who has his cross-bow charged with a rose. Another knight is scaling the walls with a rope-ladder, while two others are employed with a trepied, loading it with roses, that by the force of this projectile they may make a decisive impression on the fortress. In the right hand compartment, the ladies are seen on the battlements, and over the gateway, welcoming the knights, while two, on horseback, in front, are about to engage two warriors completely armed, each party fighting with a bunch of roses. The centre compartment represents a joust where one of the combatants has his shield charged with three roses; the two trumpeters are perched up in trees, and in an elevated box of trellis work, here and there ornamented with hangings, appear those assembled to witness the entertainment. The back of the box has the adventures



of the Chevalier au Lion, also attributed to Percival li gallois. In the first compartment is the attack of the lion, in which the knight cuts off one of his paws. Then, the passing of the pont d'epeeé, under a shower of lances, two incidents also to be found in the romance of Lancelot du lac, and sculptured on the capital of a column in the church of St. Peter, at Caen, in Normandy. Next appears the knight sleeping on his enchanted bed, on wheels, with bells under it, amidst a storm of lances, watched by the faithful lion. Last are seen three damsels in conversation, but I am not certain of their history. The front is divided into four compartments. The first and second are from the lay of Aristotle. In the first the sage is seen teaching Alexander, from a book, the impropriety of his infatuation for the Indian Queen. Next, Her Majesty giving proof to the hero of the all-powerful effect of love, by making Aristotle carry her on his back, with a bridle on. This is also to be found sculptured on the same capital in the church of St. Peter, at Caen. The other two compartments may refer to some additional incidents in this poem not contained in most copies. The sage, followed by two old men, are about to climb a rock in order to get to a castle, which, in the upper part they appear to approach, and are received at the gate by a young lad. In the fourth compartment are four damsels bathing. At one end of the chest is the adventure of Galaad, and the castle of damsels, where a hermit delivered to him the keys, on his dismounting from his horse. See the second part of the *San Graal*, in Royal Lib. Brit. Mus. 14, E. III. At the other, a queen sitting with her lap-dog, and viewing the head of a king which is pointed out to her by a knight, while the transaction is witnessed by a king in a tree; and then a knight thrusting his lance through an unicorn, on whose head a lady places one hand while the other holds a circle or diadem. Adventures with an unicorn are often found in the old romances, probably this is one of Sir Lancelot's, but I do not feel competent to assign the transactions.

IV. Another lady's casket of ivory, containing the same subjects as the last, rather larger, but of which the front is wanting, of the time of Edward II. The top very similar to the last, except that the first compartment, a little varied here, forms the fourth, and instead, we have knights climbing up into the castle of the ladies, and one carrying off a female before him on his horse, and then seen making love to her in a boat, which the boatman is rowing by a bridge. The back and one end are nearly the same, but on the other, besides Lancelot receiving the key from the hermit, he is previously

met by a lady who implores his prowess against a hairy savage which the knight is seen encountering. The badge of the rose on the left shoulder of the surcoat and on the hood of mail of the warriors is a point worthy of remark.

V. A lady's casket (which was not the property of Mr. Douce) of ivory, perforated, with red leather underneath, and bound with brass at the edges, perfect, of the latter part of the reign of Henry VI. On the top a joust. On the front a lion and a griffin, one on each side of the lock. At the back, a stag hunt. On one end, a stag killed by a man with a spear; and on the other Orsin attacking the bear.

VI. A casket of wood, supposed to have belonged to Margaret, Queen of Scotland, though this is by no means certain, as the style is of earlier date. It is covered with the letters **R. M.**, each surmounted by what is now termed a ducal coronet, and accompanied by the Douglas heart, from which spring three quatrefoils arising from the same stem. This does not much resemble the Marguerite, or daisy, but more closely the gilliflower, and what is generally termed the ladies' smock leaf.

VII. A beautiful little ivory casket of the time of Edward II., to contain a lady's marriage presents, complete. The top contains a knight and lady under each arch of eight compartments, in various attitudes of courtship, done with great spirit, the last of which represents him in armour, receiving, on one knee, his helmet from the lady. The front, back, and sides, are managed in the same way; and much innocent play with diadems or chaplets, and with dogs, is pourtrayed. At one end they are engaged in playing at tables, and putting a bird into a cage; at the other, with two birds, and sitting holding a diadem between them. Such subjects ornamented sometimes the mirrors, and circular boxes to hold the seals of marriage contracts.

The costume on all of these is well worthy of attention, from the accuracy of its details, and the architecture and articles of domestic use, are various and instructive.

The ivory caskets merit far more research than what a residence in the country will permit. They form but a part of the valuable bequest of ivory carvings for which I am indebted to my late worthy friend, Francis Douce, Esq.

If the slight sketch of such curiosities is worthy of a place in your periodical, I shall be happy in having sent it.

SAMUEL R. MEYRICK, K. H.

## THE VISITATION.

————— “She stood before me  
With sweet sad brow, like the wan moon at midnight.”

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

HAVING promised an explanation to the Lady Octavia, I shunned every casual engagement that might insensibly encroach upon the period which I had devoted to the important declaration I was about to make. In the absence of his mistress a lover divides minutes into seconds with surprising facility; the pulses of his heart assist him in the calculation, and for this very reason it is often a successful match against time. My disposition was on this occasion by no means favourable to a philosophical abiding of time and season—of fitness and opportunity—and long before the given hour I was restlessly promenading before the window of her Ladyship's boudoir, and sending glances of inquiry through the flowering exotics and silken draperies of the embrasure. But the former were agitated by the west wind only, which pillaged them of their odours as it swept by, and the latter remained as immovable as though no fair hand had ever displaced them to reveal a vision of loveliness to my eyes. After many fevered turns and many tumultuous chidings of the lazy-footed hours—after fifty times looking at my repeater and comparing it with the church, eager to detect a mistake in the movements of either, I was suddenly relieved from suspense; seven o'clock sounded from the neighbouring steeple, and was immediately re-echoed by the silver chimes of a time-piece within the house. The illimitable period was over. I flew up the steps, thundered at the door, and, as a privileged and an expected visitor, in a single second found myself in the drawing-room. A delicious twilight, artificial it is true, but exquisitely in unison with the mood of my mind, saluted me upon entrance, and the sweet incense of odoriferous blossoms freighted the air with perfume; the Lady stood pensively at the further end of the room, gazing abstractedly at the window, where a profusion of sweet shrubs with their fragrance invited the sense. She appeared not to notice my entrance. I sprung forward with an exclamation of rapture—the lady turned on me a sweetly mournful aspect—heaven and earth! what did I behold! not the features of the Lady Octavia—not the proud—the dazzling—the beautiful Octavia, but the gentle—the graceful—the tender—the spiritual countenance of Ianthe—of one whom I had long and fondly loved—one whom I had wooed and worshipped as the cynosure of my hopes, the mistress of my heart, the bride of my choice, but whom, by foul treachery, I had lost in the very blossom of expectancy.

I must explain ere I proceed. The malignant whispers of an offended toad-eater magnified the extravagancies of my conduct at a period when youth, fashion, and fortune combined to slacken the reins of discretion; my temporary embarrassments were represented as final involvements. Colonel M. first questioned, then quarrelled, and in a moment of violent excitement we parted; my union with his daughter was broken off, but not before I had renewed the pledge of my faith, my affection, my heart and hand to the dear and confiding girl, who never for an instant credited the calumnies by which my peace was destroyed. I went abroad, and plunged, reckless, into the dissipation of the continent; prudence abandoned me in my despair, and a fatal entanglement of my property left me no prospect of a speedy return. I forsook Paris in disgust with

some gambling transactions, and speeded to Tuscany, where I beheld, for the first time, the Lady Octavia. She had been for some months a widow, and possessed of immense wealth, in the full blaze of beauty and youth, a woman of genius and accomplishment, she drew round her the most brilliant of circles. I saw her and became blinded with admiration; in excuse of my inconsistency—of my utter oblivion of the vows which I had solemnly exchanged with another—pure and unsuspecting as an angel—I ought probably to dwell upon the magic of the attraction; but I now sicken at the detail—my heart shudders at its infidelity, and I hasten from the remembrance. It will be sufficient to state that the short space of a year after my departure from England, found me wrapt in the delirium of a new passion, and nourishing it with all the impetuosity of my character. My embarrassments, only, deterred me from the discovery of my attachment; but this impediment was quickly removed: the death of a distant relation made me inheritor of a princely estate. I hurried to take possession of that which promised me the completion of my wishes; for alas! Ianthe was forgotten! oblivion had passed over her name; and her form and features, her love, her tenderness, her grace, and virtue, were thought of no more. Arriving with all speed in this country, I went through the necessary forms, paid a brief visit to the gothic hall and venerable shades that now called me their lord, cast an enraptured eye on the paradise around, and fled back to London to expedite my return to the continent. To my extreme surprise and delight, I discovered the name of Lady Octavia in the list of arrivals: why had she come to England? why had she forsaken the purple vineyards of Tuscany? what could have withdrawn her from that circle in which her whole soul seemed centred? A secret delicious whisper unfolded to me the cause, and my heart and brow glowed as I recognized this proof of her affection. On the wings of transport I hastened to congratulate her; she received me with subduing tenderness, and it was impossible for one vain, warm-hearted, and volatile as myself, to resist the impression that I was beloved. I withdrew from her presence as a man enchanted by the spells of sorcery; all that had hitherto attracted and swayed me—even she who had been dearer to me than my life, was now as a vapour—a cloud fading on the horizon, a weed hurried away on the bosom of the ocean. To declare myself openly to Lady Octavia alone remained, and for this purpose, agitated by a thousand emotions, but buoyed up with the sweet delusions of hope, I made the visit whose issue I am about to relate. How can I express the doubt—the wonder—the absolute astonishment that possessed me, on beholding Ianthe in the last place where I would have sought her—beneath the roof of her too dazzling rival, the haughty, the brilliant, the captivating Octavia. Her name had never passed my lips, for the story of our love had been hidden in my bosom as a sealed tome laid aside and forgotten; how *she* should become a guest in that house I could not imagine, but momentary only were my reflections: a tide of emotions overwhelmed my thoughts; it was the resurrection of the past; the buried rose again, not in shroud and ceral band, but bright in the beauty and gladness of reality and life. Love awaking in my bosom, cried “*surrexi!*” my heart became too mighty for controul, and with an irrepressible impulse I extended my arms to fold Ianthe to my bosom, and breathe in her ears once more the plighted vows of truth. But she moved not from her position; she betrayed no emotion; the brow that used to redden beneath my gaze, remained pale and transparent, but her eye shone with a deep lustre and meaning, as she scrutinized my face; an air of indescribable sadness, blended with a shade of reproach, sat on

her features—her silence—her portentous gaze—her deep thought—her immovability—her unchanging hue arrested my advance; the sense of my faithlessness fell like a leaden weight on my heart. I was unworthy—my hollowness was known—the mask of fidelity had fallen from my brow—Ianthe valued me not—she had weighed me in the balance, and lo! I was found wanting! “And these are the signs of her displeasure,” cried I to myself, as I half shrunk from her eye—“yet she shall not be lost to me for ever! no—I will die at her feet confessing my disloyalty, and suing for her forgiveness!” “Ianthe! Ianthe!” I looked at her with wild imploration—tears trembled in my eyes. I held out my hands deprecatingly—I bowed my head in submissiveness; still she contemplated me in voiceless abstraction; her eye burned like a radiant star, but the pulses of existence seemed frozen; her lip moved not, her tresses lay motionless on her neck, as though carved in marble—even the very sound of her respiration was unheard; it was too evident she was transfixed with the intensity of her feeling; my alarm was unutterable; but how could I, humbled by a consciousness of error, approach her? how could I soothe her, who was the cause of her suffering? Maddened with despair by her mysterious deportment, I flung myself before her, and would have, at least, caught her robe in my hands, but she avoided my touch; the shade on her brow deepened, she waved her head mournfully, the chilness of death encompassed me and crept through my veins, my very heart became as an icicle—Ianthe faded from my view, the last wave of her golden tresses, the last fold of her retreating robe mingled with the obscurity of the evening, as the door opened, and the Lady Octavia stood before me in all the magnificence of beauty. But the charm was broken—her dominion was over—it had passed away as a dream—I beheld her with absolute indifference, if not with a kind of aversion; yet how imperial was her loveliness—how lofty her character! her brow, her eye, her lip—every feature—every light and shade of her countenance was fitted to captivate admiration; but my feelings had experienced an utter revulsion; I stood in the centre of the past surrounded by a halo of re-illuminated brightness. “Tell me where is she?—how came she here?—how long have you known her?” exclaimed I, impetuously, as the Lady Octavia advanced; she paused, an air of surprise stole over her countenance. “Of whom do you speak?” and she bent her dark eyes inquiringly upon me. “Miss M.,” returned I, “where has she gone? why has she disappeared?” and I glanced round inquisitively; the brow of the Lady Octavia crimsoned, as she said coldly and haughtily, “you dream, Sir! some recent orgies have, I fear, disturbed your perceptions.” Her displeasure was manifest, to question was folly, yet, half-shuddering, I pursued the thread of interrogation. “Surely she was here but this moment! keep me not in suspense I conjure you! she *cannot* have passed from the apartment, yet where is she concealed?” I stood gazing with astonishment around; there was no spot where Ianthe could have retreated from observation, yet I examined every corner and unfolded the curtains in breathless anxiety. “This is madness! absolute madness!” exclaimed the Lady Octavia, “you are disposed to trifle, but beware, Sir! I love not such humour.” Her words fell heard but unheeded, something glittered on the carpet where Ianthe had vanished from my sight. I snatched it up hastily; it was a ring—the very ring which I had placed upon her hand on the eve of our adieu. Here was proof—proof irrefragable of her having been in the room; the mystery was unfathomable, and conjecture was hideous; my heart sickened as I beheld the token—the pearls were discoloured, and the motto engraven within was defaced; it was strange—ominous—

appalling! I held it to Lady Octavia, "behold! do I dream?" exclaimed I: her colour faded to the ashiness of death, yet doubt and perplexity were strongly depicted on her countenance. "This is some deception!" said she, slightly recoiling, "methinks, Saville, you mock me with phantasies?" Tortured with horrid ideas, I adjured her to deal candidly by me. My entreaties woke her resentment—suspicion, jealousy, and alarm raised a tempest within her bosom, and she answered me with the keenest sarcasm and reproach; her cheek burned and her eye flashed with resentment—proud and stately beauty, can I ever forget thee? Goaded with her ill-timed distrust, I abruptly bade her adieu, and descended the staircase; as I was quitting the house, my eye fell upon the domestic who opened the door—his features were certainly familiar—where had I seen them? The man observed my emotion, and misconstrued it. "You perhaps recollect me, Sir?" "Impossible! can it be that you were in the service of Colonel M.?" "I was, Sir,—a week since I quitted—" "What of Miss M.? how is she? where is the family?" The man's colour changed; "ah! Sir! poor lady, *she died at Madeira*; the news arrived yesterday." \* \* \* \*

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#### THE HEART'S AFFECTIONS.

It never yet was in the power of words,  
 To tell the heart's affections; pure and deep,  
 Breathing more melody than sweetest chords,  
 And calm and tranquil, as an infant's sleep:  
 Happier than childhood ere it learn to weep,  
 And firm as martyr faith, when call'd to die;  
 A beacon fire when tempests round us sweep,  
 And oh! the hand's kind pressure, or the tearful eye,  
 Tell thy not more than words most eloquent reply?

L.

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In Naples, Masaniello is forgotten. Though the performance of "The Dumb Girl of Portici" be allowed in every other theatre in Europe, it will never be represented at Naples. Here the name of Masaniello is never heard—no one knows, or seems to know, that such a one ever acted a great part on the political stage of that city. If any one be acquainted with the circumstances, he conceals it as a secret not to be divulged. Mr. Oefele, a German traveller, affords some very ludicrous instances of this in the manner he sought to purchase a few publications relative to this singular revolution, which were shown to him in an old bookseller's shop, of which the windows were half closed. These were only a few wretched panegyrics of the illustrissimo Conte d'Arcos, Governor of Naples at the time of Masaniello's revolt, and for which a price was asked somewhat in the mysterious manner of the Sybil, when she offered her prophecies to Tarquinius. No work on this singular event in the history of Naples is allowed to be given to the student frequenting the National Library without permission from the highest authority. The name of Masaniello, and every historical monument calculated to awaken a sense of the deep degradation in which the people are now sunk, are sought to be enveloped in the profoundest oblivion.

## FISHING REMINISCENCES.

I NEVER travel without my rod and panier. The various incidents I have met with in these excursions would fill a volume. I have fished in England, Wales, Ireland, France, and Italy; I have baited my ledger in the Thames, thrown my fly in the Tivey, spun my minnow in Loch Neagh, lain my night line in the Loire, and sunk my worm in the Arno. I have read, nay studied, Walton, Salter, Hawker, Bowlker, and almost every other work on the noble art, and yet could never find myself on an equality with the humble peasant of the stream, who, with his rudely manufactured tackle, has stood near me filling his basket, whilst I have been obliged to rest satisfied with a nibble or a rise. I have noticed this in every country, and it has only convinced me that the old adage of practice teaches where precepts fail, is true, at least in fishing.

I was much amused with a circumstance of this nature which took place in Ireland. I was strolling along the banks of one of the numerous streams which flow into Loch Neagh, after having vainly endeavoured to tempt a trout with one of Kelly's best-made duns, when I was accosted by a being of most extraordinary appearance. Had I met with an individual of this description in any other country, I should have involuntarily walked on, hastening my step towards the nearest habitation, ever and anon casting a look behind with anxious dread. How can I describe him? Reader, have you ever seen the caricature of a "man who had seen better days?" Such was the outward appearance of Paddy Shauglin.

"God bless y'r honor! and what's the sport ye'r after havin'?" I muttered something in reply. I never knew an angler yet answer this question intelligibly. If he has had good sport, he fears lest you should throw in near him and deprive him of a few of the finny tribe which he considers as his own lawful property; if bad, he does not like to acknowledge it. "Be dad, that's fine tackle y'r honor's got." Another unintelligible mutter, as my line fell on the water. "Shure y'r honor's not fishin' in the right place, there." A look of contempt on my part—I lengthened my line, determined to show him that if I did not know the river, I knew how to throw the fly; and with a twist of my wrist, let my fly drop under the opposite bank without causing a ripple on the water. Still the fish would not rise. "Might I be axin' what fly y'r honor's usin'?" "Blue dun," answered I, with snappish conciseness. This was a poser for my Hibernian acquaintance. "A blue what! did your honor say?" "A blue devil," said I, as a rise at my fly indicated the propinquity of a fish. "See, I have missed striking my fish through your botherin'." "Oh! shure y'r honor, that was only a pinkeen kickin' y'r

fly out the wather wid his tail!" I was offended, and coiling my line up carefully in my hand, proceeded along the stream, stopping now and then to throw my fly with about as much success as before. My ragged companion followed close at my heels, offering numerous suggestions, of which I took no heed. At last, after many fruitless and vain efforts, I began to reel in my line, intending to give up the sport with the usual consolation of fishermen—that there was something in the air, and the fish would not bite. "If y'r honor'd be after lettin' me have a throw, I think I'd be takin' a trout for y'r honor."

To please the creature, and convince him and myself that my bad success was not the result of unskilfulness, I pettishly handed him my rod; he took it—reeled up the line—examined the flies—and, looking in my face with a quaint expression of ridicule on his countenance, which I shall never forget, exclaimed, "where did y'r honor git these flies?" Lifting myself up with a look of disdain and offended dignity at the insult offered to my flies, I answered—"from Kelly, 56, Sackville-street, Dublin." "Shure! y'r honor, these flies were nivir intended to fish wid, but they're mighty purty things to look at, at all ivints."

He sat himself down on a stone, and drew forth from an old greasy looking piece of shapeless leather, a variety of coloured feathers, a piece of black silk, and the broken blade of an old penknife. With the greatest impudence and ease, he commenced stripping my neatly-made fly of all its beauty, preserving the hook only—I was too much astonished at his coolness to impede him.

In the space of a few minutes he had finished; rising, he replaced his leathern pouch in the slit lining of his tattered coat (for pockets he had none), and, walking into the stream up to his middle, twisting my line round his head, let it fall just above an eddy formed by the projection of a stone out of the water. Scarce had the fly dropped before the water splashed—the rod bent—the reel creaked—and in less than three minutes a fine trout, two pounds weight, was landed. All my contempt, all my disdain, all my imaginary superiority of fishing lore, vanished. I felt myself inferior to the poor tatterdemalion who had officiated as my instructor. I begged to look at the fly; it appeared to me a shapeless mass of feathers, yet in less than one hour I packed up the finest dish of trout I had ever seen; and having remunerated Paddy Shauglin and ordered three dozen of his flies, I returned to my friend's house, determined not to mention Paddy's assistance, but to boast of my skill and success as many a brother angler has done before me.



## A CHAPTER ON LOVERS.

"A CHAPTER on Lovers! dear me! what a delightful title! how interesting it must be! and in 'The Analyst,' too!" soliloquizes a certain fair friend of ours, blushing into womanhood, as her symbol, the rose, is bursting into bloom—"it must be worth reading, I'm sure!" and seating herself quietly, and as she hopes unobservedly, in a distant embrasure, she holds back her ringlets with one hand, while a shade of winning seriousness gradually subdues the sunbeam on her face. Of a truth, sweet girl! I could wish that, for thy sake, my pen were the plume of the dove, dipped in the bright hues of the rainbow, that holding meet correspondence with thy cloudless imaginings, it might discourse to thee most eloquently—most musically, and aye *most faithfully* of the flowers and the sunshine—the smiles and the witcheries—the tenderness—the devotedness and the *constancy* of love. Then might I hope to detain thee so long in thine attitude of grace and thine expression of loveliness, that thy sister, that daughter of genius, might steal from thee a revelation of beauty which, embodied on canvass and admired by the multitude, should be, sapiently, deemed fairer than nature. But, alas! the quill in my fingers is a petty larceny from the pinions of that bird which, by loud and admonitory cacklings, proved the guardian of Rome; and the crystal into which it dives for the gratification of its bibulous propensities, contains nothing fairer than ink! *N'importe!* the homeliness of the materials may be excused, seeing that thy first *billet-doux* bore evident traces of "*real Japan*" on a blush-coloured leaf of Dobbs's most felicitous design. And so Kate—my bright and peerless Kate! thou fair rose in the garden of life! we may haste to our chapter without additional prelude.

In commencing a "chapter" on "*lovers*," an expectation may glide into the breast of the reader, of being edified by some preliminary observations on "*Love*," involving a slight biographical sketch of the divinity, and some "hitherto unpublished" particulars of his birth, parentage, education (if any), and afterlife; with a metaphysical analysis of the passion, from fifteen to four-score. Reluctant as I confess myself to disappoint the reader's expectancy, I must, in this instance, curtail its fulfilment. The truth is, so much difficulty would arise in an attempt to prove *which* of the Cupids mentioned by Cicero, Hesiod, and Plato—or whether any—*now* rules over the destinies of man, that in order to avoid controversy, quartos, and questionable invitations to breakfast on bullets, I willingly leave the matter untouched. As to the second point—the metaphysical dissertation on love—I have but to state that having, heedlessly, ventured on such, the paper on which I was indicting my thoughts ("*Hydrographic*" albeit) blazed up spontaneously, burning with such rapidity, fury, and malignity, as to frizzle off two-thirds of my whiskers, and a petrifying portion of moustache. How this occurred—whether from the hydrogen disengaging itself from the water with which I was writing, and entering into combination with the atmospheric air—or from the friction of my pen, a genuine "*Rhodium*," or from the too prodigal use of "*words that burn*" (my beloved and blue-eyed Seraphina was to peruse the MS.), I am at a loss to determine; but after this explanation it cannot be presumed that I am eager to stand fire in a similar way. There was a song which some vocalist made popular at one period in the usual way, i. e. by a singular affectation of archness exhibited in sundry significant smiles, looks, and contortions

of the visage, set off by divers nods, stops, &c. &c.; the burthen—or as Chaucer and the old troubadours would have termed it “the *refraîne*”—intimated that love was “*quite a little man*.” Now whether the poet and the syren meant what they said and sung is much more than I dare to affirm, for “poets” and “syrens” are, occasionally, apt to say and sing the very reverse of their sentiments; but be this as it may, the song itself, very commendably, speaks *truth*. Love is no longer a child—a beauteous babe, whose golden ringlets, steeped in ambrosia, wanton over a brow of ivory, beneath which rove his blue and star-like eyes, now melting with ecstasy, or softened into a sweet abstraction, such as Domenichino has infused into the upraised orbs of his celestial “*Amor*.”\* He is no longer the winged and laughing cherub who, crowned with myrtle and roses, spangled with the tears of Aurora, revelled with the nymphs of Arcadia, or charmed them with his lyre in those happy and primitive ages when the kid and the panther disported together, and the serpent, shining like emerald and gold, rolled itself, harmlessly, round the nest of the dove. The son of Venus and Jupiter is no more! a departed grasshopper at the end of the autumn has as much chance of revivifying; and yet, in the language of rival advertisements, “counterfeits are abroad,” who, in the days of our grandmamas, putting on the garb of the “genuine,” passed current with four-fifths of mankind. An ill-concealed appetite for gold, a penchant for rank, title, and equipage, a propensity for china and lace, for trinkets and diamonds, for cards, balls, routs, musical soirées, &c. &c., betrayed the impostor in spite of the fascinations he assumed, and an elaborate mimicry of his predecessor. In our own times, the myrtle, the wreath of moss-roses, the lyre, and the bow, have been abandoned as superfluous and *canaille*. If you wish for a Cupid accoutred after the fashion of antiquity, you must seek him depicted in the voluminous correspondence of St. Valentine, or curiously modelled in clarified sugar at the certain well known annual exhibition on “Twelfth-day.” You may, occasionally, encounter him on the stage, provided with a gauze petticoat of classical brevity, and a pair of taffeta pinions, and fluttering at the end of a ten-penny cord, to the obvious delight of the junior spectators, who, rapturously, deem themselves in the actual presence of the much-talked-about little deity, in whom they are so peculiarly interested. Again you may discover him in the gorgeous repositories of Flight and Barr, of Chamberlain, or of Grainger; surrounded by a display of dazzling magnificence that makes us, involuntarily, shield our eyes with our hand, and startles us into the idea of having wandered into some haunt of enchantment, the fairy vault of Aladdin, or the treasure-chamber of an Eastern monarch. Here you may find him embodied in porcelain of alabaster purity, or glowing with the warm hues of vitality, and environed by flowers—all captivation and loveliness, and wanting but dew-drops and motion, and fragrance, to be meet for the garland of Flora herself.†

\* The divine picture alluded to formed the principal feature of the exhibition of old paintings at Exeter Hall, in 1833.

† It is scarcely possible to do justice to the exquisite beauty displayed in the paintings embellishing the superb porcelain of Worcester; and still further exhibited in those unrivalled fac-similes of flowers which have, of late, been produced, to the astonishment of the connoisseur eye. Nothing but reality can surpass these inimitable deceptions: of the most elegant disposition, they have the brilliancy, the delicacy, the sharpness of outline, the purity and variety of tint—nay, the very bloom and freshness of nature itself. Such, indeed, is the perfection to which they have been brought, that we may cite them not only as the *chef-d'œuvre* of art, but as irrefragable evidence of the fine taste, ingenuity, and industry of our countrymen.

Finally, you may greet him on the canvass of Etty, impassioned and beautiful as when he bent before Psyche and sued for her smiles; or as a revelation of sublime loveliness, starting from the marble of Behnes or Bailey. Elsewhere he is non-existent.

The Cupid of the 19th century is, indeed, "a little man," and a modish little man too! a dandy—an exquisite of the first water, instinct with affectation and heartlessness—a Beau Brummel—a complete Chesterfield in miniature. His frock of pea-green "Saxony," fashioned by some illustrious artiste, vest of rose-colour satin, jeans of the most irreproachable cut, and finished "cavalry" shining with the aristocratical "varnish" (for which De Castro deserves immortality); his eye-glass encrusted with brilliants, and pendant from a chain of platina and gold, the cameo glittering in his inimitably-plaited cambric, and the gem conspicuous on his fourth finger, as he, foppishly, withdraws his cigar from his mouth—these, and all these sufficiently indicate his bon-ton. But stay—his hat is a "mole-skin," the glory of Cater, and presses, daintily, upon the auburn curls which, redolent of roses, have been, evidently, adjusted by one of "the first artists in the world;"\* his gloves are the triumph of Worcester, and of the most enviable texture and tint; his spurs, of unsullied brilliancy, and his riding-whip a master-piece of art. So studiously arrayed for conquest, the modern Cupid takes his morning promenade, or carcols with finished elegance in the Park, lifting his glass, smiling and ogling as the fair daughters of nobility roll by; or kissing his glove and insinuating the same and contents through the window of some gilded equipage, enriched with antiquity and the wealth of the Indies, or the grace and sensibility of blushing sixteen, with a title as old as the Conquest.

At the concert, the dinner-party, the conversazione, the soirée, the rout, the ball, the modest "at-home"—at Almacks—the opera—in a word, possessed of ubiquity, he is every where, every where asserting his empire, and every where chaining new captives to his imaginary car. In a hundred places at once, he is polymorphean in faculty,—putting on a hundred appearances, and varying the mode of his operations as a skilful general shapes his manœuvres according to the encounter expected. All ages and stations in society acknowledge his influence. One devotee lacks gold to replenish his coffers, and offers a coronet shorn of its gems; another longing for a passport to nobility, mounts to the privilege on the money-bags of his ancestors; a third, some venerable Adonis of three-score-and-ten, looks into his glass, fills up his wrinkles, and dreams of a wife as the necessary crown to his triumphs; while the whiskerless minor, transported with the artless and ingenuous tenderness of mere "thirty-five," gives the slip to his guardians and posts off to Gretna with "the flirt of ten seasons." We pardon the boy for his folly, and our pity goes linked with forgiveness; but what can we say to those stout, elderly gentlemen, with hearts dead as the leaves in October,—those faded knights-errant of forty who patronise "riding-belts," squeeze into stays, paint, patch, and perfume, and after a desperate contest with crows-feet and corpulence, actually aspire to youth, loveliness, and *an heiress!* Some, indeed, we must admit, are moderate enough to require nothing but beauty, accomplishments, and sixteen. The reverse of the medal! The pennyless minor—the promising cadet—whose sword and epaulettes are the amount of his fortune: tall, slender, and, as he diffidently infers, seducingly elegant; an Achilles in valour, and a very Paris in accomplishment. This spruce cavalier, armed to the teeth, and

\* Vide the affiche of a celebrated hair-dresser near Temple-bar.

gleaming in the splendid panoply of war, commits terrible devastation at the officers' balls, as he displays his exquisite person in the quadrille, or whispers most irresistible nothings into the ear of the boarding-school belle, who leans on him in that abominable invention of Terpsichore—the waltz. Oh! and alas! for the bosoms that are transfixed by the mischievous darts of our Cupid!—for the eyes that are doomed to the suffusion of tears! and the cheeks that are to prematurely pale at fifteen! Well-a-day! for the brow that's to darken, and the lip that's to fade, and the hair that's to blanch, and the heart that's to break because of love unreturned, and the too-fascinating Cornet Eneas M'Grath! Increase and multiply, ye weeping willows! bleat still more pathetically ye tender lambs! and divide and flow yet more pensively, ye "murmuring brooks!" because of the marvellous multitude of despairing damsels! Whom have we next? The Nimrod, with £15,000 a year, an unencumbered estate, horses, and hunters, and hounds; himself blithe, jovial, fresh-coloured, well featured and formed, with the heart in the right place, and a temper "free from all vice;" he marries—"for love to be sure!" Not at all my dear Kate!—he cares little for Cupid, and money he cares for still less! The lady who shows a neat ankle and foot, who looks well in her habit and hat, who rides like an Amazon, clears a gate in fine style, and is "in at the death," is the woman he toasts and he weds.

What lover is this? The grave, silver-tongued, middle-aged professional, who, in celibacy and solitude, has either crawled wearily into the sunshine of notice, or attained it by some unforeseen and most fortunate accident! Behold him! he issues from the obscurity of his original domicile—his philosophical retreat "*au troisième*," shakes off the dust and dinginess of his Eastern residence, turns his steps west, and seeks for some squeezed-up anatomy of a house, thrust into an out-of-date street, like a thin book on a shelf to fill up the row; he enters it, puts up white blinds with red tassels, and showy transparencies, mounts a brass plate of imposing magnitude, and—looks out for a wife. But the heiress eschews him, the rich widow laughs at his overtures, and she whose virtues and loveliness are her sole portion is not the girl for his money. Who, then, does he wed? A word in your ear, my sweet Kate! the *female* professional, the *pianiste* or *danseuse*, who has money and merit (*sans doute*), but who sighs for a higher estate than her own, and rises half-way to the sphere of her hopes, by a union with the lucky practitioner! Indeed!

How many more lovers—strange animals truly—we might glance at awhile; but the sands of the glass are fast gliding away like the joys of our youth. Let us turn the leaves swiftly, dear Kate. Oh! this is the virtuoso, who marries the spinster of fifty, for the sake of some extraordinary fossil, or petrified onion—some cabinet of coins covered with verdigrise—some remarkable reptile—some dodo or sea-dragon, which the lady, an equal enthusiast—cannot be persuaded to part with. One gentleman casts a covetous eye on his fair neighbour's garden or grounds—the proprietress is *outrée* and ugly—red-haired and splay-footed—no matter!—so much the better!—his chance is improved!—the course is his own, and he bears off the *belle*. A second—in trade—is suspicious of shop-men, though cognomened "*assistants*;" he marries—his wife is perhaps neither pretty nor young, nor any way uncommonly-gifted with mental accomplishment, but she is Argus-eyed, shrill-tongued, and commendably anxious to deprive a flint of its skin. A third—careless and rattlebrained—lays down his "liberty" that his cook may not bore him to death by opening the door with a courtesy, and "what do ye choose for

dinner, Sir?" and a fourth is equally rash that he may see a fashionably dressed woman at the top of his table, and hear himself spoken of as the "happy husband of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. —." Ninety-nine marry because their considerate grandfathers have left them a rich, old-fashioned house, with plenty of plate and linen, and china, and glass, and so forth, and they have just brains enough to know that the same cannot well prosper unless a wife be at the head of the whole. One espouses a girl because she dances divinely; another because her voice harmonises so effectively with his in his favourite duet, that he snatches, eagerly, at the means of securing its accompaniment for life; alas! poor *Affettuoso!* *too often* does the voice of thy beloved warble in thine ears! The clergyman marries because he deems it respectable and due to the cloth; the medical man to ensure the confidence of "family people;" the schoolmaster to guarantee "maternal tenderness" to the olive-shoots placed under his care; the tradesman to be able to attend to his customers; and the poor man and labourer to find a home and a helpmate.

One more sketch, and a truce! Here is the fortune-hunter, a bankrupt too often in character as well as in means; generally of good figure and face, always of dashing exterior and showy accomplishment; insinuating and assiduous, gay, seductive, and voluble; full of animation and drollery; professing a chivalrous respect for "the sex," and eager to parade his bravery on all possible occasions when a lady hangs on his arm. Let us tear off his mask—only gaze at him! needy, desperate, and rapacious! cold-blooded and narrow-minded, ungraced with a sense of shame or a feeling of gratitude, and repaying, with insulting neglect, or absolute ruffianism, the woman to whose tenderness he is indebted for the very means of subsistence, and the wealth which he squanders on the most infamous associates!

Ah! Kate—sweet girl! beware—the basilisk is more innocent; the locust less common than this pest of society! but never may thy guileless heart be wrung, or thy fine spirit bowed down and broken by the remorseless barbarity of the "wolf in sheep's clothing!"

E.

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The most eulogistic epitaph which the ancients could place on the monument of a good housewife was that,

Casta vixit  
Lanam fecit  
Domum servavit.

We refer our fair readers to any of their friends who may be "*learned Thebans*" for a translation of the lines.

MINUTE CARVING.—Pennant, in his "History of Wales," gives the following instance of the ingenuity of an artist:—"At Halston, in Shropshire, the seat of the Myttons, is preserved a carving, much resembling that mentioned by Walpole, in his anecdotes of painting, vol. ii. p. 42. It is the portrait of Charles I., full-faced, cut on a peach-stone; above is a crown; his face and clothes, which are vandyck dress, are painted; on the reverse is an eagle, transfixed with an arrow; and round it is this motto, '*I feathered this arrow.*' The whole is most admirably executed, and is set in gold, with a crystal on each side. It is supposed to be the work of Nicholas Briot, a great graver of the Mint, in the time of Charles I."

MEMORANDA RESPECTING THE NIDIFICATION OF  
THE COMMON WREN.

(*Motacilla Troglodytes*; Gmelin; Shaw.—*Sylvia T. Latham*.—Trog:  
*Europæus*, *T. griseus*, *alis nigro cinereoque undulatio*. Shaw.)

To enter into a very minute description of a bird so well known, would be, probably, superfluous: a sketch of its general appearance will be sufficient for my purpose. The bill slender, of a light brown, the lower mandible slightly tinged with yellow: the irides dark; the upper parts brown, barred with black, and fading into a paler tint near the tail, which is deep brown, marked with black: the throat of a dingy white, and the breast a light ash colour, occasionally spotted with brown. The female is darker than the male, and lays from ten to fifteen eggs.

Connected with the nidification of wrens, a few facts which have fallen under my notice I will venture to offer, from an impression that they may possess interest for the reader. In a grotto at Cracombe, composed principally of rock-work and moss, the back and roof being constructed with the latter, secured by small sticks, a pair of wrens built their nest, and, from constant association with the family, grew so familiar as to admit of our watching their habits. After strict observation, we came to the conclusion that in building the nest, the *female* is the chief architect, her mate going in quest of materials. In two days the domicile was complete, and, three weeks after, the nestlings made their appearance. The old birds becoming so tame as to pick crumbs, or even raw meat, from a table in the grotto, we had an opportunity of seeing them engaged in the occupation of feeding their young; and from this we discovered that very small caterpillars, such as are frequently found on mignonette, formed a considerable proportion of their *early* food. When the brood was fledged (and of course far more interesting than in their callow state), the parents enlarged the aperture of the nest much beyond the usual size; whether this proceeding was rendered necessary by the darkness of their retreat, or indicated an increased confidence of safety, I am unable to decide. A sad catastrophe put an end to inquiry; for in the course of a few days we found the poor little birds destroyed by a small perforation in the back of the head, through which the brains had been extracted, thus calling to recollection the words of a talented writer, who, dwelling on the ferocity of the "*Red-skins*," or North American Indians, says, "they brained their foes even as the *titmice* do the *nestlings*!"\* But to proceed. Wrens, invariably,

\* Notwithstanding this reputed "ferocity" of the "*Red-skins*," the writer will venture to boast of an intimate acquaintance with an Indian chief of the highest rank, who came over to England to arrange the particulars of a *hunting treaty*, and was known by the name of Norton. He was a sincere Christian, and his whole wishes were concentrated in the welfare of his powerful tribe. He was a

adapt the materials of which they constitute their nest to the nature of the locality which they have selected: thus the wrens of the grotto formed their dwelling of moss, lichens, and sticks, in assimilation with the interior of the building. It is a further remarkable fact that these birds indulge in a *plurality of nests*; this singular circumstance was pointed out to me by a valuable friend and accurate observer, who also directed my attention to no less than four of these pseudo-abodes in close neighbourhood with that which I have already described. Whether these numerous little edifices are designed to baffle the enemy, like the shields of the Salic,\* or whether the birds, fastidious as to the site of their residence, commence several before they are satisfied, is a point of some difficulty to determine. Wrens frequently build in very whimsical situations; at Sandford Park I saw a nest which was made in an old stocking nailed against a wall in the gardener's house, for the purpose of holding his "shreds;" and the little denizens, having availed themselves of the finery, had decorated their nest with gay patches of cloth, red, grey, green, and blue. This fantastic and extraordinary dwelling only evinced the admirable instinct of the birds in choosing materials for their habitation so well suited to answer their end of concealment.

Another pair of the same active little creatures located themselves in a *straw hurdle*, used for protecting some valuable young poultry, and in this situation their nest was, exteriorly, covered with loose straw and matting. A locality, perhaps, still more remarkable than the preceding, was a favourite parterre in the garden at this place (the Chantry), in the centre of which two wrens fixed their nest, within six inches of the ground, in the middle of a wall-flower, entirely hidden by the *débris* of the garden refuse, which might, naturally, be supposed to have there accumulated by *accident*.

Fearful of intruding too much on the attention of the reader, I will terminate for the present, although the temptation to prove excursive is rather formidable where such favourite studies are concerned. At a future period I may be encouraged to gather from my note-books some desultory extracts, illustrative of Ornithology and Geology, in the former of which I may confess myself an enthusiast, admitting, in the words of the poet,

" It wins my admiration—  
To behold the structure of that little work,  
A bird's-nest ! mark it well, within, without,  
No tool had he who wrought, no knife to cut,  
No nail to fix, no chisel to insert,  
No glue to join ! his little beak was all,  
And yet how neatly finished !"

The Chantry.

C. L. E. P.

visitor of the Rev. Mr. Owen, of Fulham, and the late exemplary and excellent Bishop of London, Dr. Beilby Porteous.

\* Query, the Twelve Priests of Mars? or the Nation of Germany?

## HORÆ POLONICÆ.

## NO II.

THE hospitals were soon completely crowded by the wounded from the battle of Ostralenka, and, in consequence, our time was fully occupied, in performing such operations upon the unfortunate surviving victims as their wounds had rendered necessary, and which had been delayed in consequence of the retreat and concentration of the Polish army round Warsaw.

The cholera, which had in some degree subsided, again resumed its ravages more virulently than before, reappearing with increased malignity the day after the arrival of the army. It was now evident a crisis was approaching—additional barricades were formed in every street, new mines and batteries constructed on every side of the town, accompanied with measures to insure a general rising in arms of the whole population.

The seat of war was now transferred to the western bank of the Vistula, but no authentic reports of the operations on either side could be obtained. In hopes of gaining some information, we sauntered to a hotel in the suburbs, the landlord of which was an Englishman, named Marks. We there met with a Scotch cotton manufacturer who stated that his house, which was situated forty miles from Warsaw, had two days previous been the head-quarters of the Polish commander in chief, and as he was on the point of leaving the town to rejoin his wife and family, I made no hesitation in offering to accompany him. This offer was as unhesitatingly accepted on his part; and, having assumed my full surgeon's uniform, and obtained leave of absence from the physician-in-chief of my hospital, I bade adieu to such of my companions as chance threw in my way. After waiting some time at the place of rendezvous, my Scotch friend at length appeared, in the ordinary travelling chariot of the country, a long narrow willow basket, hung about three feet from the ground, containing straw instead of seats, drawn by two active little horses. We proceeded at as quick a pace as the sandy nature of the roads would allow, and arrived at our destination as night closed in. I learnt that the Russians had retraced their steps to Bulimow, and the Poles having in consequence made a movement in advance, the head-quarters of Skreynecki were removed to the house of an Englishman named Bromfield, residing as agent upon the estate of General Lubienski. Having taken some refreshment with my host and his wife, a very pretty Scotchwoman, and been introduced to the cave which they had prepared as a place of retreat in case of need for their household penates, I determined to obey the irresistible impulse of curiosity, and push forward to witness, if possible, the battle which was shortly expected to take place, my host's wife asserting she had heard artillery at some distance two or



three times during the day. I obtained fresh horses, and proceeded in the direction pointed out, but was again doomed to disappointment, for at Bromfield's I found only a troop of horse conducting some waggon loads of wounded to Warsaw, and learnt that the head-quarters had that morning been changed, in consequence of the continued retreat of the Russians. In almost total darkness I continued my journey, halted about midnight, and at the earliest dawn prepared to resume my route to Bulimow, in sanguine expectation that my hopes of finding the Polish army would be realized. A young man about 20 years of age, earnestly entreated to accompany me. As he spoke with perfect fluency both the German and Polish languages, and was personally known to General Lubienski, I most gladly consented. We passed, on our way, whole fields of corn, completely trodden down and destroyed by the armies on their march; and the places where they had bivouacked the night before were plainly marked out by the remains of fires scarcely extinguished, and cots yet standing, made of interlaced branches of trees, the leaves of which were still green, forming an equal protection from the dews of night and the burning sun during the day. Our road lay through a forest, which we had scarcely entered when we began to encounter signs of the vicinity of an army—light carts, attended chiefly by women, who made a profitable trade by bringing from Warsaw provisions and spirits, of a very much better description than the rations served out to the army. Symptoms still more unequivocal soon developed themselves, and we had the pleasure of finding the wood on both sides occupied by the Polish infantry. We passed unchallenged and unnoticed, reaching Bulimow at five o'clock, A. M. This little town, which is pleasantly situated on an eminence commanding a beautiful view of the neighbouring flat country, was filled with soldiers. Shortly after our arrival we perceived a commotion amongst a troop of horse and some infantry occupying a position in front of the town, surrounded by mounted sentinels. Thither we directed our steps, and observed whole troops receiving the sacrament from the hands of the priest; and soldiers, employed in throwing up breastworks and batteries, were seen, suddenly, on all sides, to quit their spades, run to arms, and fall into rank. Upon applying to a surgeon, who appeared like myself an idle spectator, to know what all this portended, he pointed to a wood about a mile distant, in an open space on one side of which I could plainly perceive a large body of Russian cavalry drawn up. The Polish position was threatened by this force, and a movement made in advance had caused the alarm. Accompanied by our new acquaintance, we ascended the steeple of the church of Bulimow, in order to enjoy a better view of the anticipated conflict, but it proved to be a mere feint on the part of the Russians. After the Russian horse had retired, a party of Cossacks hovered about the outskirts of the wood, but they also retreated upon the approach of a body of Polish infantry, who were sent to dislodge them. On the same day a skirmish

took place between two regiments of cavalry of the contending parties, of which, in consequence of the clouds of sand and dust raised by their evolutions, we had a very imperfect view.

About three English miles down the river on which Bulimow stands, is a small straggling village, then occupied by the 2nd and 3rd Polish Lancers, forming part of the right wing of the army. Here I determined to proceed, with the view of obtaining better accommodations, and of joining a compatriot, Ensign Kirkpatrick, of the 2nd lancers, with whom I had become acquainted at Warsaw. The road from Bulimow was lined the whole way by military posts, and regiments bivouacked in lines. I was rather surprised as our waggon moved, in transitu, that we were never challenged by the sentinels, it not occurring to me at the time that my uniform, as surgeon, was a sufficient passport, and that my companion enjoyed the same protection, whilst he remained at my side, and passed as my servant.

On arriving at the village, I bargained with a peasant for the use of his hovel, in which I had beds made of clean straw, the comforts of which I enjoyed, alas, only in anticipation. Having fixed upon the fattest goose that could be found in the village, which was soon trussed and placed before the fire, I sent my companion to ascertain the exact situation of the 2nd lancers, and if he found Kirkpatrick, to request his assistance in eating the goose. Feeling uneasy at his long absence, I rose from the straw on which I had been reclining, and sallied forth. Seeing nothing of him, I requested the first officer I met with to direct me to the 2nd lancers. He offered to conduct me thither, and I soon discovered that he was acquainted with Kirkpatrick, and served in the same regiment. We had not proceeded far when we observed a private of the lancers, mounted, and followed by a person on foot, dressed in plain clothes, crossing our path. The officer suddenly paused and exclaimed, "*Viola, un espion,*" and pointing to something like cross timbers, erected upon a neighbouring hill, told me that no doubt a spy was going to be executed. As we approached nearer to the prisoner, the officer heaping imprecations on the head of the supposed rascally delinquent, what were my emotions upon discovering in the supposed spy, my companion, Thompson, who upon perceiving me, ran towards us, seizing me by the waist, and commenced talking incoherently, a mixture of English, German, and Polish. I had sufficient presence of mind to explain to the officer that he was my domestic, and that I had sent him in quest of the English Ensign in his regiment. Upon this representation he consented to re-conduct his prisoner to the officer who had arrested him. When in his presence I endeavoured to assume a haughty air, and asked him how he had presumed to arrest the servant of an English surgeon, and was expressing myself warmly upon the insult he had offered me, when he very coolly asked me how long he had been in my service. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth as I answered, "since yesterday;" but, said I, he is an Englishman, and do you suppose an Englishman could act the

part of a spy? No, replied the officer, he is a Scotchman, and in deference to you I will explain how he fell under my suspicions; perceiving him in plain clothes, of too good a texture to admit of my supposing him a mere servant, I set a watch upon his actions; he rambled about, questioning every one who would listen to him, about the situation of this regiment and that general, and finding that he spoke the German and Polish languages fluently, I could not, acting in accordance with my duty, suffer him to remain at large: upon his being arrested he gave a very unsatisfactory account of himself, and as you, bowing to me, have only known, and can only account for his conduct, since yesterday, my suspicions are more than ever confirmed, and to head-quarters he must go. At this instant a convicted spy was seen to be suspended from the gibbet I had before observed. I was now almost frantic, and in my anxiety for my friend gave vent to abusive expressions, which either my bad French, or the gentlemanly feeling of the officer, prevented him from noticing, but without parley the soldier resumed charge of his prisoner, and marched him off. I felt I had incurred a most serious responsibility, and was in a state of great excitement, when an officer who hitherto had continued to play at chess, and, apparently, had taken no notice of the proceedings, except casting one or two scrutinizing glances at the party, rose from his seat, and taking me by the arm, began to soothe me in pure English, and assured me that if, upon his arrival at head-quarters, my servant was found really innocent, he would be immediately set at liberty, for so great was the clemency of the commander-in-chief, that those who really deserved death went unpunished, and the proofs must be extremely strong before any one suffered as a spy. After talking me into a more composed state of mind, he advised me to proceed to head-quarters, and concluded by offering me the use of his horse, and servant, also mounted. I must here digress to express the gratitude I feel to Prince Sapieha for having so seasonably interposed and brought me to reason. Of his subsequent fate I am ignorant; but I hope and trust he has escaped the merciless fangs of the Russians, and is in the enjoyment of European liberty. Should these pages by any chance meet his eye, may I beg his acceptance of this, the only acknowledgment I can make for his kindness that evening, which will never be effaced from my memory. I cannot here refrain from recording an anecdote I afterwards heard related of this nobleman. Prince Sapieha, the possessor of extensive estates in Poland, whilst on a visit to England a few years before the present war, won the affections of a young English heiress, who died soon after her marriage, leaving a number of relations, to whom he voluntarily, and most generously, resigned the whole or major part of his late wife's fortune. The Prince subsequently returned to live upon his patrimonial estates, and was one of the first to draw his sword in his country's cause. Mounted upon the Prince's horse, I was not long in reaching Bulimow, and within a hundred yards of the generalissimo's tent, I met Thompson, in

high spirits. By the time he had arrived at head-quarters he had collected his scattered senses, and upon obtaining an interview with General Lubienski, upon whose estate he lived, he was immediately recognized, and set at liberty. The General laughed heartily upon hearing his story, but to avoid any chance of his again meeting with such *amusing* adventures, had given him a passport, in which he was described as my servant, with full permission to go where he liked.

Having dismissed the count's servant and horses, we began to look about for some place wherein to pass the night, which had no sooner set in than the outposts of both armies began an irregular fire of musketry upon each other, and the cries and whoops of the Cossacks were heard on all sides.

My companion being anxious to return home, I would not oppose his departure, although I had the greatest faith in the security of the general's passport, feeling deeply the responsibility I had incurred by bringing him into unnecessary danger. I had the satisfaction of hearing subsequently of his safe arrival at home, after a narrow escape from being taken by the Cossacks.

I was now left to my own resources, and I lost no time in discovering the quarters of the physician-in-chief of the army, to whom I candidly told my story. He expressed himself delighted at the opportunity of having an Englishman with him, and promised me a regular appointment next day to one of the ambulances, in the mean time inviting me to share his cot, and mess with his staff, two or three of whom could speak English fluently, and had been educated in London. I need scarcely say the invitation was most gladly accepted, and the day was most delightfully spent in talking over the merits of most of the eminent surgeons in London.

In consequence of the severe and dangerous illness of General Turno, commanding the right wing, I saw no more of the physician-in-chief that day, his time being fully occupied in attending to the general, and his other patients.

About mid-day I beheld, for the first time, Skreynecki; he possesses a tall, noble, commanding figure, dignified yet care-worn features, a long straight nose, compressed lips, and rather sharp prominent chin, his light hair partially concealing his lofty brow,

“ Where, deeply wrought,  
The intersected lines of thought” .

overhung eyes that had more the expression of genius and of lofty daring than of ferocity—of philanthropy more than the feelings of a rugged warrior, and yet upon the whole I do not recollect any set of features more expressive of ambition, but of a lofty character. In the course of conversation with the physician-in-chief, I learnt he had been medical attendant to the Grand Duke Constantine, for whose character he entertained the greatest detestation, and could scarcely pronounce his name without an involuntary shudder. I could easily discover that he attributed the secret springs of the

revolution, more to the hatred felt by the Poles towards the late Grand Duke than to the intolerance of the Russian sway. It was true, he observed, that Nicholas had violated the treaty of Vienna, and had destroyed even the shadow of our ancient and dearly beloved representative government; it is also true that a deep and invincible hatred was entertained by even the lowest class towards the Russians; nor was that feeling confined to the civilians, it reigned paramount in the breasts of the military, and even the expedient of making the Russian and Polish private soldiers consort together and sleep in the same bed, failed to allay the animosity—but, notwithstanding, the personal character of the emperor was universally beloved, and the enlightened inhabitants were fully aware of the advantages accruing to their country from the wise and politic measures adopted by Nicholas and Alexander. Had the Grand Duke Michael or any other vice-ruler been appointed to govern Poland, the improvements in that country might have gone on; but the wretch Constantine, too ferocious to be allowed to remain in Russia, had been let loose upon unhappy Poland. The anecdotes of this mad tiger fully equalled the cruel and insane pranks related of his father Paul. Members of the first families in Warsaw were daily sentenced to the knout, and fed upon bread and water, whose crime perhaps merely consisted in having inadvertently omitted to pull off their hats as the cortège of this monster rolled along the street; and woe to the officer, whatever his rank or station in society, of whose uniform one button was undone. In listening to this recital, I could scarcely convince my senses that I was not hearing a chapter read from Clarke's travels descriptive of his residence in Petersburg. Constantine differed from Paul in one respect, viz. the marked attention and respect he invariably paid to Englishmen, to whom he always bowed, and never ordered to prison, or the lash, for omitting to uncover their heads in his presence.

Deeply mourning as they did

—————“The loss of all  
That can ennoble man, and make frail life  
Short as it is, supportable,”

the plan of a violent separation from Russia by means of the awful and stormy whirlpool of revolution, would long have remained in embryo in the romantic imagination of the Polish youths and military students, in whose minds hopes of their country's political regeneration never for a moment lay dormant; but their senior patriots were aware how much their country stood in need of repose, and labouring under torturing

“Thoughts too deep for tears”

had exerted the whole weight of their influence in keeping down the impetuosity of these youthful patriots. The tide of events

however hastened the fatal catastrophe. Revolutionized France, fearing the interposition of Russia in her internal domestic changes, sent emissaries to Poland, who but too well executed their task, and a premature effort to obtain her freedom, was, after a noble struggle, ultimately crushed. Independent of the promises so liberally offered by Sebastiani, then premier of France, the manner in which the forces of Nicholas were disposed, seemed to favour the attempt. By the most extraordinary oversight and infatuation the Polish army was concentrated in their own country, and on this force the anti-Russian party knew they could most implicitly rely, nor did events deceive their calculations. It appears paradoxical that in addition to the spies by profession, every servant acted also in that capacity, upon their masters' actions,—it being a heavy crime, punishable by transportation to Siberia, to engage even the lowest menials without applying to the police office,—yet the conspirators carried their plans into maturity without the slightest suspicion on the part of the executive government.—Our conversation was here interrupted by a general movement along the whole line, and the thunder of the artillery. The Russians, in addition to the same demonstration they had made the day before, were now pushing their infantry into the wood from which the day previous, I had seen the Cossacks dislodged. The out-posts, however, were scarcely drawn in before it was evident that no general engagement would immediately take place; the physician-in-chief, therefore, having given me my regular appointment, as surgeon-major to the ambulance attached to the 3rd division of infantry, under General Malachowski, advised me, whilst time permitted, to repair to my post, as it was impossible to say how soon the Russians might seriously attempt to turn the position of the Poles. The 3rd division was posted in the centre of the wood through which our road lay when in search of the army. I was escorted and introduced to my comrades of the ambulance, by one of the physician-in-chief's staff, by whom I was most cordially received, and my situation was rendered more comfortable by finding that most of them could speak English fluently. There we found every one on the *qui vive*, the horses were harnessed to the ambulance, by the side of which we arranged ourselves, having first seen that the instruments and surgical paraphernalia were properly disposed, ready to gallop to whatever part of the field of battle our services might be most required. Evening, however, approached, and nothing decisive seemed likely to take place, and the day at length closed over a mere paltry affair of out-posts. We now joined a party of officers disappointed in their ardent expectation of something to do, (for soldiers in the field, and in presence of the enemy, soon tire of being idle,) who were solacing themselves by dancing to the inspiring sounds of the military band, the music from which, resounding through the forest, had a most pleasing and romantic effect; others were conversing in groups over the bivouack-fires, whilst the studious visages of the chess-players completed the picture, and nothing

was wanted to render this sylvan assembly perfect but the presence of the brightest part of the creation, until whose appearance even paradise was incomplete. To me it was all fairy-land; nor did the darkness of the night diminish the splendour of the scene: the blaze of the fires glittering on the rows of bayonets, and the hum of the thousands around me, all combined to enchant my senses, which were feasting on the new views I now enjoyed of human nature, and on which I could for ever dwell—all around appeared animated—

“The rushes, and the willow wand,  
Are bristling into axe and brand,  
And every tuft of broom gives life  
To *patriot* warrior, armed for strife.”

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 TO ———.

Oh, I love thy name; and I love the ground  
Where my lingering eye hath seen thee tread.  
Thy voice to my ear is the sweetest sound;  
And thy gentle bosom the softest bed  
That ever my weary brain hath prest,  
My spirit's earthly place of rest.

I love thee when the morning grey  
Tints, with faint light, the slumbering scene:  
I love thee at the bright noon-day;  
I love thee at the dewy even.  
At the darkest hour of the lonely night,  
I love thee, my spirit's beacon-light.

I love thee when Spring, with her timid hand,  
From its wintry slumber wakes the rose:  
When, over the waters, and over the land,  
Summer her halo of glory throws:  
When Autumn scatters her foliage sear:  
I love thee in Winter, wild and drear.

Oh, I love thee when, with rapture lit,  
In hour of joy, thy glance meets mine:  
And I love thee when, plunged into moodiest fit,  
My vext spirit brooks no look but thine.  
For thou from the deep and the deadly strife,  
Canst win back that spirit to love and life.

So I love thee morning, noon, and night,—  
In the Summer's bloom, and the Winter's blight:  
In health and pleasure's rapturous glow;  
When grief lays my ardent spirit low:  
And I'll love thee still in that fearful hour,  
When death asserts his conquering power.

F. F.

ON THE PLUMAGE, NEST, AND EGGS OF THE LONG-  
TAILED TITMOUSE (*PARUS CAUDATUS*.)

IN all the best, or at least most modern works upon Ornithology with which I am acquainted,—those of Mons. Temminck, of Selby, Fleming, Mudie, and Alphabet Rennie, to wit,—there are sundry grave and flagrant errors in the portraiture of that elegant and notable little bird, vulgarly 'yclept the *bottle-tit*, of which I, albeit naturally very shy, and quite a novice in the business of writing, have long been plucking up courage to essay the correction. The head of the little creature in question, is described, by all these learned scribes, as *white*: Temminck even has it, *pure-white*; and the back and scapulars (Selby, "Illustrations of British Ornithology," page 234; Fleming, "History of British Animals," p. 81; and Mudie, "British Naturalist," vol. ii. p. 317) *rose-red*. Now to my sober, and mayhap vulgar, organs of sight, nothing can be more like unto gray, than the hue of the *former*; nothing more nearly akin to pale-chesnut, than that of the *latter*. With laudable pains-taking to get at the truth, I have examined divers specimens from diverse parts of the country (two are, at this moment, on the table before me); and asked the opinions of sundry persons more knowing than myself in these matters. The response has invariably been, "grey and pale-chesnut, beyond all contradiction, as plain as the nose in one's face."

Now for the *nest*. Selby, in speaking of this most curious and wonderful structure, says that "a small hole is left on *two* opposite sides of the nest, not only for ingress and egress, but also to prevent the bird, during incubation, from being incommoded by its long tail, which then projects through one of the orifices." "Illustrations," p. 234: and Fleming (page already quoted), and Mudie, likewise, testify as to the existence of *two* openings in the nest of the bottle-tit.

In my younger days, when my optics were more prying, and, alas! a great deal keener-sighted than they now are, and even within the few years last past, have I repeatedly scrutinized the "domed nest," as Rennie has it, of the long-tailed architect; yet never, for the life of me, could I descry any trace of the postern vent, or tail-hole, with which these good-natured and cunning men have, in their wisdom, so providently furnished it.

And, in good truth, one cannot help being a trifle sceptical, or so, as to the main use which Selby and copyists knowingly assign to said vent-hole, even if, in reality, it existed. When the ordinary distance of such orifice from the bottom of the nest is duly scanned, one cannot but surmise that little Mistress bottle-tit, with her tail-piece sticking out of the attic window, and her head and body in the ground-floor of the tenement, would have, during her long lying-in, rather a sorry time of it. The truth of the matter is, I opine, nothing more nor less than this: when



father and mother are nestling together, the gentleman, with more worldly wisdom than politeness, like a supernumerary beggar in a "spare bed," accommodates himself in the best possible manner, to the lack of room, by squatting with his hinder parts (I crave pardon, his *caudal extremity*, I should have said) in close acquaintance with his partner's pate. In such homely fashion, I have, on sundry occasions, seen the long tail of one of the proprietors poking out from the nest of the bottle-tit.

Selby writes that the *eggs* of this little creature are ten or twelve,—Fleming, nine to twelve in number. Temminck ("Manuel d'Ornithologie," p. 297) represents them as amounting to fifteen. Montagu ("Ornithological Dictionary," by Rennie, p. 52) has heard of more than twenty being discovered; but never saw more than twelve. Knapp ("Journal of a Naturalist," third edition, p. 165) "remembers finding fourteen or sixteen pea-like eggs," in little long-tail's nest "and many more were reported to have been found." Mudie ("British Naturalist," v. ii. p. 317) merely mentions that the eggs are numerous. In by-gone days, I have repeatedly counted fifteen eggs; once or twice, eighteen; and, on one occasion, nineteen, in what was then familiarly called, by Warwickshire boors, the *Jug's nest*.

Alas! poor Montagu! What a most woeful figure does his Ornithological Dictionary (excellent for the days wherein it was written) cut in the claws of the rapacious Butcher-bird (*Lanius prædatorius*, *haud equidem frugilegus*\*—I am but a sorry Latin scholar forsooth), of King's College. Yet the hapless Colonel does not stand alone in his misfortunes. Let us glance around; and we shall verily, on all sides, behold birds of every tribe and

\* Most of my readers are, probably, aware that the common rook has been named, by Linnæus, *Corvus frugilegus*. Now this said Latin term, *frugilegus*, means, in plain English, *corn-gathering*: and, as a specific designation, is not mightily applicable to the *rook*, rather a general feeder, and not over-nice respecting the quality, if the quantity of victuals be enough. Professor Rennie, aware of the impropriety of the term, proposes to substitute for it the epithet *prædatoridus* (vide "Ornithological Dictionary," Introduction, p. vi.) But this does not mend the matter one whit; for are not the raven, the carrion-crow, and the "lawyer jack-daw," as much given to *prey* as their cousin, the rook? Is it not invidious, or does it not, in fact, savour of libel, to specially stigmatize, as a *plunderer*, one member of the crow family, or, in truth, any other family, when all are thieves alike. In my humble opinion, moreover, the distinctive (or *specific*, as they are scientifically named,) titles of animals should be derived, not from their habits, which are liable to change with the circumstances wherein they are placed; but from some notable and unchanging peculiarity of external structure or character. The "conveyancer rook" is mainly distinguished from its next-door neighbour, "counsellor crow," by having the base of the bill white, scurfy, and *bare of feathers*,—a condition probably intended to facilitate the operations of the bird in *grubbing* for the larvæ of the cock-chaffer, which lie deep in the ground; and among which, like the portly alderman, feasting on oysters, it makes, during the year, terrible havoc. Why, therefore, not distinguish the rook from its congeners by the title, *bare-beaked*? aye, *Corvus nudirostris*, just the thing! or, if you would fain have it from a more learned source, here it is ready for you, in what Dr. Parr would have facetiously called a very fair specimen of "*Brummagem Greek*," *Corvus gymno-rynchus* (*γυμνος*, bare or naked, *ρυγχος*, beak),—the bare-faced crow.

trade,—land-fowl, waders, and swimmers,—carpenters, masons, miners, weavers, and tailors,\* to boot,—insects and their larvæ, most piteously impaled, like the relics of poor Montagu, upon the thorn of this literary shrike; and unmercifully mangled by his beak and talons. Neither the exalted character of the immortal Swede, nor the profound quinary system of the luminous Mister Mac Leay, nor the order *Lepidoptera*, of the *orderly* Mister Stephens, albeit fenced round on all sides, by the formidable *mihi* (O *mihi*, Beate Martin!), nor even the floating nest of the humble dobchick,—nothing in air, in earth, or in water,—can be safe from the attacks of this northern bird of rapine,—this king-bird of the *Omnivori*, happily “new to the British Fauna.”†

My friend, Mr. Gould, of the Zoological Society of London, is bringing out a first-rate work upon European Ornithology;‡ which will, I would fain hope, set all disputed matters on the subject finally at rest, and restore to their right position the *heads of birds* (and the craniad, by the bye, of certain *wrong-headed* Professors), which have been woefully turned in the celebrated *Ornithological Dictionary of British Birds* (see page 35, article, *Sinciput.*)§ And what, in the name of common sense, and the King’s College, could an *Ornithological Dictionary* have treated of, save *Birds*?

To conclude, the dark—the *iron*—ages of Ornithology,

“Pierced by a RAY  
Of British light, have long since passed away.”

Bewick, by his spirited doings upon the block (no lack of respect to the memory of that highly-endowed and pains-taking man), hath since ushered in the *wooden*—and Rennie, still more lately, the *brazen* age; but the duration of the latter will be brief; its days are numbered: for (prithee, forgive, O gentle reader, the miserable pun) the *golden* age of Ornithology, is, at last, dawning upon us.

SENEX.

Sept. 19th, 1834.

\* Vide Rennie’s “Architecture of Birds,” Contents.

† Vide Rennie’s “Conspectus of Butterflies and Moths,” page vi.: manifestly borrowed from the hive of Mr. Mihi Stephens—wax, honey, grubs, and all.

‡ “The Birds of Europe,” by J. Gould. Nine parts of this splendid work have already appeared. The author, evidently a *Falco*, of the *golden eagle* kind, has taken wing nobly; soars far above all his European competitors; and leaves even the American Audubon himself at a goodly distance below.

§ *Sinciput*, in our schoolboy days, was wont to be rendered *forehead*. Things are wonderfully changed since then. Steam, gas, and the “schoolmaster” have verily *turned the heads*, not only of men, but of *birds* also: since it is stated on the high authority of James Rennie, Professor of King’s College, that the *sinciput* of birds is now actually where the *occiput* used to be. And is this the learned scribe, who hath presumed to quiz the Latinity of Naturalists? Vide “Conspectus of Butterflies,” p. vii. After all, we suspect that he really belongs to the *Crow* family, and may correctly be referred to the *bare-faced* species.

## WALLER'S ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose,  
Tell her who wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How fair and sweet she seems to be.

Tell her that's young  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In vallies where no men abide,  
Thou might'st have, uncommended, died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired ;  
Bid her come forth  
Suffer herself to be desired  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee—  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous bright and fair.

\*Yet tho' they fade  
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise,  
And teach the maid  
That goodness Time's rude hand defies,  
And Virtue lives when Beauty dies.

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 IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

I, Rosa, purpurei flos jucundissime prati,  
Dic cui labe paci tempora meque ferit :  
Illius laudes tecum persæpe paranti  
Quam grata et candens est ea visa mihi.

Dic cui flore datur primo gaudere juventæ  
Gratia quæ verò ne videatur ævet :  
Si te fortè virûm peperisset nescia vallis  
Mortem tu laudis nescia passa fores.

Nil valet omninò tucem male passa venustas ;  
In lucem veniat protinus illa jube  
Quam petit omnis Amor virgo patiaturo Amorem  
Nec cùm miretur quis stet in ore rubor.

Tum morere ; ut rerum videat communia fata  
Rararum, fatò conscia facta tuò  
Eheu ! quàm minimum præbetur temporis illis  
Queis tantum veneris tantaque forma datur.

Sed quamois monaie, tuis post fata peracta  
Foliis solitus ne procul absit odor ;  
Temnere sic discat pietatem Temporis arma—  
Vivere virtutem cùm mera forma perit.

GODFREY GRAFTON.

\* This last most exquisite stanza was found written in pencil, in a volume of Waller's Poems, lent by a friend to the unfortunate Kirke White.

## FINE ARTS.

## BIRMINGHAM EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART.

(Continued from page 203.)

HAVING engaged a *franked* seat out and home, on the 30th ult. I made another journey to Birmingham solely for the gratification of again committing to paper a few additional notes from the productions of the British pencil and chisel, now open to the public in the Academy of the Society of Arts. I spent the greater part of that and the succeeding day with unabated pleasure, and left the rooms with regret that my avocations did not permit me to make a longer stay. For, in plain truth, it would require very many days to examine and fully appreciate the various works of merit in that splendid collection. I now submit the following remarks to your readers, with a hope of contributing my small share of aid, as a gratuitous volunteer, to keep the important subject of modern art stirring in the public mind. My restricted limits and ill health confine my pen, but the three local newspapers will, no doubt, feel an honest pride in furnishing regular critical notices, during the exhibition, and will give a well-merited support to those laudable efforts of their townsmen, and the genius of the British school.

But, first, let me observe that the 8th, 9th, and 10th lines from the bottom of page 202 in your last "Analyst," ought to have been thus:—"In the sculpture room, there are two superb busts in marble, by *P. Hollins*, one of them the *Hon. Mrs. Norton*, the other *John Bird, Esq.* These, with a noble model of *Wm. Hollins, Esq.* and his marble statue of the daughter of *Vincent Thompson, Esq.*, a production of exquisite taste and beauty, place this sculptor in the first class of his profession."

"138—*Portrait of Mrs. Massenger*"—a half-length, with a hand introduced, by *T. Wyatt*. The face is nearly in a front view; the head clear and well coloured, with a mellow freshness in the flesh tints, a great look of individual nature, and a spirited effect of light and shadow. It is painted with a strong, free pencil, sufficiently sharp and delicate in deciding the features and lighter parts of the dress.

The hero of "345," by *R. T. Bone*, is a youthful troubadour, of a genteel figure, with hat and feather, in the gay costume of the chivalrous ages, in search of adventures. A greyhound is crouched behind him, as he stands near the centre, in an appropriate attitude, bending respectfully down, relating his "moving accidents" in castle, hall, and bower, to three young ladies, and their mother. They are seated on the greensward, with refreshments beside them, under the umbrageous canopy of a lofty grove. The fair listeners are in the attire of rank, and agreeably grouped. Their positions are pleasingly contrasted; a back-view, a front, and a profile. The matron rounds the group, and a wide-mouthed page and ugly black boy, standing immediately beyond them in attendance, give it fulness. The landscape is well designed and freely painted, in a quiet, subordinate tone. The colouring is mellow; and, amidst much attraction, I see nothing to question but the red on the cheek of the lady in profile: it appears rather obtrusive, and wants something of the delicate clearness of nature.

"338"—by *G. A. Vickers*. The attention is here fixed at once. A fishing vessel, in a bold, picturesque view, is making good her entrance

into Calais harbour. She is so near as to constitute a large fore-ground, or rather fore-water, object, occupying the centre, in, what sailors term, "the chops" of the haven, and within hail of the pier, which lies beyond her to the left, in the middle distance. The vessel and her crew are partially in broad shadow, or tender half-tints, well kept together, and having no sails set, she is finely relieved from a mass of white clouds rising above the horizon and beautifully flickered up the clear blue sky. The detached forms of these snowy clouds, as they ascend, like silvery fleeces, are painted with a lightness of pencil and sparkling lustre, which must suffer by any description. On the right side, shipping are under sail in the offing. The dark masses on the vessel, and those in gradation on the sea and pier, are large and effective; and the sailors in varied and spirited action, particularly the one, in a fore-shortened front-view, stooping down over the side.

This arrival is well chosen, and the artist has done it and himself ample justice. He has not crowded his canvass with a multiplicity of claims, and, thereby, lessened the interest of each. The objects are few, and cleverly treated; a principal and subordinates, each setting off the other, and maintaining its proper distance and character. The waves are of an open, picturesque form; of a transparent hue, and in *dancing* motion. They remind me of a line of Dr. Young's, in his "Ode to Ocean," in which the waves "*dance on, in measure, to the shore.*" The execution is of a standard quality, firm and solid, but sufficiently free, without the slightest tendency to that bane of art, a flourish of the pencil, to attract the ignorant by a false show of manual spirit. These tricks, like clap-traps from brainless actors in the theatre, are rarely resorted to by artists, who are conscious of better claims. The colouring is vivid; but the brightness of that lovely blue sky is so balanced and toned by transparent sober tints, or mellow shades on all beneath the horizon, that it presents the aspect of a fine summer day and a favourable breeze in shore, with a brilliancy, freshness, and truth, which are absolutely exhilarating. With all this beauty, it has a peculiar attraction in its pure originality of style. Not a touch reminds you of any ancient or modern master. As we stand before it, we think of nature, without any reference to art, but that which affords us so unalloyed a gratification.

"27—*The Cow-yard,*" a small cabinet painting, by *J. Linnet*. On the left side, a cow is seen in a field, through an opening close to the upright trunk of a huge pollard. A man, carrying the milk pails, followed by his dog, is entering the yard. A woman, milking near him, is almost lost in shade, and, evidently, grown black, by a change in the colours. A white cow occupies the centre, and a man, beyond her, is busy at the door of the cow-house, which stands behind. These, with some cocks and hens, on the right side, form the principal materials of the picture. Every part is composed with great care, and elaborately finished. The works of this very clever artist are justly valued in many distinguished collections, and their fine truth of nature has often afforded me high pleasure. He has always evinced a strict attention to the details of close wood-land and farm scenery; and one could see that his sketches were selected in his walks with a discriminative eye. With what a simple charm he has painted, and can paint, the hoary elm scathed by lightning, or the aged oak, half-stripped of its bark, and branching out its giant arms in picturesque variety. Not many artists can paint with more fidelity an earthy bank, shaded by a few trees, enriched with mosses, herbage, clumps of stone, a fallen log from the woodman's axe, a splash of water for the cattle, and the cottage or farm-house, with its irregular hedges and half-

ruined paling. These, with some rustic figures, the good man, his dame, and one or two chubby children; his dog, a cow, cocks and hens, an old ragged horse or ass turned out to graze in the green lane, or by the road side, formed his usual favourites. His gray, sober tints, his dark verdure, his adherence to truth, often reminded me of Ruysdael, Wynants, Hobbema, and other of the best Dutch and Flemish masters, and showed that he had closely studied their style, perhaps *too much* so, as it is possible for a man of genius to lose somewhat of the *freshness* of nature in looking too intently at the beauties of art. But no artist is equal in all his works; and we must not judge of Linnel, who has produced so many excellent pictures, by the one now under notice. I may be mistaken, but to me the cow-yard appears to be a very early performance, and changed through the effect of time. The white cow in the centre, is formal, and but ill connected with the other figures; the penciling is too much laboured, and the colouring somewhat dry and hard. There is, also, a want of gradation in the light and shadow, and of clearness in the effect, although all the parts are good in themselves.

"23—*Portrait of Wm. Hollins, Esq.*," little more than the bust, by H. Room. This is a well-drawn head, warmly coloured, with a bold open breadth of light; a strong, unaffected look of nature, much freedom of pencil, and a mellow effect.

"337—*View in the Neighbourhood of Clifton, the Severn and the Coast of Wales in the distance*," by J. J. Chalons. This justly admired prospect, which commands so great an extent and rich a variety of land and water, of level and mountainous country, affords a fine study. The artist has kept the colouring cool and chaste; but produced a bright, bold effect, by spirited shadows. The eye is carried over the remotest passages with felicitous illusion. In this difficult point of aerial perspective, he has been eminently successful, and the scenery has lost none of its romantic interest in his transcript. A rough, white horse is grazing near the fore-ground; and on the same line, under some towering trees, a rustic man and woman, in a low cart, and a back-view, are driving up into the country. There is a magnificent breadth of light diffused over the sky, the river, and landscape; and the disagreeable hard manner of penciling, which, in some of this artist's pictures, offends the eye, is not noticeable here.

"470—*The Quarrel of Adam and Eve*," by H. F. Goblet, a large upright cabinet size, of great merit. Adam is in a posture of extreme agitation, turning away from Eve; and attempting to bury his face in his hand, as it were to hide himself from earth and heaven; his other arm is extended, in the act of repulsing her supplications. The action is vehement, but not extravagant; and his head, shoulders, chest, and all the upper part of his figure, are well designed; the hands and arms particularly so. The style, in which the muscular details are marked, is vigorous and in good taste; it shows that the artist has closely and successfully studied the living model. The general effect suffers, perhaps, a little, by the breadth of shadow across the middle of his person, but that is a point relative to the light and shadow; it does not lessen the merit of the drawing, expression, or action. He stands firmly. Eve is a good figure. She rests on one knee, with her arms extended, as if about to rise and prevent his abandoning her, by soothing him into forgiveness. In such an imploring attitude, it is very difficult to avoid an appearance of wildness in the limbs, or to prevent the light from being, in some degree, broken against a dark back-ground, by their extension. But there is much strong feeling and just conception in the design, and of elegance in her form. The colouring is not rich, but mellow, and of a sound his-

torical tone; and the whole invention and execution are highly creditable to the powers of the artist.

"522—*A design from the Revelations, c. xii. v. 7,*" by *S. W. Arnald*.—And there was war in heaven! Michael and his angels fought against the Dragon."—This is an upright study in chiaro-scuro; and, from the great number of groups, the variety of action, attitude, and expression, the difficult foreshortenings, anatomical science and copious invention, a description of it would require every page of "The Analyst." Any limited attempt would be a great injustice to the artist. I am, therefore, very unwillingly, forced to content myself with calling attention to it as a most extraordinary production of an extraordinary genius: a mine of wealth, which may be visited every day for a month, and, still, afford fresh gratification. When I turn my eyes, from the grandeur of this composition, to "529," this artist's splendid model, the Murder of the Innocents, and consider the deep science and great style of both, I cannot help expressing an earnest wish that a genius, so comprehensive, may be speedily employed on some public work, to his own honour and emolument, and the glory of his country. The young mind, which could venture on such arduous undertakings, and display such powers in their execution, is a national treasure, and ought to be turned to account by the State without delay. His small model, "515—*The Iron Age,*" strongly reminds me of the antique statue of the Gladiator. It is the very spirit of terrific violence personified, yet is there the collected method of a master in that destructive movement. There is much elegance and grace in "500," his model of "*The Golden Age,*" but, apparently, not as scrupulous an attention to the forms.

*R. Westall, R. A.,* in "400," has represented Cupid reposing in an embowered recess, in the mystic groves of Cyprus. The god of love slumbers on a splendid couch, with cushions of purple silk and a shadowy curtain of the same colour drawn up on the branches above. His head rests on his elbow, or rather on the raised hand, and the other is negligently stretched across before him. The position is not without a difficulty. The face and upper part of the person being in a front view; the lower limbs in profile. The brilliant effect of the rich and glowing flesh is heightened by the cold, clear purple and azure of his wings. The picture is much admired, and its surprising lustre attracts every eye; but, perhaps, some pearly half-tints would have sweetened the tone of the carnations without lessening their brilliancy. The sunbeams dart down, with a dazzling effulgence, on the golden autumnal foliage of the recess, in which he reclines; and this blaze of light is kept up by contrast with an impervious wood, which extends immediately beyond it, in a midnight depth of shadow. The combinations of colour are so surpassingly gorgeous that few pictures unless by colourists of *Rubenesque power*, would have any chance near it. We must suppose the amorous Deity is engaged, in his dreams, on some sly mission, for one of his wings is gently raised, as if about to take flight, and increase the number of his victims.

"360—*Glad Tidings,*" by *C. Landseer*. A small three-quarter length of a young lady, seated with an open letter in her hand, which she is reading. Whether the chosen of her heart has escaped the carnage of battle; or, just landed in merry England, after a long absence; or, has written for leave to solicit her parents to name the day for their union; we are left to guess. But the flush of joy on her countenance and the bloom of seventeen, are heightened by the glowing reflections from her rose-coloured dress. These reflections are painted with an exquisite tenderness and truth, which far surpass any finishing of the most admired of the Dutch and Flemish masters in their characters from genteel life.

The artist has been eminently successful in the drawing, penciling, colouring, and expression; her face is a model of English beauty. It reminds me of Donne's admired lines. I think they are Donne's, and I quote them from a forty years' recollection, perhaps, not very correctly:—

“ Her pure and eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks and so divinely wrought,  
That it would almost seem her body thought.”

The forms of her person are delicately rounded, and the air of elegance and fashion in her dress and manner, is chastened by an ineffable look of purity. Her hair and female ornaments are disposed with a graceful simplicity; and her beauty is rendered more beautiful by the temperance with which she appears to restrain the warm and overflowing emotions of her heart. The accessories and background are—but, away with the accessories! With all their excellence, I cannot think of their merits just now; with that face, that form, that innocent, impassioned loveliness before me! Here we may throw down the gauntlet,—England against the Continent. For the power of painting all that constitutes the grace and flower of polished life;—of painting sentiment, mind, passion, soul,—all the modest charms of virtue in a lovely form, Charles Landseer against them all! Let it be remembered, I, here, speak only of *genteel life*,—as I have not seen any effort of his in the higher department of *history*.

“358—*Sad Tidings*,” by the same painter; a chamber scene, also. This young lady is seated, with one arm extended listlessly down, holding on her lap, the fatal letter, which has, in a moment, for ever crushed the innocent hope of her first affection. That scroll has, at once, turned the world, and all its pomps, into a frightful void to her. One elbow rests on the table before her; the fair hand pressed against her drooping forehead, as if to restrain the agony of her throbbing temples. Her face is in profile, and her hair falling in negligent ringlets. But what a contour is there! How delicate! how lovely!—How deep! how intense! yet how still, the sorrow on those charming features! I have, already, observed, there is an unconscious listlessness in the fall of her arm; and the same is visible in the manner of her holding the letter, and in the drooping forward of her head, as if pressed down by the stunning weight of the blow.

A melo-dramatic designer would have looked into the green-room of some theatre for a model, and represented her with a violent action; her elevated hands clasped, or sawing the air; her dress in a flutter; her head thrown back; her eyes raised to heaven, and a flood of tears rolling down her cheeks. All this would be admired, in certain boudoirs, as very fine. But the more show off, the less sympathy. We would look on the Tragedy Queen with coldness or disgust, as on an impostor attempting to extort compassion under false pretences. How vastly superior this! Here is no attempt to make a scene;—no forced artifice to attract or excite. Far from any show,—she appears to have turned her eyes inward on herself, as if forgetful of every other being in existence; as if all had died with one! Her feelings, her mind, her soul, and every living faculty, are absorbed in one overwhelming thought. All else is hushed; all immovable as the grave. Yet how moving, (if I may use it without appearing to play upon the word), that immobility! Hers is a grief like that so forcibly described by Shakspeare. Here, again, I quote from a long recollection, and, perhaps, I mar the text;

—— “ The grief, that cannot speak,  
Whispers the o'ercharg'd heart, and bids it break.”



That whisper to her heart speaks on her face; it says—He is gone! gone for ever! *dead!* dreadful word! My gay—my young, my beautiful, and brave! my betrothed! he perished in battle! Oh, war! accursed war! and doubly accurst ye instruments of hell, who kindle its devouring flames! Why was I not with him to have shielded him! to have brought off his lifeless corpse! But, no! Even the sad consolation of shedding a tear at his grave is denied me! The midnight wolf, the famished vulture, the screaming eagles, feed on his precious remains!

There is a "*lex non scripta*," an universal law, above all written laws, and an *unwritten language*, without voice, more eloquent than tongue or pen, which speaks in the eye, in the movement of the lip, in the change of colour, in the downcast or averted countenance. It is the universal language of *expression*, the Painter's language, whether his subjects are in elevated history, or in humble life. But how few, how very few possess it in the first degree. It is the prerogative of superior Genius.

This—gifted Landseer—this divine  
Prerogative, from Heaven, is thine:  
With moving eloquence, thy art  
Thus speaks, in silence, to the heart:  
For this, to thee, the sacred meed  
The favouring Muses have decreed;  
And faithful to their mystic vow,  
Entwine the laurel on thy brow;  
While Truth inscribes thy modest name,  
Upon the shining roll of Fame.

What a talented family those Landseers! The father, an able engraver, an eloquent lecturer! How beautiful his description of Count Goudt's Aurora! The pencil of Edwin! stretching like a sceptre over all this "visible diurnal sphere!" touching every thing, and, like Goldsmith, embellishing whatever he touches! How I called attention, in the "Literary Journal," or "Literary Gazette," to his "Traveller perishing in the Alpine Snows," when that picture was exhibited fifteen or sixteen years ago! Then, this Charles, rising like a brilliant beam of light in the morning! His three cabinet gems in this exhibition are hung low down; but I bent on my old knees to them, and they repaid me. I visited his Glad and Sad Tidings, day after day, at the British Gallery in Pall Mall, or in one of the smaller rooms of the Suffolk-street Exhibition, last winter, and soon adverted to them with no laggard pen in the "Worcester Herald."

"56—Portrait of Francis Chantrey, Esq., R.A.," the property of Sir Robt. Peel, Bart., by the late *J. Jackson, R. A.* This artist was one of the best colourists of his time, although very inferior in the drawing and disposition of his whole lengths to several of his contemporaries. His head of Liston, the actor, and that of an architect (I believe the name was Dance), when exhibited, at Somerset House, were superior to any in the rooms, although Lawrence, Shee, Owen, and Phillips, exhibited many capital portraits those years. In depth, richness, force, and harmony, his two heads were astonishing performances. This of Chantrey is a three-quarter length, and painted with a full, free pencil. It is a very fair likeness of the living original, but, by no means, so good a one as that by Sir Henry Raeburne, who not only gave the features, but the mind, of the British Phidias. The attitude, here, is not at ease, but the colouring, light, and shadow, are excellent.

"46—Portrait of a Lady," by *H. Wyatt*. This half-length is nearly in a front view, and a dark dress, with an easy turn of the head; the character conversational and intelligent, lively and pleasing. The

features are well drawn, and the face is coloured agreeably, without any leaning to manner, or prevalence of a particular tint. The carnations are clear and true, and are seen to great advantage, set off by the dark and tasteful ringlets of her hair. The hand is well introduced, as a subordinate light, and of a clear hue, but not of the very best form. This small matter may be easily remedied, and is amply redeemed by the very interesting expression of her speaking countenance.

“26—*Early Morning on the Seine*,” by J. W. Allen. Without any of the golden splendour of sun-rise, this is an object of deserved and very general admiration. The tranquil flow of the river, its still tone, and the shadows of the woods beyond, give an additional charm to the ascending rays of light, which are painted with tenderness and beauty. The gentle, and almost imperceptible, transitions of tint and undivided breadth of the effect, delight the eye; and the chaste harmony with which the cool, early hour is represented, evinces this artist’s successful study of nature, and his refined sense of her most delicate beauties.

“98,” by T. Woodward. A farmer’s boy, about fourteen, mounted on a white horse, is crossing a ford and looking back, encouraging his younger brother, who rides behind him clinging to his waist, with a look of alarm. Their dog, unused to the water, is sitting, in great distress, on the bank, which they have left. His head is raised and thrown back; his throat distended and mouth open, sending forth a melancholy howl. The helplessness, fear, and agony of this poor deserted little creature could not be better painted by any master. As a fine specimen of animal expression, I do not, just now, recollect anything equal. Thus it is that a man of genius infuses a soul and interest into the meanest object. His magic touch, as it were, converts lead into gold. On the contrary, in the hands of a plodding, mechanical worker-up of colours and canvass, the most pathetic incidents become flat and insipid; by a base transmutation, his unlucky pencil turns gold into lead. The drawing of the horse and boys is good; the handling free; and the touch soft, but sufficiently brisk in deciding the forms. The light is kept broad on the foreground and water, and being united with the white horse, and well relieved by a shadowy landscape, has a very brilliant effect. I have heard this artist was a pupil of James Ward, the Royal Academician, who has painted many animals equal to those of Rubens; and an abler master he could not have. This excellent little picture is highly creditable to both. Luckily it is in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, where its merits cannot fail to introduce him to the highest patronage in the country.

“239—*The Coronal*,” by W. Derby. “Herself the fairest flower.” This female seems introduced here to show herself off; and to be looked at. So far she is out of character; for true sorrow shuns the public gaze, and courts solitude, to “pine in thought.” On the contrary, this mourner is standing in a set, upright position, looking straight forward at the spectator of the picture, as if to ask his opinion of her beauty.

Riddle me—riddle me, riddle me ree!  
 Tell me what my riddle shall be;  
 I ask you, good Sir, frank and free,  
 Is there any *so fair* as me?

This clever artist cannot be charged with any inattention. He has the merit of always endeavouring to excel; and a victor, who has been so often successful, may be pardoned one failure. Here he has, with most commendable diligence, exerted his pencil to do his best. There is a degree of careful correctness in the drawing; the head and hands are

highly wrought up; the drapery and landscape, also. Perhaps, if he had laboured less he would have done more. There is nothing neglected. But there are unlucky hours, when men of genius are inferior to themselves; Dryden and Newton were of this opinion; and there is no producing good pictures or poems "*in spite of Minerva.*" After all, here is nothing but what I have already mentioned, a female not over young, standing in a cold, formal attitude, as a model for a painter. It is a specimen of *attitudinarianism* and no more. The countenance is heavy; the features are rather sullen than pensive, sad, or sorrowful. There are no touches of gentle sensibility, or tender distress, to move our sympathy; and, of that youthful beauty, which ought to be the basis of all romantic and ideal character, there is certainly no great share in her face or form. I have seen many pleasing things from the hand of this gentleman, in his fortunate hours; and it would not be fair to judge of him by this single picture. All those, who have seen his beautiful Catharine Parr interceding with Henry VIII. for her enemies, have had, in that, a very capital test of his abilities. How delicately drawn and painted are the hands in that very interesting picture: and the mild, sweet, imploring expression. It would do credit to Vanderwerf.

"379—*Sappho*," by H. Howard, R.A. A very small gem, from the classical mind and pencil of the accomplished Secretary of the Royal Academy. The favorite of the muses and victim of love, is dressed in the Grecian costume; and that elegant simplicity is in unison with the ideal beauty of her form. A cupid, on the wing, insidiously whispers the praises of Phaon to her, and quickens the flame within her bosom. Inspired by him, she is about to take up her lyre and accompany it with her voice in singing the hopes and fears of the tender passion. This ingenious allegory shows the fine imagination of the artist. In this cabinet treasure the colouring is silvery, the light and shadow broad and tender, and the landscape in a taste suitable to the scene and character.

"120—*Trajan's Forum*," by H. Harris; a view well selected, capably painted, and pregnant with memorable historical recollections. The sculptured groups on the imperial column, are, from its place in the middle ground, and the small size of the picture, only indicated without any making out; the spectator understands that some such ornaments are on it, but no more. The traces, necessarily, are more indistinct, according to their height, until gradually lost to the eye. All this is right. Marco Ricci painted this forum several times, of this size, and, always, with the defect of marking the figures too distinctly. The artist here has done justice to the perspective. The column, with the adjacent shattered pillars and vestiges of ancient Rome, in the days of her Pagan glory, including that lofty edifice, surmounted by the symbol of Christianity, are seen in a noble breadth of warm light. This splendour is well relieved by the broad shadow extending from the centre, on the buildings to the left. The brilliancy of the effect is heightened by the contrast of a sky, in some parts, of as bright a blue as virgin ultramarine. If ever we can be justified (as sometimes we are) in saying the sun shines in a picture, here we are so. It reminds me of that effect in some of Danby's admirable landscapes. But, although there is a great beauty in it, the eye is so dazzled by the sunny splendour below and the glittering blue above, that I cannot help, for a moment, wishing the blue had been brought into somewhat of a lower tone immediately behind and about the white marble statue of St. Peter, on the top of the column.

The sky, all on the left side, is admirably toned. So far from wishing the general lustre to be impaired, I think, by being somewhat more

subdued, in the one part mentioned, the effect would be more brilliant, and, perhaps, more true. In the part of the sky to which I advert, the colour approaches too near the look of *blue paint*, instead of being of a *blueish atmospheric tone*. But, there is so much beauty in the whole, I really feel ashamed of my wish, although I submit it to the better judgment of this skilful painter. It is a very singular circumstance that there is not a figure introduced in the whole picture! This is the first work which I have seen from his hand, and the first time I have met with his name; yet, in practical excellence, his pencil appears to be the unctuous implement of a veteran master!

“327—*Rabbit Shooting*,” by A. Cooper, R. A. A boy is kneeling at the side of a knoll, holding a net before the entrance of a warren, to catch the inmates or prevent their escape by that opening. Two dogs are on the opposite side, barking and endeavouring to frighten the timid game out of their fastness. The sportsman has taken his stand near, on an eminence, with his gun, ready to let fly at them the moment they are started. The two dogs, the sportsman and boy, are correctly drawn, and the former in spirited action. The ground is diversified by up-and-down irregularities and elevations; and a level glimpse of a dark blueish distance, lying high beyond, carries the eye off to a remote extent. The colour of the near ground is of a sober russet or olive, nearly reduced to a *chiaro-scuro*. The spot is a homely locality, and there is not the smallest attempt to catch the eye by colour.

There is not much in the picture, and that is of every-day occurrence. Yet how well that sportsman stands! with what a look of keen vigilance he is on the watch! What a hold that little round head and cropped hair of the kneeling boy have on the eye! How well his action is told without any effort to exceed the reality! What a charm there is in the simple fidelity with which he is painted! Every thing here is a plain truth, which tells more to the breast than many a huge canvass covered with a flare of colour and crowds of exaggerated figures, hurrying in confusion. As far as its small size and scanty materials go, this performance may challenge the best of the Dutch or Flemings of the same compass, and limited number of figures. We might get many such to equal, but I rather think it would be very difficult to surpass, it.\*

Oct. 8th, 1834.

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ROUSSEAU AND VOLTAIRE.—On the Swiss philosopher shewing the French poet a lyric epistle, addressed to posterity, the latter observed, “My friend, this letter will never be delivered according to its direction.” This piece of raillery Rousseau never forgave.

John Tradescant was the first individual in this country who formed a museum. Science must, at that period, have been at a very low ebb, for in the “Museum Tradescantinum,” a small book, with Hollar’s plates, we find, in the collection—“an egg, supposed to have been that of a *dragon*, and another of the *griffin*; two feathers of the tail of the *phœnix*; and the claw of the *ruck*, a bird able to trusse an elephant.”

\* The anxiety, with which I look on every effort of the British School as a great national interest, led me further than I, at first, intended, in these critical observations; and, after I had, on the 8th inst. sent the manuscript to the printing office, and corrected the proofs of that moiety which is printed above, I learned that it filled the number of pages liberally allotted for “*the Fine Arts*.” The remainder, therefore, is, necessarily, reserved for insertion in the next number of “*The Analyst*.”

## THE GULF OF BAYA.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LEMARTINE.)

“Vois-tu comme le flot paisible  
Sur le rivage vient mourir ?”

SEE how the peaceful wave  
Expires along the shore ;—  
And see the playful zephyr lave  
Her wings for evermore,  
And dance upon the buoyant tide !  
Come, let us take this fairy skiff and glide  
With noiseless effort o'er the seas,  
Wafted by evening's balmy breeze.

Swift, and more swift recedes the shore,  
As in thy gentle hand,  
Kissed by each parting wave, the oar  
Conveys us far from land ;  
While from the vessel's dipping side  
I watch the furrowed waves divide.

What balmy freshness fills each sense,  
On Thetis' bosom bright ;  
While the pale delegated moon,  
Shines forth the Queen of Night.  
The bosoms of the half-shut flowers  
Drink in the scented dew ;  
And rendering back their borrowed powers  
Give forth each varying hue.

What sounds are these which float the waves ?—  
What music haunts the shore,  
Prolonged through earth's enchanted caves  
Till echo is no more ?  
Distrustful of the treacherous stars,  
The seaman trims his sails  
For home—dear home ! where love prepares  
A sweet repast—and smiling hails  
His voice amid each jarring sound,  
While sportive childhood gathers round,  
And every face sweet welcome wears.

But darker shades at length arise,  
Blending the sea with night ;  
The land recedes—and dimness lies  
On things of life and light.  
Now musing melancholy sits alone,  
And broods upon the past for ever gone :—  
And startled memory brings upon the view,  
Things which sublimer ages only knew :  
Proud palaces and temples rudely riven,  
Which stretch their towering summits up to heaven.

Hail ! olden Liberty,—hail ! sacred clime,  
Cradle of virtue, and of deeds sublime,  
Thy Cæsars could not quell !—Thou art a slave !  
Thine empire sunk—thy heroes in the grave !  
And yet thy mouldering monuments impart  
Some touch of greatness to the swelling heart :

As in some ruined fane we strangely feel  
 The glorious past across our senses steal.  
 But sleep, ye noble ashes of the dead !  
 Old Romans ! Catos ! names still worshipped :  
 And ask we now of happier shades  
 Some softer records of these glades.

Here Horace found a calm retreat,  
 By love and genius blest ;  
 And here at gentle Cynthia's feet  
 His suit Propertius prest.  
 And under Delia's soft and kindling eye,  
 Tibullus tuned to verse each breathing sigh.  
 And here again had Tasso sweetly sung,  
 But from his country's bosom rudely flung,  
 He roams the world—no refuge—haven—rest,  
 Till Pity roused to shame some genial breast.  
 Now, dim with age and sadness, see him come,  
 While Fame before his view a wreath displays,  
 A phantom still to mock his ardent gaze,  
 Doomed but to droop its leaves above his silent tomb.

Oh ! Baya's Mount !—poetical retreat !  
 Voluptuous valley !—sojourn sweet !  
 Thy songs of love—thy kindling voice of war,  
 All silent !—not a voice—a breath replies  
 Beyond the dashing waves which round thee rise,  
 Or their drear echo from the rocks afar !

Thus all is changed—thus all things pass away,  
 A book in which we read our own decay.  
 We leave behind no deeper traces,  
 Than this light, idle bark  
 On ocean's bosom dark,  
 Which every breath of heaven effaces.

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ATTRACTION.—Take two phials marked 1 and 2, filled each with a fluid perfectly colourless, on mixing them together, they will become black ; take another phial, No. 3, containing also a colourless fluid, and pour it into this black liquid, and the mixture will again become perfectly clear, with a little sediment at bottom. Lastly, take another phial, No. 4, containing also a colourless fluid, and by adding a little of it the black colour will be restored. All this is the effect of attraction. The liquid in No. 1 is an infusion of galls, No. 2 is a solution of copperas (called sal martis, salt of steel.) The iron contained in this green vitriol has a strong attraction for the gall water, and when they are mixed together they unite and become ink. But when the phial, No. 3, containing aqua-fortis (nitrous acid) is poured in, the iron, which has a stronger attraction for it than for the galls, unites with it, and having left the galls the liquid is again clear. Again, No. 4 contains an alkali, as salt of wormwood, in a fluid state. The nitrous acid has a stronger attraction for this alkaline matter than it has for the iron ; it, therefore, drops the iron, which again unites with the matter of the galls, and the fluid resumes its black complexion.

MICROSCOPE.—In order to dissect a leaf for microscopic inspection, place some perfect ones in a pan with clean water, in which they must remain three or four weeks, after which, if they are soft, and almost rotten, they are sufficiently soaked. They must then be laid on a flat board, and, holding them by the stalk, draw the edge of a knife over the upper side of the leaf, which will take off most of the skin. Turn the leaf, and do the same with the under side, then wash out the pulpy matter, and the fibres will be exhibited in a very beautiful manner. This operation is best performed in autumn, the fibres being much stronger, and less liable to be broken.

## REVIEWS OF PRINTS AND ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

"*Shylock and Jessica*;" From G. S. Newton, by G. T. Doo. Hodgson, Boys and Graves, Pall Mall.

The incident is taken from the 5th scene of the 2nd act—Shylock delivering his keys and his admonitions to Jessica: the expression of the rapacious usurer, is inimitably portrayed, its jealous doubt and anxiety, deep earnestness, and the fox-like and searching keenness of his glance, are finely opposed to the assumed calmness and listening attention of the fair Hebrew—in heart a christian. The print is brilliantly engraved; there is a clearness, richness, and masterly firmness in the stroke which leaves nothing to be wished for by the eye.

"*The Sentry Box*." From C. R. Leslie, by M. J. Hanforth.

"My Uncle Toby" is, here, represented innocently and incautiously exposing himself to the battery of the fair widow's glances, as, with unconcealed earnestness, he is examining the pupil of the eye which she submits to his inspection with an archness of character that would have undeceived any less simple-minded individual. The person and features of the blooming conspirator are graceful and agreeable; her dress is modish, and her tournure that of a woman who attaches a sufficient degree of importance to the duties of the toilette, and the suggestions of the looking-glass. "My Uncle" is a burly veteran; cordial, unaffected, and open-hearted; frankness and simplicity are the characteristics of his honest and kindly countenance; and while he intently peers into the bewitching eye of the widow, we cannot repress a smile at his utter unconsciousness of the siege which the blithe dame is so admirably manoeuvring to carry. The map of that spot which was the scene of his ambition and glory, "his thought by day, his dream by night," hangs up in "the sentry-box," and is for a while forgotten, that the offending particle may be sought and removed from the pupil of the Widow Wadman's eye. The design is imbued with the finer humour of Sterne, and appears to have been struck off in one of Leslie's happiest moods. The engraver has rendered ample justice to the original, and has succeeded in producing a very splendid specimen of his art.

"*Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria*." G. Hayter, M. R. A. S. L.

Fine likenesses of the heiress presumptive, and her royal parent; the resemblance to the Brunswick family is much more favorably developed in this head of the princess than in Westall's, or, indeed, in any other which we have seen. That it is minutely accurate, the name of George Hayter would alone be adequate guarantee. The portraits are engraved in the chalk manner, and slightly tinted. We perceive that Mr. Hayter is unusually precise in affixing his address to the print; as there are two or three artists of his name and family, it is probably requisite, to preclude mistake.

"*High Life*" and "*Low Life*." From Edwin Landseer, by J. R. Lane, A. R. A. Ackermann, 96, Strand.

The two humorous and clever cabinet designs, by Landseer, which were some time since exhibited at the British Gallery, in Pall Mall, have been beautifully lithographed by that accomplished artist Lane. "High Life" represents a favoured and gallant hound sitting in a richly-furnished apartment, garnished with divers aristocratical insignia, and having an air of indisputable luxury: the helmet, the sword, the drinking cup, the cuirass, and a multitude of characteristic et-cetera, indicate the residence of some high-born cavalier—some chivalrous soldier, spirited, elegant, and accomplished—fitted to shine in the courtly revel, or to lead in the "tented field." "Low Life;" here the butcher's dog, white, full-fed, plethoric,

and sleepy-eyed, sits at the door of the shambles, and offers a perfect portraiture of vulgar content: form and feature are heavy and uncouth; the grace, the fire and symmetry, of "High Life" are not to be looked for in this comatose representative of the canine "*canaille*;" all is dull and drowsy—good-humoured albeit—and indicates the triumph of the grosser substance over the immaterial, as thoroughly as the fat-fleshed and rubicund visage of the gorging citizen, whose very dreams are of "turtle," "green fat," turbot and venison, contrasts with the calm, pale, thin and intellectual countenance of the man of genius and thought. Landseer was exceedingly happy in the paintings, they were gems of singular beauty, marked with the excellencies of that unsurpassable artist, and it is no small eulogium upon the lithographs to say that they are worthy of the pictures. Mr. Lane has wrought them up with spirit and fidelity; nothing has evaporated beneath his touch, and we view with much pleasure these valuable additions to our lithographic collection.

"*Studies from Nature.*" By J. Inskipp. Engraved by C. E. Wagstaff. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street. Plates 3 and 4.

These beautiful studies lose no portion of their interest and value; the present plates, are two charming heads impressed with a vivid and delightful character of nature. No. 3, is a very lovely girl, seen in profile, caressing a greyhound; her hair is disposed in long fair locks, and an expression of gentle feeling is spread over her features. The 4th is a little village maid of tender years, with an aspect of much sweet interest and artlessness, and touched with an air which redeems the head entirely from the rusticity of ordinary peasant nature: in this it reminds us of Gainsborough's exquisite sketches. The engravings are fully equal to their predecessors.

"*Trésor de Numismatique et de Glyptique, ou Recueil général de Médailles, Monnaies, pierres gravées, bas reliefs, etc.; tant anciens que modernes, les plus intéressans sous le rapport de l'art et de l'histoire,*" &c. &c. Paris, Rue de Colombier, 30, près de la rue des Petits Augustins.

We are truly gratified to perceive that this magnificent and invaluable work is progressing most triumphantly; the last number, (22,) is a brilliant production; the principal specimens are from medals, and include some of unrivalled interest and beauty; among these is a superb head of the Cardinal Richelieu, which, detached from the others, would of itself be cheap at the cost of the whole number.

"*The Botanic Garden, or Magazine of Hardy Flower Plants cultivated in Great Britain;*" by B. Maund, F. L. S. London, Simpkin & Marshall, &c. &c. (Bordered Edition.) No. 118.

This is an excellent number, and, as usual, most attractive. The "*Thermopsis Fabacea*," or Faba-like *Thermopsis*, with bright gold-coloured blossoms, is followed by the "*Lythrum Diffusum*," or Diffuse *Lythrum*, of crimson hue: the "*Iris Sambucina*," or Elder-scented *Iris*, is an unequalled little specimen of colour, and, certainly, the most important in the number; the union of purple and gold and amethyst, and the charming tenderness of tint upon the unclosed petals, present an assemblage of singular loveliness. That the *Iris*, at one period, enjoyed the peculiar attentions of the fair, we cannot question, when we find that the green roots were recommended to be infused in rose-water to make a cosmetic, "mainly good against all sorts of scars, marks, freckles, and sun-burned complexions:" there can be little doubt that the Beauties of Hampton cultured the flower with most especial tenderness. The "*Libertia Formosa*," or Beautiful *Libertia*, with its sharp, sea-green leaves, and delicate silver flowers, concludes the number. Some shrewd hints on the subject of supporting plants by means of props, are given in the remarks on the *Lythrum*.

One of the most splendid productions of lithography which have issued from the press, we reserve for detailed commentary in our next: we allude to "*Leav's Illustrations of the Parrot Tribe.*"



## CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Court of Sigismund Augustus, or Poland in the Sixteenth Century.*  
By Alexander Bronikowski. Done into English by a Polish Refugee.  
3 vols. Longman and Co.

This is a free translation of a work written in the German language by Bronikowski, a member of a Polish family, who was born and educated in Saxony, and afterwards entered the Polish army of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. He is the author of several novels in the same language, which are well adapted to unfold the details of the Slavonic nations to foreign readers. The English translation has been effected, as the title announces, by a Polish refugee in this country, and it is, for a foreigner, extremely creditable to him—indeed, from its general correctness, we must be allowed to conclude that the revision has been entrusted to the hands of a practised English writer. There is an excellent introduction, which is intended to delineate the history of Poland previous to the action of the tale, and to convey some just notions of the government and domestic manners of that period.

In the sixteenth century, it appears, the commerce of Poland was in a flourishing condition; and the Polish clergy, both secular and regular, were richly endowed. The ecclesiastical order numbered among their members many eminent literary characters; but, unfortunately, at the end of that century the Jesuits invaded the kingdom, extirpated learning, and plunged all ranks into a state of ignorance and religious fanaticism, which contributed more than any other cause to the decline of the nation. The peasants were slaves, but many of them who had by chance received a suitable education, emerged from their abject condition to eminence, and many dignitaries of the church rose from this degraded order. Different writers have given different opinions of the character of the Poles. Some have described them as being of an open, unsuspecting nature; easily deceived; not very persevering; hospitable to profusion; exceedingly brave; fond of learning, particularly foreign languages; animated with a high sense of honour, and ready to sacrifice every thing in defence of their country and their liberties; ostentatious, and addicted to immoderate eating and drinking; very fond of going abroad, and of bringing back to their own country many foreign fashions, so that there was no such thing as a true national costume. That now worn was originally the Circassian and Persian dress, and closely resembles the costume of the latter at the present day. Other writers, there are, which speak less favourably of their social virtues—but all acknowledge them to be brave and honourable.

It is asserted that the state of learning in Poland during the sixteenth century was very flourishing. Besides the University of Cracow, which diffused information throughout the country, there were many schools in different towns under the direction of Benedictine, or other monks. The reformation gave a new impulse to learning, and many new scientific establishments sprung up in different parts of the empire. Typographical establishments also became greatly multiplied, and sent forth numerous productions, not only of a polemical but also of a scientific nature. The Polish language at this period attained its perfection, and the authors, of which there were many celebrated ones, are even now considered as models of style and purity of diction. The higher nobility, after having studied at the University of Cracow, usually completed their education

at Padua, and spent afterwards some years in a foreign military service. They generally made choice of Spain, as a country at that time deemed to be the most perfect school for all the accomplishments befitting a nobleman. Latin being the official language of the country, was spoken by all classes, and a knowledge of the German, Italian, and Spanish languages was very general. At the Court, Queen Bona rendered the two last particularly fashionable.

These are scraps of information which we have principally derived from various portions of the work in question, and which we would feign hope will neither be considered dull nor misplaced. We will now proceed to give a short extract from this very amusing history. It will be necessary to the elucidation of our extract, however, to observe that the King of Poland, Sigismund Augustus, made a promise to Kmita, the Palatine of Cracow, to celebrate at his castle the formal betrothal of his royal cousin, Helena Odrowon, to the high-born Hippolyte Boratynski, Starost of Samborz.

“The sun rose beautifully on the day which was destined to assemble the Court at Wisnietz; and when the invited guests were crossing the wooden bridge that led over the Vistula from Cracow to the suburb Podgorze, the river and the adjacent landscape shone with all the beauty of a fine summer morning. The party had started at an early hour; at that period the usual time for dinner was eleven in the morning, and as the solemn signature of Helena's marriage settlement was to take place between that repast and the festivities of the evening, it was desirable that the dinner should not be later than at the usual hour. The most prominent object of the train was a large open carriage, drawn by eight horses, adorned with velvet trappings and plumes of feathers. This ponderous machine much resembled a waggon of our times: it was without any cover, and had doors on both sides. There were four high-backed seats inside, two and two opposite to each other; they were suspended on leather straps, but the wooden part of them was richly gilt, the hand-cushions were covered with blue velvet bordered with crimson, and the Polish eagle embroidered in silver on each. Over the seats of honour in the back of the carriage was placed, on four iron posts, a kind of canopy; it was of a square, simple, and rather clumsy form, covered with crimson velvet, and adorned on the top with a richly gilt crown. The curtains of gilt leather which surrounded this kind of cage, were drawn back, and the curiosity of the spectators was fully gratified by the sight of the Queens Barbara and Bona, the first of them in a rich court-dress, and the second in a widow's dark costume; both, however, equally wearing on the top of their head-dresses a little diadem. The two opposite seats were occupied by the Princess of Mazovia, who was entitled by her high birth to such a distinction, and by her daughter, who was the chief object of this day's festivity: the mother in a deep mourning dress, and without any jewels; the daughter adorned with all the charms of youth and beauty, though deprived of every glittering ornament, because the broken Byzantian chain was locked up in the Princess's casket. Besides these four seats of honour there were in the carriage two small benches; that on the right side was occupied by the ladies of the reigning Queen, that of the left by the starostine Falczeska, and one of Queen Bona's maids of honour. Helena abandoned herself entirely to the sweet reveries of futurity, casting now and then a hasty look on the Starost of Samborz, or else answering with a smile a kind or jesting speech of the King, who frequently rode up to the carriage. Outside on the steps were placed six pages, and amongst them Stanislaw Lacki. Many senators and high dignitaries of the state accompanied the King, and the splendid cavalcade was closed by a company of the royal horseguards under the command of the Starost of Samborz.”

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“The clock over the portal struck eleven, the trumpets sounded the signal for the commencement of the dinner, and the rustling of ladies' silks and the clattering of spurs and swords, announced the arrival of the distinguished company at the banqueting-hall. The pages flew quickly to place themselves behind the chairs of their respective masters or mistresses, and among them Stanislaw Lacki, who, seizing hold of the two flasks committed to his care, occupied a place behind the gilt arm-chair prepared for the reigning Queen at the upper end of the table.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“The company entered the banqueting-hall, preceded by the seneschal of Kmita's

household, who held uplifted his ebony staff ornamented with a silver head. Queen Barbara advanced with the King on her right hand, and on her left Kmita, on whose arm she was slightly leaning. Immediately after her came the Queen-mother, between the Duke of Prussia and the Court Marshal Firley; the Princess of Mazovia was conducted by the Duke of Pomerania, and her daughter by the Prince of Brandenburg and by her betrothed the Starost of Samborz. The rest of the company proceeded according to their respective ranks. The Bishop of Cracow, in whose diocese the castle of Wisnietz was situated, said grace, and the guests sat down in the order of precedence in which they had entered. When the first course was over, the curtains which concealed the ornamental dishes were withdrawn at a signal from the master of the house, and displayed a great number of sugar ornaments and sweetmeats, arranged in the form of different animals, towers, trees, &c., every one having either the initials of Sigismund Augustus and Barbara, or the arms of Poland and Lithuania. Before each of the royal and princely personages was placed a basket wrought in gold, and filled with little slices of bread, and a similar one of silver for every four of the other guests. The most distinguished of the company had napkins of gold and silver brocade, and the others of silk, all which became, after the repast, the property of the attendants, according to the custom of the time. At the commencement of the dinner, when the first dish was presented to the King, the Grand Marshal, who stood behind the chair of his royal master, took the golden dish from the hands of his seneschal, and dipped in it a bit of bread; which having tasted, he cast it into a large silver basket, held by a servant, and with a deep obeisance presented the dish to the King. Some noblemen belonging to his household performed the same service for the Queens. When Sigismund Augustus had finished eating, the Grand Marshal took a richly wrought cup, poured a little of its contents into the hollow of his hand, tasted it, and after having wiped his hand, presented the cup to the monarch. Whilst the King was drinking, all the company arose from their places, but re-seated themselves immediately after, except Kmita, who continued standing. The Queens and the other ladies declined the cups, conformably to the custom, which at that time permitted them to drink only pure water and a decoction of orange-flowers or chicory, except at the toasts, when it was allowed them to sip a little malmsey. The King then begged the master of the house to give himself no more trouble, but to partake of the meals he had prepared for his guests. This was a sign that etiquette should be no longer observed, and an invitation to convivial mirth and hilarity.

“When Kmita, following the monarch’s command, took a place opposite to him, the restraint which till now had pervaded the assembly began to disappear, and many a jest was heard between the clattering of bowls and dishes.”

It is very mortifying to be compelled to abridge an account which we had selected as the most likely to prove interesting, and to give an insight into the history and merits of the work—but such is the pressure of literary matter for this month’s publication, that our wishes and our duty are completely at variance, and we must defer until another period a catastrophe which comprises more of romance and horror mingled than we have for some time been accustomed to contemplate. We trust that we shall be enabled to allude to this publication in our next number—in the meanwhile we can safely recommend the perusal of “The Court of Sigismund Augustus” to such readers as delight in the romance of history. There is nothing dry or tedious in the three volumes which comprise this interesting work—and the only fault, as critics, we can point out, is that the events are so multiplied and the parties brought on the stage so numerous, that unless much carefulness be used in the perusal, the attention may be distracted by the variety of objects and scenes which are developed. Altogether, however, we must in justice assert that the translator has performed his task with much commendable faithfulness, and more than ordinary ability—and there can be little doubt, we think, of the work getting into considerable request.

*The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Crabbe, with his Letters and Journals, and his Life, by his Son. Murray. 1834.*

The entire poetical works of Crabbe, including a volume of “Tales” never before published, have recently been issued from the press, and

they are a charming specimen of typographical neatness and accuracy, and of skilful and beautiful embellishment.

These posthumous tales are twenty-two in number, and are introduced by an advertisement from the pen of his executors, in which they confess that they are not so perfect as they doubtless would have been had the author himself lived to bestow on them more of revision and correction, before finally submitting them to the eye of the world.

This is an acknowledgment which at once disarms criticism, and changes the sharpness of censure into the mildness of regret. If these posthumous productions, however, are not equal, as most assuredly they are not, to the faultless specimens with which literature was enriched in the life-time of the author, they are such as do honour to the modeller of this engaging but difficult branch of composition. It is true, as his executors acknowledge, that "his language has not always effected the complete development of his ideas; that images are here and there left imperfect—nay, trains of reflection rather hinted than expressed, and that in many places, thoughts in themselves valuable could not have failed to derive much additional weight and point, from the last touches of his own pen:"—but there is still perceptible the undecayed raciness of genius, much of the same quiet humour and keen observation; the same brief and vivid description; the same unobtrusive pathos; and the same prevailing reverence for moral truth and rational religion.

From the tale entitled "The Farewell and Return," we make the following selection in elucidation of our comments:—

"Yes!—twenty years have pass'd, and I am come,  
Unknown, unwelcomed, to my early home,  
A stranger striving in my walks to trace  
The youthful features in some aged face.  
On as I move, some curious looks I read;  
We pause a moment, doubt, and then proceed:  
They're like what once I saw, but not the same,  
I lose the air, the features, and the name.  
Yet something seems like knowledge, but the change  
Confuses me, and all in him is strange:  
That bronzed old Sailor, with his wig awry—  
Sure he will know me! No, he passes by.  
They seem like me in doubt; but they can call  
Their friends around them! I am lost to all.

"The very place is alter'd. What I left  
Seems of its space and dignity bereft:  
The streets are narrow, and the buildings mean;  
Did I, or Fancy, leave them broad and clean?  
The ancient church, in which I felt a pride,  
As struck by magic, is but half as wide;  
The tower is shorter, the sonorous bell  
Tells not the hour as it was wont to tell;  
The market dwindles, every shop and stall  
Sinks in my view; there's littleness in all.  
Mine is the error; prepossess'd I see;  
And all the change I mourn is change in me.

"One object only is the same; the sight  
Of the wide Ocean by the moon's pale light  
With her long ray of glory, that we mark  
On the wild waves when all beside is dark:  
This is the work of Nature, and the eye  
In vain the boundless prospect would descry;  
What mocks our view cannot contracted be;  
We cannot lessen what we cannot see.

"Would I could now a single Friend behold,  
Who would the yet mysterious facts unfold,  
That Time yet spares, and to a stranger show  
Th' events he wishes, and yet fears to know!

“ Much by myself I might in listening glean,  
 Mix'd with the crowd, unmark'd if not unseen,  
 Uninterrupted I might ramble on,  
 Nor cause an interest, nor a thought, in one ;  
 For who looks backward to a being tost  
 About the world, forgotten long, and lost,  
 For whom departing not a tear was shed,  
 Who disappear'd, was missing, and was dead !  
 Save that he left no grave, where some might pass,  
 And ask each other who that being was.

“ I, as a ghost invisible, can stray  
 Among the crowd, and cannot lose my way ;  
 My ways are where the voice of man is known,  
 Though no occasion offers for my own ;  
 My eager mind to fill with food I seek,  
 And, like the ghost, await for one to speak.”

This extract will confirm our preceding observations. It will shew that Crabbe's powers of mind and his keenness of observation in his latter years had suffered little abatement, but his finish is less polished, and his sentiment and feeling, delicacy of thought, and happiness of expression, are somewhat coarser in their pourtray than in the unequalled performances of his antecedent years. Yet—his is a name which shall never die. If he possessed not the high-wrought genius, the towering fancy, the delicate conception, and the imaginative grandeur of some of his contemporaries, he excelled most of them in his general knowledge of human nature, in his mode of imparting that knowledge in the most captivating and striking form, and in the rigid purity of his morals. There is scarcely a situation in life that he has not known and exhibited with a truth and felicity which the most fastidious will acknowledge to be complete. Crabbe was indeed the poet of nature.

*A Dissertation on the Antiquities of the Priory of Great Malvern, in Worcestershire.* By the Rev. H. Card, D. D. F. A. S., &c. &c. Vicar of Great Malvern, 4to. Rivingtons', London: Ridge, Worcester.

In the summer of 1830, the Duchess of Kent, accompanied by her daughter, the Princess Victoria, visited the fashionable village of Great Malvern, and so delighted were they with the amenity and grandeur of its position, that they sojourned for several weeks in its health-restoring atmosphere. It appears from the dedication that her Royal Highness expressed an anxious desire to Dr. Card to possess a history of the antiquities of its magnificent church. The learned Doctor immediately prepared to obey the Royal mandate, and to this circumstance we are indebted for the volume bearing the above title.

The number of an author's productions is not always the infallible criterion of merit. We have known many plodding, well-meaning men, who have written more volumes in about half a dozen years than we would willingly read in ten times the like space; but Dr. Card belongs to a different order of writers. The list of his published works, we perceive, amounts to eighteen,—an incredible number for an author of such acknowledged celebrity—but it is a convincing proof how much genius and learning can accomplish when assisted by habits of perseverance and a right notion of the proper distribution of time.

It has been the fashion for all writers, clerical and lay, to extol the vandalism of the VIIIth Henry's reign in laying waste the almost faultless models of churches, monasteries, and abbeys, which abounded in the various counties of this kingdom, on the ashes of which were raised the “glorious” fabric of the Protestant church. Where was the necessity

to destroy the buildings? If purification were necessary, purify by all means, but to destroy wantonly the finest specimens of excellence in buildings, in sculpture, and in paintings, was a barbarity which nothing can justify, and all men of taste and reflection must regret this cruel spoliation of the works of art,—“monuments,” as Dr. Card justly observes, “of the skill as well as the piety of our ancestors.” Impartial history has affixed the name of Cromwell,\* the King’s Secretary, as instigator, prime agent, and director of this nefarious proceeding. “He,” says the accurate Strype, “had the great stroke in all this. All these counsels and methods were struck out of his head; for which, as he received the curse, and brought upon himself the hatred of many, so many more, well affected to a reformation of superstitions in the church, extolled him highly.” We are disposed to rely upon Strype in preference to Hume, whose prejudices in this, as in many other instances, overpowered his love of consistency and justice. The history of the reigns of Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth, by the latter, we do not hesitate to say, is a mass of prejudicacy, sophism, and misrepresentation, most unworthy of a scholar and a man of truth and honour.

By the supplication of Bishop Latimer, however, Malvern Priory was screened from the general wreck of abbeys, and it still retains most of its original perfection. Of the accuracy of the following description we can speak most confidently:—

“Occupying a spot as lovely as the eye ever rested upon, and built after the customary form of a cross, this venerable structure, in its magnitude, proportions, and decorations, with its dark grey tower so full of impression and effect,—with its pierced battlements and graceful pinnacles,—presents a most beautiful specimen of that florid style of English architecture which prevailed in the reign of Henry VII. The whole length of this majestic and picturesque fabric, as given by Mr. Chambers, in his History of Great Malvern, is a hundred and seventy-one feet, its breadth sixty-three feet; and that of the tower a hundred and twenty-four feet.

“When the Priory was dissolved, it was granted by Henry, together with certain lands and tenements immediately adjoining, and others in Upton and Hanley, to William Pynnock and his heirs, who in the following year alienated the same to John Knottysford, Esq. Sergeant at Arms, from whom the church was purchased by the inhabitants of Malvern; and to the happy circumstance of its being made parochial, we owe the preservation of a fabric so touching to the heart of the christian, and which serves to gratify the eye of the painter as well as the antiquary, from its having all the painter’s beauties of intricacy of form, and light and shade. The older portions of the church, the round piers worked with plain capitals, the semi-circular arches of the nave, are decidedly architectural features of an early Norman origin, and coeval with the foundation of the monastery; the rest of the edifice is an elegant and diversified specimen of design and embellishment in the latest period of the pointed style.”

\* A man of the most cold-blooded and heartless character, distinguished for his impiousness, baseness, and dastardliness; who was the inciter and willing agent of the atrocities which marked that frightful period, but who finally and justly became the victim of his perfidy and crimes. On the morning of the 10th of June, 1540, he was all-powerful: in the evening of the same day he was in prison as a traitor. He lived only forty-eight days after his arrest, occupying his entire time, not in soliciting the mercy of heaven for his countless robberies and murders, but in abjectly praying to the King to spare his life. Of all the mean and dastardly wretches that ever died, this was the most mean and dastardly—he, who had been the most insolent and cruel of ruffians when he had power, was now the most offensively slavish and base. In his letters to his royal master, he fawned on him in the most disgusting manner; compared his smiles and frowns to those of the Deity; besought him to suffer him “to kiss his balmy hand once more, that the fragrance thereof might make him fit for heaven!” Hume deeply laments this man’s fate, although he has not a word of compassion to bestow upon all the thousands that had been murdered or ruined by him—neither does he hint at the fact of his being the very man who first suggested the *condemning of people to death without trial!* What could be more just than that he should die in the same way?—

Here the learned author takes occasion to make a few pertinent observations on the ridiculous and contemptible structures erected and being now erected in different parts of the kingdom, under the direction of a committee whose discernment and taste are below that of the meanest working carpenter or mason. For example, see the sacred edifice recently erected at the bottom of Portland-place, in the metropolis, the spire of which a witty member of parliament, in alluding to it, aptly compared to a "kitchen extinguisher."

"In the middle ages art commenced with sacred subjects. Indeed, ecclesiastical architecture was the chief boast of those dark times. Churches, therefore, independently of early religious associations, must always be objects of great interest, as they illustrate our history, and the state of the arts at the time in which they were erected. It is painful then to remark, that, after such a lavish prodigality of expenditure, we have so few beautiful new churches to compensate for the loss and decay of the proud fanes of olden times. While these fill the beholder with awe, admiration, and delight, there is nothing in those to raise the mind to a loftier state of thought and feeling; the latter—sublime structures, and therefore awakening sublime emotions,—are as distinguished for their vastness, grandeur, and science, as the former are devoid of such qualities or attributes.

"Unfortunately, our present system of education pays little or no attention to art; or that great desideratum in our Universities, a Professorship of Ecclesiastical Architecture from the era of the Norman Conquest to that of the Reformation,—a period in which is exhibited such boundless variety in all the different gradations of style,—would long ago have contributed not only to form the national taste upon purer principles, but might have drawn the notice of the Government to the better preservation of those highly interesting edifices which have not sunk under the ruthless fury of the fanatic, or the more silent operations of time."

We could multiply quotations from this interesting publication, and comment upon them without limitation—but that a stated space only is allowed us for this duty, and therefore we are restrained from effecting what our wishes prompt. However, we will manage to dip into this amusing history a little further, even at the chance of its eventual curtailment by the editor.

The cross is still preserved in the Abbey Church, although many well-meaning but weak persons have solicited its removal. On the uses of this symbol, the author, in one of his numerous notes, thus writes:—

"Crosses we are told by a writer to whom every student of ecclesiastical architecture is highly indebted, were erected at the entrance of churches, to throw the mind into an attitude of solemn thought and reverence. See Britton on Stone Crosses. May I avail myself of this opportunity (for want of a better) of saying a few words upon some animadversions which have been passed upon me for not removing a cross in the interior of this church. To the prattle of the ignorant, and the sneers of the superficial, I will not throw out a sentence in my defence: but I would endeavour to propitiate those of sounder and more impartial understandings, by addressing them in these lines and note of our great philosophic poet:—

'Yet will we not conceal *the precious cross,*  
Like men ashamed.'

"The Lutherans have retained the cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same. Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, p. 123. Similar sentiments were once expressed to me by the late Mr. Davison—*nomen memorabile*—a name never to be pronounced by low as well as high churchmen, without a pause of admiration. If moral and intellectual excellencies—if orthodoxy without any species of bigotry—if an ardent desire to advance the great cause of Christianity in every quarter of the globe—if a firm attachment to our ecclesiastical establishments, without any hunting after professional honours—if singleness of purpose—if inflexible integrity and extensive charity, without ostentation—be among the best recommendations for a bishopric—as sure they are or ought to be—then should not this man have died without a mitre on his head. In the last number of the *British Critic*, p. 242, the epithet *illustrious* is affixed to

the name of Davison. Now those who were not thoroughly acquainted with his great intellectual superiority—with his vast reach and comprehension of view—especially those who know his work on Prophecy only by hearsay, in every chapter of which there are marks of deep thought and a most powerful mind, may not perhaps consider the foregoing term as truly applicable to the subject of these hasty observations. The number, however, of his important christian virtues—and the variety of his attainments, which mark the highest order of intellect, fully sanction an epithet appropriated only to those who are gifted with the rarest mental endowments. Indeed the appointment of *such* a character even to a Prebendal Stall, will throw a moral splendour over the administration of Lord Liverpool, whenever the disposal of his church patronage shall be discussed. But, ere long, I hope to have a fitter opportunity of paying my unbiassed tribute of respect to this most distinguished Minister of the Gospel, than is presented in the corner of a note."

The foregoing apostrophe to the memory of an eminent and worthy man will be admired for its elegance, and revered for its truth.

Amongst the ancient monuments in the church, and there are many rich and curious ones, is a neat stone erected to the memory of Maria, wife of William Lygon, of Madresfield. The learned Doctor, in referring to it, thus writes :—

"The remains of many of the ancient family of Lygon, in this county, have here found their resting places. The inscriptions over them chiefly commemorate their household virtues, domestic affections, and social charities. But in reading the simple and affecting lines affixed to the stone which records the death of Maria, wife of William Lygon, of Madresfield, we feel that we are treading on the ashes of her, who was not beautiful only, but united with transient beauty the more durable gifts of piety and virtue.

‘Stay, passenger, and from this dusty urne  
Both what I was and what thou must belearne.  
Grace, virtue, beauty, had no privilege  
That everlasting statute to abridge,  
That all must die ; then, gentle friend, with care  
In life for death and happiness prepare.’”

In a note on this ancient family, we are referred to a MS. account of Worcestershire families *sub nomine*, in Biblioth. Societ. Antiq. also Genealogy of the Beauchamp family in Genealogical History of the Croke family, by Sir Alexander Croke, D. C. L., Oxon. 1832, vol. iii. p. 140: and that of Dr. Nash previous to the Lygon connexion with the baronial family of Beauchamp of Powyke, Hist. of Worc. vol. ii. p. 264. This last writer asserts that the Lygons had a right to quarter twenty-seven coats of arms, vol. ii. p. 117. After this minute observation, it is extraordinary, that in his account of the parish of Mamble or Mamcle, and enumeration of the lords of the soil, he should, if acquainted with the fact, have omitted to notice that *Henry Lyggon* received the manor of Mamcle in the reign of Henry the Fourth. For this statement see the learned work just referred to, vol. ii. book iii. chap. 1.

The eulogy on Lady Lyttelton is terse and faithful. Few know the extent of her Ladyship's widely diffused charities, but it cannot be too extensively disseminated, as an example to the peerage. In Malvern, where she resides, the Sunday School has been erected at her sole expense, and she was the establisher of the School of Industry and the Infant School, besides being a most liberal benefactress to the North-hill Royal School, and other institutions of the village. In recording these charities in one of his notes, Dr. Card observes—"and all these things 'that are excellent, lovely in conduct, and of good report,' have been done by this admirable woman out of an income which many in the station of life to which she belongs would deem inadequate for its due maintenance. Her Ladyship has now attained the honoured age of ninety-one, and we



cannot refrain from saying that her coronet well deserves to be entwined with the wreath of public gratitude: indeed, her benevolent feelings, like the genius of some great men, may be said to burn brightest at the last."

Our last extract is the appeal for funds, addressed to all descriptions of men, for preserving this beautiful monument of antiquity from the grasp of the great destroyer Time, and the cupidity of the common marauder. We trust it will produce the effect so much to be desired.

"Malvern Church seems fated to experience every sort of spoliation. Its very porch has fallen into lay hands; and its roof would not now have been crumbling into ruins, had not the lead been stolen. Its exterior truly may be compared to those cabinets of ivory one sometimes meets with in old family mansions, scratched, flawed, splintered, carrying all the marks of time-worn decay. 'Albeit, however unused to the *sanguine* mood,' we cannot quite despair that public piety and liberality will preserve an edifice which is connected with so many associations of the historical kind, and which calls up so many sentiments delightful to minds of pure taste and religious sensibility. We trust, then, that the hope is not presumptuous, especially after the example of the Illustrious Personage to whom these pages are inscribed,—an example which has such various and noble claims to respect and imitation, that those of the upper classes of the Laity, as well as of the Clergy, who have resorted to Malvern for the renovation of their health, and not in vain—will do something—will do a little—will do all they can to save the exterior from further dilapidation; now that our humble efforts,—may we be permitted to add without incurring the risk of being taxed with the fault of egotism,—have been crowned with complete success, in repairing the interior. That this assistance is not craved before it is peculiarly needed, the Extract in the Appendix,\* from a Report given of the state of the Church, at a general meeting of the parishioners, in 1831, will bring before them evidence broad and undeniable as the face of day. At a time when there are those who impiously desire to signalize themselves by pulling down churches,—let us trust that this disgraceful fact will so rouse the holy zeal of every true lover of God and man, and more especially of those who are dedicated to the service of the Church,—will so animate them, that they make no delay in preserving those ancient places of divine worship which are still left to us."

Having now closed our extracts, it only remains for us to speak of the lithographic engravings and the typography. The former are most exquisite specimens of the art, and the view of the Abbey Church is superior to any thing of the kind we have yet seen: they reflect the highest credit on the artist, H. Lamb. The latter is executed with remarkable neatness and much accuracy. To criticise a work of Dr. Card's would be superfluous. All that is necessary for us to say on that point is, that the "History of the Priory of Great Malvern" is distinguished by the same appropriateness and correctness, the same vigour and elegance, which mark the former works of this distinguished author. The blemishes are so slight that it would be pedantic to advert to them.

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#### FOREIGN CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Geschichte Europas, seit dem Ende des fünfzehnten Jahrhunderts von Friedrich von Raumer.* 3ter Band, 8vo. Leipzig: 1834.

*History of Europe from the commencement of the Sixteenth Century, by Frederick von Raumer.* 3rd vol. 8vo. Leipzig: 1834.

It is with pleasure we perceive that this admirable history is being continued. The third volume has made its appearance, and sustains the

\* "This Report states that the roofing and the masonry of the church are so dilapidated, and the nave, chancel, and side aisles, battlements and pinnacles, also need such thorough repair, that unless some effectual means be immediately taken to carry the necessary reparations into effect, the whole of this venerable fabric is likely in a short time to become a heap of ruins!"

character of its predecessors. There is no one better fitted for a task of such magnitude and difficulty of execution than Raumer. Imbued, as the celebrated author of the *Hohenstauffen* must be, with a knowledge of the history of Europe, drawn from original sources, no other than a brilliant success could be expected to attend the labours of such a man. It is difficult to afford an analysis of an historical work, embracing such a wide extent; but we may, perhaps, succeed in giving some notion of the literary and historical merits of this production by citing a few of those passages which admit of being detached from the body of the history without detriment to the rest.

This third volume opens with a history of Spain and the Netherlands from the death of Charles V. to the beginning of the 17th century. The commencement of the reign of Philip II. contains the following passage:—

“Immediately on Philip’s arrival in Spain, the stakes were kindled in Valladolid and Seville, serving at the same time as bon fires and as indications of the kind of brilliancy which would irradiate his reign. People of all degrees, conditions, ages, and sexes, ridiculously attired, mocked and insulted, were tied to the stake. These hymeneal torches the cruel tyrant lighted up on occasion of his marriage with Elizabeth, the daughter of the equally cruel Catherine de Medici. Such sacrifices the superstitious bigot deemed pleasing to the Almighty, and calculated to retain his people in quiet and obedience. That there is an obedience other than that of the slave, another quiet than that of the grave—that it is the duty of a king to call into renewed existence an exhausted people, to moderate feverish enthusiasm, and give it a sanative development, Philip not only refused to admit, but was incapable of conceiving. It seemed to him beyond all doubt, that the despised Netherlander would venture much less than the proud Spaniard, to oppose his royal mandates. But both Belgium and France in those days learnt that at the moment when the tyranny of rulers imagine every thing reduced to subjection, the true spirit of liberty springs up more energetically in magnanimous souls, and that when the madness of the people have torn asunder all the ties which unite society together, the mild hand of a king offers the best cure and renovation.”

The character of Philip’s great opponent, William of Orange, is delineated with the hand of a master, and is among the best passages in the book.

“The calculating and analysing mind of Philip, which dissolved all his works and efforts into nought, was in William a creative and active wisdom; instead of cunning sagacity, he displayed a penetrating foresight; instead of self-willed pertinacity, persevering fortitude; instead of heartless indifference, an imperturbable calmness; instead of fruitless endeavours, indefatigable activity. His motto, ‘calm in the midst of stormy seas,’ was not adopted to produce an impression, but was the spontaneous exclamation of a magnanimous soul, which was equal to every situation and enterprise. He penetrated alike the present and the future, and never losing his self command, he always remained the master of circumstances. He was serious, for he understood the signs of the times and the destinies to which he was called; yet he was cheerful, for he felt that he was not unequal to the task which fate had imposed upon him. His condescension and mildness operated like a charm on all hearts, because they proceeded from his heart; yet did he never forfeit either dignity or respect, and in his brief but energetic discourses, delivered with mildness or with a powerful voice, as occasions required, he made his countrymen sensible that it became them no less to follow, than it did him to offer, advice. His princely fortune was at first employed in a noble hospitality and royal splendour, but subsequently he sacrificed all he had on the altars of his country. All sports and amusements had lost their relish, nor did he require such recreative relaxations. At his hospitable board it was not remarked, what anxieties oppressed the apparently cheerful mind, although many sought in the hour of conviviality to sound and penetrate his views. Few are able to conceive how the most elevated serenity and the noblest seriousness can flow from the same source; whence it has happened that the harmonious nature of the Prince of Orange has been resolved in an arbitrary and singular manner, and again put together in an odious form. With the same absurdity some have maintained that he was destitute of religion, because he condemned alike the fury of the Calvinistic destroyer of images and the Catholic stakes and scaffolds, declaring as unchristian all persecution for religion. It was not he who introduced the revolution in the Netherlands, but he

was who combated with the utmost energy and wisdom the revolutionary principles of Philip—it was he who arrested their triumphant establishment. Neither the murmurings of his inferiors, nor the envy of his equals, nor the persecution of the great, could subdue his spirit. Such an opponent Philip never contemplated.”

The development of the origin of the tragedy which was acted in the Netherlands is also of considerable merit. Of the political sentiments with which the author views these transactions, the following will afford a favourable specimen:—

“If blind obedience towards a supreme power which boldly transgresses divine and human right, natural and positive law; wholly disregards solemnly sworn obligations and promises, despises all warnings, punishes humble entreaties—if unconditional obedience towards an Alba or a Philip were a paramount duty, the human race would sink to a brutal condition or be wholly extirpated. Whoever condemns the Prince of Orange for having heeded the loud entreaties of those who were in danger, in banishment, or had expired on the scaffold, and for having drawn his sword to save his country, must have no heart beating within his bosom. On William’s side there was long prescription, ancient laws, sworn compacts—it was the King and his Generals who were revolutionists—who swerved from right, and despised all legitimate means.”

The story of Don Carlos, which Schiller and Alfieri, two of the most gifted and imaginative poets of modern times, have used as the subject of deeply affecting tragedies, the author disposes of in the same manner as Llorente and other writers. It militates somewhat against the preconceived notions which most readers of Schiller’s and Alfieri’s tragedies have formed of Don Carlos’ character, founded on these productions, or on the popular belief, which till very lately prevailed on this subject. It seems that Don Carlos was born with a feeble constitution and a wicked disposition, which, with few lucid and repentant intervals, rose to absolute fury. Under the influence of this malady, the hate he bore to his father became so intense that he probably made attempts upon his life. He was wholly unfit to govern, and both he and the queen died a natural death, no mutual love, as the popular story has it, having ever existed between them.

The author having brought the history of the revolution in the Netherlands down to the armistice, which was concluded between the Belgians and the Spaniards for twelve years, and which was the precursor of their acknowledged independence, an occasion is afforded him to take a survey of the condition of both belligerent countries. At this period Spain was engaged in tearing asunder, with equal folly and cruelty, another member of her vast empire—her Moorish subjects, whose persecutions, begun under Philip’s cruel reign, was carried with unrelenting fury to complete expulsion by his superstitious successors. Ribeira, the Archbishop of Valencia, maintained, that the expulsion of the Moors was a very mild punishment—nay an act of grace, since the King might justly execute them all as heretics. The children, said he, may be detained, brought up in the christian religion, and then either employed in the mines or sold as slaves for the benefit of the treasury. But Sandoval, Archbishop of Toledo, was of opinion that it were better to destroy all the children than again permit them to pollute by admixture the Spanish blood. The Moors, however, were ordered to ship themselves off without delay, on pain of death. They were allowed, it is true, to sell their property and articles within 20—30 days, yet not to take the produce with them in money, jewels, or bills of exchange, but in manufactured goods. Thus the grant became illusory, and almost the whole of their property was confiscated.

“More than one half of the Moors were shipwrecked,” says Mr. Von Raumer, “many were murdered by the crews of the ships which were hired

in haste, their women and children thrown alive into the sea, their daughters dishonoured. Those who landed in Africa experienced no better fate; they fell into the hands of the plundering Bedouins, or perished in the deserts of hunger and thirst. Of six thousand who wandered from Oran to Algiers, one only reached the place. Within three months of their expulsion from Valentia (and the same thing occurred in the other provinces), more than 100,000 persons are said to have suffered death under the most dreadful forms! Those who resisted succumbed at last beneath the fearful odds arrayed against them. After Philip had set a price on the heads of those who, being dispersed, had sought refuge in the woods, they were hunted down and shot like wild beasts. Instead of being filled with horror and indignation at these dreadful scenes, the priests affected to behold in them the providence of the Almighty, and a supreme confirmation of their views and principles. Spain thus lost more than half a million of her most useful inhabitants, whilst those who, escaping pursuit, remained in the country, lost all their property, and were reduced to absolute indigence."

Yet this expulsion of the Moors, the Spanish writers describe as the most memorable and the most heroic enterprise the world had ever beheld.

The other portions of the European history are written in a style of equal earnestness, ability, and erudition; but we have, it is trusted, afforded a specimen sufficiently extensive, to make our readers look forward with pleasure to the translation of this work, which we find by an advertisement is in course of publication under the title of "Illustrations of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries;" translated from the German of Frederick von Raumer. Part I. Germany, Denmark, Spain, the Netherlands, and France.

*Ueber die unbeschränkte Pressfreiheit*, Vom Obersten Gustafsson, ehemalegem König von Schweden. 8vo. Aachen.

*On the unlimited Freedom of the Press*, by Colonel Gustafsson, ex-King of Sweden. 8vo. Aix-la-Chapelle.

The vicissitudes of fortune to which all human conditions are incident, have ever been a favourable theme of declamation to the moralist. The fall of great and illustrious men, especially royal personages, has in every age and country been selected by orators and poets in preference to all other incidents, as the fittest on which to exercise their genius; and indeed there is not a more deeply affecting exhibition than the descent to the level of common mortals of one who held unlimited sway over millions of his fellow creatures. But from the throne on which he sat to the grave to which we are all hurrying, no time must intervene. A king who survives his high estate, and mingles among those above whom he formerly rose as a god, excites rather feelings of contempt than emotions of sorrow and commiseration, because by being thus content to outlive his greatness, he appears to be destitute of those intense feelings, which, while they excite the deepest sympathy of the beholders, should render it impossible for him to survive his calamities.

—————" But yesterday a king,  
And arm'd with kings to strive—  
And now thou art a nameless thing:  
So abject—yet alive!"

We have been led into this preliminary strain by a feeling of contemptuous pity, which the unroyal occupations of the ci-devant king of Sweden, and exercised in the most drivelling manner, have engendered within us. To see a man who occupied a throne thus employed in writing bad books, in defence of a bad cause, is assuredly the very reverse of

that sublime spectacle at which even the gods are said to look with complacency and emotion—a virtuous man struggling with adverse fate.

The following is an analysis of the Colonel's views. The only useful object of the freedom of the press is enlightenment, and the establishment of public opinion—the means, the promulgation of truth and the suppression of falsehood. For this purpose the liberty of the press should be confined within certain limits; a sensible but moderate discussion should be prescribed, whilst at the same time care should be taken strictly to prohibit the employment of personality or the passions from being enlisted. He who would disseminate truth, ought to be acquainted with the subject he treats. The member, therefore, of a public body or the employé of a government should alone be allowed publicly to develop his views; but every kind of discussion in matters of religion should be strongly interdicted, as it is uniformly injurious to that toleration which should subsist among fellow citizens. At the present day the editors of journals in particular insist on the freedom of the press. By what right it is asked? Are the conductors men of solid education, of unquestionable knowledge, that their voice should be attended to and prevail among the people? As to professors, they are limited to one or two branches, and although they indubitably possess more extensive and solid attainments than the generality of editors, yet they cannot assuredly arrogate to themselves universal or encyclopedian knowledge. Yet such universality of attainments must be conceded, since these gentlemen presume dogmatically to set up their notions on all things and every thing. The best and only remedy to obviate such impudent assumptions, is to give to the state the power of approving the editors of periodicals and journals, before they be permitted to guide them.

There need no more to satisfy ourselves that, if any doubt still existed of the sanity of his late Majesty, this work would more than confirm the general belief.

*Homonymes Français, or the French Homonymous Words*, arranged in sentences, &c. &c. on an entirely new plan, by Dominique Albert, LL. D. and Egerton Smith. London. 8vo. p. 108.

In the present day, when a knowledge of modern languages is of paramount importance to persons of all ranks and degrees but the lowest, all efforts on the part of those who teach them, tending to facilitate their acquisition, “deserve well of the community.” A person incapable of distinguishing homonymous words, will be liable to commit the most ludicrous mistakes. There is some difference in the sound of *matelôt* and *matelat*, yet an unpractised ear might easily confound these words, and use *matelot* instead of *matelat*, a circumstance which is said to have occurred to some English ladies in France, who desired a waiter to provide “des matelots” for their beds. In words sounded and spelt alike the errors into which one is liable to be betrayed might be still more egregious. We will give a sentence to exemplify our meaning—*Après avoir baisé la mule du Pape je fus me promener en voiture tirée par les mules du Pape.*\* Now we venture to assert that even many good French scholars would be at a loss to translate this sentence at once, without being puzzled by the similarity of sound and orthography. The study of the book before us will obviate the possibility of errors arising from unacquaintance with French homonymous words, and is, therefore, in our estimation, indispensable to all learners of this almost universal language.

\* Mule du Pape, Pope's toe, or slippers—mule a mule.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

## WORCESTERSHIRE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

Lecture "On the Natural History of Man," delivered by John Conolly, M. D., at the Guildhall, Worcester, Tuesday, October 14.

DR. CONOLLY began by saying that the gratification of associating his name; however slightly, with a Society which reflected much honour on the city of Worcester, and a deep conviction of the value even of the plainest lessons drawn from the works of the Great Intelligence who had imparted to man the power of observing them, but perhaps more than all the impulses of private friendship with some of the most valued members of the Natural History Society, had induced him to deliver the lecture, in compliance with the request with which the Council had honoured him. He added, that well knowing how many individuals this city could boast of who were better able to command and to reward the attention of such an audience, he should fear being accused of much presumption in appearing before them, if the proofs by which he was surrounded, drawn from the Museum, of the progress which science was making in this neighbourhood, had not removed such a discouraging feeling; being, as they were, so many indications of that love of elevated studies which raises the mind above the littleness of unkind criticism. When, he observed, the infancy of the Worcester Museum was considered, and the progress that had been made in it, the collections were calculated to surprise as much as to delight all who saw with satisfaction the means of securing mental pleasures accumulating on every side. These collections included the gifts of several munificent donors, many of whom were not only distinguished by station, but adorned that station by their taste and extensive acquirements. The labours of the officers of the Society, he remarked, were attested by what had been done; and he knew that he should need no apology if he said of one of them, (Dr. Hastings,) whose recent Illustrations of the Natural History of Worcestershire had set such an example to other counties, that it made him, (Dr. C.,) proud of the profession to which he belonged, to see one who so early attained distinction in it, using the influence that distinction had justly given him for the continual promotion of the most enlightened objects. This was, indeed, what made distinction desirable: it was that power of doing good which was the only true and lawful end of ambition.

The lecturer introduced the proper subject of his lecture by the following passages.

"The subject which I have selected for the present occasion, is one to which my profession has, of course, often drawn my attention; and it seems to me to possess no small degree of interest for students of every description. We are all more or less students of human habits and character. We are all more or less occupied with the never-ending study of our own unfathomable nature. We behold the world peopled with beings diverse in appearance, but acknowledging the same senses, affections, passions, and mental movements as ourselves; helpless in childhood, slowly matured, disciplined by events, improved by observation and knowledge, and yet destined to inevitable decay. Links between the past and the future, between the generation which we are following and that which is succeeding us, we have yet time to behold the earth and the sea, and their countless productions; to measure the distances, motions, and amazing magnitude of some of the stars: we can discover some of the physical laws which govern the things that surround us, and which laws we ourselves obey. But of all that we behold, no object seems more worthy of our curious study than human beings themselves, whose greater intelligence, whose memory and undying consciousness, whose instinctive aspiration after something beyond this 'dim spot which we call earth,' mark

them as the noblest of God's works which we have here the power to investigate.

"A portion of the Natural History of Man has, I am aware, formed the subject of a lecture already delivered to you by an accomplished physician resident here, to whom, indeed, I feel that an apology is due for having, although quite inadvertently, intruded on a subject which I know he has already illustrated by his talents, his learning, and his brilliant eloquence. I shall carefully confine myself to such parts of the subject as I believe to have been only incidentally spoken of by Dr. Malden, and especially to the structure and functions of the human frame."

Dr. Conolly then proceeded to give a popular description, aided by drawings, skulls, and separate bones, of the human skeleton, pointing out the contrivances existing in it for uniting firmness, lightness, and facility of motion. The muscles and joints, and the filling up of the skeleton and its coverings, were also explained; and Dr. C. proceeded to the consideration of some of the more important functions of the organs contained within the skeleton, in the following terms.

"But the skeleton and muscles, and the organs which fill up the cavities, are not self-existent. They are continually undergoing destruction and repair, removal and renewal. The particles which compose the whole body are for ever changing. There is also a gradual *growth* up to adult age; and there is at length as sure a decay. The human being is born weak and defenceless, and long continues to be protected by other beings, the object of their affectionate solicitude. During this period, and for some time afterward, how wonderfully may we not observe the laws of nutrition and of growth exemplified. Food is taken by the child; and this food is converted into living particles, added to every tissue in the body; membrane and muscle, nerve and blood-vessel, and bone: and by this constant accretion the child grows up to youth, and to adult age.

"Plants are nourished by the absorption of suitable fluids, constantly going on. Animals, intended as we have seen for locomotion, cannot be nourished by roots: they must have a stomach, or reservoir, large, and capable of admitting solid food, requiring mastication and solution by liquids. Their nutrition is less simple, and their digestion more complicated.

"As plants draw up from the dark earth materials to be elaborated into fresh leaf and beautiful flower, and blushing fruit; so from the food taken into the animal stomach are wrought tissues which compose the whole body;—the skin, the eye, the very brain,—all that attracts our affections, and all that excites our wonder.

"This singular conversion of food into living tissues, capable from the principle of life, of resisting the agencies of physical nature which would decompose them, is so continued until the body has attained a certain stature, so as not only to *repair* but to *add* to the bulk of every portion of the body.

"The new-born child is one and a half foot long, about one fourth of the stature finally attained; at two years and a half one half of the final stature is attained; and at nine or ten years three fourths. Then, when the adult stature is obtained, this wonderful process of growth is suspended, and that of renewal only continued. The bulk of the body, and the quantity of fat deposited in particular tissues may yet be increased; but the stature cannot be added to by any measure of food. Yet, if a power of addition is required, if growth is wanted, it can yet be exerted. If a simple wound be made in a soft part by a sharp cutting instrument, all that Nature requires as the condition of its cure is, that the divided edges shall be brought into close apposition; and she then agglutinates them. But if part of the substance be lost, and the divided edges cannot meet, Nature is compelled, if we may use such language, to alter her plan of cure; she begins to build up fleshy granulations from the lowest part of the wound; raises them in successive layers to the surface, and when this masonry is completed, covers in the work by a formation of new skin. So that when addition is wanted, it is made; but except in such cases, the frame is preserved for its appointed time, but not added to after adult age. After a time, whatever food is taken,

the vigour of the body becomes less sustained, the tissues shrink, the various functions become, we know not why, enfeebled; and at length the principle of life abandons the corporeal habitation to natural decomposition.

“The cessation of life, familiar to us in so many examples, cannot be said to surprise us; but it shocks us. Yet its long continuance, in constant dependence on the accident of our taking food, or the mere transmutation of extraneous and vulgar substances into corporeal elements, so as to preserve the body in one form for a time, and its functions undiminished,—this seems the greatest mystery, a greater than its decay. For even the *mind* remains the same throughout these changes, retaining the impressions early made, and which, although not always recalled with equal readiness, are indelible until life has departed, and left the body to pass into fluids and into gases no longer held in the forms of organised life.”

The lecturer then proceeded to describe the organs of mastication, digestion, and assimilation; explaining the structure and offices of the teeth, the œsophagus, the stomach, the liver, the intestines, the lacteals, and finally of the lungs, in which the traces of chyle, previously mixed with the blood returning to the heart, wholly disappears, the chyle being then converted into true blood to serve all the important purposes of that fluid. The diet of various nations, and that suitable to different climates, was incidentally touched upon, and some of the peculiarities in the digestive organs of carnivorous and of ruminating animals were pointed out. The compound nature of the blood, and the provision in the higher classes of animals, and especially in man, for its being acted upon by atmospheric air, were next spoken of, and the heart, arteries, and veins described. The subjects of respiration and the circulation led to the consideration of the functions of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves; and the different offices of the latter, particularly of the nerves for motion, for sensation, and for the involuntary functions, as of the heart, stomach, &c., were explained. Connected with the nerves of touch, of hearing, and of sight, Dr. Conolly entered into an explanation of the structure of the skin, of the ear, and of the eye; although this part of the subject was necessarily much condensed. Some of the differences between the brain of man and that of other animals, were then mentioned; and the difference in the proportions of the cranium and face in man, in the monkey, the dog, &c., were illustrated by skulls of those animals. This part of the subject was followed by various remarks on the mental faculties in man and in the lower animals. The finer sensations, the greater power of attention, the richer memory, the wider comparison, the superior reflection and judgment of man, were noticed, with some of their many effects on man and on society. The faculty of speech, the invention and uses of language and writing; and the gradual improvement of communities, were here alluded to; as well as the powerful affections, the self-examination, the singular extent of intellect occasionally shewn in human beings. The power delegated to man of altering so many substances by the help of fire, with all its applications to science; the benefits arising from man's social disposition; the fondness for harmony, leading to the science of music; and many other circumstances were successively mentioned, to which it is impossible to do more than to allude. The strange peculiarity of the human species being the only species perpetually in a state of mutual warfare, as observed by Cuvier, and man's proneness to disease, concluded this enumeration. Several observations were then made by the lecturer on the adaptation of the female character to that of man; and on the proportion of female to male births all over the world.

The details connected with these various notices having occupied the lecturer nearly two hours, the discourse was concluded by the following observations, which were listened to apparently with untired and profound attention. The passages relating to the structure of the globe were illustrated by fossil remains and mineralogical specimens, from Malvern, Dudley, the Rowley Hills, Stratford-upon-Avon, &c. &c.

“Such then are some of the characteristics of the human species, of which the history, gradually fading into doubtful traditions, on the most ancient of which, however, there are traces of truth which the modern science of the earth



seems more and more to verify, carries back the origin about six thousand years.

“Geology—not the fancies of speculative man, but in modern times become a true science, a record of established facts, presents us with the grand memoirs of even a more distant time. It shews the remains of a time when no life existed on this globe; when the light of morning awoke no human eye, summoned no human being to toil or to pleasure, called forth no gladness on the earth, and when the evening declined without one human being to regret the departure of the day.

“Subsequent strata exhibit the signs of the lowest orders of animal existence, struggling against the first desolation of nature.

“Immense deposits of a vegetable origin follow; the forests of an unknown time, in the carbonised remains of which are found impressions of various plants which appear to have flourished when the heat of this planet was greater than man’s traditions acknowledge, and the place of this island was perhaps then a sea.

“Amphibious and gigantic animals are found in strata less ancient than these beds of coal: less ancient than marine deposits which cover the coal itself; animals which appear to have lived when the surface of large portions of the earth was oozy marsh, unfit for man’s habitation.

“Still ascending towards the æra of man’s creation, we trace alternate deposits of marine and terrestrial relics, all of an unrecorded time; and it seems not to have been until after many of these revolutions that terrestrial quadrupeds were created; amidst the abundant remains of which, are discerned at first none of the species now existing, all being apparently destroyed by deluges of which superjacent marine remains furnish evidence.

“At length we reach the surface of the habitable earth, and only to find that it is the *mere* surface alone which belongs to man’s recent history; for that not only are the most ancient formations often found forming the surface, or even lofty mountains; but that even below the most level and undisturbed plains, there lie, often only a foot or two below the ground on which we tread, the stupendous ruins effected by that great and universal deluge of which every nation has a tradition, and many of the particulars of which are given to us by Moses, the earliest writer of the earth whose works remain. Amidst these ruins—accumulations of sand and clay and stony fragments brought from distant hills by the force of waters,—we find the remains of the mastodon, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the horse, the deer, the ox, the megatherium, the hippopotamus, the hyæna, and many other animals. Of all these, it is observable, that where the same kind of animal is yet known, the species is yet a little different from that found in these strata left by the deluge; and further, that many animals seem at that time to have existed where they are now unknown;—the elephant, and hippopotamus, and also the hyæna, for instance, in this island, if we may speak of it as an island at such a time; but certainly in this latitude, perhaps on the shores of what are now the fertile vallies of Worcester-shire,—some of the animals are quite extinct, as the megatherium and mastodon, and seem not to have survived the deluge in any part of the earth.

“It is unquestionable, although no remains of man or of the species of animals preserved with him have been found in these diluvial strata, that man existed *before* the deluge which created them; and that they were formed by the great catastrophe which his history distinctly records.

“Subsequent to *those* strata, all is of the recent earth; all remains found are of animals now existing, of species now common, in countries where they are now known; and which all the remains of antiquity (pictures, mummies, &c.,) shew to have been coeval with the present race of mankind.

“Between the desolate periods of which the ammonite, the encrinite, the trilobite, and subsequently the great Saurian reptiles, are the attestations,—between those times and the time of the great deluge, but possibly anterior to other convulsions and deluges of a partial character—when the existence of plants, birds, and herbivorous quadrupeds attests that man might exist on the globe, the first creation of a human being must have had place.

“The station which man holds makes it not presumptuous to look upon all this

long history of the world, through all the varieties of its first animal inhabitants, and the deluges and convulsions which destroyed them, as a record of the *preparation* of the world, of its surface, its atmosphere, its minerals, and the whole system of the globe, that it might be a fit habitation for a being exercising the various functions which have this evening been described to you. And it gives an elevated view of his destiny to look back upon this long preparation, and to trace his very slow progress, ever towards the improvement of his nature.

“If geology furnishes us with illustrations of the old changes of the earth; an inspection of the state of man in various parts of the globe shews us illustrations of all the steps of his progress of six thousand years.

“Even now we behold him in some regions hardly elevated above the brute creation. In countries a little more advanced we see him practising some rude arts, and contending for his possessions. In others we see him arrived at a sort of chivalrous splendour, but selfish and unjust and sensual. In other regions, including the most advanced countries of Europe, the chivalrous character having long given place to one more calculating, we perceive, although yet but faintly, the reason of man called into exercise, and slowly attaining to great truths in morals and in policy.

“There is nothing in geology more marvellous, nothing which is more calculated to excite incredulity, than there is in the slow progress of man towards good. It has pleased the Great Creator from time to time to permit exalted minds to point to philosophical truths, which men have not fully attained to until many centuries afterward. Above all, it pleased Him to send us *one* Instructor whose doctrines and whose life were so pure that they throw all mere human glory into insignificance,—and yet whose life, whose morality, are, if the truth must be spoken, marred by the constant and avowed practices of even the most advanced, and the proudest nations towards one another; and so imperfectly practised by individuals towards their neighbours that, however cherished in some pure and holy breasts, there is actually no community of men yet existing which really and truly deserves the exalted name of Christian.

“But slowly as man’s nature has gone on in the path of improvement, it is every hour improving. Every century is ashamed of at least a *few* of the cries of the one which preceded it: and the time will come, when even our own age, distinguished as it is, must be referred to as exhibiting singular remnants of barbarism, imperfections in national and individual character, which will then have been shamed away from the face of society.

“It is not possible, seeing the amazing movement around us, to be dead to all desire of lifting up the curtain of futurity, and surveying the great progress of man and of human improvement, and the ultimate civilization of the whole of this earth. Yet man, in this frame of bones and muscles, and vessels, and nerves, which we have been examining, is capable of it.

“We feel, while we contemplate such a course only in imagination, that the prospect is raised out of the mists of oppression and crime which have constituted so much of man’s past history. We may surely indulge in elevated visions of a time when christian nations will visit other lands as benefactors, rather than as plunderers;—and when the older countries of the earth, then advanced beyond what we can now conceive, will rejoice over every new community rising to the blessings of civilization, purer morals, and intellectual dignity.

“Humble, then, as are the materials of the human frame—the mere dust of the earth—it is the *mansion of certain functions ministering to an intelligence*: and this intelligence is not merely for the direction of the movements of the body, and for inventing arts of seeking and preparing food, nor for carrying on mere barter and exchange, and acquiring dominion over certain portions of the surface of the earth, or of its precious minerals. There is a higher end.

“As reasonable observers, we cannot but ask what the end is.—To breathe, to eat, to grow, to suffer pain and pleasure, to attempt much and to perform little, to look about us for a few years, and leave designs unfinished, inquiries unsatisfied, and to find ourselves declining by insensible degrees into all the infirmities and humiliations of age, and, after some sixty or seventy years, to die—important as it seems in the acting, is little more than a vain and empty career, in which we only acknowledge, at every step, that this body is frail and that it is mortal.

“If we breathe, therefore, if we digest, if blood flows in our arteries and veins, if

we feel and move,—it is not for the low pleasures of sense, which soon pall, and finally perish—it is that opportunity may be given to us, in a life limited with a view to such especial purpose, to improve to a certain extent the *thinking faculties* and the *higher instincts* which distinguish man from all animals.

“We move in a grand procession, which began at man’s creation; but the end of which is invisible. We take up the work of mind as others left it: we leave it for others to take up, whose life is beginning: the workmen change, the work proceeds.

“But we believe, perhaps, that the mind *has* been improving; that our thoughts and feelings *have* been somewhat purified and raised; that the waywardness of youth, and the inexperience of early life, have been succeeded by wise and noble and calm aspirations: and thus, although we acknowledge the humility of this bodily frame, we do not behold its sure and silent decline without a belief that something which is within us, and by which this is felt, cannot *all die*. So that no change in this eventful and mysterious life is wholly desolating.

“To such conclusions, which must form a strong guard against any habitual course of self-degradation, the student of *Natural History* must always be especially led; and if there were no other recommendation of it, surely this would be sufficient.

“But the capacity of applying to such a study, and of coming to such ennobling conclusions, is the privilege of man alone. The faithful dog which follows him, the beasts which graze or ruminate, the birds and insects which pursue their food through the air, the lion which commands the forest, and the whales which multiply in the vast depths of the sea,—live and die unconscious of all except the little circle of their own wants or fears. For them the earth blooms and the stars shine in vain, unnoted and unadmired; they know nothing of the universe, they cannot raise their limited thoughts to adoration of Him who *made* the heavens and the earth.

“It has pleased the Great Creator in whom we all live and move to constitute *us* differently; to reveal something of his sublime nature to us in his works. *There* we read his wisdom, and there his benevolence; there his unchangeableness, there his paternal care of all that he has created. From the same perusal, whilst we learn those facts which constitute all science, man’s intellect becomes exercised, and he raises himself above an animal of prey, becomes social and enlightened, and ascends by degrees to different gradations of social and individual happiness; which, already, in our imperfect science, and imperfect morals, so much raised above the happiness of the wandering savage, is destined, perhaps, even in this state of existence, by the successive advance of all knowledge in coming ages, to rise to a height to us immeasurable, and almost inconceivable.

“Still, I would avoid pushing observations of this kind to extravagance. So long as man is constituted of this frame to which our attention has been directed, must the greatest happiness and highest wisdom of which he is capable be imperfect;—nay even poor and low, compared with that purer bliss and more exalted knowledge to which his inmost instinct and an express revelation has taught his thoughts for ever to aspire.”

We have thus given the outline of this lecture as fully as possible. The well-known talents of the lecturer, as might have been anticipated, drew together the greatest portion of the intellectual residents of the county and city—and highly excited as might have been their expectations, we venture to assert that they were not disappointed. Nothing could exceed the fixed attention of the auditors—and we all know that to rivet the undivided attention for any length of time is utterly impracticable unless the embellishments of fancy and the fire of genius be added to the ratiocination of learning. These were so well blended by the able lecturer, that he must have been a cynic indeed who could have failed to participate in the general feeling of gratification. The usual vote of thanks was proposed by Captain Winnington, M.P., and seconded by the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Asaph, with the unanimous concurrence of the delighted hearers.

## LECTURE ON THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

On Tuesday, the 21st of October, John Davidson, Esq., F. A. S., M. R. A. S., delivered his Lecture on the Pyramids of Egypt, at the Guildhall, Worcester, which he aptly illustrated by a variety of beautiful models, sections, &c.

After expressing his gratification at the request conveyed to him by the Worcestershire Natural History Society that he would lecture on this subject, and for the honour conferred on him by so numerous an attendance, the learned lecturer stated that the object of his appearing before them was more for the purpose of explaining what the pyramids were than of attempting to decide by whom or for what purpose they were erected; and to assist in forming some conclusion as to the intention of the builders. The earliest account of their structure was furnished by Herodotus, who, although a great authority, still admits too readily the reports and opinions of others to be all conclusive.\*

“Diodorus, the next in succession of the authors generally quoted, ascribes the erection of the largest pyramid to Chemmis the Memphite, the eighth from Rhemphis. He is supposed to be the same as Chæops, and that this historian used the Egyptian, whilst Herodotus adopted the Greek pronunciation. It stands towards Lybia, 120 furlongs from Memphis and 45 from the Nile, is four square, each square seven plethra long and six high, spiring up to a point which was six cubits square—is built of solid marble throughout, of rough workmanship, but of perpetual duration; for though it is now 1000 years (some say 3400) since it was raised, the stones are firmly jointed together, and the building is as perfect as when just completed. The stone, it is said, was brought from Arabia, and raised by mounds, machines not being yet invented [he here differs again from Herodotus, but it is impossible to believe the Egyptians had no knowledge of machinery]—that, however, which excites the most wonder, is to see such a foundation so imprudently chosen, and the whole pile appears more the work of some God, than an edifice erected by degrees by the hands of men. It is said 360,000 men were employed, who scarcely completed it in twenty years. The Egyptians relate wonderful stories about the raising of the stones by means of mounds of nitre and salt, which being afterwards washed away, the building remained. Chemmis was succeeded by his brother Chephren, who imitated the pyramid on a smaller scale: upon the greater was inscribed the amount of the food consumed, as stated by Herodotus. Although the kings designed these monuments for their tombs, they were not buried in them, but were interred by their servants, according to previous command, in some secret place. After these reigned Mycerinus, the son of him who built the first pyramid; this, however, was only three plethra high, but greatly excelled the others in beauty. I have now to call your attention to a passage which I think, both in the Latin and English translation, is rendered in a sense differing from the meaning of the author, Diodorus continuing, *‘αναβασιν δεκει δια μισ των πλευρων εγχεκαλυμμενην;’* by the Latin *‘et in uno latere ascensum habet malleo incisorio excavatum;’* by the English, *‘the ascent is only on one side, by steps cut into the main stone;’* taking the word from *εγχαλυμνω*, signifying to conceal, cover over, and that instead of meaning ascent, our historian referred to the *εισοδον*, or entrance, an ascent to which being necessary, he used the word in a double capacity—intending, *‘cut into the rock but concealed.’*

“Strabo, who followed very closely on the steps of Diodorus, relates, that at forty stadii from the city, on a hill, stand the pyramids, the sepulchres of kings, of which three are most conspicuous, and are accounted amongst the wonders of the world.

\* Herodotus states the greatest was the tomb of Chæops; the second of Chephren, his brother; the third of Mycerinus, the son of Chæops.—Mr. D. gave a copious extract from this author, which, being generally known, we have, for want of room, omitted.

In the middle of the height of the sides is a stone which, when taken out, discloses an oblique passage leading direct to the *θηκη*: there is, however, some difficulty in this passage, as the word *πλαγυριον* occurs in the plural; and it is to this stone concealing the entrance cut into the side of the pyramid that I think Diodorus alludes. That this entrance was known to Herodotus there can be but little doubt, as he could not otherwise have referred to the subterranean chambers. There is one thing, continues Strabo, we saw at the pyramids which must not pass unnoticed: in the heaps of stones lying amongst the ruins, little petrefactions are found, in form and size resembling the natural appearance of lentils, barley, &c. which are said to be the petrified remains of the food of the workmen. Pliny, after speaking of the pyramids generally, characterises them as *'Regum pecuniæ otiosa ac stulta ostentatio,'* and gives it as his opinion that their erection was a matter of state policy, partly by employment to keep the people from mutiny, and partly to dissipate that enormous wealth which would otherwise have proved a temptation to the heirs of the monarch. The three pyramids which are so famous throughout the world are situated on a barren rocky mountain between Memphis and the Delta, near the village of Busiris, from which men are accustomed to ascend them. This is confirmatory of the explanation of the word *εκροισθη* as coated, for if they were originally as they now are, it would have been no feat for persons to have ascended them; and that they can be so now very easily is apparent from the number of our fair countrywomen who have recorded their names on the summit. So far, I think, I am borne out in the objection I have taken to the translators of Diodorus. After reciting the names of twelve authors who had written upon the subject, he states the utter impossibility of deciding upon the founder of them—a just punishment for the vanity of the work. Within the largest is a pit 86 cubits deep, which is supposed to have served for the ingress of the Nile. Manetho, a priest of Heliopolis, who compiled the dynasties of Egypt under Ptolemy Philopater 284 B.C., ascribes them to Suphis, Sensuphis, and Mencheres; and the era of these monarchs 2090 B. C. is much more to be trusted than the date given by Herodotus to Chæops, who is greatly in error in placing this king after Sesostris, whose name occurs in very secondary positions to the pyramids.

“The silence of the sacred historians is no proof of the non-existence of these pyramids in their time: we might with equal claims assert that the *εκρομολις*, the seat of the Theban dynasties, the more ancient capital of Egypt, existed not, because Nopt is mentioned more early in sacred writ—and that they were not the works of the children of Israel is plainly proved. Their labour was in brick and mortar, and service of the field, and had they been employed on these buildings, taking them to have served mythological or other purpose, the grievance would have been greater, and it would have been recorded as an additional punishment. But I must not launch on the sea of chronology. There is, however, one point upon which these ancient authors agree, that whether Chæops, Chemonis, Surphis or others, they were the work of brothers.

“Leaving the classic authors, I will glance for a moment at the speculative accounts of the Arabians. The author of the *Morat Alzenian* writes that much difference of opinion exists about the builders of the pyramids—some say Joseph, some Nimrod, some Dalukah—whilst others affirm that the Egyptians foreseeing the flood, built them to preserve their treasure, but it profited them not—others that Saurid built the first for his tomb, Hougit his brother the second, and Fazarinoun the son of Hougit, the third. The Sabeans relate that the first was the tomb of Seth, the second of Hermes, and the third of Sat, from whom they take their name. Ibn Abd Alhokm, another Arabian historian, says he could find no certain history of the pyramids amongst the learned men of Egypt, from which he deduces this conclusion—what is more reasonable than that they were built before the flood—for had they been erected after that event, there would have been some memory of them amongst men. The Coptites mention in their books, that he who built the pyramids was Saurid Ibn Salhouk, who lived 300 years before the flood; and that he engraved upon them the following inscription:—‘I, Saurid the King, built the pyramids, and finished them in six years. Let him that comes after me, and says he is my equal, destroy them if he can in 600 years; and yet it is known how much easier it is to pull down than to build up. When I had finished them, I covered them with satin—let him cover them with mats.’

“Unwilling to weary you with further quotations, I will now attempt to describe

the pyramid. Some of the structures of London offer a very familiar comparison, by which an estimate can be formed of the magnificent and massy solidity of the great pile, the size of which is about that of Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and its height 124 feet above the Cross of St. Paul's. But to afford some of my fair hearers a more familiar simile, let me beg of them to suppose each side of this model as one and three-quarters the length of the cathedral, measuring from window to window, and the height two and a half that of the pinnacle of the centre tower, and they will be able to form a readier idea of its immense magnitude than the more difficult method of calculating its dimensions."

On reaching so far, we find that we must confine the remainder of this lecture within a very narrow compass, having already exceeded the space allotted to us. That interesting portion of it, containing an account of the different chambers and galleries described by various explorers, with the precise measurement of each, as well as the opinions of Belzoni, Caviglia, Davison, Salt, and others, on these stupendous monuments of antiquity, so essential to the clear development of the conclusions to which the lecturer inclines, we must, by necessity, pass over. All that we can now perform is to abridge the concluding part of this admirable lecture, which we will accomplish as effectually as time will permit.

"Although I differ in the general opinion that the pyramidal erection was for the original design of a tomb, there can be no doubt that it has been used in after ages for such purpose. The startling question appears to be its size. In the care and attention thus paid to the obsequies of the dead, the Egyptians surpassed all other people—their tombs they called everlasting habitations. [Here the lecturer shewed a ground plan of the tomb of Osiri opened by Belzoni.] Notwithstanding this bears no external resemblance to the pyramidal form, yet its internal construction possesses many things in common—a first, second, and third corridor, a hall of pillars, room of mysteries, &c. You will naturally expect that I shall offer some opinion as to the origin or intention of these buildings. Whether they are temples, tombs, or observatories, I cannot be expected to decide. All hitherto is speculation—but, with your permission, I will add my ideas to the stock of general conjecture.

"Three principal questions appear to present themselves, which I shall endeavour to solve.

"Firstly. What is the meaning of the word pyramid—does it explain the subject?

"Secondly. Are the pyramids peculiar to Egypt, or do other countries furnish analogies?

"Thirdly. Is there any event traditional or recorded that could have led to their peculiar form of erection?

"The etymology of the Greeks, whose vanity led them to make every possible adaptation to their own language, is that most generally adopted, they giving the root *πυρ* fire from the circumstance of flame assuming the pyramidal form, gave it the name *πυραμυς*, 'dubio Danaos.' I am disposed to think that they applied this to the name and not to the building, and would ask what was the pyramid called before the arrival of the Greeks, and what do the modern Egyptians call it? The Coptic word was *αρρι* preceded by the article *π*, which the Greeks mistook for a portion of the word, and merging the vowel, made from this *πυραμ*. The modern word is *αραμ*, or *hurum*, preceded by the article *el*—*el aram*, a word very similar, if not precisely the same as that formerly used, and which is defined as "ancient," a name applied to the pyramids, whose history is lost in antiquity. It might be derived from another coptic word *πυρ* signifying the sun, but I hold to the former; and cannot but think that the observation of Herodotus as to the food of the workmen, proves that they were erected at a period when a vegetable diet formed the food of man.

"Secondly. Pyramids are not peculiar to Egypt, but are to be found in all the earliest settled postdiluvian monarchies, and have been continued amongst those nations, to a very late period, which from one cause or other have been most secluded from intercourse with other states. The Pagoda of China is but a modification of the pyramid—a building rising story above story, and decreasing towards its apex.

The pyramidal temples of Hindostan present a greater resemblance, and the pyramids of the Mexican empire, those of Cholula, Papantla, and Teotuiachan, present such striking analogies, and bear so much upon the last question, that I am induced to offer some brief remarks. The pyramids of Teotuiachan are situated in the valley of Mexico, about eight leagues N. E. of the capital. They are placed due cardinal points—two are of considerable size: Toniteuh, dedicated to the sun, has a base of 682 feet, the height under 200—and Mezli, of smaller dimensions, is dedicated to the moon. They are approached through long avenues of small pyramids, placed in lines N. to S.—E. to W., and occupy a plain called Micoath, road of the dead. The smaller ones are said to be the burial places of the chiefs. Similar tombs occur round the base of the great pyramid of Egypt—the two larger ones differing about the same in size—they are four square, facing the cardinal points, are subdivided into steps, the edges of which are in many places evident—they are said to be hollow, to contain treasure, and to have been used for the purpose of interment. I observed, at about the same relative point of elevation on the N. side, an opening with a sloping passage, similar to that in the great pyramid. The Alcalde who accompanied my friend and self was little disposed to allow of our taking any admeasurement, and hardly were we allowed to remain at the base or on the sides. Not far from this to the south stands the pyramid of Papantla, of hewn stone, and covered with niches and hieroglyphics—that, however, of Cholula is the most ancient. It stands near to the city of Puebla, about ten miles to the east, and is called at this day 'Monte hecho a manos,' the mountain made by hands; it is terraced, and placed exactly to face the cardinal points—the base is nearly double that of the great pyramid, being 1423 feet; its height very inconsiderable—177 feet. This building has been proved to possess chambers, and to have served the purpose of interment; it was anciently called Tlalchihualtepec (mountain of unbaked brick), and is reported to have been dedicated to Quetzalcoatl, God of Air. He dwelt with these people, supposed the Olmecks, twenty years, which time the pyramid was said to have consumed in erecting—the same is related of Chæops. This Quetzalcoatl taught the inhabitants the science of astronomy, the intercalation of time, the recording of events. There is a tradition that goes still further, and says it was the work of Xelhua, one of the giants, who built this mountain to represent Tlaloe, in which seven people were preserved from the general inundation. To commemorate this event may we not suppose that a like tradition existed in Egypt, else why should the children of Israel have evinced fear on crossing the Jordan, stating they had seen the buildings of the sons of Anak, of whom they could only have heard in Egypt?

“Pyramidal buildings are not confined to Egypt—there are Chinese, Hindoos, Mexican, and other nations, all people of the highest antiquity, all famed for the recording of events and the cultivation of astronomy, each possessing pyramids, the history of which is involved in mystery, but each having ends in common—record, religion, sepulture.

“Thirdly. Is there, then, any circumstance, traditional or recorded, that could have led to the peculiar form of erection, their character being too arbitrary and their resemblance too uniform to have been the result of chance? The earliest settlement of the postdiluvian world was marked by the erection of a high place which all commentators agree to have been of the pyramidal form. ‘Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top shall reach to heaven, and let us make to ourselves a name.’ The word sem (rendered name) used by the sacred writers signifies sign (Greek *σημα*, latin *signum*). Engaged in this work mankind was scattered over the face of the whole earth, carrying with them a recollection of their employment, migrating under the sons of the patriarch. With their numbers, their pride increased, causing them to forget their divine protection. The sons of Shem in their earliest settlements in the east erected monuments recording their arrival, or by observation marking the time of their dispersion: the sons of Japhet, prompted by similar feelings, and having in recollection the same event, followed the like idolatrous example in the north and west. The sons of Ham, under Misriam, the founder of Egypt, and a name by which Egypt is still called, famed from the earliest time for their wisdom, to surpass which was the pride of Solomon, ever profuse of labour and lavish of expence, with conceptions engendered in mystery and heightened by the character of their religion, taking magnitude and durability for their models, surpassed their brethren in this the transmission of their

name. Whilst the proud city of the Pharaohs, of which this pile once formed the greatest wonder, has melted away, leaving not a wreck behind; this pyramid, renowned for its antiquity, as its name implies, surpassing in magnitude all other buildings, became consecrated to the worship of the Gods, and adapted by its form, dedicated to the cultivation of their most cherished study, astronomy, and hallowed by these sacred purposes, became in after times used as the depository of the illustrious dead.

“Leaving to others the more noble office of instructing you on these points, I take my leave, in the hope that my observations have neither been unseasonable nor uninteresting.”

We have thus given as much of this highly attractive lecture as time and space will permit. It will be seen that the most ingenious argument, and the most subtle research, pervaded this dissertation. There was no hearsay information, no second-hand instruction—all was extracted from the fountain-head of knowledge. The eloquent lecturer had visited and minutely explored the fabrics which he so powerfully described, and was, therefore, enabled to enrich his subject with a more-circumstantial and accurate delineation than could possibly be furnished by mere speculative opinions woven into written documents. Yet where classical references were necessary for the purposes of elucidation and conviction, the learned lecturer was armed at all points, and he quoted authorities from sources which are rarely attainable even in our celebrated seats of learning. We scarcely need add that Mr. Davidson concluded his lecture amidst the warm greetings of his auditors, and that a vote of thanks, moved by the Rev. Christopher Benson, and seconded by the Hon. and Rev. J. Fortescue, was carried by acclamation.

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## WORCESTER LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

### ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY.

A Lecture on this subject was delivered at the Athenæum, Worcester, Sept. 29th, 1834, by George Sheward, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c.

For a member of the profession of Surgery this was doubtless a characteristic subject, and the lecturer candidly acknowledged in his exposition, that he designedly fixed upon it as one in which he had reaped most experience, and was, therefore, more competent to the investigation than he might have been on other topics. We all prefer to talk and write on what we best understand, and as every lecturer has by courtesy the choice of his subject, Mr. Sheward evinced his judgment by fixing on that to which he had devoted more than usual time and attention. Besides, the pith of this lecture he had unfolded three months before in the Town-hall of Upton, and therefore he might fairly suppose himself more *au fait* in that particular branch of knowledge than he might possibly have been on many others. Be that as it may, Mr. Sheward made choice of “Animal Physiology” as the ground-work of his lecture, and it becomes our duty to speak of it as a composition written for oral delivery. We wish it to be clearly understood that we do not *entirely* object to the peculiar matter chosen for this lecture, for, as the lecturer justly observes, “independent of the charms it has for a professional inquirer, it must, as the explanation of the means by which ‘we live, and breathe, and have our being,’ prove interesting to every



thinking mind." The great difficulty, however, suggested to our minds was, how to steer clear of those technical explanations which are necessary to unfold the history of the animal economy, without trenching on the delicacy and fastidiousness of the auditors, one half of which, possibly, were females—but we are bound to say that Mr. Sheward very dexterously contrived to throw becoming drapery over this department of his scientific research, and adapted it, as far as possible, to the chaste ears of the sensitive and the scrupulous. The lecturer allows he might have chosen a subject much more poetical and imaginative, one which would have gratified the external senses, while it added little to the treasures of the mind; yet he felt convinced that by stripping this of its professional detail, it might be rendered amusing as well as instructive, and as such not unworthy of general notice.

There can be no doubt of the fulfilment of his wishes—he did strip it of much of its professional detail—but some downcast looks from a few of the blue-stocking sisterhood convinced us that he had not pruned *quite* enough from the "professional detail." We saw even some medical men stare most outrageously while the learned lecturer was giving such a minute detail of the *function of digestion*—and a near neighbour asked us if we did not think that such information were better confined to the schools of medicine. In truth, although unwilling to check the progress of science, we begin to think that some *very* peculiar subjects, such as "the digestive and other organs, midwifery, &c. &c." had better be confined to the lecture rooms of the hospitals.

These observations have no reference to the lecturer individually. We have already said that he treated his subject with much delicacy—we may add, too, with considerable skill and judgment—and we heard many professional men affirm that he said all which could be said on the subject before a mixed audience. In confirmation of this opinion, we give the following digest of a part of his observations on the organs of respiration:—

"Many and important are the effects which arise from respiration, but there is none of more consequence than that which it produces on the circulating blood. The necessity of air for the support of animal life could hardly escape observation in any age; but the ancients, to whom the constitution of the atmosphere, and the alterations which take place when it passes through the lungs, were alike unknown, could have no correct idea as to the end it answers in the animal economy, and there is no extravagance of imagination in which they did not indulge. It would be foreign to my purpose to detail opinions which have lost the stamp of novelty, and been long since refuted; I shall, therefore, confine myself to the relation of such as are entertained at the present time. Atmospheric air, or that subtle fluid by which we are constantly surrounded, and without which death would immediately ensue, is composed of three gases, combined in different proportions, and endowed with distinct properties. Each 100 parts of common air contains 77 of azote, a term which signifies 'incapable of sustaining life,' 22 of oxygen, which may be considered the most useful, and is by some called 'vital air,' and the remaining part of carbonic acid. We will suppose, then, that a person makes a full inspiration, by which the air cells become filled, and the chest expanded, the air inhaled comes in contact with the blood minutely circulated as I have before explained to you, which, absorbing part of the oxygen contained in the inspired air, at the same time throws off carbonic acid, which it had acquired during the circulation through the body. This process takes place in every species of respiration, whether animal or vegetable. It would hardly interest you if I were to enter into a minute detail of the quality and quantity of the air taken in, and thrown out of, the lungs at each inspiration and expiration: but I cannot avoid remarking that the cause of death when charcoal is left burning in a closed room; the sense of oppression on the chest felt when many persons have been crowded together in a small space; breathing the same atmosphere; and even the popular opinion that flowers placed in a bed-room are unwholesome, may all be traced to the same cause. During the burning of the charcoal, the breathing of animals or vegetables (for the latter imbibe oxygen, and

throw off carbonic acid), the oxygen is absorbed, and carbonic acid given off in its stead, and so different are the qualities of the two gases, that the former communicates greater brilliancy to charcoal burnt in a vessel which contains it, and has in many instances been inhaled with considerable benefit in diseases of the lungs; the latter is unable to maintain life, and a lighted taper is immediately extinguished if placed in it—hence arises the practice of putting a lighted candle down wells, and in places that have long remained unopened, before any person descends into, or enters them, a practice founded on correct principles, for no gas that will not maintain flame can support human life. Carbonic acid gas is also given off from the lungs at each expiration, and the oxygen which is absorbed in its stead, having combined with the blood, passes into the circulation; and whatever tends to increase the consumption of the latter gas, must act prejudicially on the human system. Curtains drawn closely round a bed, by excluding the external air, and small, ill ventilated apartments, thus become injurious.”

Before taking leave of this subject, we cannot refrain from observing that all Literary and Scientific Institutions would do well to weed the lectures, as much as can be done so consistently, from the dry technicalities of science, having always found that the knowledge imparted through the medium of the fancy and affections; becomes more firmly rooted in the memory than that which is inculcated by the abstruseness of science and the dogmatism of learning. We are now speaking, be it observed, on the part of the *mixed* assemblies, in which many ladies congregate, and many gentlemen, too, be it known, purely for the purpose of receiving knowledge through the channel of amusement. The learned cynic may say—“what do such persons want at scientific and literary meetings?” We will answer that question—they seek for instruction and amusement blended. If the former be gradually and pleasantly imparted to them, they will soon disdain to have recourse entirely to the latter, and we shall then see if the love of science and of general knowledge do not spread more ardently and universally than it does even at the present time. *Verbum sat.*

#### PNEUMATIC CHEMISTRY.

The lecture on Monday, the 13th of October, was delivered by Mr. Reece, at the Athenæum:—the subject—Pneumatic Chemistry.

The lecturer commenced by drawing a line of distinction between Pneumatic Chemistry and that branch of Natural Philosophy called Pneumatics: the former having for its object the consideration of the chemical composition of our atmosphere, the exhibition of its elementary constituents, and the analysis and investigation of all permanently elastic fluids; and the latter the mechanical properties of the atmosphere, as its compressibility, elasticity, gravity, and inertia. He proceeded by enlarging on the great importance of the atmosphere for the existence of both animal and vegetable life, and the changes that are effected in it, by the appropriation of a certain portion which is found adapted to their systems. Man, he observed, has been looked upon as a perfect model of mechanical structure, and the anatomy of his frame was the early guide to the study of mechanics. The chemist looks on the system of man as a chemical laboratory, where nature is performing her silent but not less effectual changes; the pneumatic chemist, as illustrative of a perfect pneumatic apparatus, possessing the power of rarifying and condensing, decomposing and recomposing the æreal fluids. Mr. R. then explained in a clear and comprehensive manner the important function of respiration, which, he observed, was divided by physiologists into two distinct operations—inspiration, or the act of drawing air into the lungs—expiration, the act of expelling it from them, which commence the moment we are born, and continue as long as we live; they are partly voluntary and partly involuntary, continuing during sleep and apoplexy, when the will has no power; but, on the other hand, we are able to increase, diminish, accelerate, or retard these operations as we please—and though food is essentially

necessary for the support of our economy, as well as the circulation of the blood, yet it is not sufficient to keep the thread of life together even for a minute, if deprived of the power of breathing. The peculiarly beautiful mechanism of the chest and cellular tissue of the lungs, so admirably adapted to receive and expel the atmosphere, as well as to facilitate the chemical change that necessarily takes place in the passage of the blood through these organs, where it becomes freed of its impurities, and changed as to colour and character, was next taken into consideration; and here the lecturer observed, that every class of organized beings, from the elephant to the worm, from the whale to the herring, all required the presence of atmospheric air for their existence, though the quantity necessary for each differed, warm blooded animals standing in need of the greatest proportion.

Many facts were detailed, showing the importance of an unrestrained action of the lungs, and the inhalation of air free from contaminated vapours. The horrors of the black-hole of Calcutta were feelingly dwelt on, where out of 146 persons confined in a close prison, not 18 feet square, only 23 survived the night. Mr. R. in order to impress more fully on the minds of his audience the baneful effects arising from limiting the action of the chest, introduced sketches, contrasting the capacity and form of the chest of the Venus de Medici, with those of persons who daily immolate themselves at the shrine of fashion, under the false impression that they can improve the human form divine. Mothers, he continued, are first induced to adopt the common practice of bandaging their children, at the advice of their nurses, who assert that it will bring them into shape. From the continuation of this practice, the capacity of the chest evidently becomes diminished in proportion as the child grows; for the ribs, at this early period of life, are but cartilage, and easily yield to compression. The infant, in consequence, is attacked by a slight, short cough, a hurried aspiration, considerable restlessness at night—the nurse *must sleep*—recourse is had to what may be called “a real blessing” to inhuman nurses—*anodynes*, as opium, &c., remarkable for their “soothing” and *composing* effects. The poor innocent sleeps, but it gradually becomes emaciated, and she who was once a fine little girl, is considerably less at three months’ old than when she was born. The mother then becomes alarmed—calls in professional assistance; the error is pointed out, and the child saved—a lesson is given to an anxious mother she never forgets, but the nurse continues obstinate in proportion to her years. When at the early age of ten, these bandages are converted into a more formidable and injurious apparel, being fortified with bones running in every direction, the *young* lady is sent to a boarding school, where every attention is paid to her studies, and she ultimately becomes a paragon of excellence. Nature has endowed her with an adequate share of intellect, which has been highly cultivated, and she is found proficient in every branch of literature, science, and the fine arts. Nature has also endowed her with the outline of a good and graceful figure; but this, alas! has been most seriously mutilated and deformed. That constitution, which was once strong and healthy, has become enervated and debilitated—the space where the purification of that important circulating fluid, the blood, is effected, has been seriously diminished, and there exists a predisposition to affections of the heart and lungs; in fact, the body and general health suffer in the inverse ratio as the mind becomes improved. Mr. Reece concluded his observations on this subject, by citing the case of death from tight lacing, which lately appeared in the public prints.

The lecturer then remarked on the importance of every individual, however exalted in station, or humble in society, being acquainted with the most ready means of restoring suspended animation, arising either from drowning, hanging, or exposure to noxious vapours—and after giving a full explanation of the best method to be adopted for resuscitation, he proceeded to the chemical investigation of the atmosphere, the elementary constituents of which are oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid, and although the quantity of the latter does not exceed one part in 500, and is hence considered as adventitious and extraneous, still it is found to bear the same proportion in every part of the universe; in fact, by chemical analysis, the uniformity of its composition is found to be exactly the same at an altitude of 22,000 feet, as was ascertained by Guy Lussac—at the level of the sea—on the deserts of Arabia—or the crowded metropolis. Sir H. Davy submitted to analysis the atmosphere from every quarter of the globe, and found it to be uniformly the same. Saussure examined the air on the summit of Mont Blanc, and Baron D’Humboldt that on the summit of the Andes, and no difference in their chemical constituents could be

detected. The contrast between oxygen and the other component parts was truly striking, instanced as they were by a series of beautiful experiments. The rapid combustion of steel, and the luminous effect produced by that of phosphorus, were splendid illustrations; while the contrast was exhibited, shewing the total inability of nitrogen or carbonic acid gas to support combustion.—The subject was continued on Monday, the 27th inst., on which occasion a variety of brilliant experiments were performed without a single failure, to the infinite gratification of a numerous auditory. A vote of thanks was proposed by Dr. Malden and carried unanimously.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Sept. 15 to Oct. 15.

- Allen's (S. J.) Lectures in Defence of the Church of England, 8vo, 10s.  
 American Indians; (Customs and Manners), 18mo, 3s.  
 Angler (The) in Ireland, 2 v. post 8vo, 21s.  
 Aristophanes (Aves) with English Notes, by Cookesley, 8vo, 7s.  
 Bagster on Bees, 12mo, 6s. 6d.  
 Bell's (Jas.) Gazetteer of E. and Wales, 4 vols. 8vo, 2l. 12s.  
 Bellamy's Translation of the Bible, part 6, 16s.  
 Bennett's (G.) New South Wales, 2 v. 8vo, 28s.  
 Blackwall's (John) Researches in Zoology, 8vo, 12s.  
 Blunt and Stephenson's Civil Engineer, part 2, 21s.  
 Book of Family Worship, 32mo, 2s. 6d.  
 Boy's (The) Scrap Book, sq. 8vo, 10s. 6d.  
 British Pulpit, vol. 1, 8vo, 8s.  
 Brougham's (S.) Treatise on Cholera, 8vo, 5s. 6d.  
 Bulwer's (H. L.) France, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.  
 ——— (E. L.) Last Days of Pompeii, 3 vols. sm. 8vo, 31s. 6d.  
 Cabinet of Sacred Poetry, sq. 24mo, 2s. 6d.  
 ——— Prose, sq. 24mo, 2s. 6d.  
 Campbell's (J.) Bible Biography, 18mo, 1s. 6d.  
 Carpenter's (T.) Reflections on the Psalms of David, 18mo, 2s.  
 Carter's (Jas.) Two Lectures on Taste, 12mo, 3s. 6d.  
 Chitty's (Edw.) Commercial and General Lawyer, part 1, 8vo, 12s.  
 Comic Offering, 1835, 18mo, 12s.  
 Drake's (S. G.) Biography, &c., of the North American Indians, 8vo, 16s.  
 Edinburgh Cabinet Library, vol. 16 (Lives of Eminent Zoologists), 12mo, 5s.  
 Elyot's (Sir T.) The Governour, 1564, by T. A. Elliott, 8vo, 15s.  
 Everett's Panorama of Manchester, 12mo, 5s. 6d.  
 Fall (The) of Man, and his Redemption, 12mo, 4s. 6d.  
 Family Library, vol. 47—"Fairy Legends, and Traditions of the South of Ireland," 18mo, 5s.  
 Flinter (Col.) on the Present State of Puerto Rico, 8vo, 9s.  
 Forget Me Not, 1835, 18mo, 12s.  
 Friendship's Offering, 1835, 18mo, 12s.  
 Gifford's Acts, 4th W. IV., 1834 (Fenning's), 8vo, 8s.  
 ——— (Macdonald's) 8vo, 4s. 6d.  
 Gleadall's (Eliza) Beauties of Flora, folio, 63s.  
 Gordon's (P. L.) Belgium and Holland, 2 v. 12mo, 15s.  
 Guide de l'Etranger à Londres et dans ses Environs, 12mo, 7s. 6d.  
 Guthrie on Diseases of the Neck of the Bladder, &c., 8vo, 12s.  
 Guy Rivers, the Outlaw, 3 v. 12mo, 15s.  
 Habershon's (M.) Dissertation on the Prophetic Scriptures, 8vo, 12s.  
 Hansard's (M. A. E.) The Friends; or Influence of Religion, a Tale, 12mo, 5s. 6d.  
 Harvey's (A.) Theological Class Book, 18mo, 1s. 6d.  
 Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1835, 8vo, 21s. 1. p. 50s.  
 Herschell's (R. H.) Sketch of the Jews, 18mo, 2s.  
 Hervey's (T. K.) Illustrations of Modern Sculpture, roy. 4to, 2l. 6s. Proofs, 2l. 12s. 6d.  
 History of England, by a Clergyman, v. 4, 12mo, 7s. 6d.  
 Jacob Faithful, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.  
 Jacquemont's Letters from India, 2 v. 8vo, 24s.  
 Jennings' Landscape Annual, 1835, 8vo, 21s. 1. p. 52s. 6d.  
 Jones's (W.) Ecclesiastical History, vol. 2, 8vo, 14s.  
 Juvenile Forget Me Not, 1835, 18mo, 8s.  
 Kenrick's Greek Exercises, part 2, 8vo, 5s. 6d.  
 Ker's (J. B.) Essay on Nursery Rhymes, &c. 8vo, 7s.  
 King's (Harr.) Metrical Exercises upon Scripture Texts, 12mo, 5s.  
 Korner's Lyre and Sword, with Life, &c., transl. by W. B. Chorley, 12mo, 4s.  
 Lang on the Origin, &c., of the Polynesian Nation, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.  
 Lardner's Cyclopædia, vol. 59 (Swainson on the Study of Natural History) 12mo, 6s.  
 Life of Prince Talleyrand, 2 v. 8vo, 24s.  
 Mammatt's (E.) Geological Facts on the Ashby Coal Field, royal 4to, 3l. 3s.  
 Martelli's Naval Officer's Guide for preparing Ships for Sea, post 8vo, 9s.  
 Martineu's Illustrations of Political Economy, 9 vols. 18mo, 42s.  
 Miller's (E.) Geographical Tables, oblong 4to, 9s.  
 Murphy's (P.) Anatomy of the Seasons, 8vo, 12s.  
 Notes of a Traveller through some of the Middle and Northern States, 12mo, 6s.

- Notiæ Ludæ; or, Notices of Louth, 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- Orient (The) Pearl, for 1834 (*Calcutta*), 12mo, 16s.
- Oriental Annual, 1835, 8vo, 21s. l. p. 52s. 6d.
- Paige's (W.) Perseverance of the Saints, 12mo, 3s.
- Parent's Cabinet, vol. 4, 18mo, 3s. 6d.
- Pearson's (H.) Syllabus of Algebra, 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Philip's Manly Piety in its Realizations, 18mo, 2s. 6d.
- Redemption, 18mo, 2s. 6d.
- Pine (T.) on the Evidences of Christianity, 12mo, 4s.
- Private Life, &c., of Sir Walter Scott, 18mo, 2s.
- Ram's (Jas.) Science of Legal Judgment, 8vo, 10s.
- Ruegg's (R.) Sea Boy, and other Poems, 12mo, 4s.
- Schoolcraft's (H.) Expedition to Itasca Lake, 8vo, 12s.
- Scottish (The) Pulpit, vol. 3, 8vo, 8s.
- Seale's (R. F.) Geognosy of the Island of St. Helena, folio, 2l. 2s. hf.-bd.
- Selections from the English Poets (Spencer to Beattie), fcp. plates, 12s.
- Sillery's Exiles of Chamouni (Poems), 24mo, 3s. 6d.
- Simms (F. W.) on Mathematical Instruments, 8vo, 5s.
- Sopwith (T.) on Isometrical Drawing, 8vo, 16s.
- Struther's (G.) Memoirs of American Missionaries, 18mo, 3s.
- Tacitus, from the Text of Brotier (as edited by Valpy), transl. into English, 3 vols. royal 12mo, 24s.
- Tales for the British People, cr. 8vo, 6s.
- Tallant's (Miss A.) Octavia Elphinstone, a Story, 2 v. cr. 8vo, 21s.
- Taylor's (C. B.) Social Evils, and their Remedy, 2 vols. 18mo, 8s. hf.-bd.
- Theobald's (W.) Poor Law Amendment Act, 12mo, 6s.
- Theological Library, vol. 9 (Russell's History of the Church in Scotland) 12mo, 6s.
- Tombleson's Views on the Thames and Medway, 4to, 25s. India, 50s.
- Tydney Hall, a Novel, by T. Hood, 3 v. post 8vo, 31s. 6d.
- Walker (A.) on the Nervous System, 8vo, 18s.
- Watson's Works, vol. 3 (Sermons, &c.), 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- Watts' (Dr. Isaac) Life, Times, and Correspondence, by Milner, 8vo, 16s.
- Wight and Arnott's Characters of the Plants in India, vol. 1, 8vo, 16s.
- Willett's (B.) Traits of Science and Invention, 12mo, 5s.
- Willis's (Rev. A.) Hebrew Grammar, 8vo, 6s.
- Wilson's (Jas.) Musical Cyclopædia, roy. 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- Wright's (J. M.) English Grammar made short and easy, 18mo, 2s.
- (W.) Present State of Aural Surgery, 18mo, 2s. 6d.
- Youngman (W.) on Christian Revelation, 12mo, 3s.
- Youth's (The) Book of Plates on Natural History, 4to, 4s. hf.-bd.

## FRENCH.

- Capefigue, Histoire de la Reforme, Regne Henri IV. Tomes V. et VI. 8vo, 16s.
- Expédition Scientifique en Morée ordonné par le Gouvernement Français : vol. 2, part 2, folio, 12s.
- Maisonneuve, Vases Antiques d'Argile Peints, &c., liv. 17, folio, 18s.—col. 2l. 5s.

## GERMAN.

- Brown, Vermischte botanische Schriften, vol. 5. 8vo, 15s.
- Hoffman, Die Alterthumswissenschaft, vol. 1, 8vo, 6s. 6d.
- Kefenstein, Naturgeschichte des Erdkörpers, 2 vol. 8vo, 1l. 4s.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &amp;c.

In the press, a Second Course of Lectures delivered at the Congregational Library, by the Rev. R. Vaughan, on the Causes of the Corruptions of Christianity.

Captains Marryatt and Chamier are preparing a Dictionary of the Naval and Military Engagements, with the names of the officers who distinguished themselves; commencing with the war of 1792, down to the present time.

Lady Morgan's new Novel will be among the earliest productions of the ensuing season. In addition to the fictitious interest of the story, it will contain the Author's views of the present state of Society, Arts, and Politics, in Belgium; the scene being laid in the present day, and in connexion with recent events.

Preparing for the press, the Life of Saleh-ed-deen, as connected with the Crusades, &c., by Sir Harford Jones Brydges, Bart.

In the press, A Treatise on Physical Optics: in which 300 Phenomena are stated and explained, on the principles of Gravitation; including the most interesting and difficult relating to Motion, Reflection of Light, &c. By Thomas Exley, Author of the "Principles of Natural Philosophy."

Mr. W. Reader, of Coventry, proposes to publish by Subscription Domesday Book for Warwickshire, with a Translation. Portions of this ancient Record have been printed by Sir W. Dugdale, in his History of the County of Warwick; but nearly Forty Manors are totally unnoticed by this great Historian—and three of them are erroneously entered in the Survey of the County of Northampton.

Dr. T. F. Dibdin announces Reminiscences of a Literary Life; with Anecdotes of Books and Collectors. The work will contain, as a preliminary portion, a *Précis* of the Literature of this country during the last half century. The Reminiscences will include much interesting matter from an early and long acquaintance with literary characters and artists of the first celebrity.

The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual, edited by the Rev. W. Ellis, is announced for publication this month.

Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book for 1835, is nearly ready, containing Poems by L. E. L.; several of which are set to Original Music, composed expressly for this work.

Mr. Sharon Turner is preparing a Second Volume of his "Sacred History of the World."

## ST. CATHERINE'S MARE AND COLT.

*To the Editor of the Analyst.*

SIR,—In your last number is a notice of the marks impressed upon the blocks of sandstone found in Sapey brook, and which you say the rustics allege are indentations made by a mare and colt stolen from St. Catherine, when she resided at Sapey, which said mare and colt being conducted down the bed of the brook by the robbers, to avoid detection, St. Catherine prayed they might leave their marks upon the stones whereon they trod.

There are now several of these blocks in the museum of the Natural History Society, which have been examined by several scientific persons; one of the blocks has been sawn asunder through one of these circular depressions, at the desire of Professor Buckland, who afterwards inspected the stone, but did not, I believe, offer any conjecture upon the causes of these curious marks. On examining the same block the other day, in company with Mr. Lees, I found that the causes of these depressions were to be attributed to the existence or infiltration of a red marly earth in the sandstone at these particular spots, which being more easily worn away by friction, has been scooped out by the water of the brook. This is very evident at the spot where the block now in the museum has been divided, and it is easy to see how deep the depression would have extended had it not been removed. Veins of this red and softer stone are likewise seen spreading in delicate lines from the bottom of the depression to other parts of the block.

The reasons to be assigned for the circular character of the infiltrated matter is not so obvious, and I must leave this to be accounted for by some more experienced geological inquirer.

I remain,

Yours, &amp;c.

W. ADDISON.

Malvern, Oct. 18th, 1834.

## TO MY HORSES.

FROM THE SPANISH.

On, on, my foaming chariot-steeds; one gallant effort more:  
On, on, my fleet blood-horses, on: your toils will soon be o'er.  
Your provender is ready-set,—fresh litter for your bed;  
But your unhappy master, where, oh! where, shall rest his head?

In peace, ye'll stretch your weary limbs, in peace, your eye-lids close,  
And softly round your slumbers steal the twilight of repose.  
But peace no more may light upon your master's heart or pillow:  
A tempest-stricken wreck his soul; his couch the weltering billow.

More fell than thong or burnished gear, the dagger and the chain,  
That drags your master's spirit down,—to madness goads his brain.  
At home, your sufferings terminate; the lash no longer sounds:  
Home but to wildest frenzy wakes your master's woes and wounds.

No thirst of glory vexes you; no threat of ruin daunts:  
Nor terror of the world's cold scorn, like hovering phantom, haunts.  
No hopeless passion wastes your heart,—long, fondly, madly nurst;  
And yet more deeply cherished since of Heaven and man accurst.

On, on, my gallant chariot-steeds, one generous effort more:  
Well done, my fleet blood-horses, all your toils, at last, are o'er.  
The corn is in your manger strewed; and fresh and deep your bed:  
But your devoted master, where shall rest his guilty head?

F. F.

## PREFERMENTS, MARRIAGES, &amp;c

## PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Sir George Provost, Bart., M.A., has been, on the nomination of the Bishop of Gloucester, the Patron, admitted to the Perpetual Curacy of Stinchcombe, Gloucestershire, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. Fryer.—The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor and Wolverhampton, has appointed the Rev. A. Johnson to the Perpetual Curacy of St. George's Church, Wolverhampton; but the Rev. G. B. Clare has entered a caveat against the Dean's right to appoint.—The Rev. George Williams, B. A., Minor Canon of Worcester Cathedral, has been instituted to the Vicarage of Wichemford, on the presentation of the Dean and Chapter of Worcester.—The Rev. Arthur Frederic Daubeny has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, to the Rectory of Bourton-on-the-Water, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Croome: Patron, John Daubeny Croome, Esq.

## MARRIED.

At Cheltenham, Robert Blake Foster, Esq. of Lansdowne Crescent, Bath, to Marianne, eldest daughter of John Peart, Esq., of the Island of Jamaica.—At Kinfare, Mr. John Clymer, of Compton, near Kinfare, to Sarah, third daughter of Mr. Seager, of Sion Hill, near Kidderminster.—At Worcester, by the Rev. Thomas Davis, Charles Bedford, Esq., Solicitor, of that city, to Margaret Lucy, eldest daughter of Mr. William Parker, Solicitor, of the same place.—At Nuneham, Lord Norreys, M. P. for Oxfordshire, and heir-apparent to the Earldom of Abingdon, to Miss Harcourt, only child of G. V. Harcourt, of Nuneham Park, Esq., and one of the representatives for Oxfordshire.—At Woodchester, Captain the Hon. M. T. F. Berkeley, R. N., to the Hon. Charlotte Moreton, third daughter of Lord Ducie.—At Tunbridge Wells, Thomas Henry, Lord Dalzell, eldest son of the Earl of Carnwath, to Mrs. Blackford, eldest daughter of the late Right Hon. Henry Grattan.—William Erle, Esq., of the Inner Temple, K. C., to Amelia, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Williams, Head Master of Winchester College, and Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral.—At Newport, Salop, by the Rev. T. Wilde, Rector of St. Andrew's, Worcester, Thomas Thurstans, Esq., Solicitor, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Wilde, of Newport, Salop.—At Croydon, Charles Kaye Freshfield, Esq., of New Bank-buildings, to Elizabeth, only child of D. Stephenson, Esq., of Guilford-street, Russell-square.—At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Captain Falcon, R. N., to Louisa Cursham, widow of the late Captain Cursham, and daughter of the late Richard Meyricks, Esq., of Runkton, Sussex.—At Broadway, by the Rev. D. S. Perkins, the Rev. William Phillips, to Frances, youngest daughter of T. Higford Griffiths, Esq., Solicitor, of the former place.—Mr. Joseph Bailey, of Sutton, Herefordshire, to Jane Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Morris, of the Highlands, in the same county.—At Croft, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Exeter, and Provost of Worcester College, Mr. John Postern Bird, of Yarpole, Here-

fordshire, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Richard Hartley, of St. Giles's, Oxford.—At Lara Church, Cavan, the Rev. T. Featherston, son of the late Sir T. Featherston, Bart., M. P., of Ardash, Longford, to Anna, youngest daughter of the late E. L'Estrange, Esq., of Hunstanton, King's County.—William Henry, eldest son of Mr. Avery, of Whitmore House, Small Heath, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of John Beach, Esq., of Blackford House, in the County of Warwick.—George D. Vipont, of Penrith, Esq., to Caroline Julia, eldest daughter of the late Sir Edward O'Brien Price, Bart., of New Town Hall, Montgomeryshire, and Brook House, Somerset.—At Cheltenham, R. Phillips, Esq., Brockton Grange, Salop, to Jemima Baldwin, youngest daughter of the late J. Dobbins, Esq., of Alderton, Gloucestershire.—Captain H. T. Hitchens, of the Madras Army, to Anne, youngest daughter of P. Garland, Esq., of Sanchridge, Wiltshire.—At Littleton, Mr. Joseph John Horton, surgeon, of Birmingham, to Mary, daughter of the late George Day, Esq. banker, of Evesham.—At Trinity Church, Marylebone, R. Allfrey, Esq., of Banstead, to Caroline, daughter of William Hobson, Esq. of Harley-street.

## BIRTHS.

At Cotswold, Lady Louisa Whitmore, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Queensberry, and lady of T. C. Whitmore, Esq. M. P. for Bridgnorth, of a daughter.—The lady of W. L. Lawrence, Esq., of Sandywell Park, Gloucestershire, of a son and heir.

## DEATHS.

At Belvidère, Maria Maron Eardley, Baroness Saye and Sele, aged 66.—At Dean House, Hants, General Sir Henry Warde, G.C.B., and Colonel of the 31st Regiment of Foot.—In Dublin, James Hewitt Massy Dawson, Esq. late M.P.—At Bath, Sir Joseph D. A. Gilpin, Inspector-General of Hospitals, in his 91st year.—Lady Majoribanks, widow of the late Sir John Majoribanks, Bart. of Lees, Berwickshire, recently deceased.—At Boughton House, Worcestershire, aged 17, Georgiana, only daughter of Charles Babbage, Esq. of Dorset-street, Manchester-square, London.—At Davenport, Anne, relict of William Jorden, Esq. of Broad Mead, Worcestershire, and only surviving daughter of James Moseley, Esq. of Leaton Hall, Staffordshire.—At Trefarclawdd, near Oswestry, Arthur Dixon, Esq. surgeon, of Kidderminster, in his 39th year.—At Brighton, the Rev. James Stanier Clarke, LL.D., Canon of Windsor, and Deputy Clerk of the Closet to the King.—At White's Farm, Tardebigg, in the 77th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, widow of the late Mr. John Miller, of Moor Hall, near Stourbridge, Worcestershire.—At Dursley, in his 71st year, the Rev. William Moore, D.D., formerly of Park Hill, Gloucestershire, and late of Langford, Berks.—At Nuneaton, in the 43rd year of her age, Mary, the wife of John Craddock, Esq. and daughter of George Greenway, Esq. of Attleborough Hall, in the county of Warwick.—At Bridgnorth, in the 59th year of his age,

Edward Botterell, Esq. of The Heath, near Stoke St. Milborough.—At Rodney House, Clifton, the Right Rev. Robert Gray, D.D. Lord Bishop of Bristol, to which See he was elevated in 1827. His Lordship was also a Prebendary of Durham. His Lordship was in his 73d year, and had laboured under very severe and painful illness for a long time, but his life was closed with remarkable calmness and composure.—At Upleatham, Rear-Admiral the Hon. George H. L. Dundas.—At Naples, J. B. Dashwood, Esq., brother-in-law to Lord Malmesbury and Yarborough.—Lady Lynch Blossie, relict of Sir R. L. Blossie, Bart.—At Freyenwalde, the Princess Eliza Radziwill, daughter of her Royal Highness Princess Louisa, of Prussia, widow of his Highness Prince Antony Radziwill, late Governor of the Grand Duchy of Posen.—At Trengwainton, Penzance, Sir Rose Price, Bart. aged 65.—In Eccles-street, Dublin, the Baroness Talbot De Malahide, in her 87th year.—In Henry-street, Dublin, Louisa Sophia, wife of Joseph William Morris, Esq. and daughter of the Hon. F. Cavendish.—Aged three years and ten months, Augusta, eldest daughter of Robert Biddulph, Esq. M. P. for Hereford.—At Rosina Cottage, Cheltenham, Edward Holmes, Esq. M. D. only surviving son of T. R. Holmes, Esq.—At Brighton, Captain E. Palmer, R. N. and

K.C.B., brother to Major-General Palmer, M.P.—William Groom, Esq. of the Clive, Salop.—Aged 83, Mrs. Robins, sen. relict of the late William Robins, gent. late of Moreton-in-the-Marsh.—At Eckington Vicarage, Walter William Capper, Esq. late of Bath, in the 63rd year of his age.—At Great Witcomb, in the county of Gloucester, Richard Preston, Esq. M.D., aged 36.—At Yarmouth, aged 58, Captain John Chumley, R. N.—Near Leeds, Hannah, relict of the late Lindley Murray, the grammarian, aged 86.—At his seat, Knowsley, near Prescot, after a few days' illness, Edward Earl, of Derby, in the 83d year of his age, during nearly 59 of which he had filled the office of Lord Lieut. of the county palatine of Lancaster.—Aged 35, at J. Howard Galton's, Esq., Hadsor House, near Droitwich, Caroline, wife of Edward Nicholas Hurst, Esq., of Dorset-square, London, sister of Mrs. Howard Galton, and daughter of Joseph Strutt, Esq. of Derby.—Aged 51, at Holland Cottage, near Hereford, Mr. Charles Fox Lechmere, youngest son of the late John Scudamore Lechmere, Esq. of Fownhope Court.—At his residence, on the Grand Parade, Brighton, Sir Geo. Pownall, Knight, Provost Marshal-General of the Leeward Islands, in the 79th year of his age.

## METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

| Sept.         | Barometer. |        | Thermometer    |      | Day.                     | Remarks.      | Wind.    |
|---------------|------------|--------|----------------|------|--------------------------|---------------|----------|
|               | Morn.      | Even.  | Max.           | Min. |                          |               |          |
| 1             | 29.220     | 29.270 | 66             | 48   | Fine, clouds, sun        | Fine, clear   | S. W.    |
| 2             | 29.356     | 29.430 | 65.5           | 53   | Fine, sun, clouds        | Fine          | S. W.    |
| 3             | 29.440     | 29.315 | 64             | 58.5 | Cloudy, rain             | Clds, showers | S. W.    |
| 4             | 29.400     | 29.205 | 70             | 57   | Fine, cloudy, lightning  | Fine, clouds  | S. W.    |
| 5             | 29.205     | 29.219 | 64             | 55   | Cloudy, sun, little rain | Cloudy, fine  | S. W.    |
| 6             | 29.355     | 29.520 | 63             | 46   | Clouds and sun           | Fine          | S. W.    |
| 7             | 29.530     | 29.300 | 66             | 52   | Fine, clouds, and sun    | Rain          | Variable |
| 8             | 29.000     | 28.830 | 65             | 50   | Clouds, rain             | Showers       | S. W.    |
| 9             | 28.750     | 29.000 | 61             | 51   | Showers, clouds, sun     | Cloudy, fine  | S. W.    |
| 10            | 29.090     | 29.100 | 60             | 51   | Continued rain           | Cloudy        | S. W.    |
| 11            | 29.115     | 29.240 | 56             | 50   | Continued rain           | Fine, hvy dew | S. W.    |
| 12            | 29.410     | 29.730 | 65             | 45   | Fine, clouds, sun        |               | S. W.    |
| 13            | 29.850     | 29.870 | 60             | 45   | Very fine, sun           | Fine          | Light E. |
| 14            | 29.890     | 29.800 | 62             | 47   | Very fine, sun           | Fine          | Light E. |
| 15            | 29.720     | 29.540 | 63             | 46   | Very fine, sun           | Fine          | Light E. |
| 16            | 29.410     |        | 65             | 58   | Very fine, sun           | Fine          | Calm     |
| 17            | 29.356     |        | 68             | 60   | Clouds, a little rain    | Fine          | S.       |
| 18            | 29.570     |        | 70             | 58   | Fine                     | Fine          | S.       |
| 19            | 29.610     |        | 70             | 51   | Fine                     | Fine          | S. W.    |
| 20            | 29.780     |        | 65             | 55   | Fine                     | Fine          | S.       |
| 21            | 29.700     |        | 66             | 48   | Fine                     | Fine          | S. W.    |
| 22            | 29.600     |        | 64             | 43   | Fine                     | Fine          | S.       |
| 23            | 29.690     |        | 64             | 41   | Fine                     | Fine          | S.       |
| 24            | 29.550     |        | 63             | 41   | Fine, high clouds        | Fine          | S.       |
| 25            | 29.500     |        | 66             | 41   | Very fine                | Fine          | S.       |
| 26            | 29.389     |        | 60             | 40   | Rain                     |               | W.       |
| 27            | 29.200     |        | 64             | 41   | Fine                     | Cloudy        | S.       |
| 28            | 29.450     |        | 64             | 47   | Fine                     | Clouds        | S.       |
| 29            | 29.620     |        | 64             | 40   | Cloudy                   | Fine          | S.       |
| 30            | 29.500     |        | 60             | 40   | Fog, in the morning      | Fine          | S.       |
| Mean Max., 64 |            |        | 48.6 mean Min. |      |                          |               |          |

[The Meteorological Report for Malvern, for each succeeding month, will appear regularly in the forthcoming numbers.]

W. H. Beldon  
25 NOV. 1916





## EDUCATION.

GENTLEMEN and MERCHANTS desirous of affording their sons an education of a superior order, and in accordance with the increased intelligence of the age, will have an opportunity of placing them, at Christmas next, in an Establishment conducted by a Gentleman, a member of a University and of several learned bodies.

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To form Two Volumes, 8vo, (viz. One of Letterpress, and One of Lithographic Plates,) and to be published in Twenty Monthly Numbers, at 2s. 6d. each;

No. I. will appear on January 1, 1835;

## THE ARBORETUM BRITANNICUM;

Or, PORTRAITS FROM NATURE, to a Scale of a Quarter of an inch to a Foot, of all the Trees and Shrubs which endure the Open Air in Britain, of the Sizes which they attain in Ten Years in the Neighbourhood of London; with Botanical Figures in Flower, or in Fruit or Seed, of most Species. The Letterpress will contain Scientific and Popular Descriptions of all the Species figured; Directions for their Propagation and Culture in the Nursery, and in Useful and Ornamental Plantations; and Observations on their Uses in the Arts, and more especially on their Employment in Landscape-Gardening.

By J. C. LOUDON, F. L. H. S., &c., Conductor of the "Gardener's Mag.," &c.

For the above work the Author has been collecting materials for several years. He had all the specimen trees in the Arboretum of the Messrs. Loddiges measured and sketched in the autumn of 1830; and he has had all those in the Garden of the Horticultural Society of London also measured, and finished drawings from the trees and shrubs made on the spot, in the autumn of the present year (1831.)

The portraits of all the trees and shrubs will be to one and the same scale, viz., a quarter of an inch to a foot; and the botanical specimens (of which two will be given of each tree; one in flower, or as it appears in spring, if the plant does not flower after ten years' growth in this country; and the other in fruit, or in seed, or as it appears in autumn, if it does not form fruit or produce seed in this country at the same age,) will be all to the scale of one inch to a foot. There will also be given a flower, a leaf, and a seed-pod or fruit, to the scale of two inches to a foot. No drawings will be given which have not been made from Nature; and no species described which have not been seen by the author in the arboreta of the Horticultural Society or of Messrs. Loddiges, or in some nursery or garden within ten miles of London. By giving all the portraits, exhibiting entire trees or shrubs of the size which they attain in ten years, to the same scale, those who propose to plant will see at once what they have to expect in ten years; adding a little to the bulk of the tree for countries south of London, and deducting, proportionally, for those to the north of that city.

The *Arboretum Britannicum* will be more especially useful to gentlemen intending to plant, and to nurserymen who have trees and shrubs to sell. Hitherto the nurseryman, for the most part, has only been able to tell his customers the names of the articles he recommended them to purchase; but he will now be able to show them correct representations of each. In order that the work may be sold cheap, the lithographic plates will be printed on both sides of the leaf; but for those who wish copies that may be coloured, some impressions (if ordered) will be taken on one side the leaf only, and for these an extra shilling per Number will be charged. Copies coloured from nature may be had, if ordered, at 7s. each Number.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

"We must add to our notice of the *Monthlies*, a brief reference to this provincial production, which, as our readers know, is published at Worcester. We did not see the second number, but the third is a marked improvement on the first. There is in it a touch of seriousness which must have been nursed by some solitude, and a touch of earnestness which speaks a mind not rilled by the thousand petty dissipation and pursuits of the metropolis. There are two articles in it on natural history, full of personal observations, which are almost worthy of Gilbert White."—*Courier*.

"This new periodical bids fair to become an honour to the provincial district from which it emanates. It has already proved that Worcestershire and the neighbouring counties are favoured by the residence of genius and talent. The second number furnishes sufficient assurance that, if articles abounding with beautiful thoughts and written in the language of elegance, have any power to attract, "The Analyst" must live and prosper in no ordinary degree. It has several excellent compositions, and is, on the whole, a very pleasing magazine for the young and the old, the grave and the gay."—*Warwick Advertiser*.

"Great works and valuable instruments do not proceed at once full-formed and complete from the hands of the inventor, but attain perfection by slow degrees. Thus it was with the originally complex machinery of our manufactories, by which England has now become the mart of the world. "The Analyst" may be considered as the invention and application of a new instrument to the diffusion of science and the arts throughout the midland counties. In noticing the two former parts of this useful work, we have borne our testimony to its sterling merit, and the present number evinces that it is making all the progress to perfection that we anticipated. We cannot conclude this short notice without expressing our admiration of the tact and taste of the editor, in the selection and arrangement of his excellent materials."—*Hereford Times*.

"This periodical, which is in every respect most creditable to the provincial literature of the day, puts forth in each succeeding number fresh claims to admiration and support. The scientific papers are excellent; and a vast body of information on the most important and interesting subjects gives value to its pages."—*Cheltenham Journal*.

"We hail with considerable gratification the appearance of another number of this periodical. Our readers are already in possession of our opinion of the merits of the first number of this interesting publication. Since then a second and now a third has appeared, and we feel assured that by this time the intrinsic merits of this work will have wrought out for it a welcome access to the study and the boudoir of every lover of literature in the country. The spirit with which the several articles are written—the interest of the legendary tales—the sound judgment displayed in the reviews and critical notices—are not surpassed in the best of our periodical publications, and afford as gratifying a testimony to provincial talent as the work itself does to provincial enterprise. The occasional remarks on subjects of natural history are peculiarly appropriate in such a work as the present, emanating as it does from a locality so highly favoured in the objects of this interesting pursuit. Of these the short Essay on Insectivorous Birds, in the number before us, reminds us in style as well as in matter (and we can scarcely give it higher praise) of that most interesting of all writers on this fascinating study, Gilbert White."—*Worcester Journal*.

"We have to make our acknowledgments to some correspondent, who has politely presented us with a number (the third) of this very interesting and valuable periodical miscellany. We have perused some of the articles it contains with interest, and promise ourselves much pleasure and instruction from the portion we have not yet found leisure to attend to. The story of "Faithful unto death," with which the number before us commences, is an admirably written pathetic narrative; and it would be well if our costly albums and annuals, which are so beautifully embellished with graphic illustrations, would enhance the value of their works by specimens equal in literary merit and genuine feeling to the tale we have named."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"The universal commendation which greeted the appearance of the first number of this periodical from the provincial press, was justly extended to the second, and the third now before us, is even more deserving of praise than its precursors—it is rich in variety of matter, instructive, amusing, and suited to every class of readers."—*Hereford Journal*.

"The publication for the present month, which, in our opinion, far surpasses any of its predecessors in all the qualifications necessary for a literary periodical. We can assure our readers that "The Analyst" is well deserving of their patronage—that it is, indeed, one of the most promising periodicals of the day."—*Chel. Chron.*

THE  
ANALYST;

A  
MONTHLY JOURNAL OF SCIENCE,  
LITERATURE,  
AND THE FINE ARTS.

No. V.



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DECEMBER, 1834.

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### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In the ensuing number of "The Analyst," which will complete the first volume, we purpose giving a list of our Subscribers;—and feel proud to observe it will chiefly comprise the names of individuals distinguished for rank and talent. This mark of attention we consider due to those friends and patrons who have evinced so much zeal and alacrity in seconding our efforts in the cause of Literature, Science, and the Arts.

We feel deeply indebted to our talented correspondent, L. for his good wishes and his promised contributions.

An outline of "the British Falconidæ," by Shirley Palmer, M. D., and a Review of "Boisduval's Description Iconographique et Historique des Chenilles d'Europe," will appear in our forthcoming number.

The following poetical effusions have been received, and will appear in our next number:—"Ode to Bonaparte," from the French of De Lamartine—"Leander"—"The Propitiation"—and "Paraphrase of the 137th Psalm."

Our best thanks are due to H. D. G., H. Y. Z., and O. W., but their productions are not exactly adapted to the pages of "The Analyst."

Observations on "Quizzing" in our next.

Critical Notices of several Works are necessarily postponed in consequence of the late period in the month the publications were received.

### ERRATA.

—P. 248, line 4, for "undulatio," read "undulatis."—P. 249, line 11, for "Salic," read "Salii."—P. 259, line 34, for "prædatoridus," read "prædatorius."—P. 260, line 17, for "craniad," read "crania."

## THE LOVER OF BEAUTY;

OR WHICH WILL HE WED?

“By Jove, he’s a fool! an absolute fool!” exclaimed the volatile Captain Atherstone, throwing himself at full length upon a couch in his brother’s drawing-room, after an introduction to his new sister-in-law—“Melville’s an idiot to marry a fright—a scarecrow—an actual Hottentot, like Miss Trevor. And a fellow like him too! a fine, dashing, sensible fellow! a man of taste and spirit! egad! the very thought of it makes me mad. Here am I, with nothing but my sword and epaulettes, a decent figure and physiognomy to count upon,” casting his fine eyes somewhat carelessly upon the mirror, “and with these trifles only for my inheritance, as happiness is my hope and beauty my divinity, I would not have thrown myself away.”

“Let me see, *how* runs the inventory? *Complexion*, black—olive at least,—*hair* dark—not so much amiss, but too prudishly fancied to suit,—*skin* seamed, literally, with the small pox—by heaven! every feature ruined—positively ploughed up by that insatiable enemy to loveliness;—*eyes*, passable, I admit,—*figure*, too tall by half,—*manner*, too tormenting, too satirical, too—too—too annoying for any thing short of an Empress. Melville will be ashamed of his Egyptian deity before a twelvemonth is over! And what chances he had! chances—aye such as never fell to my lot, unlucky dog that I am, though I have figured at Almack’s for seasons, and wasted a revenue in white kids and *eau-de-mille-fleurs*. There was Lord Linley’s daughter, an heiress, and a creature with the look of an angel, the sweetest little *blonde* that man ever beheld; with eyes like March violets, and lips like the budding rose, to say nothing of ringlets that fell in a glistening shower of gold upon her neck. Then there was the Everton; a girl that it was inspiration to gaze upon, pale, sweet, mystical, and seraphic, with the brow of Diana, and the witchery of heaven in her smile: and what a figure! slender, graceful, and fawn-like;—a mortal, with the sublime character of a celestial! beautiful, accomplished, and sensible! Heigho! I— but pshaw!—no—*she* never thought of *me*. Then there was the Darnley—a woman of wonderful captivation, full of majesty, a model for Cleopatra herself! Why he might have chosen from the fairest and the wealthiest, but instead of uniting himself to youth, sentiment, and loveliness, Colonel Atherstone, the envy of one sex and the admiration of the other, ties himself down to a swarthy, ill-favoured, elderly ——.” The conclusion of this soliloquy was prevented by the opening of the door; Captain Atherstone turned his

head, languidly, to note the intruder, but sprang, hastily, upon his feet, upon perceiving that "*the swarthy, ill-favoured, elderly*" Mrs. Colonel Atherstone stood before him.

The reader has been, already, indulged with a rapid portraiture of the lady from the by-no-means auspicious pencil of Captain A., but there is some necessity for amending the likeness thus afforded, in order to impart to it that *vraisemblance* which is usually discoverable in the courtly productions of a Chalon or an Alabaster, and to which, it must be confessed, the lady was justly entitled. Mrs. Colonel Atherstone, "*the swarthy, ill-favoured, and elderly,*" was, in fact, a tall, graceful, patrician-like woman of some seven-and-twenty years of age: a dark complexion was illumined by the brilliancy of a pair of black eyes, which, although not wonderfully large, were replete with animation, while a smile of winning playfulness and vivacity, gave sweetness and intelligence to her mouth. Her hair, black as the raven's wing, simply braided across her forehead, fell in a few thick ringlets on her neck, displaying the jewelled pendants that glittered in her ears, and reposing like a mass of shining jet upon the rich shawl of India silk that enfolded the upper part of her person. Her features, it is true, bore traces of that disorder which has destroyed many a fine outline, but upon the countenance of Mrs. Atherstone there was a decided character of warmth, sincerity, and sprightliness, that to some, no doubt, more than compensated for the loss of mere smoothness of surface.

Regarding Captain Atherstone with an air of peculiar archness, she begged him to be seated, while, blushing with genuine alarm at the thought of his complimentary effusion having been overheard by the very person whom it most seriously concerned, the gallant soldier stood bowing, courteously, to conceal his emotion.

"Nay, my good brother-in-law," gaily observed *the ill-favoured and elderly*, "we will dispense with all further ceremony, our mutual introduction has been effected: I will enter you on the family list, order a cover for your especial enjoyment, and always reserve a place by the fireside, and a corner in the barouche for my most esteemed and truly-admired kinsman, Captain Henry Atherstone. But I fear much that you will be *ennuyé* to death in our society!—immured in an old mansion like this, surrounded by oaks that have stood for centuries, and elms that have been the hereditary property of the rooks for as many ages, what on earth can a man of ton, accustomed to the seductions of St. James's-street, the glitter of the Park, and the aristocracy of May Fair, what can he find to amuse him?"

"My dear madam," aspirated the Captain, "the pleasure of refined society:" "don't speak of it," laughingly rejoined the ill-favoured, "don't speak of it—the conversation of a couple of old-fashioned commoners can make ill amends for the wit, the brilliancy, and the gaiety of White's, Tattersall's, and Almack's:

besides *we* have neither balls nor billiards, *vingt-et-un* nor *écarté*, to make the two ends of the day answerable for the tedium of the interim: and although the duties of the toilet may be, *economically*, protracted till the dinner-bell rings, I am *au désespoir* for the *soirée* alas! ‘*tout est perdu*’ in this gothic wilderness. It is true there are some faded pictures of the ‘olden time,’ as the poets say, in the gallery—a Rembrandt and a Titian, I believe—and you will find a few bronzes and marbles, some specimens of ancient armour, together with some other articles of *virtu* hidden in the recesses of the thousand and one chambers that dignify this mansion of my ancestors.”

“I have not the slightest doubt of passing my time most agreeably, my dear Madam,” returned the Captain, cursing his insincerity the while, “beside the curiosities which you have named, and which I feel persuaded must be replete with attraction, I understand that you have a fine piece of water on the grounds, and that there is some capital trout fishing.”

“Report has spoken truth,” replied Mrs. Atherstone, “and if you are unprovided, Bennett can supply you with a rod and tackle not to be surpassed, in his opinion, by any in the kingdom: the old man had some notion of dedicating it to the shade of Walton, but I have no question that he will feel proud of entrusting it to the care of so accomplished an angler as Captain Atherstone.”

“Thank you—thank you, my dear Madam,” exclaimed the Captain, somewhat nettled by her implied sarcasm, and willing to draw the conversation to a close, “I am no professed sportsman; and, in fishing, venture to throw a line merely by way of amusement.”

“Doubtless,” rejoined his companion, “should you, therefore, to vary your amusement in the autumn, explore our woods and thickets, you will again find Bennett a useful auxiliary, and I perceive that your Manton has not been forgotten.”

“My Manton: oh, no! Madam, I never travel without it;—it is an excellent double-barrelled fowling-piece, made upon the most approved principles”—“And calculated to do infinite damage to the feathered unfortunates that come within reach of its influence;” interrupted “the elderly,” who, after a momentary pause, continued, “my cousin, Lady Eleanor Byrne, will visit us shortly, and I charitably hope that the addition of her society will help to enliven the monotony of our rural abode.”

“If she resemble her relation,” thought the young officer, “she will, in truth, be a pretty addition to the *coterie*.”

“Harry,” exclaimed Colonel Atherstone, entering the room, “what say you to a ramble? I perceive that you are *abattu*, and I think the fresh air in a canter round the park would do benefit to both.” “Selina! my love,” he returned, addressing Mrs. A. “I will carry him away from you—he’s but poor company at present; our hills and plains are too rude and venerable

for this nursling of St. James's-street, we must see what effect *beauty* will have upon our young Chevalier." So saying, the Colonel smiled mischievously, and passing his arm through that of his half-abashed brother, drew him from the apartment.

The pictures, the marbles, the bronzes, the weapons, even the tapestry and china, were all listlessly examined by the Captain before he had spent the first week of his sojourn at the Abbey, and having no great passion for shooting or fishing, although he affected these accomplishments of the fine gentleman, he began to think that the date of his return to the enjoyments of *Crocky's*, could not be so "very far distant." His brother and his brother's lady were, still, a couple of turtles, and who, ever, felt interest in the billing of turtles, however amiable and nearly allied? Poor Harry! he had sketched two or three broken sheds, a clump of oaks, and a group of deer; he had fished for very minnows in despair, and had sent the stately bells of the water-lily sailing after each other down the dark transparent tide that stole murmuring through the arches of the woodland bridge; he had roved through every green glade and bright dell in the place, had pierced every thicket and hazel copse, and had pried into every old woman's cottage in the neighbourhood. But "all was vanity and vexation of spirit!" there was not, even, one rustic *belle* to be seen! not a single blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, light-footed maiden within ken. "As a flirtation *pour passer le tems*, it would have been something," soliloquised he as he was, despondingly, retracing his steps, having, in the forlorn hope of an adventure, sauntered after a female, who, when overtaken, turned upon him a broad, freckled, and coarse-featured visage, well seasoned by time, and answered inquiry as to the road with a bob and "*anan sur.*" "They are *all* savages—ourang-outangs! there is not one *passable* amongst them!" his fancy flew back to the brilliant witcheries of the circles of *ton*. "Dear, captivating creatures!" he continued, "all grace and elegance and feeling and sentiment! How different are these cannibals—these atrocities that cross a man's path, like evil genii, and tempt him to make use of a cord or a pistol shot, to put an end to his misery! *mais n'importe*, in a short time I shall return to your happy spheres, and may I be visited by the vapours till the day of my death if again I forsake them!"

"Lady Eleanor Byrne has arrived, Sir," half-whispered Bennett, the gamekeeper, who was going into the park, "shall I take your rod and basket, Sir?" continued he, touching his hat. "Ah! indeed, has she!" returned the Captain, heedless of the latter part of the speech, "how long since?" "About an hour, Sir," replied the man, "her Ladyship's carriage drove up to the lodge a few minutes after you left the gates."

"So! so! I must be quick," thought Henry, as he recollected that he was in angling costume, and had no desire to be pre-



sented in such guise to the bright eyes of aristocratical beauty. "Here Bennett, tell Lawrence to take charge of the trout, and you, yourself, look after the rod;" he flung the man half-a-crown, and ran towards the Abbey by a narrow path bordered with trees, that shielded him from all probable reconnoitre. Lewis, his valet, met him in the hall, and at a sign, instantly prepared to attend him. Never were the duties of the toilet more assiduously performed! no, not even prior to the debut at Almack's: and with auburn locks clustering, daintily, round his fine-formed forehead, an eye kindled with expectation, a bloom mantling upon his cheek, and a faint smile of satisfaction playing upon a full lip slightly mounted by a *moustache* of most imposing appearance, Captain Henry Atherstone, in his military frock and jeans, issued from his *sanctum*, to steal a glimpse, if possible, of the high-born Milesian, whose "*devoted*" he most religiously determined to become.

"Pray Heaven, report speak truly in this instance," he ejaculated, as he cautiously paced the corridor leading to the drawing-room, "even if she be tolerable, I may contrive to pass time in her society without actual *ennui*: she will be pleasant as a companion in such case; and as a novelty at all events." With these words he found himself nearly opposite the folding doors of the library, which were half-opened: he paused instantaneously, for his eyes fell upon a stranger, whom he, immediately, felt aware must be the Lady Eleanor Byrne. She was seated upon a couch, her head inclined over a paper which she was apparently perusing with much attention. "What a superb looking creature! how fortunate!" thought Henry. A brow pure as alabaster, and which, for intellectual sweetness, Minerva might have claimed, was partly shaded by a mass of silken ringlets that descended, like the drooping tresses of a Naiad, upon her neck and shoulders; long raven lashes gave earnest of dark, brilliant orbs concealed beneath their downcast fringe, and a nose, a mouth and chin of almost sculptural loveliness, completed a countenance, which, for exquisite beauty, tintlessness and repose, bore closer analogy to one of the Grecian busts of antiquity, than resemblance to animated nature. The budding charm and slender gracefulness of a Psyche were displayed in her reclining figure, and a foot which the already enamoured Atherstone vowed, internally, was the most symmetrical he had ever seen, rested its slight weight upon an embroidered ottoman.

"What a divinity!" he exclaimed in low, deep and impetuous tones, unable to conceal his emotion. "She is, *indeed*, beautiful," emphatically pronounced a voice at his ear—he started, "*the swarthy, ill-favoured and elderly*," from contrast seeming more ordinary than ever, stood beside him. "Allow me, my dear Captain," she continued, with an arch glance shot like an arrow from her vivacious eyes, "allow me to introduce to you my cousin—a mere child though—the Lady Eleanor Byrne."

“Eleanor, my love, I have brought you one of the new relationships with which my recent engagement has honoured me: Captain Henry Atherstone, of the — Regiment, younger brother to my liege Lord, and, *par conséquent*, your cousin, Lady Eleanor Byrne.” The fair reader had started from her half-recumbent position, and a blush which shamed the rose-bud that bloomed delicately in the Captain’s button-hole, passed over her before marble countenance. A smile of singular character hovered round the mouth of Mrs. Atherstone, as the Captain bowed to the introduction, and as soon as the brief forms of etiquette were over, the lady quitted the room, saying, “I leave you in excellent company, Lady Eleanor, my brother is *voué aux dames*, and, I doubt not, will experience, in your society, a happy relief from the barbarisms of this uncivilized spot: adieu, *au revoir!* I have promised to accompany Melville in a drive, and I never disappoint him.” She waved her hand, again smiled, peculiarly, and vanished.

“What a strange woman,” thought Henry, “but her caprice favours me delightfully: I can now beat up an acquaintance, before dinner, with this exquisite Hibernian. But let me see—she bears the stamp of intellect—of high intellect—that temple so exquisitely curved, that cheek, that brow and lip—Phidias never chiselled anything more beautiful!” and from the lady, who had resumed her seat, and sate silent and motionless, as if waiting for his address, his eye passed by an association of ideas to some superb marbles that enriched the corners of the apartment. “I must approach cautiously, deferentially, sentimentally, perhaps: no rattling, no *étourderie*, no finical foppery will do—by Jove! I dread her in her loveliness! *mais pour commencer,*” he touched upon the scenery of the country she had travelled through; she raised her head, eyes, dark and radiant as the gems of the East, beamed lustroously upon him, and lips, like twin-roses, severed to display teeth whiter than the pearls of the ocean, while, at the same time, they gave utterance to one of the silliest replies imaginable. Had the Apollo, resigning his awful sweetness and majesty, looked down upon him with a broad grin, or had the Goddess of Wisdom, herself, indulged in the horse-laugh of Billingsgate, poor Henry could not have been more stricken with amazement: his very breath failed him from the intensity of his surprise, but, recovering, he renewed the attempted conversation, and with no better success; tones of affectation, embodying remarks which, like the old currency, had been worn out in circulation, were all that he could elicit.

“And is this magnificent looking creature a mere deception?” he mentally apostrophised, “is there no gem within this peerless casket? has nature been so lavish of the outward adornment as to refuse all interior decoration?” “Surely, if ever the features warranted a supposition of mental brilliancy, it were here!” he continued, gazing with wonder upon the classical beauty which

so eminently distinguished his companion. Versed in all the mysteries of ton, the Lady Eleanor displayed no diffidence in sharing the stores of her information, and with equal fluency and shallowness, she dilated upon the rapturous delight of town, and “*at one fell swoop*” sacrificed the country, its solemn shades, and streams, its sunny meads, and calmer joys, to the heat, noise, hollowness, and dissipation of the metropolis. From one subject to another she turned with childish volatility: the continental fêtes, galas, drawing-rooms, and levees, the parks and theatres were, in turn, touched upon and dismissed, while the Pasta, the Malibran, the Lalande, the Brocard, and the Taglioni, were each laden with applause. Henry certainly felt some degree of interest in topics which carried his ideas to the scenes of his accustomed enjoyment, but alas! how unworthy of her appearance was the *mind* of the fair speaker! vain, empty, frivolous, and coquettish, she resembled that flower, which, although gorgeously arrayed by the admonitory hand of nature, has no fragrance to gratify the sense. Still Henry was amused by her giddiness, and, before half an hour had glided by, he was engaged in a regular flirtation, carried on by compliments paid and provoked with infinite address. There was novelty in the affair, situated as he was in an old family mansion, buried amidst woods and hills, which, apparently, closed it from all communion with “the world,” that is “*the world of ton*,” and the gay soldier felt too much pleasure in gazing upon the sapphic features of his fair friend, to scan, too critically, the want of intrinsic charm in their possessor. In conversation light and flimsy, but not half so brilliant as the wing of a butterfly, an hour was resigned to memory or oblivion, and when Mrs. Atherstone and the Colonel returned from their excursion, Henry was, secretly, wondering *how* nature could have formed a creature so captivating, so intellectually lovely in the character of her countenance, and so perfectly a *blank*. Where was the wit, the brilliancy, the enthusiasm, the delicate archness, the vivacity, united with the fine understanding of her countrywomen? Echo might have answered\* “Where?” “But she *is* beautiful! intensely beautiful,” he reflected, looking at her as the connoisseur gazes upon a *chef d’œuvre* of the sculptor. “Heavens! what a figure! what a superb head! what a dignified profile! Would that she were ever silent since those peerless lips open only to betray how false is the impression created by those eyes!”

“Henry,” whispered the Colonel gaily, “beauty, I *know*, is *your* divinity—go, worship at her shrine:” his glance fell upon Lady Eleanor, who, in all the radiant glory of her *silent* charms, looked like a juvenile personification of Minerva, pale, spiritual,

\* “Where are they?—where are they?” An Echo *replied*.—Vide “*Poems by W. T. Moncrieff, Esq.*” p. 163, (for private distribution only.)

and abstracted. Henry could scarcely repress an apostrophe of transport; Mrs. Atherstone smiled at his visible emotion, and Lady Eleanor, shaking back her long black tresses, lisped out a remark, for the silliness of which a boarding-school chit would have merited correction. The dream vanished—the spell dissolved! with a sigh of regret, accompanied by a blush of mortification, Henry threw himself back upon the couch on which he was seated, and fixed his eyes on the ceiling, muttering, almost audibly, “she is a model for a painter, a vision for a poet, and a companion for a fool!”

In the evening, Mrs. Atherstone proposed music as an enlivener of the circle; a harp was brought forward, and, after infinite persuasion, Lady Eleanor condescended to take her place at the instrument: something like genuine diffidence appeared to actuate her, and while bending over the harp, and striking a few preparatory chords, the fascinated Henry felt that he had never, no never beheld anything so purely beautiful. After a prelude of astonishing science, the fair statue commenced singing in a style of richness, passionate sweetness, and harmony, which rivetted the young soldier to the spot. Malibran was, with him, nothing in comparison, and when the last tones vibrated upon his ear, absolute ecstasy held him silent: his eyes—his brilliant and impassioned eyes, only, could betray his emotions; and he was standing, completely spell-bound by the unexpected charm, when, suddenly, the potent magician, raising her superb orbs, pushed away the harp and pettishly declared that she was “completely *ennuyée* of the instrument.” Her cold, empty, and artificial tone recalled Henry’s wandering ideas;—a fairy fabric of imagination—a *chateau en Espagne* fell to pieces immediately; he was, once more, a mortal, she once more a simpleton! “And this is but *acquired*,” he reflected, “this is but the triumph of art! How many laborious hours must have been devoted to the acquisition of this enthralling accomplishment! She sings with the voice of passion, of tenderness, of mental majesty, but she feels not! she thinks not!—it is mechanical,—the result of cultivation carried to the highest extreme: and yet,” continued he, “I ever thought that *mind* was a component in the formation of a perfect vocalist.” \* \* \*

The next morning Lady Eleanor did not choose to be visible; fatigue had overpowered her, and her chocolate was served in her own chamber. The Colonel and Mrs. Atherstone exchanged a significant look when her apology was presented, and Henry felt half-inclined to quarrel with the circumstance of her absence: no Guebre ever worshipped the sun more fervently than he worshipped beauty, and to be deprived, unexpectedly, of the luxury of contemplating the most faultless countenance he had ever beheld, *was unendurable*. In silent moodiness he demolished his roll, and then sauntered from the room to indulge in a solitary ramble. “Had she but risen, he could have driven her

round the park, in his phaeton—his last new phaeton, with his pair of greys from Tattersall's; he could have shown her the Abbey in so many picturesque points—it was vexatious—more than vexatious. Melville and his lady were sufficient for each other, they wanted no society—but he—he was like a “dove in a wilderness, without one to commune with”—and, with a sense of extreme misanthropy, this whiskered “*dove in a wilderness*” bent over the rustic palings of the wooden bridge, and endeavoured to beguile himself by strewing willow leaves in the deep sparkling stream. He had thrown his hat, peevishly, upon the ground, and the breeze revelled at will with the rich locks of sunny auburn with which nature had invested his head: an air of disappointment, impatience, and abstraction, by turns reigned upon his handsome features, and as his quick eye roved from the silent waters beneath his feet, to the wooded hills, the solemn shades, and the deep-blue snatches of the far stretched country that, ever and anon, stole on the sight like scattered sapphires in a chain of emeralds, he might have afforded the *materiel* of a graphic sketch of infinite spirit and grandeur. Of whatever paramount importance they might be upon other occasions, the *personal* attractions of the Captain at this moment gave him but trifling solicitude; a lazy and solitary duck, dozing amidst lilies and bulrushes, upon the waves, and heaving to and fro with their slight notion; a cow of Cuykish appearance, ruminating at some little distance, and gazing upon the military anchoret; and an unconscious fawn, afar off, cropping the fresh herbage in a dewy glade, were the only animate objects within view. At least *he thought so*, until something struck softly upon his cheek, and fell into the water; his eye readily followed the descent of the missile, to determine its nature,—it was a half-blown rose that alighting upon the back of the comatose fowl, awoke it from its slumbers, and sent it paddling and splashing among the reeds. This point ascertained, a second glance went in quest of the hand from which this odoriferous shot was discharged: no person was near, the willows alone hung pendent by the stream, and the alders and elms rustled their leaves, innocently, in the air. Henry was confounded; “Melville cannot be so boyish, and Mrs. Atherstone would not amuse herself thus,” pondered the hero, as he again reconnoitred the trees, amidst which he presumed that the invader was hidden: the boughs of a hazel-bush bent suddenly—pshaw! a redbreast had just flitted from its retreat—stay—“by heaven! it is herself,” exclaimed the Captain, as he discerned a pair of large eyes, whose brilliancy discovered their owner, peering at him through the green leaves, and the next instant, looking the very deity of fashion, Lady Eleanor, wrapped in a superb Cashmere, with a *capote* evidently from the hand of Herbaut, emerged slowly from the shade. Henry was puzzled at her appearance, having conceived that the indolent fair one, bound in the light chains of slumber, was dreaming of

vanished gaieties: he flew towards her, and rallied her, lightly and agreeably, upon her absence from the family circle: the romantic brilliancy that illumined her *while silent*, faded when with affectation and insipidity she declared that "the monotony of the house was *triste* to a degree, and that, persuaded by Mrs. Atherstone, she had ventured forth in search of variety, certainly not anticipating a rencontre with the Captain, who, she understood, had departed upon some angling excursion." "Yet this sublime-looking creature found her way to the *bridge*, whispered the silver tones of vanity in the not-unwilling ear of the Captain, who, pleased with the sort of interest implied by the Lady Eleanor's approach to the spot, and her mode of attracting his attention, felt more disposed than formerly to be gratified with his companion. That she was a woman of high family, young, beautiful, and *distinguée* in manner no cynic could deny, and for her understanding—why—" *many women had no minds at all.*" So reasoned the Captain, and so reasoning, he turned with an air of infinite animation to the titled belle, while a compliment, worthy a votary of Almack's, conveyed his delighted surprise at a meeting so desired yet so un hoped for. It was received as such tribute usually is by the fashionable and conscious fair, and the gallant soldier offering his arm to Lady Eleanor, proposed extending their walk. "But the grass might be damp, the paths incommodious," and he glanced at the small and symmetrical foot which, cased in a *brodequin of peau bronzée*, embroidered with gold, he deemed it imprudent to submit to further intimacy with the dewy sward. His greys, his dashing greys and phaeton would now be useful, and he hastily suggested a ride round the park, entreating Lady Eleanor to permit of his escorting her to the saloon, prior to his ordering the vehicle. The Lady assented with a smile, which, in the opinion of the intoxicated Henry, were cheaply purchased at a monarch's ransom; and while she was carelessly arranging the folds of her shawl in a style of classic elegance, the young soldier viewed her with an admiration which, however ardent, did not prevent his volunteering and rendering much important assistance in the task. A degree of confusion stole over her Ladyship's countenance as she received the assiduous attentions of the half enamoured officer, and it could not escape the notice of her officious assistant, that a bright blush, which she vainly endeavoured to veil with her unruly *blonde*, suffused her cheek and brow. The embarrassment was infectious, and something more than the mere homage of gallantry stole into the countenance of the Captain, as he strove to peep beneath the down-cast lids, pure as the Parian marble, which drooped over her bewitching eyes, while she affected to disengage her robe from a willow stem which was most innocent of trespass. At this lover-like moment a light and playful laugh broke upon the stillness, and, simultaneously, a laurel leaf struck the gallant Captain upon the breast; it was, emblematically, followed by a

myrtle branch, and before Henry could determine from what quarter they proceeded, his assailant, in the person of Mrs. Atherstone, stole like an arch Egyptian from the trees. "Have I then detected you at the shrine, my pensive Pygmalion?" exclaimed "*the swarthy and ill-favoured,*" assuming that peculiar expression which had exhausted the ingenuity of the Captain to unravel: "the occupation is, doubtless, more interesting than musing among reeds and bulrushes, alders and water-lilies, with an air as *triste* and *abattu* as that of some desperate lover of the olden time deliberating by a purling stream whether he shall append his fair person from the dark boughs of the cypress, or the more lachrymose arms of the willow." "In truth I must admit," continued the elderly, "your disordered mien at breakfast awoke my apprehensions, and tempted me to entreat that my coz would track you at a prudential distance, lest the carp should be called upon to shed tears of amber for the untimely fate of the redoubtable Captain Atherstone, the victim of ennui and"—lowering her tone to a sportive whisper, intended, apparently, for his ear only—"a statue!"

"Hah!" thought the Captain, as the allusion struck him, "she thinks that, like the fabled sculptor, I am inspired by the charms of this beautiful image—this idol without soul! *N'importe!* I will show her that my fetters are not so easily forged." He called up his resolution, turned with an air of polished playfulness to his dark tormentor, and congratulated himself upon his supreme felicity in having two guardian sylphs to hover round his path, and snatch him from a watery grave. Lady Eleanor, whose confusion had subsided, and restored her natural *blancheur* of complexion, declared that she could not prevail upon her cousin to refrain from breaking in upon his reverie, with her floral missives—"Nay, nay, your Ladyship!" exclaimed Mrs. Atherstone gaily, "I must even turn King's evidence in self-defence; but, first, tell us how long the mere stalk of a rose has become the fashionable ornament of the ceinture?" Captain Atherstone pursued the direction of his sister's eye, and beheld, indeed, the broken and leafless stalk of a rose fixed in the massive buckle of wrought gold that confined her ladyship's robe: this tell-tale evidence seemed to occasion its possessor some trifling discomfiture, for snatching it, pettishly, from its place, she threw it from her, averring that she knew not *how* she had lost the flower.

"No fibs, Ellen, no fibs!" interrupted Mrs. Atherstone, putting her jewelled hand upon the full lips of the speaker—"I could tell, an' I would;" and methinks there is a certain feathered biped in the stream that, like the Sybarite, may now slumber on *rose leaves*: but say, did I not, from my shady covert, overhear a proposition touching an excursion round the park?" "You did, my dear Madam," returned the Captain, eagerly, who, despairing of displaying his exquisite skill in driving, his

greys, and his phaeton, now snatched at the ray of hope afforded. "Then hasten, my good brother, and forward the arrangements: resumed the ill-favoured. "I consign my fair cousin to your care, and, I pray you, let not your connoisseur eye neglect to do homage to every glimpse of the picturesque you may meet with." "Your injunction shall be obeyed," replied the Captain, "but will you not allow me to conduct you to the Abbey?" "No, no, we will trace our way back alone: these wilds are not yet so mazy as to need an Ariadne's clue. Adieu! you will find us in the saloon." The ladies linked arms, and, slowly, proceeded towards the mansion, while Henry gazing after them for a moment, sighed, tenderly, as he beheld the sylph-like figure of Lady Eleanor retreating from his view; Mrs. Atherstone suddenly turned round, and beholding him motionless as a rock, upon the spot where she had left him, shook her hand, threateningly, and stamping her foot sportively, seemed to command his fulfilment of her desire. Henry blushed slightly, laughed, and, with a bow, retired precipitately to order his horses.

(To be continued.)

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### TO POLAND.

No Patriot-spirit weeps for thee, proud land,  
 Fallen yet not dishonoured. Thy long night  
 Of blood and bondage, Freedom's morning light  
 Shall soon dispel; and thou, more fair and grand,  
 Rise from the transient wreck: when, with fierce hand,  
 Almighty vengeance wakes, at length, to smite  
 Th' imperial Ruffian; and, in wild affright,  
 Scatter his legions. Oh, ye glorious band  
 Of martyrs, doomed to slaughter, chains, exile,  
 For you, I weep not; but for those whose crime  
 Of foul desertion, shall, in every clime,  
 Which Freedom hallows, to remotest time  
 Provoke the Patriot's curse,—the Traitor's smile.  
 Shame on my country,—shame on craven Gaul:  
 Thine is the glory, POLAND; theirs the fall!

October, 1831.

F. F.

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According to a statement in the "*Memorie recondite dall' anno 1601, sino al 1640, di Vittorio Siri*" (1677), Venice could load at any moment two-and-thirty galleys with money. When the republic concluded peace in the year 1573 with the Turks, she had a debt of 14 millions of ducats, which were liquidated in 1602. Seven millions of ducats were kept in reserve in the palace of St. Mark for immediate use in case of need, whilst at the same period the Procurator Benbo had this edifice surrounded with a golden chain, which could with difficulty be carried by fifty men. Yet at the present moment so poor are the nobility, that they must be prohibited laying bare the roofs of their houses by stripping them of the lead. *Quantum mutatus ab illo.*



OBSERVATIONS ON SHARON TURNER'S "SACRED  
HISTORY OF THE EARTH."\*

THE main object of the above work is "to exhibit the Divine Mind in connection with the production and preservation and with the laws and agencies of visible nature, and to lead the youthful inquirer to perceive the clear and universal distinction which prevails between the material and the immaterial substances in our world, both in their phenomena and in their principles." This is a highly laudable object, and it is truly delightful to see the happy combination which the work presents, of strict philosophical scrutiny and sincere religious feeling. Of the object of the work, therefore, no complaint is to be made, although there are several points in the execution of it which require to be noticed.

This work consists of a series of essays in the form of letters, commencing with the account of the Creation in the book of Genesis, and presenting to us a view of each department of Nature in the order in which Moses relates them to have been created. In these letters the author dilates upon the objects and uses of each branch of the creation, the various relations in which they stand to each other, and their relative importance in the scale of being. In pursuing these arguments, however, he too often relapses into dry detail of particulars, to such an extent that the reader is continually liable to lose the thread of the argument, and to become bewildered and fatigued instead of instructed. The notes, too, which occupy nearly as much space as the text, often tend rather to burden the work than to enrich it, and the interruption they cause to the reader is frequently very inconvenient. The author is indeed quite right in stating his authority for every fact which he adduces, but what we complain of is, that instead of extracting the essential points, he commonly quotes the passage at full length in which the particular fact is contained. The work is thus rendered more bulky than was necessary for the due performance of its object, and though the closeness of the type forbids us to charge the author with the too prevalent offence of *book-making*, yet it must be confessed that however excellent the object of the work, it might have been discussed with less labour both to the author and to the reader.

In those letters which treat of the creation of animals and vegetables, though every page evinces the most diligent research, yet we often perceive the want of that scientific acquaintance with the subject which constitutes the true naturalist. Nor is this to be wondered at. Mr. Sharon Turner's talents as a political historian are well known, and it cannot be expected that one who has given so large a share of his attention to the history of man, should be

\* "The Sacred History of the Earth," by Sharon Turner. Vol. 1. London : Longman & Co.

found a perfect master of physical science. It is therefore with a view of guarding against the propagation of error rather than of blaming the author for inaccuracies which in him are very excusable, that we shall proceed to notice a few points which require correction.

No error in natural history is more common or more productive of prejudices and false opinions than that of mistaking relations of *analogy* for those of *affinity*; that is, of supposing from some superficial or accidental resemblance between two objects, that there exists between them a real and intimate connection. This mistake is particularly common among the vulgar and ignorant, who are satisfied with observing external resemblances, without troubling themselves to examine those points of connection which, though less obvious, are yet often far more important. Hence it is that the ears of the naturalist are so often startled with hearing the vulgar class bats among birds, lobsters and oysters among fish, and worms and slugs among insects, with numerous other errors of a similar kind. And although such palpable mistakes are confined chiefly to those who are ignorant of natural history, yet in the minor subdivisions of the animal kingdom, similar errors are often committed by men of science; and it must be acknowledged that the determination of affinities and analogies is often, in the minuter details of the science, a work of great difficulty. We have been led to these remarks by perusing the 8th and 9th letters, which treat of the creation of fish and whales. Here, though the author is hardly chargeable with classing the *cetacea* among fish, since he expressly mentions the points of difference, and commends Moses for making a distinct mention of each, yet on reading further it is clear that he could not divest himself of popular and erroneous notions on the subject. We frequently find him applying to the class of fish, properties which do not belong to them at all, but are peculiar to the *cetacea*, the *phocæ*, or the *crustacea*. The 9th letter is chiefly devoted to defending fish from the sweeping charges of insatiable voracity and apathetic stupidity which Goldsmith and other authors had brought against them. However ill-founded these charges may be, yet we must beware of using fallacious arguments in refuting them, whereas our author often refers to the vivacity and comparatively high order of intellect possessed by seals and whales as a proof of the existence of these qualities among fish. Thus at page 267, "The mild and harmless character of the fish class of being in its general prevalence, is impressively exhibited by most of its larger tribes. The great Greenland Whale pursues no other animal, &c.—The formidable Narwhal displays the same disposition.—The Oronooko Manati—and others of this tribe—are likewise gentle and peaceable animals." We have here animals belonging to two distinct orders of mammalia brought in to establish the character of gentleness in the class of fish. Again at p. 263, "As fishes have not a larynx, or organ of voice, nor lungs to collect and emit the air which is to be made vocal by it, they do not communicate their meanings, wants, or feelings, by

sounds like the birds and quadrupeds. Yet a few make attempts of this sort. As the thunnys sail in their vast shoals, they utter a very loud hissing noise. The ground ling makes a similar sound when handled. The *Sciæna stridens* gives a small shriek when first taken out of the water. And the *grunniens Cottus* [*Cottus grunniens*] also makes a squeaking sound when handled." So far so good, but what comes next? "The great Mørse roars like a bull if disturbed, and snores while asleep. The common Seal moans piteously. The ursine kind low like an ox, and the leonine one both grunts and snorts." The author adds, indeed, "But all these latter partake largely of the quadruped nature," yet he does not seem to have been aware of the fact that they are not fish at all, but possess both lungs and larynx no less than Mr. Turner himself.

At p. 276, "Some fish have the comforts of family association;" and in a note we find seals, walruses, porpoises, and manati, quoted in support of this assertion. "One kind has the gratification of suckling and nursing," and in a note to this passage the author instances whales, seals, morses, and dugons.

The same errors prevail through the 10th letter, in which the author continually cites the phocine and cetaceous mammalia in proof of the intellectual capacities of fish; nay more, at p. 293 we have the lobster, and, *mirabile dictu*, the *land-crab* thrown into our author's comprehensive fish basket!

We may here take notice of a habit which Mr. Turner has of frequently placing the *specific* term before the *generic*. Thus we have, pp. 261, 262, *Hippuris Coryphæna*, *Auratus Sparus*, *Glaucus Squalus*, *Collas Scomber*, *Hirundo Trigla*, *Cuculus Trigla*, &c. This practice deserves reprobation as unscientific, and very likely to produce confusion.

At p. 296 we have an instance of the vulgarism of applying the term *Animal* solely to the mammiferous tribes. This error, though in this place no doubt committed through inadvertency, is yet so common even among persons of education, that it ought not to be passed by unnoticed.

We now come to make mention of our author's geological theories. In examining such subjects it should be remembered that theoretical reasonings being in great measure matter of opinion, ought never, like erroneous facts, to be visited with reprobation, however unsound or fanciful they may appear. The republic of Science admits not the Inquisition among her institutions;—her laws are strict and severe in the ascertaining of *facts*, but are perfectly tolerant towards *opinions*. Hence it is always allowable to maintain any opinion whatever, and no less so for another person to dissent from such opinion, and calmly to state the reasons of his dissent. We therefore shall make no apology for showing in what points we consider Mr. Turner's geological theories to be defective.

The theory by which he explains the phenomena of geology is simply this:—actuated by a laudable and pious resolution to

adhere to the Mosaic account of the Creation, he believes every species of animal and vegetable, the fossil as well as the recent, to have been created during the four last days of the Mosaic creation : that during the 1656 years which intervened to the deluge, the whole of the secondary strata were deposited, and that the diversity of the fossil species found in various formations is owing to their being diffused, gradually and at different periods, from the point at which each species was first created. The tertiary strata he refers to the action of the deluge, affirming them (p. 464) "to have been formed from the fracture, the ruins, the disintegration, and decomposition of those which had preceded them." This last assertion is very far from the truth. The upper surface of the chalk does indeed exhibit signs of violent destructive action, but this was succeeded by a long period of repose, in which the beds of plastic and London clay were deposited, conformable to the chalk and to each other, and containing the most delicate shells in the most perfect state of preservation. In the Isle of Wight basin a local disruption took place between the London clay and the lower freshwater beds, but in the Paris basin the whole tertiary series from the chalk to the upper freshwater is perfectly conformable, and is evidently the peaceful deposit of a long succession of years. The fact is that it is only the deposits termed "diluvial beds" which can, with any sort of probability be referred to the Mosaic deluge, and they exhibit phenomena so nearly accordant with what the effects of such a deluge would be, that few geologists hesitate so to refer them. The tertiary formations then must be referred to a similar origin with the secondary, whatever that origin may be.

We shall now attempt to shew that the secondary and tertiary strata could not have been deposited in the interval from Adam to Noah, and shall subjoin a few remarks shewing how the phenomena of geology may yet be reconciled with the Mosaic account.

Mr. Turner supposes that in this antediluvian period the different races of animals and plants were gradually extending themselves into new regions. This may, indeed, account for the appearance of *new* species in the more recent strata, but it does not explain the extinction of the *old* ones. The creation of fresh species seems ever to have gone hand in hand with the extermination of previous ones, and in examining a collection of fossils in the order of the strata, we are ever losing our old acquaintances and forming new ones at each step.

A gradual modification of the genera of fossils is also perceptible: the most ancient strata contain fossils totally unlike any known animals of the present day, and the fossil remains gradually become more modernized in character, till, in the newest of the tertiary strata, we find species identical with those now living. All this shows a repeated renewal of the creative power rather than a single exertion of it.

Mr. Turner would suppose the antediluvian period in which, according to him, the secondary strata were deposited, to have been one of physical repose and tranquillity. Yet these strata exhibit a

frequent interruption of that repose. At several different periods violent commotions and disruptions have taken place. The Old and the New Red Sandstone contain conglomerates of rolled pebbles of various rocks, and the upper surface of the Chalk has beenjected to a violent action. Other circumstances, too, denote anything rather than an uniform course of nature throughout the secondary series. We find a race of land plants springing up repeatedly between the deposition of the oldest and the most recent strata, flourishing for a time, but soon making way for the marine deposits of which the greater part of the strata consist. Nor have these marine deposits been uniform and unchanging in their nature. We find that the sea has at various times deposited on the same spot every possible variety of sand, gravel, clay, chalk, oolite, and marble, at one time stocked to repletion with animal life, at other times destitute of every vestige of it. These facts appear to be quite irreconcilable with the appearances which would be presented by an uninterrupted course of nature during 16 or 17 centuries from the Creation to the Deluge.

Further, the space of sixteen centuries is far too short for the deposition of strata of the enormous thickness which we find in the secondary and tertiary formations. The total thickness of these strata, on a very moderate calculation, is not less than 18,000 feet of perpendicular height. Now there is no reason to suppose that the antediluvian sea formed its deposits with greater rapidity than the sea does at present, since in the period from Adam to Noah, we find no record of the laws of nature having differed from what they have been ever since the Deluge. But did the sea now form deposits at the rate of 18,000 feet in 1600 years, the Mediterranean would have been filled up since the time when Ulysses navigated it, and we should hear of ships running upon shoals where a few years before there had been no soundings. It seems then to be quite incompatible with the phenomena of the secondary and tertiary strata to assign their deposition to the sixteen centuries which intervened from the Mosaic Creation to the Deluge.

We shall now attempt to shew that although the secondary strata bear traces of having occupied hundreds, perhaps thousands of centuries in their deposition, yet that such an hypothesis is not contrary to the Mosaic account, but is merely something super-added to it. Persons are continually forgetting what has been so often urged by divines and philosophers, that the writings of Moses refer solely to the moral history of mankind, and not to the physical history of the earth. The account of the Creation is therefore exceedingly short and concise, given merely as a necessary introduction to the history of man. If we wish to learn more concerning the Creation than Moses has told us, we must read it in the book of Nature.

Mr. Turner himself admits, (p. 465,) from the words of Moses, that the earth existed "without form and void," for an indefinite period before the first day of Creation. And it is to this indefinite period, concerning which Moses has said nothing, that most geolo-

gists now agree to refer the deposition of the secondary and tertiary strata. These strata exhibit a repeated destruction of existing species, followed by a creation of new ones, and the New Red Sandstone supplies an instance of a large superficial area, if not the whole earth, after teeming with animal and vegetable products, becoming "void" during a considerable period. There is nothing therefore contrary to analogy in supposing the Mosaic Creation,—the only one in which man existed, and the only one therefore which Moses has described,—to have been one of these successive creations, and the last which has hitherto taken place. On this supposition, the period when Moses states the earth to have been "without form and void" would be that in which the creatures of the previous formation had been wholly or in great measure destroyed, and before the reissuing of the creative mandate.

There is an objection which may be urged against this theory, that the sun, which Moses relates to have been created on the fourth day, was necessary to the production of those animals and vegetables whose remains are found in our strata. But as in several passages of Scripture the *apparent* motion of the sun is described as the *real* one, so in this place we are inclined to think that what Moses relates as the *actual* creation of the heavenly bodies was in fact only their *apparent* creation, that is, their being made visible to this earth by the gradual clearing of the atmosphere. Mr. Turner himself is of opinion that it was but the solar system which was created on the fourth day, and that the fixed stars were pre-existing. But still there seems a great want of analogy in supposing that the sun, the moon, the planets, and their satellites, all which, except the two former, appear to exist for their own sakes alone, and not for ours, were all created in one day as adjuncts to our earth, while the latter existed in dark and useless solitude for ages before. It would seem far more probable that the whole of the solar system, each part of which stands in certain and definite relations to the rest, was of contemporaneous creation. And it is very conceivable that such a destruction of created nature as we suppose to have rendered the earth without form and void immediately before the Mosaic creation, was attended by a turbid atmosphere of sufficient density to produce total darkness. The first step towards a renewal of creation was to dispel this darkness by causing the mist gradually to clear away. The alternations of day and night would thus be rendered perceptible, though the mist was as yet far too dense to expose to view the sun which caused those alternations. On the second day we may suppose that the misty clouds rose from the earth and reached that elevation which they commonly occupy in the atmosphere, or, as the translators of Genesis call it, the firmament. By the fourth day the clouds were so far broken and dispersed as to render visible the heavenly bodies, both those of the solar system and the fixed stars, which are hence said to have been created on that day. We thus have an explanation of the difficulty noticed by Mr. Turner, p. 81, of light having existed *per se* three days before

the existence of the sun, and which he endeavours to explain by the undulatory theory of light.

We have thus, with a full consciousness of the difficulties of the subject, ventured to offer a theory of the cosmogony, which appears to us to reconcile the facts of geology with Holy Writ, without encroaching on any of its essential truths.

In concluding this lengthened review of Mr. Turner's work, we regret that want of space forbids us to dwell on many parts of it which are highly interesting and instructive. A second volume we perceive is announced for publication, and we shall look forward with pleasure to its appearance.

## PARAPHRASE OF THE EIGHTH PSALM.

O LORD, our Lord, what majesty  
Through all the earth attends thy name,  
Who sittest fast enthron'd on high,  
Above the star-encircled frame.

E'en childhood's voice attests thy power,  
E'en infant lips thy deeds recal,  
To still the avenger's joyous hour,  
And mix oppression's cup with gall.

When I survey each rolling sphere,  
The matchless wonders of thy hand,  
And mark the radiant orbs, that near  
Thy jasper courts in order stand ;—

Lord ! what is man, that thou shouldst bow  
Thine ear to note his feeble prayer ?  
Or what the son of man, that thou  
Should'st tend him with a father's care ?

Nigh unto angels is his place,  
Which thy free mercy has assign'd ;  
Honour and glory, strength and grace  
Thou dost around his temples bind.

To him thy providence hath given  
Earth's boundless fruits and ocean's store,  
The myriad forms that mount the heaven,  
Or haunt the forest, plain, or shore.

Whate'er has growth, whate'er has breath,  
Lives his prov'd wishes to fulfil ;  
And land and flood, and life and death  
Seem but the servants of his will.

Yet give me, Lord, to read aright  
The symbols of thy wond'rous plan,  
And learn how infinite thy might,  
And feel how truly weak is man.

*To the Editor of the Analyst.*

SIR,

Conceiving that among your readers there may be many who love to study the habits and fashions of our forefathers by examining their architectural and monumental remains, I purpose, should it meet your approbation, occasionally introducing to their notice, such objects of antiquarian or historical interest as have hitherto escaped the notice of the antiquary, or been but briefly dwelt upon by our local historians. With this view I have sent you a short notice of Porter's Mill, in the parish of Claines, about three miles from Worcester; and should it in the slightest degree interest any of your readers, the wishes will be fully answered of

Yours, respectfully,

H. E.

Worcester, Nov. 22, 1834.

There are perhaps few spots to be visited in the neighbourhood of Worcester that will better reward the lover of landscape, the artist, or the antiquary, than Porter's Mill; the rich and varied scenery with which it is surrounded will delight the former, the artist will be pleased with the picturesque outline of the house, whilst the associations connected with it have an equal charm for the lover of antiquity. That portion of the house which has been spared from the hands of the *improver* is well worthy of attention, as illustrating the style of residence of the middle gentry early in the sixteenth century. Originally the house was constructed of timber-framing, the intermediate spaces being lathed and plastered: the west end is deserving an attentive consideration;—the bold projection of the upper stories of the house in advance of those immediately beneath, had the two-fold advantage of preserving the lower part from wet and producing a pleasing effect of light and shade. The barge-boards and pinnacles which, no doubt, at one time decorated the gables, cease to exist; there is, however, a good specimen of a brick chimney very common in the counties of Worcester, Warwick, and Stafford:—the plan of each shaft being that of one square placed diagonally on another, presenting eight right angles. Over a fire-place now used as a bakehouse, are the arms of Elizabeth, and the five-leaved rose, one of the Tudor badges.

It is impossible to examine this or any of the domestic buildings between the reigns of Henry VII. and Elizabeth, without being struck with the ingenuity, which out of materials at first sight so unfitted for the purpose of the picturesque, could produce an effect so pleasing to the eye. A moulding is never seen without its apparent use, or a carving that does not form part of the design which could ill be dispensed with; the chimnies which moderns twist into every variety of form to conceal, are here



made principal features in the effect to be produced, and this frequently with nothing more than the common red brick, as is the case in this instance.

The derivation of Porter's Mill is no doubt from the family of Porter, who for nearly four hundred years occupied land in what is now considered the parish of Claines. Nash, in his history of Worcester, quoting Leland and other authorities, informs us, that in the reign of Edward I. John le Porter enjoyed a grant from Bishop Giffard of a tenement in Northwick in fee for ten shillings per annum. The family afterwards resided at Tapenhall. In 1485 we find Margaret, wife of John Porter, with others, in possession of lands at Tapenhall, and a mill, for which they owed suit to the court at Worcester. In the heraldic visitation at Worcester, in 1634, the arms of John Porter are registered, and those of his grandson in 1683. The arms are *sa*, three bells *arg.*, with quarterings impaling three stirrups, *or*.

In the church-yard of the parish of Claines, though much dilapidated from its exposure to the weather, and the drippings of a spout, is a very fine specimen of the style of monuments in the sixteenth century, a recumbent figure in robes, upon a raised tomb bearing the inscription "John Porter, which was a lawyer, 1577." The lower part of the tomb is enriched with panels, and betrays the dawn of that meretricious style of ornament which prevailed to the exclusion of good taste in the succeeding reigns. Probably the arms of Elizabeth and the Tudor badge over the fire-place at Porter's Mill were placed there by the individual whose memory this monument is intended to commemorate.

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### THE BLESSINGS OF LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM MARTIAL.

*Vitam que faciunt beatiorem,  
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt, &c.*

WOULDST thou the choicest blessings know  
Which man can ask, or heaven bestow ;—  
Behold them here. A peaceful cot  
Not gained with pain, but left by lot,  
A fruitful field, a blazing hearth,  
The scene of light and heartfelt mirth,  
A mind at ease, unhurt by toils,  
Remote from law, and city broils ;  
The body pure, the spirits free,  
Friends kind in true simplicity ;  
A ready meal, a frugal board  
With few but hearty viands stored,  
Each evening spent in social joys,  
Unmixed with rude and drunken noise ;  
A sprightly wife, but yet discreet,  
Slumbers at once both sound and sweet ;  
A heart that dreads no sorrow nigh,  
Nor seeks, nor basely fears to die.

E. S.

## INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS.

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*To the Editor of the Analyst.*

SIR,

THE following remarks are a continuation of the subject commenced in your last number, on the great use and services of insect-eating birds. Those of the genus *Sylvia*, and which are only summer visitants, have been already noticed; but there are several of our native birds, belonging to that and other genera, which are insectivorous, and equally deserving notice and protection.

The first is the common wren, (*Troglodytes Europæus*,) which, from the vivacity of action and song, and from its familiar habits and harmless character, is a universal favourite. This little bird is remarkable for building its nest like, and rearing its brood in, a cave; whence the specific name of Linnæus, and generic name of Cuvier, than which no name can be more appropriate as an allusion to an ancient people called *Troclodytæ*, who lived in caves. This name is, however, carped at by Professor Rennie, who has changed it to *Anorthora*, because, as it is supposed, the bird cocks its tail!

The nest is usually built against the ivy-covered stem of a tree, under the eaves of thatched buildings, and often within open sheds or cattle hovels, where the little architect can find a bracket-like projection out of the reach of cats or other natural enemies. The nest is elliptical in shape, and chiefly composed of soft moss; having a small hole in the side as an entrance. In this almost dark cave the eggs are laid, and a numerous brood are reared, in number from ten to fourteen. Soon as the young are hatched, it is amusing to witness the assiduity of the old pair in feeding their helpless progeny. From day-light till dark their vigilance and labour are incessant; hurrying backward and forward between the nest and the thick bushes and trees where they find small caterpillars, spiders, and winged insects, which they quickly distribute amongst their young. The cleanliness exhibited in the care of the nursery is a remarkable trait in the character of this little bird, and differs widely from that of some others, as the house-martin for instance, whose nest is quite filthy before the young can fly. Instinct, which guides them in forming such an enclosed nest, also teaches the necessity of cleanliness.

In the breeding season insects and their larva are plentiful, so that both parents and progeny fare well; but in winter the wren has much difficulty in procuring food. In this severe season they may be seen in search of insects which have secreted themselves in crevices of buildings, bark of trees, or among the lichens and mosses. In faggot piles, hay or corn stacks, overhanging banks

of lanes or rivers, the wren may be seen creeping out and into every cavity, like a mouse. Insects of a particular kind are necessary as food for the wren; which is the reason why they cannot be kept in cages like other birds; for though in confinement they pick a little boiled minced meat, or egg, they do not live long.

Considering then the countless numbers of insects that must be destroyed in a single season, or during the lives of a single pair of wrens, their great use in preventing an injurious increase of the insect tribes may easily be conceived, and a still greater share of regard ought to be shown to those little benefactors of the human race.

The next insect-eater to be noticed is the smallest British bird, namely, the golden-crested wren, (*Sylvia regulus*.) This little warbler, with his "fairy song," subsists on the same kind of food as the preceding, but is much more a forester, not frequenting domestic offices or other buildings like the common wren. They are chiefly met with in thick woods, especially where pine and fir trees abound. These, from their thick impervious foliage, afford shelter not only to these birds but also to numerous insects on which they feed. They build their nests (which are but very little larger than an egg-cup) near the points of the drooping branches of the fir trees, at a considerable height from the ground. Here they rear their broods in comparative safety from oolists and beasts of prey: but magpies and crows have no mercy for the callow young, if once they find them. They sometimes venture into open gardens to visit the gooseberry and currant trees; and are also seen in thick hedges: but they are not so useful in the orchard as the other warblers. These birds are readily recognised not only by their diminutive size, but by the bright burnished gold stripe along the crown of the head: hence the specific name.

Among insect-eaters the redbreast, (*Sylvia Rubecola*,) must not be forgotten. This is the most familiar, or rather the most impudent, of the feathered race. Small earth-worms, caterpillars, carrion, and various flies, are his common food; but the redbreast is not nice in his diet, partaking of whatever may be offered, whether vegetable or animal; and so voracious that he will even feast on the dead carcass of the antagonist he has killed in battle! The redbreast is the most pugnacious of his tribe; constantly quarrelling not only with his own species, but every other bird which intrudes on what the robin presumes to think his own domain. In the winter they repair to farm houses and gardens; retiring to woods and unfrequented places during their breeding season.

The wagtails, of which there are three species, viz. *Motacilla alba*, *flava* and *cinereus*, may be ranked among insect-eaters; but, as they feed chiefly on gnats and the larva of other water insects, they are not so ostensibly useful in fields and gardens as some of those already mentioned. To the farmer, indeed, they may be of some service in thinning the race of *Tipulæ* whose larva live on the roots of grasses; but such depredation is never visible. Of

all British birds the yellow water-wagtail, is perhaps, the most elegant in form and action.

Of similar character with the wagtails may be ranked the domestic *Hirundines*. Of these the swift, swallow, house-martlet, and sand-martlet, are confessedly muscivorous, though not strictly speaking insectivorous, because they never attack the larva of insects but only after they fly; and, as it is in the caterpillar state the insects are injurious, the hirundines are only indirectly useful. Gnats (*Culex pipiens*) are their favourite food, and these in no state are hurtful to vegetation, though they are often troublesome to the evening walker who has thin stockings or a delicate skin. The musquitos (*Culex bifurcatus*) which are such a pest in tropical countries, are also common in this country, especially in marshy places or damp woods: Their bite, or rather a sting of their tongue, is as venomous and inflammatory as it is in any other part of the world. They are not only known by the wounds they inflict, but also by their being twice the size of the common gnat, and having clouded legs, that are of two colours. From these teasing, and sometimes dangerous insects, the hirundines certainly guard us and our dwellings most effectually, and therefore deserve our favour wherever they can find about our houses a "coigne of vantage."

The next to be mentioned are the common and pied fly-catchers (*Muscicapa grisola et atricapilla*.) The first is a familiar bird, building on ivied walls of gardens, or tree-covered buildings; the second is of wilder habits, frequenting craggy steeps at a distance from the habitations of man. They are both summer visitors, and, like the swallows, feed on the wing.

Another tribe of useful birds is the titmouse (*Parus major, cæruleus, ater, palustris, caudatus, and biarmicus*.) These are all insectivorous, and some of them are carnivorous, as well as fond of a mellow pear or apple. The first has a bad character as being destructive to bees, in hard winters, and also to the flower buds of fruit trees. This charge is partly well founded; but the good they do the orchardist at other times far outweighs their occasional pilferings.

The creeper, (*Certhia familiaris*.) is another small insect-eating bird. They frequent woods, and are seen creeping from the bottom to the top of the trunks, prying into every crack and crevice, seeking their food; which appears to be small spiders and flies. This bird stays with us all the year, is but seldom noticed, and is by no means numerous. The creepers have very much the habits and action of the woodpeckers.

The chaffinch, (*Fringilla cælebs*.) and the house-sparrow, (*Fringilla domestica*.) although both seed-eaters, are nevertheless very serviceable during summer, feeding their young on caterpillars, beetles, &c., which they find on the foliage of trees and herbs: and the young of both are fond of the green fly so common on rose trees, hops, and many other plants.

The goat-sucker (*Caprimulgus europæus*) is a night-feeding bird;

noctua moths are their prey ; in quest of which these curious birds may be seen in the twilight of a summer evening skinning round large trees, when the moths are on the wing.

There are many other birds which, though not habitually, are occasionally insectivorous ; witness our common domestic poultry both *Anseres* and *Gallinæ*, which though naturally granivorous, devour every kind of insect they can capture. Nor should the woodpecker, (*Picæ*,) be forgotten ; their province is to destroy the insects and their larva which prey on timber, for which their climbing powers, and long flexible barbed tongues, are well adapted. These beautiful birds have been accused of injuring timber trees ; but the fact is they never bore into sound trees, but only into those which are hollow.

It only remains to mention one more family of native birds which are more extensively useful than, perhaps, all the others put together. This is the common and often persecuted rook : their numbers, voraciousness, and powers of scent to find, and of beak to dig up the larva of the numerous beetles which are so destructive to corn and grass, culinary vegetables, and even shrubs and trees, is productive of the greatest benefit, even in a national point of view. This may appear extravagant to those who are not well acquainted with the economy of the rook, nor have attended to their mode of feeding, or nature of their food.

The rook is entirely vermivorous, unless these are denied by severe drought or frost. At such seasons the worms and grubs which the rooks prefer descend into the earth far out of reach ; and then the clamorous flocks are compelled to fall on the softened seed-corn, just as it is springing out of ground ; or on the standing crops before they are quite ready for the sickle. In dry seasons they will sometimes visit the cherry orchards, where, as in the other cases, they very soon do a great deal of damage ; luckily however no bird is more easily scared ; a sentinel or even the semblance of one in a crouching posture will keep them off. The sight of a gun or the smell of gunpowder alarms them greatly ; so that a piece of dark coloured cloth dipped in a solution of gunpowder and brimstone, and stuck on a stake in the field, will be a sufficient defence for the crop. In this case, as in many others, we cannot have an advantage without some kind of drawback. So if the rooks do a little harm now and then, they may well be excused even if there were no means of prevention ; as the amount of positive good they do at all other times, most abundantly makes up for all their depredations.

The Linnæan names have been employed in the foregoing sketch ; because so much alteration has lately taken place in the nomenclature of objects of natural history, that there is really no knowing who to follow. Baron Cuvier was deemed a sufficient authority to settle all such matters ; but others of far less note in the science are every day making changes which are by no means conducive to its advancement.

## EXTEMPORE LINES

## ON THE STATUE OF A CHILD WITH FLOWERS,

(DAUGHTER OF VINCENT THOMPSON, ESQ.,)

*By Mr. Peter Hollins, now exhibiting in the Birmingham Society of Arts.*

AYE—guard thy flowers with care, thou gentle child—  
 Caress them with thy soft and fairy hand,  
 Or wreath them 'midst thy curls of clust'ring hair :—  
 Oh ! love them—cherish them—for ne'er to thee  
 In after-life will aught appear so fair,  
 So wond'rous beautiful as those young buds  
 To thy pure joy-lit eyes.—*Now* thou canst see  
 In the bright rose only its graceful form,  
 Its folded petals, and the blushing hue  
 Out-glowing e'en thy cheek—but it will fade—  
 The leaves will wither on the drooping stem,  
 And thou wilt find that e'en the rose has thorns.

Thou "fair and fairy one !"—On thy young brow  
 E'en 'midst thy smiles, lies thought ; it is a leaf  
 On which delusive hope hath joyed to write  
 With rosy finger—fancy loved to paint  
 With fairest, brightest hue, her airy dreams—  
 And thou believed them—believe them yet !—  
 Blest in thine angel-innocence of heart,  
 All things seem true and beautiful to thee.  
 Oh ! were it mine to watch thy childhood's growth,  
 I would not have thee *hear* of death, or woe—  
 I would not have thee see a drooping flower—  
 I would not that a butterfly, whose wing  
 Some rude, rough hand had crushed, should meet thine eye—  
 I would not have thee hear the wailing voice  
 Of a poor bird beside her plunder'd nest—  
 For all would tell of sorrow or of crime.

But thou should'st wander the live-long day,  
 O'er hill and o'er woodland, with bird and with bee,  
 Watch in the streamlet the fishes at play,  
 And the gay squirrels springing in greenwood tree :—  
 Hide with the violet—blush with the rose—  
 Climb with the woodbine the hedge-row fence—  
 Dance in the light breeze that over them blows,  
 Thou creature of beauty and innocence !

\* \* \* \* \*  
 —And 'tis but *marble* !—that sweet, gentle face,  
 So full of thought, and yet all o'er the child—  
 Those soft and fairy-feet and hands, that now  
 As wearied out with sport, are laid at rest,  
 Scarce willing to be still :—that graceful form,  
 (Half-leaning on the soft and rounded arm,)  
 So animate with life, that e'en we fear  
 'Twill rise and flee away, if but a bird,  
 A flower, an insect should attract its glance.

Here doth art triumph most—and as we gaze,  
 And, turning, gaze again, who but would deem  
 That wizards yet were lingering on earth,  
 And this the work of one ?

L. A. T.

Birmingham, Nov. 11th, 1834.

## ON THE RESULTS OF THE ARCH.

THE early history of the arch, which has engaged the judicious notice of your correspondent in former numbers, opens for examination a subject of remarkably varied and extensive interest, and one which lies within the range of popular apprehension apart from the existence of much architectural judgment, or the exercise of much antiquarian research. The invention of the arch, indeed, surpasses every other discovery of the ancient or modern art of building in the variety and magnitude of its results; and has been the means of effecting such a revolution in the principles of construction, and of eliciting such beauties in the materials of design, as are without a parallel in the productions of the ages which preceded its introduction, and must remain unrivalled in importance by the performances of all subsequent periods. Though this is to affirm much, yet the statement is capable of demonstration from a comparison of the remains of antiquity, and a consideration of the nature and properties of those materials in which architectural compositions are embodied.

Before, however, I proceed to the further notice of the results alluded to, allow me to make one or two remarks with reference to the particular Athenian example on which your correspondent dilates in your first number. The Arch of Adrian, if it possess any claim to be designated, also that of Ægeus or of Theseus, can be supported in such a claim only upon the supposition of its having been dedicated to the memory of either of those heroes, as in the case of the Temple of Theseus in Lower Athens, or the Erechtheum in the Acropolis, and not upon any pretension to a remoteness of antiquity extending to the reign of Ægeus or his son. Whether or not, on the other hand, that structure were the work of so late a period as the reign of Adrian may not be affirmed as a matter of absolute certainty. One of the inscriptions which it bears would seem to imply that it was primarily erected to the honour of Theseus, but that the people of Athens were willing to merge that honour in their respect for the Roman Emperor in whose reign the inscription itself was formed. However, that this example belongs to a period subsequent not only to the triumphs of art under the administration of Pericles, but also to the mixture of taste which followed the subjugation of Greece to the Roman power, is as evident from the style of its whole composition, both in mass and in detail, as is any principal point in the architectural chronology of our own country from the era of the Norman conquest down to this imitative age. Indeed it were an attempt fruitless as curious to ascertain what were the characteristics of Athenian architecture at a period so remote as the reign of Ægeus. Occupying a middle position between the immigration of Cecrops from Egypt and the era of the recorded performances

of Solomon, whose structures (widely dispersed, and open to the knowledge of the Greeks, as many of them were) appear in some of their principal decorations to have possessed much of the massiveness of the Egyptian, it seems highly probable that the Grecian art of that time had made scarcely any advance to the more graceful yet dignified proportions under which we are accustomed to contemplate it. In short, as to the first use of the arch, the conclusion of your correspondent is that to which a careful examination of all well-known examples necessarily leads—that its introduction took place between the reigns of Alexander and Augustus, and that the Romans were the most forward to apply its newly-discovered power. With regard to Pope's beautification of the Iliad by the addition of descriptive features of which Homer entertained no idea—appropriate, albeit, as the painter's gift of muskets to the shoulders of the Israelites in the desert—or the cowls and shaven crowns of Grecian priests, as depicted by old hands in illustration of "Troy Boke"—while we cannot excuse, we can in some degree explain such anomalies when we recollect the all-absorbing interest which the fashion of his time gave to the school of Palladian design; that absurd bigotry which left Athenian remains unstudied and unknown, and which denied the very name of architecture to the gothic or pointed style.

Such prejudices are now, indeed, generally and deservedly exploded: but beyond this, if we pursue our inquiry into the results of the discovery of the arch, we shall find that they terminate in the establishment of that system, which, so far from standing the lowest and without recognition in art, demands the highest station and respect, and that the gothic style is thus the perfection of architecture, in being the offspring of the greatest of all single architectural inventions. The Grecian system is that of architecture *without* arches; the Roman is that of architecture *with* arches; but it is the Pointed style that is the architecture of arches. For further illustration, let it be observed that the first principle upon which these decorative systems are founded is that of constructive fitness. The Grecian columns, with the entablatures or horizontal masses that they sustain, are but the refinements upon and representations of the upright blocks of rough stone of which, in parallel rows, the first rude avenue may be supposed to have been formed, each row supporting from block to block a horizontal course of stones by way of a beam, with slabs across from row to row to afford shelter. Agreeably to this, all the Grecian temples exhibit in their exterior the utmost simplicity of character and construction, their distinctive feature being generally this avenue or colonnade surrounding the walls of an oblong chamber or cella. But hereupon arose a difficulty; for when that chamber or cell considerably exceeded in width the spaces between the columns, it became impracticable to cover it with horizontal stones, and hence it was necessary either to destroy the homogeneous character of the structure by adopting a covering of wood, or to obstruct the cell by the use of as many internal columns as



might be needed for the support of the stone ceiling. Beyond these limits, where the internal columns became too numerous, and where an unobstructed cell was requisite, there remained no alternative but that of dispensing with a covering altogether, making the temple thus "hypæthral." It is obvious, therefore, from the inadequacy of such a style to the purposes of general and extensive application, that modern Grecian church architects are placed in an awkward dilemma, when, after having achieved the copy of some Athenian portico, and cella, to their heart's content, they find themselves compelled, by considerations of convenience or economy, to leave the interior undivided by columns, while in the design and colouring of their ceilings, which mingle and correspond with those of the walls, they would fain affect to command the use of stone beams (pardon the un-Saxon phrase) of sixty or a hundred feet in length. This matter, in truth, involves a greater difficulty than we are in the habit of supposing; and it is very questionable whether, in regular architecture, all our horizontal ceilings should not be designed and coloured as if they were constructed in wood: the strictness of this limitation, however, will be of course proportioned to the architectural pretensions of any given structure. In the Roman and Italian modes this difficulty is certainly in great part removed, as the command of the arch and of vaulting renders it practicable to form a covering to almost any extent, and thus to complete an interior without any violation of unity. But here, inasmuch as the office of the arch is, for the most part, to form a substitute for the support afforded by the columns and entablature, it will be found in too many instances that the use of arches and vaults in connection with columns produces redundancy, the latter losing their significancy when they are applied rather to decorate than to sustain. In Pointed architecture, however, all these difficulties are reconciled, and the relative importance of the arch and of the column accurately adjusted. Here the arch never ceases to be the member of support to horizontal weights, and the column (whether the detached cluster or the single attached shaft) is never used but as a support to the arch. It is needless to expatiate on the endless variety of form and combination in which the groined vaultings, the flying arches and buttresses, and the ramified open-work of this magical style develop the principles of arcuation. All this is so manifest and indisputable that an able writer and architect has well observed "there is more constructive skill shewn in Salisbury and others of our cathedrals, than in all the classical remains of antiquity taken together." The same author, however, displays an excess of tenderness for established prejudices when he proceeds elsewhere to remark (somewhat cautiously, it is true) that "perhaps, for harmony, the Gothic style, in those of its buildings which are entirely of one period, yields only to the Grecian." Yet if there be any truth in the theory of the beauty of curved lines (for the verification of which, indeed, we need not bestow much study upon Hogarth's analysis)—if the figure of the pointed arch

possess more of unity than the angular form produced by the tops of Grecian apertures, or by two columns with their entablature—if continuity of lines, rising from the ground up into all the ramifications of a lofty vault, have a tendency to produce unity of design in an interior, rather than a multiplicity of rectangular figures in which the horizontal divides the attention with the perpendicular—and if in external architecture variety of distribution, towering forms, and every light diversity of termination presented to the sky, be adapted to harmonize with the objects of nature, and to gain new interest from all atmospherical changes, more effectually than can masses prevailingly square, under the occasional relief of pediment and cupola, of balustrade and misapplied statuary—while in union with such assumed advantages every feature of detail is characterised by an admirable accordance with the genius of the whole—then is Gothic architecture so far from yielding in harmony to Grecian, that it surpasses it, and that almost as greatly in this particular as it does in its display of inventive genius, its fitness for the most extensive application, and its command of the most powerful emotion, even apart from the force of association.

I trust, Sir, that the preceding remarks have neither been too technical nor too prolix. The subject, indeed, would seem rather to require extension than compression, as meriting from those who think for themselves, upon matters of taste, the greater attention when students demand for, and when Englishmen are willing to concede to, foreign styles of art so much beyond their due; and when an architect of the celebrity of the German Klenze roundly asserts that “there never has been nor can be more than one system of architecture properly so called, viz. that which was perfected at the purest period of Grecian art”—of course the age of Pericles, when even the properties of the arch were not brought to light, much less the marvellous combinations resulting from their discovery.

E. T.

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### THE BUTTERFLY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LAMARTINE.

“*Naître avec le printemps, mourir avec les roses.*”

To be born with the spring, with the roses to die,  
 On the light wings of zephyr to float through the sky;  
 Just poised on the bosom of summer's young flowers,  
 To drink deep of their perfume, 'mid bright sunny bowers;  
 To shake from thy young wing the fresh gathered bloom;  
 Like a sigh to ascend towards creation's wide dome;—  
 Ah! such is thy fate, fleeting insect of spring!—  
 Like the spirit's desire, still, still on the wing!—  
 Vainly skimming each chalice of earth-born delight,  
 'Till it soar to a region eternally bright!

## GOSSAMER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the remarkable fineness of this present autumn, gossamer has not been so frequently observed as it is in some seasons. This phenomenon, which affords a fine expressive metaphor in poetry, and often forms a beautiful veil to the face of nature, was variously accounted for by the early naturalists, the greater number conceiving it to be condensed vapour. Geoffrey, I believe, was the first who discovered that gossamer was the production of an insect called in his time *Acarus telarius*, and which he describes as spinning a web from the bottom to the top of the trunks of trees, which being afterwards dispersed by the wind, covers the fields, and fills the air with the innumerable threads which glisten in the sun-beams, and, when closely examined, reflect every colour of which the stream of solar light is composed.

On Monday, the 22d of September last, gossamer was very conspicuous in the neighbourhood of London. A steady observer, looking towards the south-west on the afternoon of that day, might see the threads streaming away from trees and hedges, although the tiny aeronauts themselves, which were every instant launching off on their aerial voyage, were invisible. The insect, however, may be easily captured by extending a piece of fine gauze or muslin across their line of flight and to leeward of a tree or bush whence the shining threads are seen to proceed. When the insect is caught it will be found to be a perfect spider of the smallest size, of a light brown colour and crab-like form. They prepare for flight by gaining some eminence or elevated point whence to take their departure. On this they fix the end of their self-produced cable, and trusting to their natural buoyancy, with legs extended like oars or pinions, commit themselves to the current of air, on which they are quickly borne away to unknown distances, discharging as they fly the requisite length of line, whether for a short or very lengthened flight. How this line, or rather lines, because they eject several strands or threads at the same time to form their cable, is generated, is a curious circumstance:—are they coiled up in the abdomen and emitted at pleasure—or are they spun from a store of inspissated mucus drawn from the same place? In either case the power of emission, the material, and organization, are all wonderful!

It has been asserted by a naturalist of no mean acquirements (J. Murray, Esq.) that the gossamer, or other flying spiders, have the power of projecting themselves into the air by the aid of some electric power, and even against the wind. This assertion I pretend not to disprove, having no opposing facts; more especially as we sometimes see progressive motion produced by the retro-missive ejection of a fluid; instance the motion of snails (perhaps) and the motion given to an ornamental water-jet, fixed on a pivot, having a circular hollow head, the rim of which is perforated

obliquely to permit the escape of the water. From each perforation, or orifice, small jets of the fluid are discharged in a tangential direction, and the effect is—by their united impulsive force on the opposing air, to give to the discharging head a constant retrovolvant motion. But in the case of the spider, his forward movement can only depend on the rigidity of the voided thread, and this to all conception is much too lax to afford any resistance or recoil, like that of fire squibs and rockets.

Be the idea or assertion of Mr. Murray as it may, the threads of gossamer are certainly the sport of winds, as is evident on observing it in the open air streaming from trees or rising obliquely from stubble fields. The vast quantity sometimes visible in the atmosphere shows that the numbers of the insects must be immense; not only is every tree, bush, and hedge their occasional places of abode, but every dry part of the surface of the ground, more especially stubble fields. Many a time when following the plough have I seen the furrow which was turned in going down, laced with gossamer on my return back, that is, within the space of ten minutes. This sudden appearance of it I attributed to the endeavour of the spiders to escape from the disturbance and trampling of the horses on the land, or stubble covered side. When gossamer is plentiful it does not remain in single threads in the air, many of these become entangled together, and may be seen flying in tufts at a great height, or falling to the ground in considerable bundles.

Gossamer is always considered a sign of the continuance of fine weather. This is a very natural though not a very sage remark; because though it is never visible but in fine bright and dry weather, the first and slightest shower throws the whole of the fabric as well as the fabricators to the earth.

We cannot account for the object of the flight of this impennous insect. They do not appear to weave webs for entrapping their prey, like most other spiders; and whether they capture any food in the air, or soar aloft for sexual intercourse, is, I believe, unknown.

There are several other spiders which form no regular webs, though all are spinners for some one purpose or other. The ground spider, which carries her bag of eggs attached to her caudal extremity, has no home. Neither does the water spider, which dives in a globule of air formed by itself, inhabit any fixed place. Nor has the *Aranea scenica* any appropriate domicile; they lurk in any hole in the ground or in the face of a wall, whence they sally forth in the day-time "seeking whom they may devour." In this predatory occupation they exhibit all the cunning of the fox, the vigilance of the lynx, and the impetuous action of the tiger. Lurking in a hollow, or cautiously peeping from behind some little rising of the surface, with their elevated frontlet of four glaring eyes, like the lamps of a travelling chariot, they pounce on the unsuspecting fly or other insect within reach, with unerring aim and seizure; and which quickly dies in their embrace. If the

attack be made on the face of a wall, which very frequently happens, both assailant and victim fall to the ground together, but without making the former quit his hold. The *Aranea scenica* is under the middle size, of a silver-grey colour, with legs short and formed for leaping. Besides the four eyes in front, they have one on each side of the thorax, which enables them to spy on each side as well as in front. They may be always met with on warm walls, in the summer season; and easily detected by their roving movements, and their frequent action of turning round to look about them.

Male spiders weave no symmetrical web like the females; but wander about among the webs of their own species, on which, however, they dare not enter without leave first asked of, and obtained from, the occupant.

I could add many curious circumstances relating to this interesting apterous family: but having dwelt long enough on this *rather light* subject, shall reserve them for some other opportunity.

J. M.

Chelsea, Nov. 5th, 1834.

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It is said that the indefatigable botanical collector, Mr. Douglas, employed by the Horticultural Society of London, to explore the western coast of North America, has penetrated from California, northward, into Russian America, and from thence crossed into Kamschatka, and intends returning home via St. Petersburg! This is a route untrodden continuously before; and no doubt Mr. Douglas will have made many discoveries not only in his immediate pursuit of botany, but of other branches of natural history and geography. The Russians, it appears, are making rapid advances in colonizing that part of America, having already obtained a vast territory. Whither it will *branch off* will be matter for future history. To Mr. Douglas we already owe the introduction of many new trees, shrubs, and herbaceous beauties and curiosities from the western coast of North America; and no doubt this journey will be productive of additions to our *species plantarum* equally interesting.

**ELECTRICITY.**—By conveying an electrified wire to the surface of a quantity of water, saturated with any saline substance, an immediate and copious precipitation is produced, and the salt forms itself into large flocculi.

**FLOWERS IN HOT WATER.**—Place the flowers in scalding water so as to cover about one-third of the stem; by the time the water is cold the flowers will become erect and fresh; then cut off the coddled ends, and put them into cold water.

"GOD BLESS THEE."

TO \_\_\_\_\_.

"God bless thee"—'tis a sound doth come,  
 Borne on affection's bright and beauteous wing;  
 Calling up memory of a distant home,  
 Th' o'er-spreading oak, the birds which used to sing  
 Their tuneful vespers at the sunset hour,  
 In the dark foliage of our childhood's bow'r.

It is the anniversary of thy birth;  
 What tribute can I send thee?—I have not  
 An offering meet for thy much valued worth;  
 Prayers are but words, and words are soon forgot:  
 Yet this methinks will not soon pass away—  
 "God bless thee," lov'd one, on thy natal day.

L.

## THE TOPOGRAPHY OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

————— “Borrowed and again conveyed  
From book to book—the shadows of a shade.”

CRABBE.

THERE is no good History of Worcestershire extant. This assertion we mean to make the text of a long and elaborate discussion. “No good History of Worcestershire!” we fancy the gentle reader echoes in astonishment; are there not Nash’s ponderous tomes? surely two such volumes contain all that can be interesting relative to that county. There is, besides, Laird’s *Topography of Worcestershire*, 8vo.; Cooke’s *Worcestershire*, and the “*Family Topographer*,” recently published, which includes the Oxford Circuit. Of these two last more anon; Dr. Nash’s volumes are indeed worthy of high praise, and contain materials for a valuable history,—they preserve and render accessible many important documents, but can be considered only as a work of reference. Like a sinuous but unnavigable river wandering through a great extent of country, that would form an excellent reservoir to a canal, so the Doctor’s work, though itself unreadable, might be made the source of a very interesting volume. With regard to Laird’s topography, entertaining and useful as it is in some respects, and partly written from personal observation, it only professes to point out the “beauties” of Worcestershire, and is, consequently, desultory, superficial, and unsatisfactory. We shall presently make a few remarks on Cooke and the “*Family Topographer*,” which will fully prove the axiom with which we set out—that there is no good history of Worcestershire extant.\*

We contemplated at one time the composition of a popular history of Worcestershire, but we soon discovered it was no easy task, and after various lockings up in vaults and churches, where our presence had been unobserved—after risking our neck upon towers and pinnacles, battering our hat and our head in low dark passages,—taken for a spy, and suspected of designs upon the church plate,—we fairly broke down in our antiquarian researches, and abandoned the tomb and the charnel-house for the cheerful light of day and the fragrant flowers of the plain.

Notwithstanding, however, having thus given Camden and Dean Willis the slip, we have reserved some of our precious MSS., which, if we at present mortify the public by abstaining from publishing, will at least help us to correct the errors of others—and we therefore give this friendly warning, lest any pseudo topographers should attempt to pass muster in “*The Analyst*.”

The author or compiler of a topographical work ought to possess a taste for antiquarian investigation, but he should be cautious not to be misled by nicks in old stones, or deceived by visions of Roman cities that never had reality. On the other hand, he ought not to despise evidence, or be wedded to a theory. He should examine all old records he can meet with as bases for his inferences, not for the purpose of intruding these verbose documents wholesale upon his readers, but care-

\* We do not here allude to the admirable lecture of Dr. Hastings on the “*Natural History of Worcestershire*”—*that* shines forth a sunbeam among the clouds—and is a model, as far as it goes, which we cordially approve. We here point exclusively to the topography and antiquities of the county.

fully to discriminate between facts worthy to be recorded in history and such as are of lesser importance. The topographer should also look on nature with "a poet's eye," and be able to lead his readers from prospect to prospect, while he expatiates on every object of interest that can be traced in the landscape.

"Look at that village group, and paint the scene.—  
Surrounded by a clear and silent stream,  
Where the swift trout shoots from the sudden ray,  
A rural mansion, on the level lawn,  
Uplifts its ancient gables, whose slant shade  
Is drawn, as with a line, from roof to porch,  
While all the rest is sunshine. O'er the trees  
In front, the village church, with pinnacles,  
And light grey tow'r, appears; while to the right  
An amphitheatre of oaks extends  
Its sweep, till, more abrupt, a wooded knoll,  
Where once a castle frown'd, closes the scene."\*

If the topographer be likewise acquainted in some degree with natural history, so much the better; the extinct and present species of animals found in the district may be then described, the productions of the ancient forests enumerated, and the mineral productions scientifically arranged. Above all, a topographical writer should aim at *perfect accuracy*, whether in his statistical tables, itineraries, or antiquarian details; verbal errors may inadvertently occur, but if he be detected in mistakes that common diligence would have prevented, his readers lose all confidence in the author, and his labours thenceforth are for ever thrown aside as useless. These remarks particularly apply to the works we have before alluded to, viz.—"Cooke's Topographical and Statistical Description of the County of Worcester," forming part of "Cooke's Topographical Library;" and a publication entitled "The Family Topographer, being a compendious account of the Ancient and Present State of the Counties of England, by Samuel Tymms."

The size of "Cooke's Topographical Library" is very convenient, its map and embellishments are good, and it requires nothing but *correctness* in its descriptive matter and statistical details to render it a very useful pocket companion. On turning over the title-page the grossest errors are apparent; we are told, for instance, that the population of Worcester is 13,814, and that the London Post arrives at twelve at noon! This is a retrograde march indeed, and proves that if Mr. Cooke ever visited Worcester, it was in "auld lang syne." On reference to the useful table in Dr. Hastings's "Illustrations of the Natural History of Worcestershire" we find it was in 1811 that Worcester had only a population of about 13,000, whilst in 1831, the census (including the suburbs), reached 27,518. We next proceed to an "Itinerary of all the direct and principal cross roads in Worcestershire," which precedes Cooke's particular description, and would have been extremely useful, if managed with care and attention, but it seems to have been compiled by some individual on the top of a stage coach, who put down whatever he could accidentally glean from the coachman, and had afterwards the misfortune to obliterate part of his MS. How can we otherwise account for the innumerable blunders that occur? It forms part of the "Itinerary" to put down the principal Inns at each town, and as Worcester is of course frequently passed through, we have various readings, and most of them are erroneous. Again, in passing from "Birmingham to Tewkesbury,"

\* Rev. W. L. Bowles.

we are told that "Upon this road, two miles from Droitwich, is Westwood Park, Sir J. Pakington, Bart., and Henlip House,"—as if the two mansions were in juxta position; while "*Henry Wallisman, Esq.*" is said to reside at "*Claims*;" and where, in reality, the road crosses a petty brook, beyond Earl's Croome, called the *Bow*, at Stratford Bridge, we are very coolly told to "cross the *Avon*, and enter Gloucestershire." "*R. Brokeley, Esq.*" is said to reside at Cotheridge, and the literal errors of the names of gentlemen are so numerous, that no confidence whatever can be reposed in Cooke's Topography.\* He is equally erroneous in his Antiquarian labours, as in his "Itinerary" efforts, and it will hardly be credited that an *imitative* ruin in Hagley Park is placed among the "Antiquities" of the County, and dignified with the title of "Hagley Castle." Elmley Castle is also honoured in this respect, though a comparatively modern erection, and "*Bewdley Gate*," of which we never heard.

We must be excused following up *seriatim* the whole of Cooke's errors of omission and commission, but the following specimen of his style of writing we give as a curiosity. Describing "*Manufactures*," he thus observes—"The principal in Worcester city is that of gloves, which has employed 4000 persons there and in the environs. Here are also two *more* manufactures of porcelain or china ware. Messrs. Flight and Barr's had the honour of his late Majesty's patronage upon his visit to this city some years ago. Some good articles got up here in the cabinet and furniture way, are sold to distant places, but the principal manufacture of Stourbridge is that of glass, which has long flourished *here* and at Dudley. Many sheepskins are also manufactured into leather." Such a confused jumble as this was surely never before put together, and all grammatical construction is put at utter defiance. Under "*Learned Men and Literature*," Cardinal Reginald Pole is dragged in, but his sole claim appears from Cooke, to be, that he was "born at Slaverton Castle, 1500," though no such place as "Slaverton Castle" ever existed in the county. Speaking of Bewdley Bridge, and, as usual, thinking of "auld lang syne" having no suspicion of any *modern* bridge, our friend Cooke observes, "The bridge over the Severn was, *we believe*, erected by Edward IV. whose predecessor Henry VI. in the 38th year of his reign, contributed all the stone requisite for its construction. Upon the middle pier is situated a wooden gate-house, which serves as a dwelling-house for the toll-gatherer, while the corporation use the other for a prison, which is commonly called the Bridge-house. Of the tolls taken at the gate here, that for a mill-stone, amounting to six and sixpence, is most enormous." This is a serious accusation against our Bewdley friends; what antipathy they can have to millstones we cannot conceive, and we must inquire if they still charge "six and sixpence" for a millstone passing their bridge, for if they do, they certainly deserve to have millstones hung about their necks for their exorbitant demand.

Turning from the numerous blunders of Cooke, we hoped to find in the "*Family Topographer*" of 1834, under the respectable auspices of the publishers of the Gentleman's Magazine, a set-off for all other "errors of description." But alas, we regret to state, the same carelessness appears, and mistakes equally palpable, which render it but too evident that the compiler, who, by the way, makes a display of "*Works consulted*," has never, *bona fide* "consulted" the features of the county itself. We shall not allude to other counties in the "*Oxford Circuit*," but try his merits by our local knowledge of Worcester; if he fail here, we

\* Our worthy author, *Dr. Booker*, is mentioned as *Dr. Brookes*.



suspend him from his topographical labours until he has corrected his manifold errors. We are first favoured with a map, in which Shipston-on-Stour, and Stourport, two market towns of repute, are invisible. Clifton-on-Teme, Blockley, Witley, Stanford, and numerous other places, are in the same predicament. *Ribbesford* is metamorphosed to *Biddesford*, and Hanley Castle is placed on the *eastern* side of the Severn, instead of the *western*, &c. These trifling errors we may good-naturedly forgive, setting them to the account of the stupid engraver, but Mr. Tymms will not be able so easily to excuse himself from others, which ought not to have occurred in a work intended for general perusal, and *could not*, had our author personally inspected the county he describes.

Mr. Tymms comprises his description of Worcestershire under the following heads, which, as they are convenient enough for the purpose, we shall follow, and add to, or correct, as circumstances require.

#### SITUATION AND EXTENT.

Here carelessness and inattention soon appear, and discrepancy presents itself without any data to guide our steps. The county is stated to consist of 674 square miles, and 466,560 acres. Now this is manifestly incorrect, and singularly enough is compounded of two incongruous statements. The author makes a parade of having "consulted" Dr. Nash's folios, but if he had done so he would have seen that Nash states the county to contain 936 square miles, or 599,040 acres. This is probably overrated, as an account published by the House of Lords in 1805, makes the county to contain only 674 square miles, or 431,360 acres. But, Mr. Tymms first actually gives the same number of square miles, and raises the acres to 466,560, thus gratuitously increasing the latter without adding to the former, and setting all arithmetical principles at defiance. We now pass on to the

#### ANTIEN STATE AND REMAINS.

The British inhabitants, he says, were the Cornavii or Dobuni. No information, however, as to the probable boundaries of these tribes are given, or any hint conveyed of the country west of the Severn being occupied by the Silures, who possessed Herefordshire. But two stations of British encampments are given, viz. "Clent Heath, and near the Four Shire Stone." The two British posts on the hills near Little Malvern, are thus omitted, though Dr. King considered that on the Herefordshire Beacon as one of the most important on the island.\* Under *Roman* remains, however, Mr. Tymms very vaguely sets down the "Malvern Hills," while, on turning to Herefordshire, we find he has there recommitted them to British keeping. Ruebury Hill, on the Lickey, and the Berrow Hill, near Martley, both undoubtedly occupied by the ancient Britons, are also omitted by the "Family Topographer." Under the head "Earthwork," we find "Cruckbarrow Hill, near Worcester, a burial-place." This may be correct, though we believe that Cruckbarrow has never been explored, but why are numerous other "Earthworks" omitted, as the Round Hill, Spetchley, Inkberrow, Castle Hill, Worcester (raised by the Britons or Romans), traces of mounds and trenches at Shrawley, near the Severn, Ombersley, the Trench Woods, near Droitwich, and various hills either artificial or rounded from their original shapes, and devoted to religious

\* See Dr. Card's "Dissertation upon the Herefordshire Beacon," which he ingeniously supposes was occupied by Caractacus.

purposes, as Helbury Hill and the Toot Hill adjoining it on the eastern side of Worcester, Ambury Hill, near Stourbridge, and the Bambury Stone, near the summit of Bredon Hill?

Under "Roman" remains, only one station, "Dorn," is given, and Mr. Tymms states, that "this county appears to have been but little known to the Romans." Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Salop, and Warwick, were, however, well known to the Romans, and what, therefore, could have prevented that warlike people from penetrating into the recesses of this county, instead of making a detour to avoid it? Mr. Tymms himself states, that the Romans had encampments at Bredon, Kempsey, Kinver Edge, Malvern, Wassall Hill, near Bewdley, Wichbury Hill, near Hagley, and Woodbury Hill, near Witley. It is reasonable to suppose the Romans must have gained some little insight with regard to the country from these numerous posts, but according to Mr. Tymms they had no "Roads," only "some few remains of apparently vicinal ways." He is, however, obliged to admit "the Portway from Worcester through Over Areley;" and it afterwards comes out, but *under Herefordshire*, that there was a Roman road from Worcester to Kenchester. Now, with a regular line of communication from Worcester to Kenchester on the west, "the Portway" to Areley, on the north, and a road to Aulcester on the east (a portion of it still called the Porte Fields Roads) how can we resist the conclusion of General Roy,\* that Worcester itself was a Roman station, the Brangonum of Richard's map? No idea of this kind, however, enters the imagination of our "Family Topographer," and he is equally silent as to Droitwich, the *Salinæ* of Richard of Cirencester, and the station fixed by Dr. Stukeley, at Upton. It is very convenient to say, "Worcestershire was "but little known to the Romans" but we know that an inscription in honour of Constantine was found at Kempsey, and still exists there, from which it would appear that the Romans had time and opportunity to rear altars and sculptures in our county, which they could hardly have done if only pausing upon their march.

Passing a bill of amnesty for omissions relative to such ancient times, let us turn to the

#### "PRESENT STATE AND APPEARANCE"

of the county, and if we find all correct here, we will acknowledge that we have been a little too fastidious. As a specimen, we will select Mr. Tymms's summary account of our "*Cathedral*. Worcester, founded by Ethelred King of Mercia in 680; rebuilt by St. Oswald in 983; destroyed 11th century; present building began 1084 by Bp. Wulstan, finished 1374; length 395 feet, height of tower 200 feet." Short as this summary confessedly is, yet if it were accurate we should be content. But our topographer involves the foundation of the see of Worcester with that of the cathedral. The old cathedral, which Bosel found here when he was appointed bishop in 679, was altogether abandoned in 969, when Bishop Oswald persuaded the secular clergy to resign it to the monks of St. Mary's, a rival and adjoining structure. Oswald then erected a larger cathedral on a new site, which he completed in 983, and this is doubtless worked up substantially in the present edifice. Oswald's edifice being partly destroyed by the forces of Hardicknute, in 1041, Wulstan, in 1084, laid the foundation of a new cathedral, which again suffered by fire in 1113, when the roof was destroyed, and it was again injured by conflagration in 1202, so that it was unfit for public worship

\* Military Antiquities of the Romans in Britain.

till 1218, when it was re-consecrated in the presence of Henry III. and an army of nobility, prelates, and knights. We have been thus particular, because from the vague statements generally made, it is almost impossible for a stranger to understand when our cathedral was erected. It is, in fact, in all its most important details, a structure of the 14th century, though on a foundation and with detached specimens of a much earlier date. The period when our topographer says the building was "finished," was in fact the time of the most arduous labour, for far from being "finished in 1374," as Mr. Tymms says, it was full two years after that date before the choir was vaulted with stone; it was not till 1380 that the Norman arches at the west end were incorporated with the nave, and the porch or northern entrance was not built till 1386. The height of the tower, instead of being 200 feet, according to Mr. Tymms, is in reality but 162 feet.

But it may be said our "Family Topographer" is not a professed antiquary; try the accuracy of his descriptive powers on a subject requiring less research. We will put him to the test, and note his delineation of the Malvern hills as an example. "The Malvern hills, apparently one vast rock of quartz and limestone, nine miles in length and from one to two in breadth, the highest points of which are the Worcestershire Beacon, 1300 feet above the plain, and the Herefordshire Beacon, 1260 feet, whence the views are exceedingly beautiful and extensive." Why the waiter at the Belle Vue would tell a far better tale than this, and a child who had been at Malvern but a day, would, we wager a dozen of claret (and without reading Dr. Hastings's lecture), tell us that the hills consisted of *granite* and *syenite*. *Limestone*, forsooth! the Malvern hills "apparently one vast rock of quartz and limestone." You will never be an F. G. S. Mr. Tymms, take our word for it. If two centuries ago Mr. T. had said the Malvern hills were 1300 feet high, we might have given him credit for accuracy; but when every body knows that Colonel Mudge assigns them 1444 feet in the Trigonometrical Survey, what confidence can we place in a guide who, professing to be a "Family Topographer," neglects the commonest and easiest sources of information for absolute errors and vague crudities?

At the risk of tiring our readers, we feel it necessary to notice a few more of the errors of the "Family Topographer," in the hope that before he publishes another edition of his work (if indeed it be ever called for), he will leave his "family" for a few months and look about him, instead of reiterating the errors of others. Under "Inland Navigation," he says the "Kington and Leominster canal from Herefordshire, crosses the Rhea to Lindridge, through a tunnel of 3850 yards [as this would be upwards of *two miles*, we suspect error here also], and by *Bewdley*, goes to the Severn near *Stourport*!" This would be a strange way, indeed, for the canal to enter the Severn, but the fact is that the canal has *never got beyond Lindridge*, and consequently must be a long time before it gets into the Severn at all—indeed a railway along the uncompleted line is now contemplated. Stourport is stated to have "bridges, one built in 1775, and one of iron, of one arch 150 feet span, and 50 feet high." Mr. Tymms omits to state that one of these "bridges" was washed away by a rapid flood, and the iron one was then erected in its room. Thomas Foley, Esq. the founder of Swinford Hospital, is stated in one place to die in 1677, and on the same page to found a school in 1699! Berkeley's Hospital, Worcester, was "endowed in the time of William III. by Judge Berkeley;" if so, the Judge must have rejoiced in a good old age, as he was really living in the reign of Charles the 1st. The fact is that the Judge's *grandson* founded the

hospital. The House of Industry, Worcester, is said to be "delightfully situated, built 1724," whereas it was not erected till near the close of the 18th century.

We now arrive at what are denominated "Miscellaneous Observations" or curious remarks worthy of notice relative to the county. We shall soon ascertain from these "observations" the acquaintance of Mr. Tymms with the county. At Droitwich we are informed of a "chapel on the bridge" through which the carriage-road passes, the pulpit and reading desk being on one side of the road, and the congregation on the other. Fancy, good reader, the Bristol mail passing through this chapel, during service, and the guard sounding his horn. But this "chapel on the bridge," as any traveller on the road could have told Mr. Tymms, has long since disappeared. "At Lower Swinford," observes Mr. Tymms, "a thatched cottage is shown as the birth-place of the actress, Mrs. Siddons, who is said to have made her *'very first'* debut in a barn at Bell Lane, at the coronation of George III." Under Herefordshire, we are told, however, that Mrs. Siddons made her first debut at Kingston. "At Madresfield, in the king's room, Charles II. *slept the night before the battle of Worcester.*" Impossible! unless he had been taken prisoner by the enemy, as Cromwell's forces occupied Madresfield House at that time, as may be seen on referring to "Cromwelliana," or Florence's "Guide to Worcester." The house at the corner of the north end of New-street [Worcester], on its east side, was inhabited by Charles *during the battle of Worcester*, 1651. An instance of inattentive composition, for if Charles had really kept under cover "*during the battle*" he would have deserved shooting on the spot; but the fact is he was present in the heat of the action. "In Overbury church is an elegant epitaph from the pen of Burke, displaying the virtues of his friend William Dowdeswell, Esq." The Rt. Hon. W. Dowdeswell, at one time Chancellor of the Exchequer, was buried in *Bushley* church, where the epitaph in question is placed, and *not* at Overbury. Westwood House, the ancient seat of the Pakington family, is stated to be "a beautiful specimen of *Norman* architecture." Shades of the Pakingtons! your characteristic Tudor mansion, with its pyramidal towers, and sculptured stars and wheatsheafs ranged along the roof, instead of battlements, your timbered gateway, court, and achievement of arms above the entrance, all of the truly old English manufacture, referred to the robber *Normans*! Oh Mr. Tymms!

Finding ourselves thus deceived at every step, we quite despair of obtaining accurate information in topographical works, and will conclude our task by putting the statistics of Mr. Tymms to the test. On turning to ascertain the value of property in Worcestershire, we find the startling assertion that the "*Annual Value of Real Property, as assessed in April, 1815, is £7,999,605!*" This is a goodly revenue for the country gentlemen of Worcestershire, and we consequently feel quite certain there can be no ground for any complaint on their part. The "*Annual value of Real Property in Herefordshire*" is, however, said to be only £604,614, and even Staffordshire, including the great mining district, amounts but to £1,150,285. Can Worcestershire, in reality, have a revenue *seven times* as great as Staffordshire? Surely not, and some very egregious blunder has found admittance even here.

We have no knowledge of the authors whose productions we have thus descanted upon, but we have felt it to be a duty we owe to the public not to let errors of the flagrant kind we have detected, pass unnoticed. While the "*march of intellect*" is daily sounded in our ears, and knowledge is confessedly progressing in almost every branch of science,

Statistics and Topography are at the lowest possible ebb. Scarcely any topographical work can be depended upon, for the compilers, instead of examining for themselves, almost invariably copy from each other, till names, dates, and places, form one confused kaleidoscopic display, apparently good as a whole, but full of shreds, patches, and imperfections, when examined in detail. The Parochial History of Scotland, now publishing, forms a noble exception to this censure, and we do trust, a work of a similar nature will soon appear in England. We have been led to understand that the Statistical Committee of the Worcestershire Natural History Society have been engaged for the last two years, with unwearied assiduity, in the laudable undertaking of collecting and copying documents, records, inscriptions, and other details connected with the physical history, antiquities, topography, and population of the county, and in collecting every curious fact on the subject within their reach, with the ultimate view of submitting their labours to the world. To these gentlemen, then, we look with confidence for something like an approximation to what we have in our mind's eye—a really accurate parochial history of Worcestershire, and we trust it will not have to be said that they have slept at their posts.

In parting with the "Family Topographer" it would be disingenuous not to say that his *list of Gentlemen's seats* is very good and correct. This has evidently been subjected to the revision of a resident, and had the same care been observed with the other departments of the work, our language instead of reluctantly being that of reproach and censure, would have been that of unmixed commendation.

G. AM. ONAND. SPINA, G. E.

THE RULING PASSION.—Alonzo Cano, a Spanish artist, may be literally said to have felt the ruling passion strong in death; for, when the priest, who attended him, presented the crucifix, he turned his eyes away, and refused to look at it, because the sculpture was so badly executed! but asked for a plain cross, which, being brought to him, he devoutly embraced and expired.

Voltaire relates that Camoens was shipwrecked on the coast of Malabar, or Mecon (in Cochin China according to Mickle), but swam ashore, holding up his poem, which he had mostly written at sea, in one hand, which otherwise had been, perhaps, lost for ever.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physicians observing, in the morning, that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "that is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

The study of grammar was the great passion of the Abbé Dangeau; one day somebody was talking to him of the apprehensions entertained that some great revolution was about to take place in public affairs; "*that may be,*" said the Abbé, "but whatever happens, I am extremely rejoiced that I have in my portfolio at least thirty-six conjugations perfectly completed."

Mr. Day, the eccentric founder of Fairlop fair, had a housekeeper, who had lived with him for thirty years, and was equally eccentric. She had two very strong attachments: one to her wedding-ring and garments, and the other to tea. When she died, Mr. Day would not permit her wedding-ring to be taken off; he said, if that were attempted, she would come to life again; and directed that she should be buried in her wedding suit, and a pound of tea in each hand; and these directions were literally obeyed.

Monsieur Restant, the French grammarian, after spending four score years in settling the conjugation of the irregular verbs, is said to have expired with this observation, "*je m'en vais donc, ou je m'en vas (car il n'y a rien de décidé la dessus) faire ce grand voyage de l'autre monde.*"

## FINE ARTS.

## BIRMINGHAM EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART.

(Continued from page 270.)

“155—*Portrait of a Lady*,” by J. Partridge. We have here more of the youthful grace of a Hebe than the majesty of Juno; or to approach nearer to the divinities of mortal mould, more of a lovely Juliet than of a Lady Macbeth. The painter could not well have chosen a fairer face or more elegant model. The charming oval of her countenance, and the mild and unaffected play of her features; the delicate beauty of her neck, shoulders, and bosom, her slender waist and beautifully rounded arms, compose a form of no ordinary symmetry and attraction. The entire of her person partakes of this delicate beauty, and the lines of her taper fingers flow gracefully within each other as her hands rest gently clasped on her lap. The beautiful form of hands is a point of high excellence, on which all skilful draftsmen pride themselves. They consider it a supreme test of their taste and ability in drawing the human figure. In Vandyck’s portraits and Guido’s historical pictures, the hands are a peculiar beauty. To paint two fair and beautiful hands clasped, and to preserve their beauty of form and colour, and graceful flow of outline, are still greater difficulties. Indeed, the chances of failure are so great that few portrait painters have courage to make the attempt. It is an action which, in a lady’s picture, must be a beauty or deformity. The words, “rosy-fingered morning”—“rosy-footed hours,” are not merely poetical expressions referring only to an imaginary colouring. In Circassia, the country most celebrated for female beauty, this colouring is general; and, in our clime, the fingers of a beautiful hand combine delicacy of form with a soft roseate hue. In the best works of the greatest colourists this is observed; and Partridge, in this lady’s hands, has blended the charms of form and colour, without ever passing “the modesty of nature.” There are many specimens of admirable execution in this delicious picture, but none more beautiful than those slender fingers and beautiful hands.

Her complexion unites the nearest approach to the transparent whiteness of the purest Carrera marble, with the warm carnations of youth and beauty. Some idea of it may be found in a stanza of Mason’s *Elegy on Lady Coventry*, which I insert here from memory:—

“Yes,—she was fairer than your fairest bloom,  
This Envy owns, for now that bloom is fled,  
Fair as the forms, that, wove in Fancy’s loom,  
Float, in light vision, round the poet’s head.”

But even these lines furnish only a general idea. A truer one may be formed by those, who have ever seen any of the beautiful Madonnas painted by Sasso Ferrato, whose female heads are so prized for their dazzling fairness. “*Tete de Vierge*,” No. 129 in the Louvre, by that master, is a perfect example; and I think if that were placed beside this by Partridge, the tints on the forehead of each would be found nearly alike. In this portrait the delicate complexion and soft tinge of the rose on the cheeks, are set off by the dark hair, which falls in easy ringlets on either side, and is turned up in a loose tasteful plait, without

an ornament, on the top of the head. There is no endeavour to increase the dark mass by a profusion of hair, in order to give a more brilliant effect to the pure carnations of the face and neck. Her face is slightly raised, nearly in a front view, but somewhat turned to the right; her eyes looking up, and her mouth gently half opened, with an unaffected smile of courtesy, as if cheerfully conversing with some agreeable friend, standing close to her, but not introduced on the canvass. The chastened gaiety of good breeding, and the natural flow of a lively, good temper, light up every feature. The expression is infinitely charming. It reminds me of an impassioned description of a smile, in one of Sheridan's dramatic pieces. I repeat it here from recollection, with some uncertainty of the exact words and order of the metre, but no doubt of the thought:—

“ Her mouth, which a smile, devoid of all guile,  
Half opens to view,  
Is the bud of the rose, in the morning that blows,  
Impearl'd with the dew.”

In poetry it is comparatively easy to express a smile by the general idea, and the mind adds the enchantment; but, on canvass, the particular mode and exact form, also, are to be painted to the eye; and it is so very difficult to avoid falling into an affected simper or smirk, that it has been very rarely attempted. I do not remember any essay of the kind in all the *portraits*, which I have seen by Titian, Vandyck, Reynolds, or Lawrence. But their not having tried one of the most delightful expressions of happiness, is no reason why it should not be attempted by others. Many French painters, about the middle of the last century, exerted their skill and gallantry on this point, but without adding to the charms of their fair sitters. An instance of the trial and complete success is now before the public in this performance.

The open light is favourable to the fairness of the carnations. The clear, pearly half-tints subside insensibly into the warm, tender shades, which are but sparingly introduced, and only just sufficient to round the delicate forms. A crimson flower in her bosom, and a silk scarf of mellow red, yellow, orange, and purple, skillfully blended and toned, harmonise the flesh tints, and keep up the vivacity of effect. The execution is that of a master; the penciling sweet, and worthy the hand of a Guido. The artist has amply acquitted himself, and the fashion of the lady's costume, alone, presents some alloy. The puffed-out forms of her dress on the upper arms, are according to the most admired mode of the *haut ton*; but are, by no means, in every particular, favourable on canvass. They not only are unpicturesque and ungraceful in themselves, but they hide the beautiful forms of nature. In this painting they seem to fly out as if put in motion by the wind, or by a sudden movement of the person. This occasions, at first glance, some appearance of a *flutter in the effect*, and of a *studied display in the disposition*. I confess something of manner, of a want of repose, and simplicity, was the first momentary impression on my eye; but it was immediately removed by the various merits of the whole picture.

One sees plainly that this artist has been in Italy; that he studied the best models, and that he has not forgot them. Sir Joshua Reynolds has remarked that the extreme of the sublime, not infrequently approaches the ridiculous, and the lines of grace sometimes fall into those of affectation; in all such cases, there will be differences of opinion. Nature is a jealous mistress. A British portrait painter, who has one of his lovely countrywomen before him for his model, must bend his whole

attention to transfer to his canvass the *freshness of life*, lest, by having his mind *just then* too much occupied by the *tints* of Titian and Vandyck, the portrait of his fair sitter should bear a nearer resemblance to the beautiful colouring of an old Italian picture, than to the roses and lilies of a living English beauty. Partridge has, in this instance, steered clear of this rock; but he occasionally approaches near it, and there are some clever artists not always so fortunate as to escape. Graham, of Edinburgh, one of the best portrait painters, perhaps, now living, was not free from this manner, on his return from Italy, some years ago, but he soon quitted it, and the northern beauties, now in his show-room, may vie in grace and freshness with those of any of his most distinguished competitors.

"31—*Dead Game*," by *E. Coleman*, is a first-rate of its class, and, from its size, admitted a fulness of subject favourable to the display of this artist's versatile powers. From two productions of his, a small picture of fish, in the late Worcester Exhibition; and a dead hare and birds, in a silversmith's collection in High-street, Birmingham, I entertained a very high expectation: but I confess this is superior to what I looked for. A piece of still-life, a magnificent sculptured vase, standing in the centre, is a principal object, and, with two pendant hares, some birds, vegetables, &c. is tastefully disposed in a picturesque composition. The mellow decision of his penciling, is a high excellence in his portraits; but that quality is seen here to more advantage, as having a greater variety in the fur of the animals, plumage of the birds, and texture, surface, and colour of so many different objects. He has been eminently successful in the lightness, firmness, and truth of his touch, and the harmony of his effect. From its compass, the diversity of its materials, and the happy intermixture of delicacy and spirit in the execution, this may be impartially pronounced an honour to the artist. The collectors of dead game need no longer look for the works of De Vos, Snyders, or Jan Fytt, when they have it in their power to obtain so capital a picture as this from the pencil of Coleman.

But here the amateurs of the order just mentioned, and of every other description, have another opportunity of gratifying their most fastidious judgment. Let them only look at that clear, mellow, fine specimen,

"24.—*Dead Game*" by *T. Wyatt*; a hare and birds painted with a taste and beauty of penciling, and a truth of texture, colour, and shadowy force, which need not fear competition, and may hang up with any thing of equal size and subject, and make good its claim of honour. "349—*Rabbits*," also by this artist, is a delicate little morsel of truth, the stillness and sobriety of which are very pleasing, but not so well calculated for the lovers of a bold effect of light and shadow.

It is remarkable that in these two capital specimens in their class, the fine effect is produced without a strong, principal light, to round the composition, and relieve the different objects. Yet so skilfully have the artists worked, that nothing appears to be wanted. But I should like to see a companion to Coleman's splendid picture, with a striking breadth of light. Suppose, as part of the materials, a dead swan; a white dog, partially spotted, on the watch; birds of silvery and party-coloured plumage, in various gradations, to blend the principal light in mellow union with the broad shadows formed by the dark game, the still-life, and background. Add some fruit and vegetables, to diversify the character, and enrich the colouring. I merely advert to the principle of *chiaro-scuro*. None but an artist like Coleman or Wyatt, could arrange the composition, and execute the details. A painting like this would make a fine variety of effect from "No. 31," and a most appropriate *pendant* to it. Each would set off the other.



“364—*Westminster Bridge, from Vauxhall Stairs,*” by Thomas Creswick; a most magnificent piece of perspective. Perhaps this view, although, heretofore, delineated by so many able painters, has never been represented under so beautiful an aspect. The broad extent of the Thames, with nearly the whole of the sky, composes one commanding light, which shows off the distant bridge, in tender receding hues, that appear to melt in air. The buildings on the off bank, and all the different sized boats, and shipping; the watermen, with the various piles of houses, and the passengers, which, in picturesque irregularity, rise on the Vauxhall side, are seen in exquisite gradation of tone. The atmospheric transitions, in gentle succession, from those evanescent hues, which float on the distant horizon, to the dark strong shadows of the foreground masses, are painted with the purest chastity.

This delicious effect is produced without any vivid tints; without an opposition of cool and warm colours, that powerful auxiliary of the sublime and beautiful, in every class of local scenery. The artist has successfully, but not often, made use of that aid, in some of his landscapes; but, here, there is not a tint, which can be considered *blue*, on the water or sky; yet, in the general effect, they seem to want no addition to their clearness. Nor is there a touch of terra-sienna, burnt or unburnt, of crone or Naples, or any other yellow; no borrowing of gold from the treasury of autumn, to warm and enrich the effect. All is unobtrusive, modest, and silvery: all in admirable perspective. Every one of those precious tiny boats, ships, houses, and animated little people, is a link in a chain, which unites and invigorates the whole; each supports and is supported: enchants the eye by its harmony; bears upon it the inestimable impress of genius, and is, as it were, clothed in unclouded light.

But that bridge!—that never-to-be-forgotten, miraculous bridge! It seems an airy illusion, an architectural vapour, raised from the river by the wand of an enchanter, and ascending like a mist of the morning, ready to dissolve itself and escape the eye. How vague and indistinct, and yet how correctly defined! I stretch out my hand and touch it; it is within a few inches of me; and how very remote it appears. Let the purchaser of this tempting performance change its title to that of the Inquisition Bridge at Venice, and call it “the Bridge of Sighs;” for it has caused me, and no doubt many more, to sigh for its possession. Yes, the wand of enchantment, the pencil of art, has raised it; and Creswick is the magician to whom we are indebted for those pleasant longings.

The penciling of this picture is what painters term *crispy*; sharp and decided, without any hardness in defining forms; sweet and mellow in the general handling. The genius of an artist is seen in the choice and composition of his subjects; his *taste* (I now advert to the manipulation, a subordinate but invaluable quality) in his mode of handling the pencil, and in expressing the texture, surface, and character of objects. Some of your “*general-effect*” men seem to despise delicacy, sweetness, and beauty of touch. They are for huge wholesale masses of black and white, or of light and darkness. Now, I, who am no painter, could produce, and any person of common understanding could be taught, in a month or two, to produce this sort of chaotic general effect. In nature there are not only commanding masses, and a magnificent breadth of general effect, but also an exquisite identity and details of colour, form and surface, which mark the generic character of all things. In nature, whatever is not sunk in shadow, or rendered uncertain by distance, possesses its distinct character to the eye. The error of the “*general effect*” here consists in mistaking an empty swagger of the brush for

spirit; and that baldness, which is produced by the omission of essential details, for breadth. Opposed to this is the irksome extreme of the matter-of-fact man, or fac-similist, who mistakes painful elaboration for high finishing, and the insertion of accidental and unessential littlenesses, for truth of nature.

We find, with very few exceptions, a beautiful attention to the taste of the handling and touch, in the best works of all the great masters, both ancient and modern. It is a principal excellence in the landscapes of Titian, and Claude, of Paul Brill, the Caracci, Dominichino, Gaspar, and Nicholas Poussin; of Vernet, and all those Italians or foreigners, who rank high in the old landscape schools. The touch and penciling of Salvator are pregnant with character, yet his attention to that excellence has not impaired the savage grandeur of his general effect, or the poetry of his scenery and banditti. Notwithstanding the freshness and harmony of their colouring, if you take away from Canaletti, Guardi, Marieschi, and Zuccarelli, their brilliant touch, you take away half their merits. The taste of their handling is, also a leading charm in the landscapes of Ruysdael, and Hobbema, the two most admired landscape painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

How much does the exquisite handling of Calcott, Danby, and Stanfield, differing as they do in particulars, add to the charm of their scenery? Of how many other distinguished metropolitan artists may not the same be said? Do we not see a similar study to excel in this excellence in the performances of a number of able landscape painters in different parts of the kingdom; of Giles, of Aberdeen, in whose works the spirit of Claude appears to revive; of Rogers, of Plymouth, whose pure taste and admirable execution leave nothing to be wished for in his charming landscape, "No. 84"; of Balmer, of Sunderland, in whose moonlights the lovely serenity of that lonely hour is so deliciously painted; in the landscapes of Henry Lines and Creswick, of Birmingham, to whose striking merits I have of late adverted; of William Sympson, of Edinburgh, who displays so much versatile excellence in landscapes, cattle, rustic figures, small whole-length portraits, river-scenes, boats, fishermen, shipping, and almost every class of cabinet representations in familiar life? How many more eminent provincials might be named on this point, who have risen to professional celebrity under heavy local disadvantages. In this splendid exhibition by the Society of Artists in Birmingham, for ONE LANDSCAPE in the "*general effect*," SPLASHING, DASHING, SPOTTY MANNER, there are, perhaps, a hundred, in which every other merit is set off by the taste and spirit of the penciling, and about a hundred more in which that taste and spirit are objects of well-directed emulation.

Here I have to correct an oversight into which I fell in my first communication, arising from the exhibition having opened so late in September as the 11th, which necessitated me to hurry my penciled notes in the rooms, to be in time for insertion in the next publication of "The Analyst." I subsequently had also to write out my manuscript at a distance from the exhibition, and to hasten it off by post, without an opportunity of comparing it with the paintings. The general difficulty of avoiding some mistakes in the names of artists and sizes of paintings, may be instanced by the fact that several pictures are misplaced and misnamed in the printed catalogue, notwithstanding all the utmost care and vigilance usual in writing out such publications. The oversight of mine is not of any consequence. In page two hundred of "The Analyst" for October, line 16 from the bottom, "the *four* little gems" ought to be "the *three* little gems." They are 110 and 112, by *T. Baker*, and 111, by *T. Creswick*. "109—*Morning*," by the latter, is a good-sized cabinet picture, an enchanting landscape, exquisitely painted; but,

as a representation of *English scenery*, rather deficient in the mellow, shadowy verdure of this country; to say the truth, *the vernal suavity and freshness of local colouring*, in woodland landscape, is a point to which the admirable Creswick may direct some attention without any disadvantage. In *street and city views*, every effort of his pencil is a victory.

“32—*Teniers in his Study*,” the property of the Rt. Hon. Lord Northwick, by *J. Fraser*. The British artist has here represented his celebrated Flemish predecessor painting “*The Temptation of St. Anthony*,” a story which had been a favourite with the painters and engravers in Germany, Holland, and Flanders, during nearly two centuries before. Martin Schoen, of Culmbach, engraved his temptation of “*Saint Anthony carried into the air by Demons*” about the year 1470. The temptation, by old Jerome Bos, of Boisle Duc, is dated 1522. Jacques Callot, of Nancy, was so enamoured of the whimsical distresses of the holy man, that he made a number of different designs of it (of which Watelet saw four) before he etched his first Temptation, dated 1635. His second print is without a date, and rather scarce. Jacques vied with hellish Breughell in the ungovernable freaks of fancy, with which he animated these drawings, some too ludicrous, others not over delicate, but more merry than sad. The temptations painted by old Teniers were very popular: his son’s became more so. Although young David was not remarkably squeamish in peopling his canvass with *diablerie*, he kept his pencil more under decorum than some of his predecessors. In his repetitions of the Saint’s perils, his imps, fiends, goblins, and monstrous apparitions, present themselves to the eye under the most fantastic shapes of strange fishes, beasts, birds, and reptiles; some headless bodies frisking it in the dance, and bodiless heads on the wing, spitting fire. Again, the members of different species are conjunct in one unseemly form, and groups of these are diversified by imaginary spectres of the artist’s prolific invention.

The temptation of the Saint on the easel before Teniers, is copied by Fraser either from the painting or well-known engraving. He has represented a female with a cup in her hand, sitting to the painter as a model for the principal tempter or temptress; it being supposed that Satan, from his knowledge of human frailty, rested his chief hope of a triumph over the virtue of the Saint, on the assumed form of a fair syren with a wine-cup. The small copy on the easel is nearly finished, and in drawing, touch, and colouring so much in the spirit of the original, that, if any Goth were to cut it out, it might be easily mistaken for a study by Teniers.

In the texture and the surface of the numerous accessories, the artist’s acute eye and discriminative pencil have been eminently successful. Of his extraordinary talent, the carved crucifix, huge open volume, terrestrial globe, skull, hour-glass, and other articles, on the right side of the picture, furnish examples. A peacock, the painter’s cabinet-stand of oil-bottles and colours near him, and an old portrait, supposed to be hanging in its frame on the wall, are equally striking. On the left side, a parrot, fruit, fire-arms, a gauntlet, musical instruments, and other articles somewhat beyond, exhibit, in different degrees, a surprising fidelity of imitation. I may not be very exact in naming those varieties, but of the artist’s extraordinary powers I speak with confidence.

Much of the beauty of effect in Teniers’ paintings is produced by light upon light; and Fraser has introduced the light from a high window, and spread it finely through the apartment, in a clear, cool, silvery style. My former remark on the burly person of Teniers, and my wish for some more beauty in the female model, to render her a more seducing temptress to the Saint, are chiefly respecting the degree of gentility in his figure, of attraction in hers, and of more warmth in the carnations.

These are matters which will always be judged of according to the taste and fancy of individuals. Undoubtedly, wherever the imitative skill of an artist is carried to a very high degree of perfection in the still-life accessories, we look for equal, or superior, excellence in the dramatic personæ.

I have a great pleasure in stating, as a proof of the extraordinary power of impression, which this picture possesses; when the Directors of the British Institution exhibited it at the Gallery in Pall Mall, they hung it most conspicuously, close to the top of the grand staircase, on the right-hand wall, so that it was next the eyes of the visitors as they entered; a place in which none but pictures that are considered of the highest merit and attraction, are hung. I admired it there during many days, and it was generally beset by admirers. Some time after, I was assured that several amateurs, and among others, a noble Duke, lately deceased, had been anxious to purchase it, but while they were making up their minds, the present noble possessor stepped in and carried off the prize. I repeat this latter from hearsay only, but I know it was very much admired, when lately exhibited in the Worcester Athenæum, and is, now, an object of general attraction in the Birmingham Exhibition. I here insert, with much satisfaction, the following extract from observations on this performance of Fraser's, published by some very warm advocate of British art. "His painting-room of Teniers is one of those fortuitous productions of the Art, which, like a comet, is the surprise of some, the admiration of others, and the wonder of all."

"357.—*The Antiquary*," the property of the Right Hon. Lord Northwick, by J. Fraser.—The particular incident is not mentioned in the catalogue, which leaves the spectator at a loss, without a clue to the interest of the scene. There are four figures introduced, a lady seated at a table, with a pen in her hand, ready to write from the dictation of the Antiquary, who sits opposite to her; a portly military-looking veteran standing beside him, apparently waiting for some decision; and a servant lad stooping down, emptying a trunk. The three latter are coloured with a Rubenesque force and richness. The carnations of the lady are rather chalky, and her person and aspect have not all the delicate freshness of youth. The apartment is very large, and abundantly stored with matters of antiquarian research. The eye is attracted by curious articles of ancient furniture, and rare mechanism; a massive old bookcase, filled, as we may suppose, with unique volumes, in black letter; richly carved ornaments, terrestrial globes, a huge black brazen-clasped folio, literally in boards; fire-arms of all constructions, military weapons, ancient and modern, of various nations; embossed shields, armour, and many other collected treasures, in wood, ivory, glass, and metal. These are disposed with judgment to the best advantage for picturesque effect. As a very detailed notice of this picture was recently published in my critical letters, it is not necessary for me to extend my observations. I may safely add, that the principal of these accessories are executed with as much spirit and truth as those in the preceding painting. The artist's eye and hand have been equally diligent and successful. There is a surprising depth and transparency in the shadows, and the general effect is very brilliant and powerful.

"13—*Portrait of Mr. Martin*," by J. Hill; a very clever head, correctly drawn and marked, without any great depth of shadow on the face. Some gray half-tints in the carnations would have a happy effect. At present there is a little indication of what artists term *foiness* in the flesh; but this so very slight as to be barely discernible. As there are no very dark touches on any part of the features, to bring them up on a par with the black silk neckerchief or stock, the forcible black mass of the latter detracts, in some degree, from the relief and effect of the face.

But a sitting of half an hour would put all to rights. There is much merit in the picture, and the identity of individual character, which constitutes so great a value in a portrait, is very happily expressed.

"97—*The Bridesmaid*," the property of the Rt. Hon. Sir Robt. Peel, Bart., by *E. T. Parris*, is a young and pleasing female, alone in her chamber. There is much easy elegance in her person and dress, and a very interesting expression on her countenance. This design is well known, by the popular print engraved from it, and to be seen, for some months back, in almost every print-shop.

"86—*Wafting Love to the World*," by *Miss Kendrick*, is a very tasteful design, conceived in the spirit of poetry, and painted with a sweet pencil, in glowing colours.

"156—*A Gig Horse and Terrier*," the property of Mr. George Wilmot, by *E. M. Fox*. These are not only correctly drawn, well coloured, and painted with a firm pencil, and a good effect, but they are wholly free from that formality and stiffness, which, too frequently, render portraits of horses and dogs an offence to the eye of taste. These possess attractions as works of art. This artist has "70—*Portrait of a brace of Pointers*," and "68—*Of a Black Horse*," which, each, have much merit.

Oct. 8, 1834.

P. S. The three Birmingham newspapers, having every honourable motive and local advantage, with the pictures immediately under their eyes, to stimulate their exertions, have, no doubt, strenuously and impartially advocated the native genius in this splendid display by their townsmen. The close of this annual triumph over anti-modern prejudice and the vested interests of ancient art, terminates my critical observations on its merits. But, if the exhibition were to remain open for a twelvemonth, and my health permitted, I would be happy to continue these notices to the best of my humble ability, solely to keep the subject of British art alive in the public mind. If I did no good, I might hope to do no harm. In page 199 of "*The Analyst*" for October, I gave ten lines to "133—*The Moorish Tower, called the Geralada*," by *D. Roberts*; in page 200, twelve lines to "19—*Throwing the Casting Net*," by *J. R. Lee*; and in page 201, ten lines to "159—*Francis the First and Francois de Foix*," by *D. Mac Clise*. My notes were penciled in the rooms, on the 11th of September, the day the exhibition opened, and the day after. I have learned that those three paintings have been since sold, at the highest prices in the list of sales. The magnificent Moorish Tower sold, according to report, for 250 guineas; *Throwing the Casting Net* for 120 guineas; and *Francis the First and Francois de Foix* for 250 guineas. These prices have been involved in much unaccountable mystery, which has produced a doubt of their amount, and I do not vouch for the correctness of mere report. I have not any reason or knowledge whatever to presume that the three amateurs, who purchased these superb British works of art, did or did not, read my critical commendation of them in "*The Analyst*." I will, moreover, rashly venture, from mere surmise, without any evidence, to say I think it rather probable they did not. But, even assuming this mere surmise for a fact, still it is pleasant to think if my commendation has had no share in promoting their sale, it did not write them down. It is an encouragement to proceed in future, to find that the most liberal and judicious have concurred in opinion with mine; and very satisfactory to learn that my high sense of those three admirable performances has so speedily been followed by a public confirmation. This agreement may, perhaps, entitle my general estimate of British excellence to some additional consideration; and it is in this latter useful view only that the circumstance is here noticed.

W. C.

## REVIEWS OF PRINTS AND ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

"*Forget-me-not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-day Present, for MDCCCXXXV.*" Ackermann & Co., Strand.

Ten plates, exclusive of a graceful inscription-piece, embellish the present volume of this favourite annual. They are executed with extreme elaboration and delicacy, though we can, scarcely, place them on a footing with some of the productions of former years. We are inclined to apprehend that the passion for exquisitely-wrought engravings of album-size, which sprung up with the Annuals and grew with their growth, has deteriorated the general excellence of these very charming bijoux, not merely by giving rise to showy and inferior imitations, the offspring of the *black-and-white* school, but by raising beyond the power of supply, the demand for the works of the select few whose *burins* have, fortunately, attained a fashionable notoriety. A popular engraver, overloaded with commissions, has but one resource, and that is to avail himself of the talent of his assistants; a few brilliant strokes of his own are imparted to the plate in its latest stage, and it is given to the world with that sure passport to the admiration of the multitude, the signature of an admired artist. This practice, enforced by the blind veneration for "name" which is ever paramount with the million, accounts for the striking variety in style and execution obvious in the plates ostensibly from the same hand: this variety is apparent in all series of prints by very favorite engravers, and is, therefore, evident in the embellishments of the Annuals. The "*Forget-me-not*" has, usually, been conspicuous for its graphic excellence, an excellence commanded by the liberal spirit of its projector, and the happy emulation created by rivalry—that keen spur to improvement. The volume before us is highly attractive both in the designs with which it is enriched, and the literary portion of its contents; prose and poetry are, as ever, judiciously and pleasingly intermingled, and many bright and rare gems glitter in the fair chaplet which the talented editor has interwoven for the gift of affection: here it is, however, our province to refer to the prints only. The presentation plate represents a starry coruscation, surrounded with a garland of flowers; the luminous place in the centre is devoted to the inscription; the idea is graceful and charming, and the effect is extremely fortunate. "*Diana and Endymion*" form the subject of the first plate; it is painted by J. Wood, and ably engraved by C. Rolls; the design is pleasing, but a little stiffness in the attitude of the hunter-goddess, and a lack of that divine beauty in Endymion which, breathing of immortality, allured from her celestial abode the fair Queen of Night, take something from the spell of the scene; we might also suggest a degree of heaviness in the figure, and of constraint in the position of Endymion; the grace, the youthful majesty, and the impassioned loveliness which ought to distinguish this favorite of Jupiter, did not, apparently, beam on the canvass of the painter. There is much elegance in the group of little loves who, attending the enamoured Selene, gaze with smiles upon the sleeping youth. A slight want of vigour and brilliancy is perceptible in the print. The second plate offers a scene in the beautiful isle of Madeira; it is most felicitously executed by E. Goodall, from a drawing by W. Westall, A. R. A., and abounds in picturesque features. "*Aunt Lucy*"—a courtly and bewitching belle of the last century, attired in masquerade robes, with a vizard in her right hand; the figure is finely drawn by H. Wyatt, and most exquisitely engraved with a fine and brilliant line, by C. Rolls: unquestionably "*Aunt Lucy*" is "the flower of them a." "*Mabel Grey*," from a picture by that original-minded artist Cattermole; this interesting little scene represents a gallant soldier wooing his fair cousin, an artless, handsome village maiden, in a romantic spot sheltered from unfriendly eyes: the girl appears to listen well-pleased to her lover's suit, her head is half averted, and her pitcher, brought to the mill-stream, stands neglected by her side; one objection we find to the sentiment of this simple courtship—can Mr. Cattermole inform us *why* he has stationed the soldier-lover on a bench while the damsel stands before him—surely a gallant wooer would have sprung forward to meet his mistress on her appearance, or had she risen from the seat would have disdained to recline thus indolently upon

the same. The figures are very beautifully drawn, and the engraving is highly creditable to the talent of Mr. Davenport: probably a title more of *local touch* would have been acceptable; at present there is scarcely that discrimination of surface which is essential to veracity of effect. Turning over a few leaves we come in sight of a striking interior of "*Milan Cathedral*;" Prout has furnished the drawing, and Carter (J.) has succeeded in giving a very delicate but impressive transcript of the scene. "*The Love-suit*," from a drawing by H. Richter, and engraved by Goodyear, is the next claimant of attention, and we confess that gallantry requires we should be charmed with a fair maiden in hat and feathers, jewels and lace, with dark eyes and tresses, and a smile of well-pleased meditation on her lips; still we carp and cavil and try, in vain, to force a glance of greeting. The idea is elegant, and many will exclaim "*how lovely!*" when they throw their eye upon the plate, but we are difficult critics, and admit that we object to the fancy which surrounds a modern belle in fashionable costume, with a bevy of fluttering Cupids all eagerly pointing to the well-sealed and neatly-folded epistle which she holds, tranquilly, between her fore-finger and thumb: the allegorical portion is at variance with the *ad-vivum* moiety, and we prefer the unity of Harlowe's "*Proposal*" divested of its Loves. Less of the milliner's imagination in the maiden's attire, and we would have bowed more devotedly at the shrine of the belle. Again, we object to the artist's conception of loveliness; in the instance before us it is too doll-like—too much founded on the idea of *prettiness* formed by the young ladies who keep albums with ardent enthusiasm: the flowing tresses, the large black eyes, the straight nose, the small rose-bud mouth just severed with a simper to shew the pearls within, the satin hat and snowy plume, the unveiled neck, the deep fall of blonde, the jewelled stomacher, the gigot sleeve and bracelet, are the absolute materials sought for with ecstasy by the particular class of fair students to which we allude, and to such we recommend the "*Love-suit*." Mr. Richter is an able artist in his particular sphere, viz. that of ordinary nature; a village school—an incident in a barber's shop, or a cobbler's stall—some little episode in familiar humble life are the points in which he excels, but when he attempts to rise above this level, his genius refuses to aid him, and his pencil presents little more than a failure.

"*Now or never*;" the next plate, is cleverly engraved by E. Bacon, from a drawing by John Wright: the subject is an interview between a young lover and his mistress; the youth, a courtly page, is downcast and diffident; one hand sustains his plumed cap upon his knee, the other is raised to his chin in an attitude of gentle perturbation; he seems to lack words for his lady's ear, and to muse confusedly upon the soft speeches with which he should besiege it. The maiden, fair-browed and fair-haired, has an air of arch pleasantry upon her features, and sits apparently amused at the timidity of her young and gallant wooer. The design is pleasing, but the figures are manifestly too tall for the little chamber in which they are seated; were the gay cavalier to rise, he would, like the Phidian Jupiter, inevitably strike the roof with his head.

"*Eulione*;" the portrait of a girl, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, engraved by J. Agar; a wild and singular countenance in which we vainly look for the overwhelming beauty promised in the very graceful sonnet by Dr. Mackenzie. The engraving is fine, but the play of line in the face is scarcely as felicitous as it might have been: Bartolozzi's exquisite management would be well worthy of Mr. Agar's attention. The form of the left hand is peculiarly unfortunate.

"*The village tomb-cutter*" is an interesting scene: a white-haired old man, spectaclled, is busily and apathetically chiselling an inscription upon a grave-stone; a woman in mourning is seated behind him weeping, and a rustic girl with a nurse-child in her arms is attentively looking on. The design is by A. Chisholme, and is engraved with much delicacy by S. Davenport.

"*The Trysting-hour*;" a lady full dressed in white satin, with pearls in her hair and round her throat, is seated in a tastefully furnished apartment, her sister is kneeling at her side, and both are looking with pleased surprise through the open casement,—and why, fair reader? why?—the lover, the long expected lover, approaches—"the truant comes at last." The plate is a pretty morceaux for the young ladies and gentlemen who devour the *Annuals*, and love *sentiment*; but it is not, precisely, to our taste. Had the fair heroine been somewhat more of a

Psyche in form, the interest would have been, proportionally, greater: at present the belle resembles a matured matron of portly dimensions, who having laid aside her weeds and her sorrow, is snugly expecting a visit from some "grave elderly gentleman," who has cast an eye at the widow and considered the benefits of a union. The engraving is by C. Rolls.

Having commented on the graphic attractions of the Forget-me-not individually, we may conclude by remarking that while there is much to admire, and much that will charm the host of bright eyes that may eagerly beam on its pages, there is, perhaps, a declension of merit and interest in the execution and subjects. In the choice of the latter the annuals too frequently err; a piece of maudlin sentiment is absolute assafœtida when put in comparison with the representation of some vivid historical event, some incident in real life, or some stirring catastrophe appertaining to fiction. A single figure, a mere head, a maiden laughing at her lover, or a plump enchantress glancing out for an Adonis of forty-five, are not, after all, the grand desiderata: the stream of sentiment has been swollen until a complete inundation has taken place, rushing into all the printsellers, porte-feuilles, albums and drawing books of the kingdom. Ladies looking up, and down, sighing, or tearful, or thoughtful; gentlemen mustachioed and whiskered, with scowling brows and curled up lips, or staring most tenderly at the moon—or nothing; a maiden in the pouts, or a cavalier troubled with a fit of ill-humour, have long been the staunch favourites of the pencil and graver, but it is, surely, time to do away with such bagatelles—such sickly exotics, and to introduce something more noble—something worthier of the genius of the arts. The Forget-me-not, however, stands not alone; it is fashioned upon the taste of the times, and shares in the character *common to all the "Annuals"* of which it was the precursor, and is one of the most beautiful. A better feeling may yet be awakened in the mind of the public, and these much-admired volumes be found far more deserving of sober criticism than they can, possibly, be at present. As it is, they do well for elegant *cadeaux*, in which mechanical excellence in the engraving, a certain taste in the design, and a light fanciful exterior, are the principal points of attention. The binding is elegant and *substantial*, dark crimson morocco.

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LINES.

Oh bright in life's spring was the sunshine around,  
 And light were the links of affection we bound;  
 But fetters so light, Time too often will sever,  
 And our spring and our hearts are clouded for ever.

The friends that we love too often deceive,  
 And grief breaks the web of enchantment we weave,  
 While the hopes that escape the first blight of our sorrow  
 Are blooming to-day, to be scorched on the morrow.

Yet when autumn leaves wither, and winter has laid  
 His mantle of frost o'er affections decayed,  
 Still, as hope fades away, shall soft memory stealing  
 O'er our thoughts and our hearts, wake the current of feeling.

Then our fancy reviving, Death's fetters shall break,  
 And bid all the joys of our spring-tide awake;  
 The joys of our youth shall pass brightly before us,  
 And people our thoughts with the friends who adore us.

C.



## CRITICAL NOTICE.

*Songs of Science.* By Walter Wagstaff. Second edition, with additions. 12mo. pp. 96. Baldwin and Cradock. London: 1834.

This is verily a stirring and extraordinary age. Steam and gas,—the patriotic Whig, with his political pruning-knife, and grand “Russell remedy for constitutional disorders,”—and the “Schoolmaster, with his penny publications,” are effecting a revolution as splendid and gigantic, as we trust it will prove salutary, in our habits and institutions. The empire of night, intellectual as well as physical, is rapidly, and for ever, passing from our land. Philosophy and the coal-mine vie zealously with each other in pouring a new and glorious light upon our understandings and our streets. Ignorance and superstition, bigotry and intolerance, imposture and crime,—the imps of darkness, and the “idols of the den,”—shrink before the blaze of the rising illumination, and curse it as they retire. From the unwearied press,—that “mighty steam-engine of the moral world,”—light and knowledge, and their attendant power, are hourly diffused to the darkest and most distant corners of the realm. No more shall wandering sibyl delude the warm and simple-hearted village-maiden with crafty predictions of the approaching advent of the “dark man,” and the presentation of the wedding-ring. Fiction and romance, the marvellous tales of giant-killers and genii,—shall no longer prevail in the nursery, and the village-school. Even now, have the feats of fairy, and the spells of magician, ceased to charm the listening ear of childhood. The fortunes of “Cinderella,” and the moving adventures of the “Children in the Wood,” no longer throw alternate light and shade upon its animated countenance,—awake no more its sympathy and its tears.

Popular introductions to history and the sciences, and elementary treatises on political economy and the arts, are issuing from the press in a spirit, and with a rapidity, which, while they astonish the reflecting mind, are hailed with exultation by every consistent friend of man; and will, ere long, make “despotism tremble on its crazy throne.” The conduct of princes and of governments, of prelates and of public men, is no longer suffered to pass without scrutiny and criticism. By the dingy mechanic, over his evening-pipe, important questions of state-policy and expenditure are now examined with a freedom, and discussed with a boldness and sagacity, which would not disgrace the most fearless and enlightened spirit that ever led an opposition in the senate. We have seen the lowly plebeian stand forward as the successful advocate of his own unfriended cause against all the talent, and learning, and trickery of the bar. We have heard his indignant voice raised in stern reproof of the titled oppressor,—in solemn protestation against the arbitrary and unrighteous decisions of the judgment-seat.

For the more elevated and elevating paths of literary and philosophical research,—for pursuits and spectacles more worthy of an intelligent and immortal being,—the degrading scenes of the bull-ring and the cockpit,—ignoble relics of the manly and perilous amusements of a barbarian age,—are, at length, well-nigh abjured by the rustic squire. That once rude and unlettered being, to whom the terms “*Philanthropy*” and “*Patriotism*,” “*Alluvium*” and “*Zoology*,” would, a few years since, have been scarcely less terrible than a midnight visit to the haunted turret of

his moat-encircled and solitary mansion, or less intelligible than the construction of his family-motto, now spends his leisure and his fortune in collecting the writings, or cultivating an acquaintance with the history, of those master-spirits, who, by their genius or achievements, in times gone by, have shed light and glory upon their country. The "Agricultural Chemistry," of Davy is now seen upon his table. The works of Linnæus and of Cuvier, of Loudon and of Smith, conspire to fill up the hideous vacancy which before existed in his library and his brain. Lace-machine and spinning-jenny, ship-canal and rail-road, gigantic plans of inter-provincial communication and of national improvement, exclusively exercise the ingenuity of the aspiring mechanic, and absorb the intellect and capital of the commercial adventurer. The delicate fingers of beauty now quit the curling-irons and the harp for the more rugged grasp of mineralogical specimen. Aerial speculations on sentimental—are exchanged for more solid experiments upon chemical affinity; the study of personal—for that of magnetic attraction. The female eye is far less expert in tracing the tear-worn characters of a sickly love-scroll, or drivelling sonnet, than in determining the genus and species of some obscurely marked plant, or shell, or insect. We have heard the tongue of childhood enumerate the joints of the antenna of the splendid musk-beetle, and the stamens and pistils of a *Ranunculus*, with a precision, and lisp "*Cerambyx*" and "*Polyandria*," and "larva" and "germen," with a fluency, never heretofore surpassed in telling the beads which formed the necklace of its favorite doll, or in pouring forth the artless tale of its buoyant hopes, and its transitory sorrows.

Such, indeed, is the march of Intellect,—such the progress of Science, that the temple of the Muses, themselves, cannot long be safe from the splendid profanation; nor the children of song escape the mighty infection of the age. Metrical introductions to Algebra and Mathematics, and illustrations of Phrenology\* and Animal Mechanics, in hexameter verse, must, alas, soon supersede those strains of poetry to which the national ear has so long listened with delight,—to which the national heart yet remains so passionately attached. From the shrill throat of the ballad-singer,—that despised and degenerate representative of the ancient and once proud and popular minstrelsy of our land, the simple but affecting ditty of love and madness, and battle and enchantment, and death and glory, will no longer be warbled in our streets. For "Mary's Dream," breathing the very soul of poetry and of music, and never heard by the impassioned spirit without an emotion bordering upon agony, Dr. Ferriar's new "Theory of Apparitions" will now be scientifically chaunted in the ears of our wonder-stricken market-women; and a poetical description of the structure and economy of the genus *Strix* or *Curruca* be substituted for the vulgar recital of the complaints of the bird of darkness to the moon, or the lamentations of the solitary nightingale to the evening-star.

From the deep reverie into which we had, one gloomy autumnal evening, insensibly fallen, while reflecting upon the mighty impulse thus given to the human mind, and the impossibility of assigning a limit to its gigantic progress, we were suddenly aroused by the delivery of the monthly parcel from our very worthy and most punctual bibliopole.

\* Scarcely had this prophetic sentence dribbled from our pen, when we were informed, by an announcement in the *Literary Gazette*, that the celebrated Author of the "*Vision of Judgment*," and the "*Book of the Church*," is about to favour the literary world with an elaborate exposition of the "*Craniological System of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, in hexameter verse!*"<sup>6</sup> It will be entitled *Τὸ Βιβλίον τοῦ Κρανίου*, or "*The Book of the Skull*."—Reviewer.

Long and intently as we had ruminated on the subject, still were we little prepared for the speedy accomplishment of our forebodings,—the immediate realization of those visions in which our spirit had been indulging. Great, therefore, was our surprize upon finding, in the literary budget, a neatly printed little volume entitled “SONGS OF SCIENCE,” and reading a Preface from which the following are extracts:—

“It has long been a matter of deep regret with the Author, that Poetry, of all the arts, is almost the only one that has not kept pace in the general march of improvement; nor been made instrumental (at least, since the days of the illustrious Darwin), to the dissemination of the germs of more solid and useful knowledge, a purpose which, in able hands, it is very well calculated to answer. His ears have been, every day, shocked by the repetition of coarse and vulgar ballads, written during the happily by-gone ages of darkness and dotage, and quite unworthy to survive them. A new and brighter era has, at length, dawned upon the mind of man: nor should even the unprofitable weeds, which float upon the surface of the universal deluge of intellect and science, be suffered to remain, and pollute the surrounding atmosphere with their noxious effluviæ” (effluvia).

“To supply a collection of songs written upon subjects, and in a style, more in keeping with the spirit and attainments of the present enlightened age, has been the Author’s object, and his aim. How far he may have succeeded, it is not for him to hazard an opinion. He feels proud, however, in the assurance that his attempt has been honoured by the approbation of one of the most celebrated physicians, philosophers, and botanists,\* of this or any other age or country. Consequently, he may be allowed to suppose that it is not wholly devoid of merit. The reader will please to observe that, together with the correction of numerous errors, six new songs, which did not appear in the former, have been added to the present edition. Of these, the *Carmen Carminum*, and the Stanzas on *Darwinia splendens* (a new and magnificent exotic plant, recently imported from the Cape), have been widely circulated in manuscript, and obtained, from all quarters, the most gratifying applause.”—*Preface. Pages 3-4.*

The limits within which this rambling article should have been restricted, are already so sadly transgressed, that we can afford room for only one specimen of the delightful “Songs of Science.” This, however, we regret but little; feeling, as we do, confidently assured that the admiration and curiosity, excited by our transcript, will induce all those who are capable of appreciating talent and originality in literary composition, to purchase, and peruse, the whole. The following is the fifth, and, to our taste, one of the best, in the collection of twenty-four songs, which form the contents of this most amusing and extraordinary little volume. The author informs us, in a note, that it “was sung with great spirit and eclat, by the illustrious President, at a late meeting of the Geological Society, and most enthusiastically encored.” This surely must have been a rich treat.

#### TO GEOLOGY.

When wooing I go to sweet MISTRESS GEOLOGY,  
 ’Twere as easy to soften of *granite a block*.  
 She frowns on my suit like her cousin, CONCHOLOGY:  
 Her heart is as *hard as the primitive rock*.  
 Yet how lovely! like *amber*, her *serpentine tresses*;  
 And *marble* her bosom, and *schistus* her veins:  
*Alabaster* her arms. Oh! the *couche* that she presses,  
 Of her *hyaline* form, no *impression* retains.

When my *flame* I *develope*, she starts up just like a  
 Proud *column* of *basalt*, unbending and lone.  
 Her eyes flash like *crystallized carbon*, or *mica*,  
 Strike me *stiff* as a *stalactite*, mute as a *stone*.

\* We had nearly forgotten to state that the work is dedicated, in a style of fervid eulogy to the “Linneus of the Age,” DOCTOR ROBERT THORNTON.—*Rev.*

Dare I look at her *strata*, their *dip*, and *position*,  
 And call her my *primitive*, *gem*, and all that ;  
 Dear *crater* ! she *smokes*, and in angry *transition*,  
*Deranging* my *strata-gems*, dubs me a *flat*.

If, by *Neptune* or *Vulcan* (old cronies at Warwick),\*  
 I swear my love's *pure* as *pure silex* or *chalk*,  
 And chaste as the *silver* that's tried by *caloric*,  
 The *trap* she *discovers* ; and calls it mere *talc*.  
*Hard* as *flint* is my destiny : for since I may no  
 More *evolve* of my love, either *lava* or *fume*,  
 The *fire burns* within like a *slumbering volcano* :  
 In *internal combustion*, my *bowels* consume.

My *skeleton* quakes as though *antediluvian* ;  
 My *heart's* full of *fractures* ; and *faulty* my *veins* :  
 I *crumble* to *fragments*. Deep, deep in *alluvion*,  
 Ah, soon shall *recline* my *organic* remains.  
 Yet dear to my heart is sweet MISTRESS GEOLOGY,  
 More *precious* than *mine* of *coal*, *copper*, or *tin* ;  
 Than *Zoo*,—*Astro*,—or *Concho*,—or e'en *Cranio-logy* :  
 O loveliest of OLOGIES, Queen of her kin !

For the information of such of our readers, as may not be conversant with the slang of Geology and Mineralogy, we deem it proper to state that all the words of the preceding song, *printed in Italics*, are either the names of mineral substances, or terms employed in geological writings. All *rocks*, we believe, either are, or formerly were, distinguished, by Geologists, into the *primitive*, the *transition*, and the *floetz* or *flat*. Much difference of opinion has, however, long prevailed, among them, as to the mode of production of the phenomena at present exhibited by the earth's crust. Some contend that they are the result of the agency of *water* : others, with equal confidence, assert that these mighty changes have been effected by the operation of *fire*. Hence the appropriate title of *Neptunists* and *Vulcanists* has been conferred on the respective advocates of the opposing theories. Profoundly as we admire the happy facility with which our Author wields these harsh and unmanageable terms, and the skill with which he reduces them into tolerably harmonious and orderly verse, we can hardly forgive his negligence in not having subjoined a *Glossary* for the benefit of those less highly-gifted and erudite than himself. In consequence of this defect, one or two of the other songs, especially that, entitled the "Loves of the Lobsters," are scarcely intelligible. Mr. WALTER WAGSTAFF, if that be the Author's *real* name, will not fail, under pain of our heavy displeasure, to remedy this fault in his third edition ; which, as we are informed in the *Times* paper, is expected to appear, with the addition of several new songs, in January next.

#### A RAPID GLANCE AT FRENCH LITERATURE.

*Tribune des femmes*.†—The she-editor of this journal is gone to the East, for what purpose is not known—perhaps in search of Père Enfantin. "The *Tribune*" suffers, however, no interruption on that account, and continues, as before, to labour on the Palingenesia of woman, as fully appears from some recent numbers, in which divorce is treated of as the *complément* to marriage.

\* We have heard whispered that the Author of the SONGS OF SCIENCE is a gentleman residing at Leamington : and this admission of his having passed his school-boy days at or near Warwick,—we shrewdly suspect, at *Halton*,—imparts a certain air of probability to the rumour.—*Rev.*

† This is the Journal for the female followers of Père L'Enfantin.

*Paroles d'un croyant de Lamennais.*—The bold priest with his brilliant rhetoric, his ready, mendacious sophistry, displays in the region of thought as much extravagance and impetuosity as he did at an earlier period of his life in the real world. We can merely allude to the destructive and sanguinary dogma of Lamennais's diatribe, Royer—Collard, speaking of the "Paroles d'un croyant," observed, "*c'est du Babeuf prêché par Isaïe.*"\*

*Les Hirondelles, par Alph. Esquiros.*—A collection of poems. The Parisian journals assure us that Alph. Esquiros possesses talent—that he is a genuine poet; but the "Revue de Paris" warns him from putting into rhyme the articles of the *National* and the *Courier*.

*De la Révolution en Europe, par M. Laurentie.*—Monsieur Laurentie was formerly principal writer of the *Quotidienne*, in which his political polemics were much more violent than they appear in this pamphlet, whose object it is to reconcile parties. Who would have dreamt to behold Laurentie a mediator—his articles in the *Quotidienne* led to no such supposition. *Quand le diable devient vieux, il se fait hermite.* Perhaps he is influenced by envy in seeing Lamennais taking the lead. With regard to the latter, he now holds forth in favour of republicanism, seeing he cannot establish a liberal theocracy; he is, in fact, Robespierre clad in a monk's habit. Certainly this priest displays a singular talent for composition—a powerful fancy lights up and burns within his fallow cranium, furrowed and withered at the same time with intellectual and sensual irregularities.

*Elie Tobias—histoire allemande de 1516, par Chabot de Bouin.*—A modest, unassuming novel—no shedding of blood—none of the incest horrors of the modern French school disgrace this production. The hero is a Jew, who is at first induced to sacrifice his love to his religion, but who at last prefers his inamorata to his creed. The story derives importance from an assurance that it rests on a fact, which occurred between a princess of Wirtemberg and a Jew.

*Clotilde par Madame de Theusson.*—A production as modest as the preceding one. It is an artless delineation of a true and natural love, according to French notions, treated with that importance which the fair sex never fail to bestow on it. The following is the story which possesses the merit of some invention, and is worked up with skill and feeling. Clotilda, a beautiful woman, with a highly noble and sensitive heart, was married in her youth to a man considerably older than herself. He becomes deranged—Clotilda withdraws into retirement. Here she devotes herself exclusively to letters; her fancy becomes inflamed with a glowing passion for *un homme de lettres*, whose works have excited great attention. They meet, and the alliance is formed. But fate—inscrutable—irresistible fate knocks at the door of the happy lovers; the husband recovers his senses—Clotilda dies.

This story reminds us of a true event, which occurred sometime ago in the rue St. Lazare. A married woman fell in love with a youth not more than *half* her age;—ten years the adulterous intercourse had lasted, when the father insisted on the connexion being broken, and that his son should marry. *A liaison de convenance* is soon found—the day of marriage approaches, but on the very eve of it the bodies of the young man and his paramour are found in the Seine, locked in each other's arms. *La vie ressemble plus souvent à un roman, qu'un roman ne ressemble à la vie.*

\* Meaning the eloquence of Isaiah preaching religion in the style of the most bloody of the revolutionists. We perceive with pleasure that the forthcoming number of the "Quarterly Review" promises an article on this extraordinary book. Justice will no doubt be done to it.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

## WORCESTERSHIRE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 4th, Edward Morris, Esq. M. R. C. S. resumed his Lecture on Geology, most pleasingly illustrated with a rich display of specimens from the Museum, and drawings on a very large scale, presenting various sections of rocks, and representations of those singular extinct monsters, the ichthyosaurus, and plesiosaurus, which were most kindly painted by a lady *con amore*, for the gratification of the Society, and the advancement of scientific research.

"Geology," observed the learned Lecturer, "offers to us boundless opportunities to increase our intellectual stores, and to furnish our minds with new subjects for contemplation; beautifully adorned as is the surface of the earth, still more astonishing and admirable will the earth itself appear, when its structure and history are developed as far as the genius and industry of man have hitherto accomplished that object. That we may embrace the high gratification of contemplating the earth as a whole, we must first bend our minds to an attentive consideration of its several parts. We sometimes meet with difficulties or obstacles in our progress, and fancy the study dry and uninteresting—but geology requires and merits the exercise of the best energies of the mind, and when so pursued, it will be found most engaging."

The lecturer here gave a condensed recapitulation of his former elaborate lecture upon the primitive rocks, described their varieties, and exhibited specimens, several the fruit of his own researches, among the romantic Malvern chain. In mentioning chlorite slate, he observed, that at the base of one of the most distant hills in the southern Malvern range, a shaft had been sunk by some ardent speculator in search of coal in this rock, tempted doubtless by its dark colour. He had noticed this pit in the course of his geological researches, but had not been able to ascertain the *measure* of the ardent zeal of this speculator, who had, of course, laboured in vain, the coal beds lying considerably higher in the scale. In fact, it was hardly necessary for him to remark, that in this order of rocks, no organic remains, either animal or vegetable, had been ever yet found. He should therefore now direct the attention of his audience to the *secondary rocks*, give a general sketch of their relative position, make some remarks on their structure, and the probable manner of their formation.

Chemistry was essential to the geologist in his investigations, for it subjected to its ordeal the rough granite rock and detected its composition, which was absolutely necessary for scientific induction. Thus 100 parts of granite contained

|                     |    |
|---------------------|----|
| Silex or sand ..... | 70 |
| Argil or clay.....  | 15 |
| Lime .....          | 1  |
| Potass.....         | 7  |
| Oxyde of iron.....  | 3  |

and some other substances in small proportions. Hornblende yields a larger proportion of lime, and syenite, in which hornblende takes the place of mica, produces eight per cent. of lime, and six per cent. of magnesia. Thus chemistry solved the question as to the source whence these substances forming the secondary rocks were derived, and displayed to our notice a beautiful simplicity in the operations of nature.

Limestone, being a principal constituent of the secondary rocks, and generally so well known for its economical uses, the lecturer observed that he should devote some time to its examination. The formation of limestone was to be traced to three distinct operations, *chemical*, *animal*, and *mechanical*. The first operation fell under our daily notice. If a spring of water charged with an excess of carbonic acid, or fixed air, percolate any rock having lime in its composition, a portion of that lime will be dissolved by the water, and thus brought to the surface of the earth as a supercarbonate. On exposure to the air, this solution of lime loses a portion of the carbonic acid; thus the supercarbonate which was able to hold a large quantity of lime in solution, becomes a carbonate able to hold but little, and consequently the

lime being separated, takes a solid form, and is deposited upon any substance it may pass over—this was the phenomenon displayed in what was commonly called a petrifying spring. Such springs were not uncommon in this country, as at Tedstone, near Bromyard, at Castle Froome, and Cradley, Herefordshire, and many other places. Branches of trees, moss, &c. placed in these springs, became speedily incrustated with a thick coat of carbonate of lime.

The lecturer then entered into a very interesting detail of the calcareous springs of France and Italy, which deposited great quantities of what was called *travertine*. In central France, where the granite rocks are largely developed, springs of this description, many of them thermal, issue in great abundance. At the base of the hill on which Clermont has been built, there is a thermal spring which has formed by incrustation an elevated mound of solid travertine, 16 feet high and 240 feet long, notwithstanding the continual dissolution and degradation it suffers from exposure to the atmosphere. A thermal spring issues from the summit of San Vignone, a hill in Tuscany, which deposits a layer of travertine half a foot thick annually, and a very compact rock is produced. It extends half a mile in one direction, and 350 feet in the opposite one, where it is washed by a river, and terminates abruptly in a precipice 200 feet in thickness. At San Felippo are three warm springs, from which it has been ascertained that a bed of travertine, 30 feet in thickness, has been formed in about 20 years. At this place the water thus charged with travertine is ingeniously used in a manufactory of medallions. After the grosser parts have subsided, the water is conveyed by pipes to the upper part of a chamber, from whence it falls, and is dispersed in spray over moulds placed for the purpose. These moulds in due time become so thickly coated over, that on being separated, beautiful casts are obtained in white marble. It is curious, too, to learn, that though the moulds may be placed in a highly inclined or nearly perpendicular position, yet the travertine adheres in an equal ratio over the whole exposed surface.

The lecturer then passed on to a description of the formation of limestone from animal life. Many marine and terrestrial animals constructed habitations for themselves by secreting from their bodies carbonate of lime; and shells so formed, were found in such immense quantities as to form the principal part of very considerable mountains. When we considered also the labours of the various coral insects, the formation of limestone was accounted for to an incalculable extent. It was not, however, to be supposed, that the lythophytes added a particle of lime to the quantity contained in the mass of the globe, but they certainly caused an accumulation of it upon the exterior. The manner in which the coral tribes raised their curious structures was then described, and the process by which a coral reef was metamorphosed into a fertile island. Some coral reefs extended from 600 to 700 miles, having a depth of 300 feet or more, so that certain confined seas, as the Arabian and Persian gulphs, were nearly filled up, and navigation much impeded. On the coasts of Malabar, New Holland, and New Guinea, immense masses of coral were still forming. Limestone was also formed from the decritus of older rocks of the same material. As the coral insects can only live while in connexion with sea water, should an earthquake elevate a coral reef above the ocean, the living polypes would die, the mass would be rapidly disintegrated, and carried forward by the action of water to new resting places, where covering older rocks, it would thus, in the course of ages, accumulate into a vast deposit, such as we saw in the chalk formation.

In the Grauwacké series, which immediately succeeded the primary strata, limestone was very extensively developed. The lecturer here exhibited some remarkable specimens from Backberry Hill, a little west of Stoke Park, Herefordshire. Here was a magnificent exposure of an ancient coral reef, many hundred yards in extent. It was now worked 20 feet in depth, and probably extended several hundred. To the young geologist he should recommend the examination of this hill as a most interesting field of observation; it was of a circular form, and one of the highest in Herefordshire. Here we saw unquestionable proofs of a tract submerged in the depths of the ocean for thousands of years, and suggesting a train of thought of the most surpassing interest. The Grauwacké was then the oldest of the fossiliferous rocks. Mr. Murchison had recently paid much attention to the arrangement of this series, and his labours were worthy of high praise, yet, when that gentleman stated that the fucus serra, and some very imperfect fragments of other fuci were all the vegetable remains furnished by this series, he must be allowed to observe, that other authors gave a much longer list, and as Dr. Fleming,

of Flisk, discovered a large dicotyledonous stem in the Grauwacké strata of Cork, and Dr. Buckland received from the Northumberland coal field another specimen of dicotyledonous wood, now in the Oxford Museum, he must contend that such trees grew at this period. The singular crustaceous animals found imbedded in the Grauwacké were next largely dwelt upon by the learned lecturer, and the species of trilobites, orthoœnæ, &c. described at length, with accompanying specimens and drawings. Our limits restrain us from entering into the details of the lecturer on the old red sandstone, so well developed in Herefordshire, but we cannot resist detailing his account of its chemical formation. Though silex is so sparingly soluble in water, yet if potass be present, it would operate as a re-agent, and a larger quantity of silex be dissolved. If the water so impregnated, became heated, silex would become soluble in a comparatively large proportion. This was shown on a large scale in nature, and the thermal waters of Hecla deposited beautiful crystals of silex, agates, chalcedony, &c. The ocean, then, washing as it once did, the sides of our beautiful Malvern hills, the potass contained in those rocks operating as a re-agent, or domestic enemy, would betray the parent rocks to the action of the waters, and become the chief cause of their dissolution. Let volcanic fire, to which those rocks very possibly owe their origin, be in active operation, and give its aid by heating the waters, these rocks, the shadows probably of what they once were, would quickly fall into the watery waste, and be dissolved. Then suppose these agents, the potass and heat, to desert their new combinations with silex, the heat to evaporate, and the soda or potass to be attracted by muriatic or other acids, to form beds of rock salt, &c. the water would then be unable to hold the silex in solution, which would thus regain its liberty; but in a less imposing form. An infinite number of distinct points of chrySTALLIZATION would simultaneously commence, and each taking its peculiar form of a six-sided prism, would be precipitated, and form so many grains of sand. The sea then retiring, rains from the neighbouring heights would wash down their fine argillaceous matter, and carry it through the interstices of the sand; waters laden with carbonate of lime from the adjacent rocks lend their aid by precipitating carbonate of lime from the water as the excess of fixed air escaped, which thus deposited with the sand and clay would cement them together into a hard rock, similar to the old red sandstone. The lecturer then accounted for the formation of clay, and the red colour of sandstone, remarking in passing upon the general diffusion of iron throughout nature. We must pass rapidly over the succeeding formations of encrinal or mountain limestone, millstone grit, and the coal measures, though elaborately worked out by the ingenious lecturer. He remarked, that at this period, the north of Europe formed an archipelago, resembling the present aspect of the Pacific ocean. Submarine mountains in some places were capped by basin-shaped coral reefs; in others, rocks of grauwacké or granite protruded themselves above the ocean over a wide area. Islands, and perhaps a continent, at no great distance, supported a gigantic and extraordinary vegetation, from which masses of immense size were carried by inundations to the sea, and wafted among the rocks by winds and currents, and here they were deposited in successive accumulations in the lagoons of the coral isles, thus admirably adapted to receive them as magazines, stored up for the future wants of a race about to be called into existence. It was pleasing to trace the operations of nature, and delightful to perceive the different gradations by which the most amazing results were accomplished, but, observed Mr. Morris, there is danger in limiting our views to second causes, and making that a stumbling block which ought to illumine our path. It was possible to meet with a man, who, taking his fuel in contented ignorance from the depths of the earth, received it as a boon from the hands of his Maker, acknowledging, with a grateful heart, his providence and goodness; while another made familiar with the works of nature by study and observation, yet attributes them to a mere chapter of accidents, and sneers at the credulity of the other. But it would be better that all our scientific researches were for ever abandoned, than that any of the former character should have their faith and piety disturbed by the latter. But it need not be so. Let us not stop half way. Let us trace to their great origin the multifarious operations in nature, and then the hand of God will be abundantly conspicuous.

The new red sandstone and its subordinate rocks were next reviewed; immediately previous to the deposition of this formation there were prodigious disturbing forces at work in the earth, creating a subsidence of land in a south-easterly, or



an elevation in a north-westerly direction. At this time vegetation proceeded at no remote distance, but all central and eastern England, central and north-eastern France, with a large portion of Germany, Poland, and Russia, must have been beneath the surface of the ocean. Probably the Malvern hills, and a great part of the range extending northward to the Abberley hills may have formed the north-western boundary to the waves, and suffered much loss and degradation by the resistance they opposed to them.

Before concluding his interesting details, Mr. Morris observed that he had intended to have entered fully upon the lias group on the present occasion, having, by the kindness of a talented lady, drawings on a very large scale of the Saurian reptiles that at that time reigned the terror of the deep; however, though he must defer his description of that formation, still as some remains of the animals adverted to had been found in the new red sandstone, he should not unfittingly introduce them. The drawings seemed to excite very great interest, and the lecturer proceeded to describe the various species of the Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri, adopting the names proposed by Mr. Hawkins, in his recent work upon the subject, taken from the form of the bones in the hand, viz. *Ichthyosaurus Chiropamekostonus*, and *Ichthyosaurus Chirostrongulostinus*. These animals differed from crocodiles in having their nostrils immediately under their eyes, whereas crocodiles have their nostrils at the very tip or anterior part of the upper jaw, and in not having paws for locomotion on dry land. The teeth of both animals resembled each other. The Ichthyosauri subsisted on ammonites, fish, and their own species. The Plesiosauri were distinguished by their cervical vertebrae exceeding in number even those of the swan. They swam on the surface of the water, and fed on pterodactyles and fish. Perhaps, said the lecturer, I cannot do better in closing the subject than quote the remarkable language of the gentleman before alluded to, in reference to these singular beings, though without entirely acquiescing in his ideas. "Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri filled up the measure of their years long ere Eden was planted, and the dominion of the man made of the red earth acknowledged. Their's was the pre-Adamite—the just-emerged-from-chaos—planet; through periods known only to the great Eternal, their's an ettrich-world—uninhabitate, sunless, and moonless,—and seared in the angry light of supernal fire! Their's a fierce anark thing scorched to a horrible shadow which denned that dreadful earth—alone—scaring even solitude. How did they gloat over the million medusæ, the boneless zoophytes of an element—wide as the world, and all their own—till dark night fell down upon them! The adamantine grapples of Time at last came upon them. He watched the last struggle of the last horrible persons of their frightful race, and forewent the execution of the bond that all living are bound by." (Great applause.)

Dr. Streeten then proposed the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Morris for the skilful manner with which he had discussed a subject surrounded with so many difficulties—he observed, that of course there were upon some points varying opinions, but there could be but one opinion as to the merit justly due to the talented lecturer. O. J. Lloyd, Esq. seconded the motion, and Mr. Morris briefly acknowledged the compliment paid him amidst general gratulations.

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#### ON THE PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT OF ORGANIC LIFE.

A lecture on this subject was delivered by J. H. Walsh, Esq., at the Guildhall, Worcester, Tuesday, Nov. 18, illustrated with numerous drawings and specimens.

The lecturer commenced by adverting to the difficulties attending a subject of this kind, when treated of before an audience composed of novices as well as those more advanced in scientific pursuits. He, however, considered his concern to be more especially with beginners in the science of zoology, and he should, therefore, proceed to define organized beings in general, after which he should subdivide them into animals and vegetables, and then give a rapid survey of the animal kingdom. In pursuance of this object, he gave the general characteristics of organized beings, connected with their origin, growth, and composition, and particularly noticed the

power inherent in all of them of regenerating mutilated parts, which, as he afterwards explained by reference to the experiments of Blumenbach, is in a direct ratio to the simplicity of their construction. This power, connected with that of nutrition, he observed, afford decided evidence of the superiority of the machines constructed by the Creator over the most perfect productions of modern art.

The lecturer then showed the distinctive differences between the vegetable and animal kingdoms, which latter had formerly been defrauded of many of its subjects, having been considered as marine plants, until the experiments of Trembley and others proved their animality. He then commented on the Linnæan aphorism. This aphorism he asserted to be inefficient, since there is no proof that those simple animals in which no traces of nerves can be found, present any traces of sensibility. For this term he proposed to substitute irritability, and although it might appear that this power was possessed by certain vegetables, yet on examination it would be found that the phenomena displayed by them are entirely different from the irritability of animals:—an assertion which he illustrated by referring to the experiments of Lindsay, Dutrochet, and Mayo, on the motion of the leaves of the *Mimosa pudica*, or sensitive plant, showing it to be dependent on the *expansive* power of the lobular bodies at the base of the leaf stalk, leaf, &c. whilst the motions of animals are caused by *contraction*.

The lecturer next proceeded to describe the phenomena of life, which is only to be known by its effects:—"of the essence of life," he said, "we are utterly ignorant, we know it only as the connecting bond which unites and keeps in action a certain assemblage of functions in an organized body. On no other subject have such absurd and groundless theories been formed—volumes have been written in support of particular hypotheses, but none are sufficient to account for all that is in relation with life, but that which ascribes its origin to the voice of omnipotence, and its continuance and preservation to the same Almighty power." The example by which Cuvier illustrates the presence and absence of life is exceedingly beautiful. "Picture to yourselves, he says, a female in all the vigour of youth, and all the might and majesty of loveliness, nameless charms shine around her—

The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole.

In a moment, without apparent cause, she ceases to breathe, all power of motion has vanished, and now contrast what follows with that upon which a few moments since we gazed with admiration and delight. The cold and senseless mass is no longer affected by surrounding objects; the beautiful regularity and symmetry of form begins to alter; the relaxed and flaccid muscles allow the bones to project from beneath; the eye "that fires not, wins not, weeps not now," becomes glassy, flaccid, and opaque;" but these, observed the lecturer, are only the precursors of changes, into the particulars of which he should not enter. Thus strangely was life constituted; but it was animated in the human being by an immortal spirit, of which all that could be said was—that it was placed there by the great Creator.

His definition of a species we give at length. "I have already mentioned, that a fixed external form belongs to each animal, and that it is continued from parent to offspring. This has been the case from time immemorial. All the animals belonging to one of these forms constitute a species. This resemblance is not to be taken in a rigorous sense, for every being has its individual characters, so that a shepherd can distinguish every sheep in his flock. Proceeding then on the criterion of definite form, we may define a species as a *collection of all the individuals which have descended one from the other, or from common parents, and of all those which resemble them as much as they resemble each other*. This, then, is the first step; next we unite together those most nearly resembling each other so as to form genera. These again are grouped into orders, next into classes, and finally into departments."

The lecturer observed that he had taken the system of Cuvier as his text, though with some alteration, for instead of commencing with man, and proceeding downwards to the infusoria, he had considered it more philosophical to begin with the lowest orders of organic life, and thus by a progressive development

arrive at last at the complex structure displayed by the mammalia and man. The Infusorial animals were the first that arrested attention, and were found in fluids, under certain circumstances, in every part of the globe, and partook of the motion of the fluids they inhabited. Some of these were extremely simple; but many others, as shown by Professor Ehrenberg, were much more complicated, some possessing an outer shell, others provided with tentacula or arms, and others again exhibiting a regular apparatus of stomach and intestines.

Proceeding to the polype tribes, including the coral animals, the lecturer observed, that the animal kingdom had been formerly defrauded, for Tournefort had classed them with vegetables; but later observations had incontestibly proved that the coral reefs, which so obstructed navigation in the Pacific, and many of which rose above the ocean, yet advanced from such profound depths beneath, were the sole work of innumerable polypes, who framed their habitations in a similar manner to what we observed in the snail, who secreted his shell. Some of the polypi, although they had a separate existence, yet lived in common, and the nutriment imbibed by one was conveyed to all. According to the experiments made by Blumenbach, if a hydra be divided into several portions, each of these will, in a few days, become a perfect animal. By dividing either the head or posterior part of the animal longitudinally, the number of these parts may be increased at pleasure. They may be turned inside out like a glove, a manœuvre which requires considerable dexterity and practice. They may be divided longitudinally, and expanded like a riband, and in this state, as remarked by Rosel, they have the wonderful power of running together, so that two or more join to become one individual. The sea anemonies were another curious tribe, that expanded their tentacula after the manner of the petals of flowers, and though fixed to the rocks, had yet the power of removing, when (if he might so express himself) they thought fit. The crustacea shewed a farther advancement in organic structure, their soft internal bodies being defended and preserved by a coriaceous covering or shell, as the crab and lobster. These still possess the property of reproducing any limb, of which time or accident might have deprived them, and specimens were now before them in which the various gradations were perceptible, from the newly-emerging limb to the claw fully and completely formed. Next these followed the insect tribes, possessing ganglia and displaying muscular action, but still without internal bones.

The next department was that of the molluscous animals. Here we first find a true heart differing from that of the articulata in possessing two cavities, one for the reception of the blood returned from the body, the other for its transmission.

In this class, the nervous system is contained within the general envelope of the body along with the viscera, and is composed of several scattered masses connected by nervous filaments, the chief of these masses is placed on the asophagus or gullet, and is called brain. Of the organs of sense, two only are found, those of taste and vision, the latter of which is frequently wanting. In this class, one single family presents the organ of hearing. The organs of digestion and secretion are nearly as complex as in the vertebrata. Still, however, there is no skeleton, the muscles are merely attached to the skin, which constitutes a soft contractile envelope, between the layers of which, in many species, are formed hard calcareous plates, called shells.

Finally, we arrived at the vertebrated animals, which are divided into two sections, from their possession of cold or warm blood. The former section is composed of the fishes and reptiles exhibiting various degrees of complication. All, however, have a muscular heart, and some kind of respiration, either by means of gills or membranous lungs. The individuals of the latter division are distinguished by the warmth of their blood, they have also a muscular heart, invariably divided into four cavities, a mouth furnished with two jaws, the one situated either above or before the other; here we always find five senses, never more than four limbs, a brain exactly filling the cavity of the skull, a spinal marrow, and two kinds of nerves. They also possess two kinds of muscles, of which the one set obey the empire of the will, and are hence called voluntary, whilst the others are totally independent of that power, and are termed the involuntary muscles, as the heart, &c. In this division are included the two classes of birds and mammalia, which latter also includes the human species, distinguished by their erect posture, that

majestic attitude which announces their superiority over all the other inhabitants of the globe. Man, whose more elevated nature is connected to surrounding objects by moral relations, who can pursue the chain of cause and effect, and embrace in his mind the system of the universe, boldly regarding the heavens, he can direct his sight even into the regions of the stars. The contrast, therefore, so finely expressed by the poet, is quite correct in fact.

Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram  
Os homini sublime dedet; cœlumque tueri, jussit  
Et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

This was an extempore lecture, it should be observed, without even the usual reference to notes, and at its close the certain testimonies of unmixed satisfaction were manifested by the warm applause of the assembly. Dr. Malden then proposed, and O. J. Lloyd, Esq. seconded, the customary vote of thanks, which was carried without the slightest dissent.

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## WORCESTER LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

### LECTURE "ON THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF MAN AND ANIMALS."

In our first number for August we called the attention of our readers to the published lecture of Mr. Turley, on the Nervous System of Man and the Inferior Animals, accompanied by quotations. This gentleman delivered a second lecture on the same subject to an equally crowded assembly, at the Athenæum, on the 10th ult. His first lecture was anatomical and general; the second was a brief recapitulation of such principles laid down in the first discourse as were necessary to the further development of his subject on this occasion, and an outline of a philosophical system of the functions of the brain. Unless we could present our readers with copies of the very numerous and beautiful illustrations presented to his auditors, we should not do justice to Mr. Turley's discourse, nor should we be enabled to put our friends in possession of the impressive arguments and proofs advanced by the lecturer. However, to supply this unavoidable omission, we shall endeavour to offer such selections as may embody the most striking features of his impressive discourse.

"The nervous system, so intimately connected with the economy of every thing that lives, and moves, and has a being, has not till of late years received that share of attention from the anatomists of this country adequate to its predominant importance in all the functions of animal life, and consequently the early metaphysical writers on the nature of mind were the most obscure of authors. In the investigation of this, as in most other researches into the minute structure of the distinct tissue of animal bodies, our continental Savans have had precedence. In the days of Hippocrates (400 years before Christ), when human anatomy was considered a profanation, it was not to be expected that any very accurate knowledge of the nervous system could be entertained; and indeed but very vague notions prevailed on this subject even from the days of Galen up to the time of Berenger, the predecessor of Vesalius, in the 15th century. The animal spirits were supposed to be secreted in the belly of the brain, and these were conceived to be sent thence with the blood to every part of the system, The soul was thought to reside in the pineal gland, and the objects of the external senses were believed by Sylvius to be deposited in the lateral ventricles.

"Some were not contented with allowing to man one soul, but conceived that he had many, placed in different parts of his body. In the interim of the 15th and 18th century, much was done in pointing out correctly the anatomy and functions of many of the nerves; but it is to Dr. Gall's researches (in 1790) into the functions of the brain, aided subsequently by the labours of Dr. Spurzheim (1800), both German physicians, that we are indebted for, to say the least of it, a very plausible account of the manifold operations of the brain. Certainly the simplicity of the

arrangement of the qualities of the human mind by Dr. Spurzheim must be admitted on all hands to be very superior. His nomenclature of our faculties, though new, are very significant, and if

“All a rhetorician’s rules  
Teach nothing but to name the tools;”

yet to name the tools correctly, and to assign to each its individual use, is certainly an essential step in acquiring a knowledge of the art in which the tools are employed. On a little reflection it is not difficult to conceive why such crude, such indistinct notions should have been formerly put forth by philosophers who have written on the doctrines of the mind. In early ages when the prejudices against human dissection amounted to a prohibition of anatomizing the human body, all ideas of the mind were obtained from reflection, and from considering its manifestations. Hence arose the notion that mind was immaterial and distinct from matter. Mind and soul were spoken of in synonymous terms. Theologians soon took hold of this doctrine and their anathema fell with such disastrous fury on the head of the man who dared to speak of mind as emanating from matter that but few were found foolhardy enough to raise a scruple against their adopted darling. In progress of time, and knowledge, it was observed, that if the proofs of the mind in man were employed to test the cerebral operations of brute animals—some of the higher brutes must be allowed minds too—this position could not be borne. A new ground was therefore taken—the functions of the brain in the lower animals were called their instincts, while similar qualities in man were denominated his reason. This state of things existed some time, and was a sort of *placebo* to both contending parties—the materialists and immaterialists. But knowledge is a restless goddess, and in her onward march it was at length discovered that man possessed as many instincts as brutes, and their instincts viewed as a whole, greatly resembled the operations of his mind. Here was a sad dilemma. Mind in the lower animals? Absurd! Reason in brute beasts? impossible! Besides reason, mind, and soul, were immaterial, and brute animals could never, by either party, however they disagreed on all other points, be permitted to have minds and souls—at this crisis, anatomy shed her light on the benighted combatants. It was found that, in the scale of creatures, their organ of all their instincts, their structure of brain, bore a just relation to their instinctive endowments—that, the brain of man—his *organ or instrument* of thought and reason was composed like their’s, but, unlike their’s, was possessed of a complexity of structure, and an addition of parts, unknown in any lower creature yet examined. And now it became necessary to enlarge our philosophy of the mental functions—to consider thought and instinct as the operation of the *brain*, both in brutes and man, and to speak of mind as the operation of brain—thus to separate the mind and soul from each other—the former a property of matter, the latter an addition to matter—an emanation from God himself—unevidenced in the brute—unfathomable by man—connected with his mind during his earthly abode, yet disenthralled at his death—returning to the God who gave it to be again at his disposal. In this view of Psychology the blessings of religion and its revelations are not disturbed as they were, by considering the mind immaterial—for if the mind were immaterial, it could not be *deranged*—which we daily see it is—and if *deranged* at death, what must be our conception of it hereafter—“the soul can never be deranged nor can ever die.”

When Mr. Turley’s lectures “On the Anatomy of the Nervous System of Man and of the Inferior Animals,” were first announced, it did not strike us that the functions of the nervous system embraced Phrenology, and we were agreeably surprised to find him including this subject in his inquiry. Phrenology, or “the doctrine of the special faculties of the mind, and of the relations between their manifestations and the brain” has now been before the public nearly half a century, and was first called craniology—and perhaps no theory of late years, has so perturbed and so divided the metaphysical world—men of the highest mental rank and distinction have arranged themselves in opposing phalanxes, and if the public were to be led by either party, the believers or the sceptics, it might receive all advanced by the former, or reject all as insisted on by the latter. Perhaps, the truth in this, as in many other questions, lies between. In *medias res*—we shall ourselves be content at present to remain; neither believing all, nor rejecting all advanced by men of such endowments as—Gall, Spurzheim, Cuvier, Andral, Coombe, Elliotson, &c. &c.

Societies for the cultivation of this new science are now established in many of the largest towns in most of the continental kingdoms, in America and in this country, but much, it appears, is yet to be done before the study may be considered complete.

The lectures already before the public on this science have always had relation to craniology alone. The merit is therefore due to Mr. Turley not to have followed the beaten track of his predecessors, who always began with the human brain and its functions, but to have commenced by comparative anatomy (the simpler view), and to have led his auditors up to the human brain, the most complicated structure. He seems to have clearly established some important points much disputed by the anti-phrenologists, viz.—that the brain is an *assemblage* of parts, anatomically speaking, and an *unit* only in its collective operation,—that we are all endowed with a knowledge of physiognomy, and that we *instinctively* (as it is said) judge of people by their heads; but with regard to the present phrenological division of the head into faculties, the lecturer has not yet proceeded sufficiently far to warrant our affirmative opinion of its correctness.

The subject is one of considerable interest, if we may judge from the intense anxiety manifested to hear the lecture. Indeed it is not to be wondered at that in this era the thirst after a knowledge of the powers of mind should be so predominant—that people who reflect on the wonderful machinery of their bodies with a grateful feeling to their Maker for superior endowments, should seek this source of amusement and instruction.

This lecture does not require the aid of encomium—it will speak sufficiently for itself—neither will it be necessary to describe the high gratification which it appeared to impart to a more than usually crowded auditory. The vote of thanks was moved, in the accustomed way, by Mr. Thomas Burlingham, and seconded by Mr. E. L. Williams; when the lecturer, in expressing his thanks for the honour done him, took occasion to point out the utility of Scientific Institutions, and to offer his best services in their support.

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### LECTURES ON ORATORY AND SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS, BY R. J. BALL, B. A.

WITH the reputation of an accomplished elocutionist, derived from metropolitan criticism, and, during the past month, from the reports of the proceedings of the Cheltenham Literary and Philosophical Institution, Mr. Ball commenced, at the Athenæum, on Monday the 17th of November, a course of lectures on Oratory and Shakspeare's Plays. Consistently with the objects of our publication, we will present our readers with an analysis of each of the lectures that have been hitherto delivered; so far at least as we can do so without injuring the interests of the lecturer by publishing a detailed report of the matter which he communicated, in language distinguished by clearness of arrangement, energy of expression, and eloquence of style.

Mr. Ball's first lecture was on the Eloquence of the Senate. He commenced with a characteristic sketch of the qualities, moral and intellectual, that may be discovered by the philosopher who examines, with the calm scrutiny of an uninfluenced spectator, the state of opposite parties in each House of Legislature, and the motives, personal as well as political, of the individual members of each party. "In both Houses of Parliament," said the lecturer, "we may behold ability and impotence; brilliant imagination, unimpassioned thought; patriotism the most exalted, self-interest the most base; the vilest venality, the noblest independence; the understanding that expands itself over a wide and glorious field of all that is great, all that is holy; and the intellect that lies pent up in the narrow space of ignorant assumption, which even its own confidence cannot enlarge. "I speak not," continued the lecturer, "of edifices erected by the hand of man, which, however remarkable for strength, however attractive by beauty, however dignified by time, it requires but a bolt from heaven to shatter from the dome to the very base, or a conflagration such as

that which the metropolis lately witnessed, to reduce to utter annihilation ! But I speak," added he, "of those assemblies of the spirits of men, whose operations, *if for good*, no matter *where* or *what* may be the scene of their preparation, remain imperishable and immortal."

From a consideration of the general aspect of each senatorial order of the state, Mr. Ball proceeded to an inquiry into the motives and conduct of individual statesmen, as they may be influenced by the ambition of oratorical distinction for themselves, or by the unworthy triumph they enjoy from the rhetorical failure of others: that is to say, of "the ambition that prompts the new-fledged statesman to attempt a more than ordinary flight, and of the envy that rejoices in his fall, should his wing be too weak, and his heart too timid, to sustain him in his dangerous elevation:"—in fine, should he "want the pigeon's strength of pinion, and the eagle's fearless gaze." On this point the lecturer dilated with considerable eloquence of language and vividness of illustration, until, by a natural transition, he entered upon a consideration of what has generally been the fate of parliamentary orators, when removed from the scene of their established reputation, to one in which fame is uncertain of attainment, because the senatorial atmosphere differs, like that of Nature, according to the change of country and the variety of circumstances. In support of these views, Mr. Ball cited several remarkable examples, concluding with that of Flood; who, he said, "is thought by some to have been like an ancient oak, the pride of the mountain forest, torn up by the roots and transplanted to an uncongenial soil;" but who, to his view, "resembled a rock which had been wont to brave the stormy billows of the ocean, converted, by some unaccountable effect of nature, into a heap of crumbling and perishable sand!"

The lecturer next dwelt on the utility of private practice in declamation; there being no doubt that it is as necessary to the public speaker, as constant practice to the fencer, or regular exercise to the athlete."

Speakers in parliament the lecturer then distinguished into three classes— orators, debaters, and talkers. The characteristics of the two first classes he pointed out with discriminative skill; and the peculiar qualities of the most influential senators of the present day, he defined with an accuracy of judgment which can be founded only on a long-continued observation of parliamentary discussions, an intimate acquaintance with elocutionary practice, and an intuitive perception of the pretensions to oratorical preeminence which individual senators can claim. Having thus defined, with the accurate delineation of a master-spirit, the qualifications of the inspired orator, and those of the experienced debater—the relative merits of each in public estimation—and the relative importance of each in "the common-place collision of senatorial intellect," Mr. Ball drew his conclusion as follows; "Thus the inspired orator is one character—the ready debater is another—combine them, and the perfect statesman will appear upon the scene, to guide inferior minds to safe and solid counsels, if he be as honest in principle, as he must be great in power."

Were we to extend any further our analysis of this most eloquent and judicious lecture, we might, as we have already implied, detract from the interest which must be attached to it, whenever and wherever it may be delivered. We cannot, however, conclude our notice of it without declaring, that Mr. Ball's recitations of passages from the orations of modern statesmen, were pronounced with the skill of a master in the art, and created a strong impression on his auditory. A most singular circumstance occurred, which proved the ability of the lecturer as an elocutionist. During his recitation of "Burke's Description of the irruption of Hyder Ali into the Carnatic," Colonel J—, a fellow-townsmen of our own, who had witnessed the scenes of wo so pathetically delineated by Burke, at first expressed, by open contradictions, his dissent to the charges advanced against the East India Company; but forgetting his indignation in the vivid picture of conflagration, slaughter, captivity, and famine, as Mr. Ball proceeded in the recitation, his tears, at last, not shed in silence, gave attestation of the unexaggerated statement of the orator, who had so powerfully described the "havoc;" and of the elocutionary skill of the reciter, who brought the picture of what the Colonel had personally witnessed, so vividly before his recollection.

The second lecture of the Course was on the character of Macbeth. The

analysis of this character was worthy of admiration, alike for metaphysical inquiry into the hidden workings of Macbeth's mind, and for language exquisitely descriptive of the scenes and incidents presented to the reader's contemplation. Thus, when Duncan retires to Macbeth's castle "to enjoy in tranquillity the repose brought home to him by his victorious armies," the lecturer continued in the following terms an admirable picture of "the gentle retreat where Nature seems to repose in silence and in solitude amid lakes, and woods, and mountains, that seem to tell of all abstraction from the passions and the crimes of men." "Let the scene in its first opening view be presented to your contemplation—not as it appears upon the stage, but in its own abstracted beauty; and then, for the evening song of the bird haunting the solitary towers, and for the 'sweet air recommending itself unto the gentle senses,' place in awful contrast, the succeeding storm, and the 'strange screams of death' heard upon the midnight air; and you will acknowledge the power of the magician, whose wand thus suddenly converts security to danger, calm to tempest, life to death, and triumph to lamentation!" The recitations were delivered with high dramatic power. In Macbeth's interview with the witches, on the heath; in his address to the dagger; in the banquet scene, when the ghost of Banquo "spoils the pleasure of the time;" and in the fluctuations of passion which mark the tyrant's varied feelings throughout the last act, Mr. Ball, though unaided by the appurtenances of scenic illusion, presented an admirable and perfectly sustained picture of a man, not naturally wicked, advancing gradually in the path of guilt, until, with a full reliance upon supernatural aid, he declares that he

"— Will not be afraid of death and banè  
'Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane!"

Of all the recitations, the most touching was that of the few lines of soul-felt pathos which Macbeth pronounces when, on the death of his wife, he finds himself left alone, "like a bark that sees its consort go down amid the waters of the troubled ocean, while the clouds are collecting over head, and the tide of ruin swells into fearful undulation."

"To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time," &c. &c.

In his lecture on the Eloquence of the Bar, Mr. Ball commenced by a reference to the times in which Erskine "appealed to the understandings of an English jury upon principles of human right and universal independence, enforcing those appeals by language clothed in eloquence, and leading to conviction"—when Curran "diverted the attention of an easily excited Irish jury from the weak and pregnable points of his client's case, by the glare of gushing streams of imaginative splendour"—and when Mackintosh by his defence of Peltier "gave great and sanguine promise of sustaining the character of the English Bar"—those times being placed in contrast by the lecturer with the subsequent period in which "night closed around the precincts of the British forum." He then gave a judicious exposition of the difficulties connected with the profession of the Bar,—the toil, both physical and mental, that attends the life of a barrister in full practice; after which he drew an eloquent contrast between the practice of the King's Bench and that of the Old Bailey. In the former, said the lecturer, "it is evident that men must toil, but we may suppose that thence likewise they can derive enjoyment. To protect the rights of the orphan involved in the subtle meshes that fraud has drawn around—to defend the mourning widow, when her husband's professing friends, upon his death, have reared their serpent heads, endeavouring to crush her in their perfidious coils—to vindicate the liberties of society by supporting the privileges of some arraigned, but guiltless individual—to oppose the pure and adamant shield of equity against the strong weapon of the law, directed by the hand of arbitrary power—these are the high and useful services that a King's Bench advocate may hope for opportunities of rendering to his fellow men—these are the noble duties by which he can benefit humanity, and immortalize his own name. There is, however, a branch of the legal profession, in which I behold every thing that can ossify the heart of



man, and nothing that can soften or rejoice it—the practice of the Old Bailey.—To court the pickpocket as a client; to become the patron of the petty thief, *patron des gens les plus méprisables*; to save the man of vice from deserved incarceration, and facilitate his flight by brow-beating the magistrate until he accept bail; to defend the highwayman, the housebreaker, the assassin, and, by some quibble in the law, send them once more at large upon society, to use again the crow-bar, the bludgeon, and the knife—tigers caught, and then let loose to renew their depredations—these are the objects to which the criminal advocate—I beg pardon—the advocate of crime, must direct his mind! And what a mind can that man have who, coming from his college with Demosthenes and Cicero still fresh upon his memory, can degrade his intellectual faculties by the exercise of so vile an advocacy! And what is his reward?—The last guinea wrung from misery and want! the contribution, perhaps, of a wo-struck mother, to save from a dishonoured death the son to whom her bosom had given life, eked out by the mite which an almost widowed wife has flung in hopeless desperation from her famishing and naked offspring, so soon to be thrown as orphans on the world!”

Mr. Ball then entered into an accurate and judicious statement of the various elocutionary duties to be performed at the Bar—and, in conclusion, enforced the necessity of the study and practice of forensic elocution in its highest ranges. “Every advocate,” added the lecturer, “however great his talents, and exalted his attainments, cannot be fortunate enough to meet with opportunities for their display, but every advocate should hope for such, and be prepared to seize them. Every artist cannot be a Titian—but place lines and limits beyond which Genius shall not pass, check its aspirings, circumscribe the circle of its flight, and never, to the end of time, shall a second Titian claim the homage of an admiring world!”

The most interesting portion of the lecturer's discourse was in the pictures drawn by him of the career of Mr. Curran, and likewise of that of the late Lord Erskine. The eloquence of his language, enlivened by the most beautiful and appropriate imagery, was rendered still more effective by the expressive intonations of his voice, and the graceful application of his gestures. And thus, by an easy transition, he prepared his auditors for his admirable illustrations of forensic elocution, exhibited in his recitations of vivid and powerful specimens of modern oratory, selected from the speeches of Lord Erskine, Mr. Curran, and Sir James Mackintosh.

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#### CHELTENHAM LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

THIS Institution, which was only established in the spring of last year, has since that period, been steadily advancing in public favor, and consequently realizing in a great degree the hopes entertained at its formation, that it would ere long be productive of considerable benefit to its native town. The Report of its first year's proceedings is, indeed, highly encouraging, and shows that it ranks among its members many who are able and willing to advance the interests of literature and science, and who, moreover, take a pleasure in contributing their labours to the general interests of mankind. Lord Sherborne and the Bishop of Gloucester, are the patrons of this Institution; and Dr. Boisragon, a gentleman occupying the first place in his profession, and universally respected for the readiness which he ever manifests in furthering every attempt to improve the intellectual character of the place, is the president for the current year; while in the Rev. George Bonner and Dr. Conolly, the two vice-presidents, the Institution possesses warm and zealous supporters. Its present number of members exceeds one hundred and thirty. The Institution commenced its proceedings for the session of 1834-5 on Tuesday evening, September 9, when Dr. Kay read a paper on the “Natural History of the Class of Plants called *Fungi*,” a subject very judiciously selected for discussion at this particular season of the year, when these vegetable tribes usually spring up in great abundance. On the following Monday, (September 15,) Dr. Simon commenced his Course of Lectures on *Electricity and Electro-Magnetism*, continuing the subject on the 16th, 18th, and 20th of the same month. Upon

each occasion there was a very numerous attendance of the members and their friends, all of whom appeared delighted with the variety of beautiful, interesting, and novel experiments introduced in illustration of each Lecture. At the Monthly Meeting which took place on Tuesday, October 14, Mr. Comfield, the Curator, delivered a Lecture on some of the peculiarities of that branch of optics, which comprehend the formation and inversion of images, the most striking and important phenomena of which he judiciously pointed out and explained, with the assistance of a series of appropriate experiments. On the succeeding Tuesday, Mr. R. J. Ball, B. A. commenced a Course of Eight Lectures on Oratory and the Dramatic Works of Shakspeare, which proved throughout highly attractive, and were honoured with the hearty applause of numerous and highly respectable audiences. Mr. Ball's abilities as a public lecturer on elocution are of a very superior order, and his correct discrimination of character in his dramatic criticisms shows that he has diligently studied the subjects of the poet's contemplations in the unerring school of Nature. The first *Conversazione* of the session was held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 18, at which there was a very numerous and fashionable attendance of the members and their friends. The Imperial Room was appropriately fitted up for the occasion, and several interesting objects in literature and art were placed on the tables for inspection. Dr. Boisragon, the President of the Institution, having taken the chair, the Rev. Jenkin Thomas delivered an address on the "*Progress and Influence of General Literature*;" in the course of which he was repeatedly interrupted by the applause of the company. We have not space sufficient to present our readers this month with any lengthened abstract of the lecture, but we may remark generally that it presented an able and luminous, though necessarily very brief sketch, of the "rise and progress" of literature from the period of its first faint dawn in Egypt, up to its meridian splendour in modern times. The lecturer exhibited a variety of striking instances and allusions, to exemplify the influence which a taste for literature imparts to the civilization and moral happiness of mankind. Mr. Ball, (concerning whose Course of Lectures lately delivered, we have already spoken) varied the intellectual entertainments of the evening by readings of Byron's *Address to Greece* and the *Story of Le Fèvre*, both of which were given with great taste and pathos. After which Dr. Boisragon and Mr. Ball read together the 3rd act of *Othello*. The second *Conversazione* of the Institution is fixed to take place in January; its subject to be "*The Fine Arts*:" and a third, intended to be held in March, will be devoted to Science. Thus Literature, Arts, and Science will each have its own peculiar festival. At the ensuing Meeting, to be held in December, the Rev. G. Bonner, one of the vice-presidents, will deliver an Address on "*The present State of the Fine Arts*." A Course of Three Lectures on "*The Physiology of Digestion, The Circulation of the Blood, Secretion and Absorption*" will be delivered by Dr. Conolly, also a vice-president of the Institution, during the ensuing month—namely, the first Lecture on Friday December 5th, the second on Friday the 12th, and the third on Friday the 19th.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS,

*From Oct. 8 to Nov. 8.*

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- Chitty's General Practice of the Law, Vol. 2. Part 2, royal 8vo. 16s.
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Hughes. The work has been undertaken at the request of several Members of the Church, in consequence of the great expense of the voluminous originals.

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## PREFERMENTS.

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The Rev. Charles Pilkington, B. C. L., Fellow of New College, Oxford, and one of the Masters of Winchester College, has been presented to the Rectory of Stockton, in the county of Warwick; patrons, the Warden and Fellows of New College.

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Prestbury.—At Nuneaton, Warwickshire, John Bond, jun. Esq. M. D. to Harriet, daughter of Thomas Hincks, Esq. both of that place.—At Birmingham, Mr. Robert Gillam, jun. of Worcester, Solicitor, to Mary Cooke, only daughter of the Rev. John Richards, of the former place.

## BIRTHS.

At Park House, Stourbridge, the Lady of John Amery, Esq. of a daughter.—At Cheltenham, the Lady of Dr. Samuel Dickson, of a son.

## DIED.

In his 79th year, M. Maignet, one of the Members of the National Convention.—At her seat, Ranby Hall, near East Retford, Anna Maria, Duchess Dowager of Newcastle.—At St. Amans, the mother of Marshal Soult, having attained an extraordinary age.—In the 74th year of his age, M. Dewar, permanent Secretary to the Academy of Brussels.—At Naples, Count Giraud, aged 58, one of the most distinguished comic Poets of Italy.—At Stephen's Town, county of Louth, aged 72, Agnes, wife of Wm. Galt, and eldest sister of Robert Burns, the celebrated Ayrshire Poet.—At Barnes Green, Surrey, the Baron de Noval.—At Brighton, Dorothy Margaret, the wife of Richard Westmacott, Esq. R. A. of South Audley-street.—At Torquay, Devon, Richard Earle Welby, Esq. fifth son of the late Sir William Earle Welby, Bart. of Denton Hall, Lincolnshire, aged 55.—John Forster, Esq. of Wobaston, near Wolverhampton.—At Kington, Herefordshire, in the 84th year of his age, the Rev. John Wall, vicar of that parish for more than half a century, and one of the Prebendaries of Hereford Cathedral.—At Shipham, Somerset, aged 73, Mr. James Glover, miner. He was noted for discovering springs, &c. by the hazel twig.—After a few days' illness, at Greenhill (*within half a mile of the Copper Works*), Swansea, aged 101 years, Mary Griffiths, widow. She could read without the use of spectacles; and retained her faculties to the last.—Mr. Fitzgerald, M. P. for the county of Louth.—The Hon. Randal Plunket, only brother of Lord Dunsany, at his seat, Ballybridge, near Bray,

in the county of Dublin.—At Birmingham, Caroline, wife of Mr. James Richards, and youngest daughter of the late J. Millward, Esq. of Redditch.—At Shipston-on-Stour, Susanna, relict of W. Horniblow, Esq. surgeon, of that place. Had she lived until the 5th inst. she would on that day have entered her hundredth year.—Eleanor, youngest daughter of the late Mr. T. Carden, jun. of Paradise-row, Worcester.—Aged 73, at his house in Foregate-street, Worcester, Moses James, Esq. solicitor.—At Eastington Rectory, Gloucestershire, entirely relying on the merits of her Redeemer, and sincerely and deservedly regretted by all who knew her, Anna, the beloved wife of the Rev. James Williams Hatherell.—On board the Palambam, from Bombay, on his passage to the Cape of Good Hope, Capel A. Hanbury Tracy, Esq. B. C. I. fourth son of Charles Hanbury Tracy, Esq., M. P., of Toddington, Gloucestershire.—In Paris, the Hon. William Robert Spencer, second son of the late Lord Charles Spencer, and cousin of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.—At his seat, Witcomb Park, near Cheltenham, in the 83rd year of his age, Sir William Hicks, Bart. Sir William was born October 21st, 1752, and succeeded to the title, as seventh baronet, on the death of his father in 1801. The title now descends to the deceased Baronet's grand nephew, Michael Hicks Hicks Beach, Esq. of Williamstrip Park, eldest son of Michael Hicks Beach, Esq. Sir W.'s only brother.—At Hampton, near Evesham, in the 52d year of his age, sincerely lamented by his family and numerous friends, Lieutenant Robert Preedy, H.P. 59th Foot, youngest son of the late William Preedy, Esq. of the former place.—Richard Whitcombe, Esq. barrister, of the South Welsh circuit. Mr. W. was counsel for Sir John Campbell, at the Dudley elections.—The Rev. Wm. Browne, A. M. of Magdalen College, Oxford, Lecturer at Carfax.—At Thonon, near Geneva, General Dessaix, one of the most distinguished of the officers of Napoleon.—In Princes-street, Blackfriars, London, Thos. Mounsey Cunningham, Esq. second son of the late John Cunningham, Esq. and brother to Allan.—At her Chateau, near Tours, Princess Tyskewitz, niece of the King of Poland, and sister of the lamented Prince Joseph Poniatowski.—At Kensington Palace, Mrs. General Wynyard.—In the 86th year of his age, the well-known Swedish historiographer and antiquarian, Mr. Jonas Halenberg.—In St. Mary's square, Gloucester, at the advanced age of 109 years, Elizabeth Yates, widow. With the exception of

her hearing, which was somewhat impaired, she was in the full enjoyment of her faculties up to the last moment of her existence.—At Tittley, Herefordshire, after a few days' illness, Eleanor Price, aged 106 years. She enjoyed uninterrupted health during the whole of her long life, and never used glasses, her eyesight being remarkably good. She rarely drank any liquid excepting tea or water, and was employed by the Harley family, at Eywood, nearly a century.—At her father's house, Laura Anna Matilda, only surviving child of L. Vassall, Esq. Brook House, Old Sodbury, Gloucestershire, and wife of Robert Ker D'Esterre, Esq. Rossmamha, county Clare, Ireland.—At his seat, Althorp Park, Northamptonshire, on the 10th of November, George John Spencer, Lord Earl Spencer, and Viscount Althorp, Viscount and Baron Spencer, of Althorp, county of Northampton, K. G., and a Privy Counsellor, a Trustee of the British Museum, a Governor of the Charter House, and an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, born 1st Sept. 1758, succeeded 31st October, 1783, married 6th of March, 1781, the Hon. Lavinia Bingham, eldest daughter of Charles, first Lord Lucan, who died 8th March, 1831, by whom he had issue five sons and three daughters. Of these, four are living, viz., Lord Althorp, now Earl Spencer, Lady Sarah Spencer, married to Lord Lyttelton, Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire; Hon. Capt. Frederick, R. N. C. B. and the Hon. and Rev. G. Spencer.—Sir Robert Spencer, first Lord Spencer, was created by James I.—The remains of the late distinguished Earl were, on the 19th, deposited in the magnificent burial vault of the family, at Brington, and an immense concourse of people assembled to witness the procession. The principal mourners were—Earl Spencer, Hon. Capt. Spencer, Hon. G. Spencer, Lord Lyttelton, Hon. Mr. Lyttelton, Lord G. Quin, and Hon. Mr. S. Lyttelton. On the procession reaching the church-yard, it was joined by the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Spencer, Lady Lyttelton, the Hon. Miss Lyttelton, and Miss Quin.—In his 62d year, Colonel Francis Knyvett Leighton, Mayor of Shrewsbury. The deceased, accompanied by his daughter, took on that morning his usual ride; and on returning, he suddenly stooped on his saddle, dropped the bridle and fell upon his shoulder senseless in the street, and after two heavy sighs, expired. The Colonel served in the British army in Egypt, and had the superintendence of Lucien Bonaparte, when the latter resided at Ludlow and Thorngrove.

## LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

- Cornelius Tongue*, of Gatacre Park, Salop, Esq., for improvements in apparatus for preventing accidents to travelling carriages of various descriptions.—September 25, 1834.
- Jean Baptiste Mollerat*, of Chelsea, Manufacturing Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of gas for illumination.—September 25, 1834.
- Richard Witty*, of Hanley, Staffordshire, Civil Engineer, for an improvement in saving fuel and burning smoke, applicable to furnaces and stoves.—September 25, 1834.
- Joseph Saxton*, of Sussex-street, Middlesex, Mechanician, for improvements in printing presses and in presses for certain other purposes.—September 25, 1834.
- Samuel Draper*, of Radford, Nottinghamshire, Lace Maker, for an improved manufacture of figured bobbin nett.—September 25, 1834.
- James Gardner*, of Banbury, Oxford, Ironmonger, for improvements on machines for cutting turnips and other roots.—September 25, 1834.
- Joseph Clissild Daniell*, of Twerton Mills, near Bath, Somersetshire, Clothier, for an improvement in the process of manufacturing woollen cloth.—September 25, 1834.
- Richard Freen Martin*, of Lambeth, Surrey, for a certain process to form stuccose,

plasters, for cements, and for the manufacture of artificial stones, marbles, and other like substances used in buildings, decorations, &c.—October 8, 1834.

*James Jamieson Cordes*, of Idol Lane, London, Merchant, for an improvement in machinery for making nails. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—October 8, 1834.

*James Jamieson Cordes*, of Idol Lane, London, Merchant, for an improvement in making rivets and screw bolts. Communicated by a foreigner.—October 8, 1834.

*Benjamin Hick*, of Bolton le Moors, Engineer, for improvements in locomotive steam-carriages, parts of which improvements are applicable to ordinary carriages and to steam-engines employed for other uses.—October 8, 1834.

*Thomas Sharp*, of Manchester, and *Richard Roberts*, of the same place, Engineers, for improvements in machinery for spinning and doubling cotton, silk, &c. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—October 8, 1834.

*John Ericsson*, of Regent's Park, Middlesex, Engineer, for improved machinery applicable for propelling vessels.—October 10, 1834.

*Richards Elkington*, of Birmingham, Optician, for an improvement in the constructing of spectacles.—October 10, 1834.

*Thomas Searle*, of Coleman-street, London, Merchant, for improvements in boilers for generating steam. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—October 11, 1834.

*Lord Baron Audley*, of Reliegh Castle, Staffordshire, for an apparatus as a substitute for locks or other fastenings, which he denominates a lock protector.—October 11, 1834.

*Samuel Seaward*, of Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in the construction of steam-engines.—October 17, 1834.

*Claude Marie Hiliare Molinard*, of Golden Square, Middlesex, Merchant, for an improvement in looms and machinery for weaving fabrics. Communicated by a foreigner.—October 17, 1834.

*George Littlewort*, of Bahere Street, Goswell Road, Middlesex, Watch and Clock Maker, for improvements on watches and clocks.—October 17, 1834.

*Malcolm McGregor*, of Manchester, Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery for spinning and doubling cotton, &c.—October 20, 1834.

*James Jones*, of Salford, Manchester, Machine Maker, for improvements for making rovings, and spinning of cotton, &c.—October 20, 1834.

*Manoah Bower*, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, and *George Blyth*, of the same place, Merchant, for improvements to saddles for horses.—October 22, 1834.

*Jean Baptiste Pleney*, of Panton Square, Middlesex, Brickmaker, for improved machinery for manufacturing bricks. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.—October 22, 1834.

*James and John Hartley*, of West Bromwich, near Birmingham, Glass Manufacturers, for improvements in the manufacture of glass.—October 22, 1834.

## METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

| Oct. | Barometer.        |        | Thermometer |      | Day.                   | Remarks.      |            | Wind. |
|------|-------------------|--------|-------------|------|------------------------|---------------|------------|-------|
|      | Morn.             | Even.  | Max.        | Min. |                        | Night.        |            |       |
| 1    | 29.500            |        | 58          | 41   | Fine                   | Fine          | S. W.      |       |
| 2    | 29.400            |        | 58          | 43   | Fine                   | Fine          | S. E.      |       |
| 3    | 29.550            |        | 60          | 42   | Fog early, fine        | Fine          | S. E.      |       |
| 4    | 29.550            |        | 62          | 45   | Fog in the vale, fine  | Fine          | S. E.      |       |
| 5    | 29.500            |        | 63          | 47   | Fine                   | Fine          | S. W.      |       |
| 6    | 29.500            |        | 64          | 44   | Fine                   | Fine          | S. W.      |       |
| 7    | 29.600            |        | 60          | 46   | Cloudy, fine           | Fine          | W.         |       |
| 8    | 29.500            |        | 60          | 56   | Fine                   | Fine          | S. E.      |       |
| 9    | 29.367            |        | 60          | 44   | Clouds, fine           | Fine          | S. W.      |       |
| 10   | 29.380            | 29.425 | 57          | 41   | Fine, sun              | Fine          | N.         |       |
| 11   | 29.460            | 29.470 | 53          | 40   | Hazy, sun              |               | Variable   |       |
| 12   | 29.490            | 29.500 | 57.5        | 48   | Very fine              | Cloudy        | S.         |       |
| 13   | 29.410            | 29.180 | 60          | 53   | Very fine              | Fine, showery | S.         |       |
| 14   | 29.100            | 29.140 | 57          | 43   | Heavy showers          |               | S. W.      |       |
| 15   | 29.090            | 29.140 | 54          | 42.5 | Fine, sun, clouds      | Fine          | S. W.      |       |
| 16   | 28.980            | 28.700 | 60          | 47   | Cloudy, dark           | Fine          | S.W.&W.    |       |
| 17   | 28.735            | 28.970 | 54.5        | 42   | Fine, sun              | Fine, windy   | W. N. W.   |       |
| 18   | 29.015            | 29.340 | 50          | 42   | Fine, sun, light shows | Fine          | N. W.      |       |
| 19   | 29.310            | 29.110 | 54          | 52   | Showery                | Clds, showers | S.         |       |
| 20   | 29.024            | 29.110 | 58          | 48.5 | Sun and showers        | Cloudy, fine  | S. W.      |       |
| 21   | 29.380            | 29.520 | 53.5        | 42   | Clouds, showery, sun   |               | N. & W.    |       |
| 22   | 29.300            | 29.180 | 57          | 51   | Cloudy, slight showers | Cldy, windy   | W. high    |       |
| 23   | 29.025            | 29.120 | 56.5        | 36   | Cloudy, showery        | Fine          | W. & N.W.  |       |
| 24   | 29.110            | 29.410 | 44          | 37   | Fine, sun              | Fine, windy   | N. W.      |       |
| 25   | 29.522            | 29.630 | 47          | 35.5 | Fine, sun              | Very fine     | N. W.      |       |
| 26   | 29.768            | 29.826 | 47.5        | 39   | Fine, sun              | Fine          | N. E.      |       |
| 27   | 29.805            |        | 55          | 50   | Clouds                 | Cloudy, fine  | N.         |       |
| 28   | 29.900            | 30.005 | 55          | 47   | Cloudy, light showers  | Cloudy, damp  | N. & N. E. |       |
| 29   | 30.025            | 22.905 | 49.5        | 42   | Cloudy, damp           | Cloudy, fine  | N.         |       |
| 30   | 29.810            | 29.625 | 52          | 47   | Cloudy, sun            | Fine          | Variable   |       |
| 31   | 29.864            | 29.490 | 56          | 49   | Clouds, sun            | Cloudy, fine  | W.         |       |
|      | Mean Max. . . . . |        | 55.9        | 44.6 | mean Min.              |               |            |       |

[The Meteorological Report for Malvern, for each succeeding month, will appear regularly in the forthcoming numbers.]

W. H. L. D. O. M.

25 NOV 1916



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## CRITICAL NOTICES.

“L6! A Chapter on Lovers, and, by the bow of Cupid, a right good one too, as the world goes. There is but one thing about it which we dislike—and our present complaint is a novel one with us—it is too brief by four pages—that is, always providing that the additional four were equal to the five which are now outspread before us. \* \* \* \* The literary and critical notices are more than respectable—many of them are written with much taste, and evince judgment and feeling.”—*Sun*.

“The rapid progress which this excellent periodical has already made in public estimation, must be no less gratifying than it is creditable to the spirit, judgment, and intelligence of its conductor, whose efforts have secured for him the zealous co-operation and support of many men of eminent literary and scientific attainments, in the county upon which its publication reflects so much honour. Amongst the important objects which the Editor most anxiously labours to promote, we perceive that the interests of *Literary and Scientific Institutions* have engaged much of his attention; and the present number contains an analysis of four lectures recently delivered in Worcester, on subjects of much general interest.—We must protest against the captious objection taken by the *Sun*, to the length of the *Critical Notices*, which form a prominent, and, in our opinion, a peculiarly valuable feature of the work.”—*Cheltenham Journal*.

“We thank the Editor of the ‘Analyst’ for his No. IV.; the high literary merits of which we readily acknowledge. It reflects great credit on the provincial periodical press; and most of the papers, indeed (such as Sir S. Meyrick’s on the ancient carved ivory caskets, left him by Douce,) would adorn any publication.”—*Literary Gazette*.

“Of this periodical (the only one of the kind which the midland counties possess) we have already spoken in terms of praise, and it affords us great pleasure to notice that its progress is marked by evident improvement; in proof of which we would invite our readers to a perusal of the present number. Its articles on antiquities, from the able pen of Sir Samuel Meyrick—its admirable notices of natural history—its papers on the fine arts—the sound judgment evinced in its critical reviews—its copious report of literary and scientific societies—with the deep-wrought interest attached to many of its legendary tales and other original compositions—stamp a high value upon it; and we cannot help anticipating that as its merits become better known, it will establish itself among the most favoured periodicals of the day.”—*Wolverhampton Chronicle*.

“Since we first noticed this interesting and agreeable new monthly miscellany, we have derived much gratification from the perusal of the third and fourth numbers, in which the character of the work fully realizes the expectations we had formed from an examination of the two former parts. We have been particularly pleased with the critical notices of works of Literature and the Fine Arts, and especially with an able analysis of four lectures recently delivered in Worcester. Every person at all experienced in the editorship of a literary work of this description, must be aware of the value of a comprehensive and intelligent summary of elaborate dissertations which are too long for entire transcription. The gentleman who occupies this department of the ‘Analyst’ appears to us to be peculiarly competent to the delicate and difficult task he has undertaken, and we have seldom met with any literary and scientific notices with which we have been more pleased and edified than with his able analysis of the lectures to which we have adverted. The value of our regular and more bulky reviews would be much enhanced if all the contributors to their pages had the talent and patience which are conspicuous in this department of the ‘Analyst.’ In conclusion, we heartily wish that the work may experience the patronage it so well merits.”—*Liverpool Mercury*.

“This is a clever miscellany, the product of the city of Worcester, and in part devoted to the transactions of some learned societies in that district, but also directed to the general objects of science, literature, and the fine arts.”—*Bury Post*.

“The fourth number of this promising and interesting number reflects the highest credit upon its Editor, as well as upon the contributors whose productions appear in its pages; and we hail with peculiar gratification the prospect of so talented a monthly journal of science, literature and the fine arts, being liberally patronized in this and the adjoining counties.”—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

“The ‘Analyst,’ we are happy to observe, has made a decided progress in improvement—No. III. is full of interest—we sincerely wish it the success it deserves.”—*Brighton Herald*.



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LITERATURE,

AND THE FINE ARTS.

No. VI.



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JANUARY, 1835.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of several Contributions, in prose and verse, from distinguished writers, to whom we tender our grateful acknowledgments. Several articles from our most valued Correspondents (which reached us too late for insertion this month,) shall appear in our next number, including—“ An outline of the British *Musteladæ*,” by Shirley Palmer, M. D.—“ Patrowell Flash”—Geological Description of the spot where the bones of the Hippopotamus, Rhinoceros, and other Animals were found,” by Hugh Strickland, Esq.—“ A Description of the King’s Guard Chamber, Windsor Castle”—An “ Account of an extraordinary Meteor,” &c. &c. Some critical observations on several newly published Works; amongst others, “ May’s History of Evesham,” we are compelled also to defer.

The following Poetical effusions, omitted for want of space, will likewise appear in our next, or subsequent number :—“ The Miniature”—Lines “ To Charlotte”—“ The Propitiation”—Stanzas, “ God Bless thee.”

To our talented Correspondent C. L. E. P. our apologies are especially due, for the omission, until the ensuing publication, of her amusing Paper on “ Quizzing.”

We have postponed until our next, an analysis of Mr. Addison’s interesting Lecture “ On the Combinations of Oxygen with the Non-metallic Combustibles,” being unable, from a pressure of other matter, to do justice to the subject.

It is requested that all communications sent to the Editor, may be POST-PAID; and Contributions should be sent *early* in the month, *pre-*  
*ceding* that in which they are expected to appear.

☞ *The first Volume of “The Analyst,” (with Index, and list of Subscribers,) in cloth boards, price 10s. may be had of Simpkin and Marshall, London, and all other Booksellers.*

## ON THE MISSELTOE.\*

By A. W. Davis, M. D., and Robert J. N. Streeten, M. D.

The *Viscum album*, or common white Misseltoe belongs to the class *Diacia*, order *Tetrandria* of Linnæus. In the natural arrangement it is referred, in conjunction with *Loranthus* and some allied genera, to the *Loranthææ*, which constituted a part of the second section of Jussieu's order *Caprifolia*.

The root of the Misseltoe is hard, and of a woody texture, and destitute of fibres or radicles; being, as Sir James Smith observed, deeply incorporated with the wood of the tree on which it grows, though perfectly distinct from its substance. The stem is from eight to twelve or fourteen inches high, bushy, branching, repeatedly forked or divided in a two-fold manner, with the divisions springing from curiously constructed joints, round, smooth, and of a yellowish-green colour. The leaves are opposite, a pair springing from the summit of each branchlet, evergreen, lanceolate, blunt at the extremity, smooth, with parallel ribs or veins, pale green, both sides being equally coloured; their texture is coriaceous or leathery, almost woody. The flowers are axillary in the bosom of the pair of leaves at the extremities of the branches; they are five or six together, forming small tufts or heads, and of a yellowish-green colour. On the barren plant the flowers consist of a calyx, which is only a slight margin; a corolla of one petal, deeply divided into four pointed segments; and four sessile anthers, one of which is inserted at the base of each division of the corolla. On the fertile plant, the flowers consist of a bordered calyx; four ovate petals, and an ovate germen situated beneath the calyx, and crowned with a blunt sessile stigma. The fruit is a globular white semi-pellucid berry, resembling a white currant in size and appearance. It is sweet to the taste, and contains a single heart-shaped seed, imbedded in a viscid mucilage.

The Misseltoe is a parasitical plant—a plant which grows upon, and receives its nourishment from, some other. It has been observed upon the ash, the elm, the maple, the hawthorn, the pear, the apple, the service, the lime, the oak, the beech? the hornbeam, the fir, the willow, and the poplar. In this county it grows abundantly upon the apple, the black poplar, and the lime; but in no instance, that we are aware of, has it been found on the oak. It is of frequent occurrence in the southern and midland counties, but it is rarely found in the northern, growing only according to Mr. Gough, at Lithe, near Kendal.† In Scotland it is also rare, but has been observed in the woods of Mickleour, by

\* Read before the Worcestershire Natural History Society, Nov. 25th, 1834.

† With. Bot. Arr. ed. 3, v. 2, p. 203.

Mr. Murray, growing upon beech trees ?\* In Radnorshire, notwithstanding a careful and extensive search, instituted for the purpose, by one of the authors of these observations (Dr. Davis,) it has been found only just within the limits of the county; and in Anglesea, anciently the head quarters of Druidism, and where it was therefore not unlikely to have been abundant, we are informed by Mr. Lees that it is now entirely extinct.

The Misseltoe is not uncommon in many places on the continent of Europe, and in Greece especially it has been observed on the *Pinus picea*, or silver fir, and sometimes though rarely on the oak.† According to Sir James Smith the *Loranthus europæus*, which grows abundantly on some of the fir tribe, was the original or most common Misseltoe, the *ξος* of the Greeks,‡ but he observes that our Misseltoe, the *Viscum album*, was the most esteemed, probably on account of its growing on the sacred oak.

There are several other species of *Viscum* or Misseltoe, none of which, however, are natives of Europe; amongst these are the *Viscum rubrum*, with red berries, and *V. purpureum* with purple berries, growing in Carolina; *V. opuntioides*, and *V. verticillatum*, both of them with small red flowers, and oval black shining berries, in Jamaica;|| *V. terrestre*, growing on the ground in Philadelphia; *V. Liga*, of Gillies, *V. falcifrons*, of Hooker and Arnott, upon laurels, *V. chilense*, Hooker and Arnott, and *V. ambiguum*, Hooker and Arnott, upon myrtles, in South America.§

It is a question of much interest to determine the causes influencing the distribution of this plant. We have before remarked that it is scarcely to be found in Radnorshire, and indeed so rare is the Misseltoe in that county, that it is a frequent observation that it does not exist within the limits of its boundaries. To its literal extent the remark is not true, for the plant has been met with, as before stated, just within the borders of the county; but when you remove to a short distance from the boundary line, separating it from the apple country (Herefordshire,) orchards are found in all the stages of growth, maturity, and decay, without a trace of the parasite: the orchards, too, be it observed, being planted in the centre of hollows and narrow vallies, thus counterbalancing any differences arising from climate, supposing such to exist, though at the same time, in the Herefordshire orchards, it abounds. Whence does this exemption arise? The sorts of apples are the same, the mode of cultivation alike; yet, within a few miles, nay even in less than a mile, the difference above stated is found to exist.

It is well known that St. Patrick drove the venomous creatures from Ireland, which may account satisfactorily, we presume, to those who are disposed to receive the legend, for the viper and

\* Hook. Fl. Scot. p. 288.

† Smith Engl. Fl. v. 4. p. 257.

‡ Hook. Bot. Misc., v. 3, p. 355.

† Smith, Prod. Græc. v. 2, p. 256.

|| Memoirs of Dr. Wright, p. 303.

snake not being found in that country. But Radnorshire, if it owe the exemption of its orchards from the parasitic plant to the good offices of any saint, has been very ungrateful in not preserving some record of his name, since the old "forefathers of the hamlet" content themselves with believing the fact without attempting to account for it.

It is certainly a most curious and striking fact, that in one locality this parasitic intruder should be found in abundance; in another and neighbouring spot, apparently, at least in every essential particular, the same, and where trees of the very same kind abound, it should be unknown; while in a third situation again, very different from either of the preceding, it should grow in the greatest profusion. From the extent of country over which this plant has been noticed to prevail, comprising Scotland, and the North of England on the one hand, and Greece and the South of Europe on the other; this diversity of distribution as it respects our midland districts, can scarcely be thought to depend upon any peculiarities of climate. Can the difficulty be solved by a reference to the geological structure of the country? In the old red sandstone districts of Herefordshire and Worcestershire, the plant abounds, and even where the upper beds of the grauwackè are indented by breaks of the sandstone. In the grauwacké series generally, but especially the older beds, it is not to be found. The soil is, of course, the disintegration of the rocks. Is it probable that a difference of geological formation, and consequent difference of soil may render the vegetable productions fitted or otherwise for the support of parasitic intruders? It is an incontrovertible fact that many parasitic *fungi* and lichens, and others of the lower tribes of vegetables, are found to attach themselves to those plants which are, from whatever cause, in a less vigorous and healthy state; and it is no less certain that the vigour and health of a plant are materially influenced by the nature of the soil in which it grows. The same has also been remarked in marine plants, and Dr. Greville observes—"It is very clear, and well-known to the practical botanist, that marine plants are much influenced by the nature of the soil, not merely in regard to species, but in luxuriance and rapidity of development; a few yards is, in some instances, sufficient to create a change, and the space of three or four miles, a very striking one. Thus calcareous rocks favour the production of some species, sandstone and basalt that of others; and it would appear that the soil has an effect even upon those *Algæ* which grow parasitically upon the stems of the larger species."\* Whether the soils resulting from the disintegration of the rocks of the grauwacké series are more congenial to the trees than those of the sandstone districts, and render them less liable, therefore, to the attacks of parasites, or whether the reverse is the case, and their juices are not in sufficient luxuriance, both in respect of quantity and quality for the support of so large a parasite as the

\* Grev. *Algæ Brit.* Introduction, p. viii.

Misseltoe, are questions which can only be determined by a careful series of comparative observations.

With respect to the occurrence of the Misseltoe near Kendal, it may be observed in connexion with this inquiry, that the town itself is situated on clay slate, but the mountain limestone and the grauwacké formations occur in the neighbourhood. In Bedfordshire, where, according to Dr. Abbot, Misseltoe is found in abundance, the oolitic and cornbrash limestones are the prevailing formations; while in Wiltshire, and Dorsetshire, where it is said to grow on the oak, chalk and the more recent sedimentary deposits constitute the geological character of the country.

But if there is considerable difficulty in accounting for the prevalence of this shrub in some localities, and its absence from others, there is no less obscurity attending its capricious selection of the trees upon which it forms its habitat. Thus as we have before remarked, it has not been noticed upon the oak within the limits of the county of Worcester; whereas in some of the southern counties, though not common upon this tree, it must yet be of comparatively frequent occurrence. Mr. Lees has remarked that it is not usually found on more than one species of a genus; thus, it grows on the black poplar, *Populus nigra*, abundantly, but it has not been observed either on the aspen, *P. tremula*, or on the white poplar or abele, *P. alba*. Again, the apple orchards of Worcestershire and Herefordshire abound with it, but, according to the observations of Mr. Lees, it is not found upon the pear. Ray, however, states that the Misseltoe grows upon the pear,\* and he was too accurate an observer to be mistaken, but it must be very unfrequent on this tree, as from the vast number of pear trees in Worcestershire, and the extensive acquaintance of Mr. Lees with the natural productions of this county, it is scarcely possible but that he must have detected the plant upon this tree had it existed within the range of his inquiries. The experience of the authors of this communication is confirmatory of the remark made by Mr. Lees, as they have never yet noticed the Misseltoe growing upon the pear.

The mode of propagation of the Misseltoe was long a subject of controversy. It was formerly considered to be an excrescence from the tree on which it grew, and consequently produced without seed.† In these days, however, we are in no danger of being led astray by the idea that it is a spontaneous production. The fact of its propagation from seed has been long established by conclusive experiments. Seeds inserted in the bark of the white poplar have germinated, and produced the plant; and in some experiments made in a garden at Knaresborough, by Mr. Collins, large plants were obtained upon dwarf apple trees by rubbing the full ripe berries upon the smooth bark of the shoots. By this process, which may be performed upon the smooth bark of almost

\* Raii, Syn. p. 464.

† Evelyn's Silva, by Hunt. v. 1. p. 9.

any tree, the seeds adhere closely by means of the glutinous pulp in which they are imbedded, and will produce plants the following winter. We are informed by Mr. Lees that he has attempted without success, to plant the Misseltoe on the oak in this county; but he attributes his failure, and probably with justice, to having selected a tree the bark of which was rugged for his experiments. Mr. Dovaston has lately succeeded in producing it upon the oak, in a neighbouring county, under more favourable circumstances.

With regard to the ordinary propagation of Misseltoe, there can be little doubt that the seeds are carried by birds from one tree to another. The Missel thrush is one of those which feed upon the berries, and the bird has been observed in the season when they are ripe to drop its excrement, in which the seed has been found on examination, entire, and apparently uninjured.

The Misseltoe was of great importance in some of the sacred rites of the Druids, as may be gathered from the following account given by Pliny.—“The Druids hold nothing more sacred than the Misseltoe, and the tree on which it is produced, provided it be the oak. They make choice of groves of oak, on their own account, nor do they perform any of their sacred rites without the leaves of those trees; so that one may suppose that they are for this reason called, by a Greek etymology, Druids: and whatever Misseltoe grows on the oak, (*enimvero quicquid adnascatur illis,*) they think is sent from heaven, and is a sign of God himself having chosen that tree. This, however, is very rarely found, but when discovered, is treated with great ceremony. They call it by a name which, in their language, signifies the curer of all ills, (*omnia sanantem,*) and having duly prepared their feasts and sacrifices under the tree, they bring to it two white bulls, whose horns are then for the first time tied. The priest, dressed in a white robe, ascends the tree, and with a golden pruning-hook cuts off the Misseltoe, which is received in a white *sagum* or sheet. Then they sacrifice the victims, praying that God would bless his own gift to those on whom he has bestowed it.”\* This passage is quoted by Parkhurst in his Hebrew Lexicon, and by Dr. Adam Clarke in his Commentary on the Holy Scriptures;† but we cannot agree with these learned and enlightened authors, in the application which they are disposed to make of this plant as a type.

It is remarkable that the meaning of the ancient Celtic name should still be retained in the modern appellations of this plant. Thus it is still known in this country by the name of All-heal; and the Germans still call the Misseltoe *Guthyl* or *Gutheyl*, that is, Good heal, and ascribe extraordinary virtues to it.‡

The ceremony of cutting the Misseltoe, was, it appears, performed on the sixth day of the moon, which was the beginning of the Druidical months and years, and of their period of thirty years;§ and it was

\* Pliny. Nat. Hist. lib. 17, c. 44. quoted in Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon.

† Clarke's Comm. on Gen. 21. 33.

‡ Parkhurst, loc. cit.

§ Sharon Turner's Hist. of the Anglo Saxons, v. I. p. 82.

always separated from the oak with a golden hook. Amongst other uses to which it was applied, it was worn as an amulet against poisons; and the powder was taken by married females to ensure fertility. This use of the Misseltoe was however not confined to the Druids, for Matthiolus observes, "*Idem collo, aut brachio pro amuleto suspensum, cum suo cortice gravidarum conceptum adjuvat.*"\*

From a passage in the *Æneid*, similar reverence appears to have been paid to the Misseltoe of the oak, in the rites of Proserpine. *Æneas* having sought the aid of the sybil, the priestess of Proserpine, to gain access to the stygian shades, receives the following counsel.—

"In the neighbouring grove  
There stands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove  
Claims it her own: thick woods and gloomy night  
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.  
One bough it bears; but (wond'rous to behold)  
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:  
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,  
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,  
Ere leave be given to tempt the nether skies,  
The first thus rent, a second will arise;  
And the same metal the same room supplies.  
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see  
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:  
'Then rend it off, as holy rites command:  
The willing metal will obey thy hand;  
Following with ease, if favour'd by thy fate,  
Thou art foredoomed to view the Stygian state:  
If not, no labour can the tree constrain,  
And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain."†

And again, having followed his guides, the celestial doves of Venus:—

"They wing'd their flight aloft, then, stooping low,  
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden bough.  
Through the green leaves the glittering shadows glow;  
As on the sacred oak, the wintry Misseltoe,  
Where the proud mother views her precious brood,  
And happier branches which she never sowed.  
Such was the glittering, such the ruddy rind,  
And dancing leaves that wanton'd in the wind.  
He seized the shining bough with gripping hold,  
And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring gold,  
Then to the sybil's palace bore the prize."‡

The comparison of the golden bough to the Misseltoe of the oak in this passage, and the terms in which the latter is alluded to, shew that the reverence in which this plant was held by the Druids, was not confined to them, unless indeed, we adopt Mr. Parkhurst's suggestion, that the Cumæan Sybil was a Celtic Druidess.||

From the following extract from a late number of the *York Herald*, for which we are indebted to Mr. Jabez Allies, it is not improbable that the Misseltoe was used by the Druids in the rites of sepulture; an opinion which perhaps derives some support from the passage in

\* Matth. Comm. in Diosc. p. 537. † Dryden's *Æneid*, lib. 6 l. 295, &c.  
‡ Dryden's *Æneid*, lib. 6 l. 306, &c. || Park. Hebrew Lex. loc. jam cit.



the *Æneid*, above quoted. It appears that a tumulus had been opened at Gristhorpe, in which some human bones were found. "Since the opening of the tumulus at Gristhorpe, the human bones found in the coffin have been articulated by two medical men in Scarborough, and now form a superb skeleton, about six feet in height, and, except two or three of the smallest phalanges, perfect in all its parts. Near the entrance into the museum, a sarcophagus has been erected for the protection of the rude coffin. Some of the substance found in the coffin, resembling decomposed rushes, has been macerated, and when expanded, presents the long lanceolate leaf of the Misseltoe, which has doubtless been placed there in observance of some religious custom. There is every reason to suppose that the person was a hunting chieftain of the powerful tribe of the Brigantes, before the invasion of the Romans drove them from their peaceful mode of life."

The Misseltoe, as we have seen, was considered by the Druids to be a remedy for all diseases. Its virtues as a medicine were no less celebrated in later times, and it has been variously employed in epilepsy, in apoplexy, in giddiness, and other diseases. Ray observes;—

"Ligni hujus usus est præcipuus & specificus in Epilepsia, præscribitur etiam contra Apoplexiam & Vertiginem tum intus epotum, tum vero collo appensum Quibus in morbis multum præstare Viscum medicorum tum veterum, tum recentiorum unanimis est sententia: contusum & aquis convenientibus maceratum pueris verminantibus egregio effectu suasu suo propinari solitum scribit J. B. (i. e. Joannes Bauhinus)"\*

For these purposes the Misseltoe of the oak was the most esteemed; and when this could not be obtained, that of the hazel.† In modern times, however, its medical reputation has dwindled into insignificance; and the only real use to which it has been applied is the making of bird lime. In this process the berries are boiled in a small portion of vegetable oil, and their glutinous properties render them well adapted to the purpose.

Its chief employment, however, in the present day, is in conjunction with the evergreen and scarlet-berried holly, to decorate the houses during the winter months,—a custom which, as it appears from traditional accounts, has arisen from an old superstition that o'er the threshold where the Holly and the Misseltoe are found, there no evil spirit dares to tread. We need not remind the society that in the halls of many an ancient mansion, and in the kitchens of our yeomanry, nay sometimes also in the drawing-rooms of the learned and the wise, the Misseltoe bush is still hung up to grace the festivities of a season in which families and friends are accustomed to unite around the social hearth. As a harbinger of this period of kindly intercourse, now that all superstitious feeling is long since gone by, we cannot hesitate to say

" Welcome here !  
Bring the hallow'd Misseltoe,  
Shake aloft the holly bough,  
Bid the wood fire brighter glow;  
Hail new year."

\* Raii Syn. p. 464.

† Idem.

## BONAPARTE.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LAMARTINE.)

HIGH on a rock, washed by the plaintive tide,  
 The seaman, far upon the ocean wide,  
 A marble tomb describes ;  
 Time hath not yet embrowned that narrow stone ;  
 Where, from beneath a wild-wove garland, prone  
 A broken sceptre lies !

There sleeps—no name !—ask of the wondering earth  
 That name ! Its blood-writ characters stand forth,  
 From Scheldt to Cedar's height ;  
 Graven on bronze—on stone—on bosoms brave,  
 Aye ! on the tortured breast of many a slave  
 He trod beneath his feet !

Since they of old, the two whose names are sung  
 From age to age, hath none like thine been flung  
 From the loud thunder far ;  
 No human step, o'er all the earth's broad space,  
 Hath stamp'd her bosom with so bold a trace,  
 And yet—arrested there !

And there thou art !—three infant steps the span !  
 Thy manes breathe no murmur of the man,  
 Which hostile steps tread o'er !  
 See, on that warlike brow the insect sleeps !—  
 Nature a deep and mournful silence keeps,  
 Save the dull ocean's roar !

But fear thou not, perturbed and restless shade !  
 To break upon the stillness of the dead,  
 Ne'er hath the lyre been strung ;  
 Death is the refuge of the brave ;—and few  
 Would seek beyond, thy destiny to view ;—  
 Yet must the truth be sung !

Shrouded alike thy cradle and thy tomb  
 With darkness ! As the lightning didst thou come !  
 Victor !—without a name !  
 Thus, the imperious Nile, whose fertile waves,  
 Unnamed, 'mid Memnon's solitary caves,  
 To polished Memphis came.

Altars o'erthrown,—kingdoms and sceptres void ;—  
 When Victory,—her wings extended wide,—  
 Proclaimed thee hero !—king !  
 An age, o'erwhelming in its headlong flight  
 Morals, kings, altars ;—paused before thy might,  
 Recoiling towards its spring !

Nor was thy warfare all with human foes ;—  
 Dark forms of error round thy footsteps rose,  
 And fell beneath thy weight ;  
 Great names thy sport, thy tools !—scoffer sublime !  
 Like holy altar vessels,—seized by crime,  
 Thy purposes to meet !

As in a maddening access of despair  
 Th' awakened age his fettered arms lays bare,  
 Invoking—liberty !  
 At once a hero from the dust stands forth ;—  
 Strikes with his sceptre—wakes the dreaming earth,—  
 A bold reality !

Ah ! had thy fated genius led thee now,  
 To plant the sacred lilies on that brow,  
 Which justly claimed them !

Avenger of kings!—aye, greater than they!  
Had sweetest, holiest things perfumed thy way,—  
Glory—thy diadem!

Liberty!—Honour!—names which men adore,  
Had charter'd then thy fame from shore to shore,  
Where'er such names are found;—  
Not such the language which for thee had charms;  
Thy music was the clang of hostile arms,  
And the shrill clarion's sound!

Proud—scornful of what man hath ever loved,  
Thy soul by thirst of empire only moved;—  
Each obstacle thy foe!

Swift as the arrow, thy impetuous will  
Flew to its mark—e'en tho' its fatal thrill  
Thro' some fond heart might go!

Ne'er yet the festive cup thy lips assuaged;—  
Far other joys thy regal cares engaged;—  
Drunk but with royalty!

Thou, like the stern sentinel under arms,  
Beheldest beauty in her tearful charms,  
Without one answering sigh!

Thy love,—the sound of arms—the battle cry,  
As gleamed the purple dawn resplendently:  
Thy hand no flattery knew,  
Save when thy milk-white courser's waving mane  
Furrowed the startled dust,—whose blood-red stain  
His warlike hoofs embrue!

Raised to an empire—calm, unchanged thine eye!  
Debased—degraded—fall'n—without a sigh!—  
Thy province abstract!—thought!

Ranging the eagle's solitary heaven,  
An eye for earth's wide bounds, alone was given,  
With conquest—empire fraught!

\* \* \* \* \*

With giant spring at once to mount the car  
Of victory!—To strike the world afar,—  
Trampling kings—tribunes down!  
To forge a yoke, tempered by love and hate,  
For men the rebels to their laws and state,  
In love with bondage grown!

To be the life, the thought of one whole age,  
To blunt the steel, and envy's feller rage,—  
The universe to shake!

With the bold ensigns of thy towering fame,  
To fight with men and gods—men, worlds thy game,—  
From such a dream to wake!

Fallen!—aye fallen too from that vast height!  
Upon this meagre rock to stay thy flight,—  
Thou spirit of the brave!

And Fate, sole deity thy soul adored,  
Could but this miserable space afford  
Between the throne and grave!

Oh! would it had been mine to mark thy mood,  
When the dim past before thy spirit stood,  
Noiseless—as evening's blight!  
And when thine arms—unclasped from thy broad breast,  
Were on thy throbbing temples madly prest  
In horror—black as night!

Like as the musing shepherd views his shade  
By evening sunset on the waters laid,—  
Free from the liquid storm;  
Thus, in the desert of thy solitude  
The past is nigh—and on the turgid flood,  
Appears thy giant form!

Days pass before thee like the towering crests  
 Of ocean's waves, on which the sunbeam rests ;—  
 Their voice—thy harmony !  
 With brightening gleams of glory on thy face,  
 Thou lov'st thy stalwart image there to trace,  
 And follow with thine eye !

Now, on a tottering bridge thou bravest death ;  
 Now, undismayed,—the desert's scorching breath,—  
 Plunging in Jordan's tide ;  
 Now traversing the Simplon's rugged height,—  
 Sheathing the sword, to wield the sceptre's might,—  
 But why thus start aside ?

Why stares thy troubled eye ?—what meets thy view ?  
 And wherefore on thy brow that pale, sick hue ?  
 Emphatic of what deed ?  
 Is it the smoking ruins of the past ?  
 Or the rank smell of blood upon the blast ?  
 Still, glory is thy need,

Effacing all !—all ?—all but crime ; and there  
 Thy hand—the dismal action of despair—  
 Points to a hero's form !  
 The young and gallant Condé meets thine eye ;  
 Again that wave returns !—again, that sigh  
 Of—Condé !—'mid the storm.

And now as tho' some livid spot to chase  
 From thy damp brow, a fevered hand I trace  
 Passed o'er from time to time ;  
 But like a seal, stampt by a hand supreme,  
 Abides there still, that damning diadem—  
 The signet of thy crime !

For this thy glory shall be tinged with blight,  
 Obscuring e'en thy genius in her flight ;—  
 And blood still track thy car ;  
 Thy name, the sport of each succeeding race,  
 'Twixt Cæsar—Marius !—shall obtain a place—  
 For ever balanced there !

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet didst thou die, as do the vulgar die !—  
 The peasant lot of dim mortality !—  
 Slumb'ring on the grave's brink !  
 Armed with thy blood-stained sword—there to await  
 Avenging judgment at that Hand elate,  
 From which the strong ones shrink !

'Tis said that in his last, long agony,  
 A holier light gleamed from his upcast eye,—  
 A heaven-directed flood !  
 The holy cross just touched his rugged brow,—  
 He breathed a name—Oh, never breathed till now !  
 But dared not to conclude !

Speak on !—it is a name which still prevails !—  
 For men and rulers, God hath differing scales,—  
 A differing weight obtains ;—  
 Speak on !—fear not !—be bold—and speak, and live !  
 Despots and slaves alike account must give  
 Of sceptres and of chains !

His grave is closed !—let human voice be still !  
 God—the controller of the erring will—  
 Hath mark'd his destiny !  
 Who knows the mercies infinite of heaven ?  
 Or thou—earth's scourge !—whether thy genius given  
 Might not thy virtue be ?

## STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN PARIS.

*Exhibition at the Louvre in 1834.*

IN reference to the fine arts how rarely does genius experience the fate to which its merit entitles it—nay, sorrow marks it for her own in proportion to the splendour which irradiates from its lofty brow. The lapse of half a century is required to hallow the worth of genius, and in one night the mere organs—the instruments by which talent is made manifest, are raised to the highest pinnacle of fame and wealth. Poor Mozart walked backward and forward from Vienna to Prague after his musical patron—Rossini was constrained to withdraw the most perfect and beautiful of his compositions, “*Il Barbiere*,” after its first representation at Rome, because the public, adhering tenaciously to the old masters, were incapable of appreciating this founder of a highly pleasing though somewhat meretricious style. In England Shakspeare, in Spain Cervantes, experienced the same fate, in Italy Alfieri, and in France and Germany—but the melancholy catalogue of neglected genius would more than fill these sheets! The immortal Raphael, whilst living, received not from the masters of Rome the homage due to his acknowledged excellence; and the greatest master in colouring, next to Titian, the gentle, the amiable Corregio, passed his whole life a wretched villager near Parma, and at last succumbed, like an ignoble beast of burthen, beneath the weight of copper coin.\* Pasta, Sontag, and Malibran have been idolized—Paganini has been enriched, and Madame Mars has even been made the heiress to great property, by enthusiastic admirers. Have those great men who have delighted by their productions, not merely their own but future generations, been thus rewarded? Far from it! The world has always been ungrateful towards those to whom it owes whatever tends to beautify and give a lustre to society, whatever gives a zest to present existence, and spiritualizes even sensual enjoyments. What is necessary to call into action the powers of a songstress or a fiddler? a mixed assemblage of people bawling bravo! a collection of eyes and ears, and brawny arms to applaud to the echos. But these suffice not for the creation of the Parthe-

\* Corregio was employed to paint, in the cupola of the cathedral of Parma, a representation of the Assumption of the Virgin. This task he executed in a manner that has long been the object of admiration for the grandeur of its design, the boldness of the foreshortening, and general excellence. On going to receive payment for his labour, the canons of the church, through ignorance or avarice, found fault with the work, and though the price originally agreed upon was moderate, they reduced it to less than one half, which they paid in copper money. To carry home this unworthy load to his indigent family, poor Corregio had to travel seven or eight miles; and the weight of his burden, the heat of the weather, and the depression of his spirits, threw him into a pleuritic fever, which in three days put an end to his life in 1534. [The above anecdote is extracted from “*The National Gallery*,” a work of very considerable merit, and deserving encouragement from its cheapness.]

non, the erection of the galleries of the Vatican, the Sextinian Frescos, and, to come to our own times, the production of Don Giovanni, Lear, Wallenstein, and Faustus. These the genius of a Phidias, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Mozart, Shakspeare, Schiller, and Goethe, can alone bring forth. To engender great artists, the public, if I may be allowed the expression, must be an embodied artist—or at least a devoted lover of the Arts. The splendors of Rome, under the great Leo, would with us have disappeared before the uncongenial discussions of the budget, and never have had a local habitation and a name.

We go further, and assert genius and talents are weakened and impaired by the present state of politics, which in the youth of the world gave them an impulse. We behold in France poets, philosophers and jurists, nay, architects, statuarys and painters, who, striving with the utmost ardour after universality, produce mere individualities—works ever embodying illusions, notions, or principles relative to the Carlists, the republicans, and the admirers of Napoleon. Still, the fine arts have not retrograded in France—with some few exceptions they have greatly improved. The harsh lapidary style of the imperial reign is gradually disappearing, making room for more graceful and unrestrained forms. Sculpture can boast of a few masters, painting of many more, music has been cultivated with some success, and so has poetry, especially narrative and dramatic; though the latter is light and superficial, and wholly destitute of that noble and elevated character which distinguishes the English, and even the German dramatic school. But of all the fine arts architecture has most declined, for although great and imposing monuments have been erected, they are sickly and degenerate creations, susceptible of no praise but that of execution and imitation. Of nearly four hundred architects who are to be found in Paris, not one can compare in beauty of conception, novelty of combination, and successful execution, with the German Schinkel, Kleuze, and Weinbrenner, each of whom is the founder of a splendid school. In this respect, however, we cannot claim for our own country the praise of superiority over the French.—Sad are the monuments of our deficiency in apprehension of beauty, and grandeur of conception.

If the French were just and sincere they would readily admit that, as Meyerbeer their favorite composer is a foreigner, so amongst their painters the German Gros, Struben, and Scheffer are their best, and Gau their most meritorious architect. The latter, it is true, boasts not of having received his professional education in a regular academy; yet genius, and devotion to his art, have raised him to the highest station; and, notwithstanding the jealousy of the natives, he has obtained the countenance of the government, by whose orders he has executed some of the most difficult projects. We have deemed this short allusion to the state of French architecture not impertinent, as we shall probably have no opportunity of again dwelling on the subject. Our attention will be directed to painting and sculpture, and occasionally to

copper-plates and lithographs. The architectural designs of vast edifices and temples are mere essays of youthful artists.

In the survey we have taken of the pictures in the Paris exhibition, worthlessness and even mediocrity have been passed unnoticed—we have applied ourselves only to the most important productions.

Delaroche, with whom we commence our criticism, though he does not rank among the most distinguished painters, is yet an uncommon genius. His picture representing the execution of Jane Grey, is incontestibly that which excites the greatest attention, and produces in the beholder the deepest emotions. Where the effect is so intense there must be merit. Pity and horror at the sight of such an iniquitous deed freezes the blood, and excites those indignant sensations which are produced in the better part of mankind on beholding an atrocious act.

Returning home, I refreshed my memory with the history of the unhappy Jane Grey, and then revisited the Louvre, to compare the historic features with those which the pencil had delineated, and again to arraign the judicial murder, which had consigned to the grave, in the spring of her life, one of the most beautiful, interesting, and innocent of women. This picture was painted by order of King Philip, who referred the artist for his historical conception to the Protestant Martyrology of 1588. The painter, as may be imagined, chooses the moment previous to the execution. A lovely youthful form, with pallid cheeks, representing Lady Jane, is kneeling before the block, and gropes, with her hands, for the spot on which, a few moments before, her husband had expired with so much constancy. Of her two female attendants one has fainted, the other, with averted face, and in the attitude of despair, clasps a column, whilst Bruce, enveloped in his mantle, supports the unhappy victim. The executioner, a tall and somewhat grotesque-looking figure, not of a gloomy and ferocious aspect, but possessing features rather indicative of compassion and humanity than otherwise, stands unmoved like an automaton, holding his hatchet in readiness. He is the second principal character in the composition, nor can we blame the painter for having bestowed on him much of his attention. Delaroche has given him a cold, resigned countenance, a face, which notwithstanding the burning and boiling of the blood beneath in the trough of the heart, betrays not the slightest paleness, nor is one of its features discomposed. With a look unmoved, he stands as if rooted to the ground. We perceive that both eye and hand only require to be set in motion, as if by a wire, in order that the most beautiful head be severed from the most lovely female form, and roll convulsive in the dust. Every figure, and that of Bruce in particular, is a master-piece. Who can refrain from loving this venerable man, breathing christian meekness, his looks seeming to utter the language of consolation and pity, whilst his countenance is almost concealed by the silvery locks which are divided equally on his lofty brow. The attitudes, the groupings, drapery, colouring, every thing in this picture, is successfully executed, and deserving of the highest praise.

Decamps stands singular among French painters, and in this point of view, and as a master in his art, is so wonderful a painter, that it will be interesting to follow him a little in his devious courses. His career is as singular as his style of painting. He has visited Africa, Constantinople, and the East; and, during his residence in those regions, he acquired the dry burning style, the original colouring, and even the manners of the country.

For years, he has been an inimitable genius, yet ever imitated. He has painted human beings and his imitators monkeys. Yet equal praise cannot be bestowed on all he has done. His picture representing the battle between the Cimbrians and Romans is, with all its stirring composition, but an indistinct mass of colours. It would seem that he was ambitious of being a painter of battles, but he failed. His manner we can neither praise nor censure, neither recommend nor discourage—it is Decamps's manner, and, as such, excellent and full of effect. How he manages it to give to his Arabic, Egyptian, and Asiatic scenes such interest, and such variety, we know not, but the character of his representations are true to nature.

Decamps's figures, closely surveyed, seem a chaotic jumble. But, on retiring a few steps, his forms start from the canvass like letters written with invisible ink brought out by intense heat; at one time he overlays his colours, and at another he paints so slightly that the threads of the canvass are visible. In this slight touch he no doubt indulges when, having been inspired, he has no faults to conceal beneath thick layers of colours. He has five paintings in this exhibition, all possessing more or less merit. The best of these represents a Turkish outpost, near Smyrna. The interior of the locality is laid open to the spectator—on one side is seen a kind of alcove, with a camp bed; on the other, a stable, with an opening into the country. Two camels, with their indolent and wearied drivers, pass along the road; in the back ground are seen, between the bright green plantains, the minarets and domes of Smyrna. The party which forms this outpost consists of a young beardless Turk, seated on the ground and smoking his long pipe, and who, together with an older companion in arms, is listening to a gaily-attired girl, who has brought some provisions in a basket. Two Mussulmen are handling their arms, whilst the commanding officer is lying on the camp bed, playing the mandoline and smoking his pipe. If we say that we can form distinct notions of as many Turkish masters as are seen in the picture, we shall have bestowed all the praise that can be conferred on it. Indeed, the great merit of Decamps consists in being perfectly true and faithful to nature.

A counterpart to Decamps's Eastern figures, are the architectural edifices of that climate, by Morel Fatio. He may be styled the Canaletto of Algiers, for since the French have conquered that colony, he has produced as many mosques, squares, sea-ports, and towers, as the Venetian artist painted San Marcos, piazzetas, and signorinal edifices. What he does give is excellent and instructive.



I never visit the Louvre without stopping at his mosque of Colouglis, to view its lofty chalk-white domes, and its attenuated towers; and then I mingle among the Turks assembled below, observe the traffic they carry on, and shelter myself from the burning sun with my wide-extending umbrella; or else I walk with the painter through his wide street of Babazoun, and look askance towards the latticed windows to see whether some concealed female form does not hold out a billet-doux. The artist has painted his objects with such a glowing heat, that the eye seems to seek relief from the burning flags amidst the shades of the edifices. It is easily observed how the people who walk about "drag their slow length along,"—so languid and weary do they seem, with such indifference do they apply to the concerns of life. All the apartments and courts around invite to rest or sleep, or to enjoyments and gratifications. It is the East and Eastern life we behold, where every thing withers and burns up as in a volcano.

It is difficult to describe all this even in painting. We must have been in this consuming climate, and, as it were, tattooed on the tablets of our memory its glowing colouring, as Fatio and Langlois have done.

The latter artist has given to the public another battle-scene with the Arabians—the contest of Sediferruch, fought on the 13th of June, 1830. In this picture the Turks, occupying the foreground, "imitate the action of the tiger," in their brave resistance. Their artillery has a very singular appearance, being served by artillerymen in Turkish great coats, resembling bed-gowns. In the back-ground is seen the Mediterranean Sea, blue as the sky,—the French fleet is in line of battle, sending on shore sharpshooters, whilst two frigates discharge their broadsides against a battery. The valiant soldiers, in their night-gowns, fall one by one. The troops which have been disembarked advance under a cloud of smoke, having at their head General Achard, *a bas le Dey!* The contest is lively and stirring. This is the utmost that can be said of such kind of pictures. The colouring is not near so true as in the pictures of Fatio and Decamps. The merit of Langlois in composition is however very considerable—his drawings possess energy, boldness, and life—admirable qualifications for battle-pieces.

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**AUTHORS.**—J. A. Paradis di Moncrief, a French author, who died in 1770, wrote, when young, a history of the cats, which drew upon him many sarcasms and epigrams. Roi, the poet, having made a severe one, Moncrief laid wait for him, as he came out of the Palais Royal, and caned him heartily; but Roi, who was accustomed to such things, being no less supple than malignant, turned his head to Moncrief, and holding out his back to the stick, said quietly, "play gentle pussy, gently play."

THE HEIGHT OF THE WORCESTERSHIRE BEACON,  
ABOVE THE LIBRARY, GREAT MALVERN,

*Deduced by the formulæ of Maskelyne, Hutton, and Daniell, from two  
distinct Barometrical Measurements;*

BY W. ADDISON, F. L. S.,

SURGEON TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT, MALVERN.

THE barometric measurement of hills or mountains is an operation of great nicety, and the results can only be considered as very rough approximations, unless all the corrections for the moisture and temperature of the air are duly attended to. Ever since the celebrated and important experiment of Torricelli, the attention of some of the greatest philosophers has been drawn in succession to this interesting problem; and the difficulty of estimating the quantity and effects of aqueous vapour has hitherto been one of the chief obstacles to the attainment of accuracy. Daniell's hygrometer appears better calculated than any other instrument to remove this obstacle. This Hygrometer was used in the measurement of the height of the Worcestershire Beacon, which I am now about to detail.

Dr. Maskelyne's formula for determining the height of mountains by the barometer is as follows:—

1. Take the difference of the tabular logarithms of the observed barometrical heights, at the two stations, considering the first four figures (exclusive of the index) as whole numbers.

2. Observe the difference of Fahrenheit's thermometer at the two stations; multiply this difference by 0.454, and add or subtract this product according as the thermometer was highest at the upper or lower station—which will give an approximate height.

3. Take the mean between the two altitudes of the thermometer and find the difference between this mean and  $32^{\circ}$ . Multiply the approximate height by this difference, and the product by the decimal fraction 0.00244. This last correction being added to or subtracted from the approximate height, according as the mean of the two altitudes of Fahrenheit's thermometer was greater or less than  $32^{\circ}$ , will give the true height of the upper station in English fathoms.

Dr. Hutton's rules are as follows:—

1. Let the heights of the barometer at the top and bottom of any elevation be observed as near the same time as may be, as also the temperatures of the attached thermometers, and the temperature of the air in the shade at both stations, by means of detached thermometers.

2. Reduce these altitudes of the barometer to the same temperature, by augmenting the height of the mercury in the colder

temperature, or diminishing that in the warmer by its  $\frac{1}{9600}$  part for every degree of difference between the two.

3. Take the difference of the common logarithms of the two heights of the barometer (so corrected) considering the first four figures as whole numbers—which will give an approximate height.

4. Take the mean of the two detached thermometers; and for every degree which this differs from  $31^{\circ}$  take so many times the  $\frac{1}{480}$  part of the approximate height; and *add* them, if the mean temperature be above  $31^{\circ}$ ; but *subtract* them if it be below  $31^{\circ}$ ; and the sum, or difference, will be the true altitude in English fathoms.

These formulæ have been somewhat modified, and perhaps improved by subsequent philosophers.

The following proceeding is recommended by Mr. Daniell in his *Meteorological Essays*, being, in fact, mainly Dr. Hutton's process, with additional corrections for the elasticity and density of the air, consequent upon the presence of more or less vapour, at either of the observed stations.

1. Observe the heights of the barometer at the top and bottom of any elevation, and the heights of the attached thermometers. Observe also the temperature of the air in the shade at the two stations, by a detached thermometer: the dew point must also be accurately taken at the upper and lower situation—these observations being made as nearly as possible at the same time.

2. Correct the heights of the barometer observed at the top and bottom of the station, for the expansion of mercury and the mean dilatation of the tube (by the table) to the temperatures observed by means of the attached thermometer, at these two stations.

3. Take the difference of the common logarithms of the two heights of the barometer (so corrected) considering the first four figures as whole numbers—which will give an approximate height in fathoms.

4. Find the mean of the two temperatures observed by the detached thermometer, in the shade, at the upper and lower station—and (referring to the table) note the expansion of air due to this mean temperature, and subtract it from 1.00000 which will give *the specific gravity of the air corrected for temperature*.

5. Note the temperature of the constituent vapour of the atmosphere, by finding the dew point at the upper and lower station.

6. Find the expansion of air for vapour at these two observed points (by the table), and subtract from each of them the increase of density which air undergoes for vapour (found by the table) at the same points; and the mean of this result, subtracted from *the specific gravity of air corrected for temperature* (4) will give *the correct specific gravity of the air*.—And then say—

7. As this correct specific gravity is to 1.00000 (the standard) so is the approximate height (3) to the correct height.\*

\* The Tables referred to above, will be found in Daniell's "Meteorological NO. VI. 3 C

## PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS, MADE MAY 30th, 1834.

## FIRST SERIES.

| Library House,<br>or Lower<br>Station. | Barom. | Attch.<br>Therm. | Detch.<br>Therm. | Hyg. | Time.      | Wind.           | Weather.   |
|--|--------|------------------|------------------|------|------------|-----------------|--|
|  |        |                  |                  |      | H. M.      |                 |  |
| Going up                               | 29.705 | 65               | 61               | 55   | 5.30 p. m. | Light E.        | Very fine, some<br>detached clouds<br>moving from<br>the N. W. |
| Return                                 | 29.700 | 63               | 57               | 52   | 7.20 p. m. | Ditto           |  |
| Mean                                   | 29.702 | 64               | 59               | 53.5 | 6.25 p. m. |                 |  |
| Summit of the<br>Beacon.               | 28.700 | 53               | 53               | 48   | 6.45 p. m. | Very<br>high E. | Less cloud<br>otherwise as<br>above.                           |

## AUGUST 9th, 1834.

## SECOND SERIES.

| Lower<br>Station.        | Barom. | Attch.<br>Therm. | Detch.<br>Therm. | Hyg. | Time.      | Wind.         | Weather.                        |
|--------------------------|--------|------------------|------------------|------|------------|---------------|---------------------------------|
|                          |        |                  |                  |      | H. M.      |               |                                 |
| Going up                 | 29.542 | 67               | 66.5             | 59   | 6. p. m.   | North.        | Cloudy, fine                    |
| Return                   | 29.545 | 64               | 64               | 58   | 8. p. m.   | N. W.         | Ditto                           |
| Mean                     | 29.543 | 65.5             | 65.2             | 58.5 | 7. p. m.   |               |                                 |
| Summit of the<br>Beacon. | 28.550 | 58               | 58               | 52   | 7.10 p. m. | High<br>N. W. | Clouds moving<br>from the East. |

Taking the first series of observations, and proceeding according to Maskelyne's process—we obtain 921 feet as the height of the Worcestershire Beacon.—Thus—

- |  |                   |   |               |
|--|-------------------|---|---------------|
|  | <i>Logarithm.</i> |   |               |
| 1. Barometer at the }<br>two Stations. }   | 29.703 — 4728003  | — | diff. 149.184 |
|  | 28.700 — 4578819  |   |               |
| 2. Temperature at the two Stations. 64 and 53, diff. $11^{\circ}$ $\times$ 0.454 = 4.994 |                   |   |               |
| Approximate height in Fathoms, <u>144.190</u>  |                   |   |               |

Essays," Second Edition, viz. that for the *Expansion of Mercury, and the mean dilatation of Glass*, p. 372. Table of *Expansion of Air for Temperature*, p. 177. Table of *Expansion of Air for Vapour*, p. 177. Table of *Increase of Density of Air for Vapour*, p. 177.

3. Temperature at the } 64 and 53 mean 58.5 — 32 = 26.5  
 two Stations. } 26.5 × 144.190 = 3821.035  
 then 3821.035 × 0.00244 = 9.323, &c.  
 and 144.190 × 9.323 = 153.513 Fathoms  
6  
 Height in English feet, 921.078

Proceeding in the same way with the second series of observations—we obtain 934.596—and a mean of these two numbers gives 927.937 feet.

The height deduced by following the method of Dr. Hutton is—from the first series of observations 910.800 feet—and from the second 927.882, the mean being 919.341 feet.

The greatest reliance ought perhaps to be placed upon the results obtained by following Daniell's formula, because it embraces the important corrections necessary for the vapour always in a greater or less degree existing in the air. Following his directions, the height, by the first series of observations, is 924.01 feet; and by the second, it is 925.50 feet; a remarkably close approximation. The mean of the numbers obtained by Maskelyne's and Hutton's formulæ, is 923,639. The details of Daniell's formula are sub-joined, taking the second series of observations as data.

|   |               |                     |                     |
|---|---------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Barometer at upper station,                                       | 29.543        |                     |                     |
| correction for the expansion of mercury<br>at the temperature 65° | } .083        | } <i>Logarithm.</i> |                     |
|   | <u>29.460</u> | — 4692327           |                     |
| Barometer at lower station,                                       | 28.550        |                     | diff. 144.945 fath. |
| correction for the expansion of mercury<br>at the temperature 58° | } 0.57        |                     | ×                   |
|   | <u>28.493</u> | — 4547382           | 6                   |
| Approximate height in feet,                                       |               |                     | <u>869.670</u>      |

|   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| Lower station, temperature of air, 65.0 | Dew point, 58.5 |
| Upper ditto, ditto, 58.0                | Ditto, 52.0     |
| <u>Mean, 61.5</u>                       |                 |

|   |               |
|---|---------------|
| Expansion of air for temperature, (61) per table, | .06041        |
| Ditto, ditto, for vapour, 58 ditto                | .01633        |
| Ditto, ditto, ditto 52 ditto                      | .01336        |
| Mean,   |               |
|   | <u>.01484</u> |
| Total expansion,                                  |               |
|   | <u>.07525</u> |

|   |               |
|---|---------------|
| Then, : 1.07525 : 100000 :: 100000 :          | .93002        |
| Increase of density for vapour at 58 — .01051 |               |
| Ditto, ditto, ditto, at 52 — .00864           |               |
| Mean  |               |
|   | <u>.00958</u> |
| Correct sp. gravity,                          |               |
|   | <u>.93960</u> |

Then : .93960 : 1.00000 :: 869670 : 925.5 the height in feet.

## THE LOVER OF BEAUTY;

OR WHICH WILL HE WED?

*(Continued from page 318.)*

IN less than a quarter of an hour the Captain drove his elegant phaeton to the door; his boasted greys champing their bits disdainfully, pawed the earth with impatience, appearing scarcely restrained by the glittering harness that gave token of the most elaborate care. A motion of the reins nearly threw the proud animals upon their haunches, and Lewis, the Captain's "gentleman," rode up to their heads, while his master descended and entered the saloon. Lady Eleanor was attired for her ride; her shawl, her white robe of Chaly, and her green bonnet having been promptly exchanged for a *redingote* of lavender silk, and a *capote* of white gauze, trimmed with a superb fall of blond: Mrs. Atherstone commended her, laughingly, to the care of the Captain, who, bowing to the admonition, handed the lady with infinite grace into the phaeton, and then, springing up beside her, kissed his hand to his sister-in-law, and shot from the place with rapidity.

Behold our military hero in the full possession of his wish; and what man is there who, calling himself proprietor of a pair of greys, which, for symmetry and action, might rival Priam or Zinganee, attached to a phaeton of the very best style—claret colour, picked out with black, and a double row of brass mouldings—what man so entitled would not triumph in having beauty, rank, and fashion of the first water to grace his equipage? Not one most assuredly, and Captain Atherstone thought so as his steeds, fresh as those of Apollo, bounded before him, and the delicate little *piéd* of Lady Eleanor arrayed in a *bottine* of lavender gros-de-naples contrasted—he vowed poetically—with his own more magnitudinous extremity cased in a shining Hoby, upon which his snowy jean reposed in mathematical adjustment. The sun shone patronisingly upon this *tête-à-tête* ride; the skies were bright and blue, sown with a hundred little clouds of pearl and silver that sailed placidly away, as the soft breeze came rushing by; the linnet sang sweetly in its leafy bower, and the lark answered, blithely, from the braided corn, while the trees and blossoms were laden with leaf and odour, and the fond Zephyrs, stealing by, snatched kisses from the cheeks of Lady Eleanor, and made wild sport with the tresses of her ebon hair. Every thing, in fact, concurred to induce that *delassement-du-cœur* which is—or rather ought to be—the attribute of youth and health. Captain Atherstone was eloquent in his dissertations upon the enchanting scenery through which they passed, and, lavishly, commented upon the whole to his beautiful companion. The transition from nature to art was easy, and inviting to a connoisseur; "Ruysdael, Hobbima, Wynants, Waterloo—all the great Flemings might have studied wood and water, air and sunshine on the spot." "Then the charms of a rural life! the simplicity, the candour, the delicacy, the tenderness, the perfect immaculacy of a rural swain—a Strephon or Corydon who, a stranger to the delusions of science and the belles-lettres, and unacquainted with the depravities of vice, passes his life under the shade of an elm, alternately discussing the excellence of his brown bread and the incomparable loveliness of his mistress." Love and roses, a

cottage in a wood, strawberries and cream, sheep, pigeons, and bees, with other pastoral items, glided, by degrees, most fascinatingly into the Captain's discourse, while the swift canter of his horses was, *peu-à-peu*, slackened into a gentle trot. But alas! the Lady was anything but enthusiastic in her love of pictures, or Idyls, and the intellectual gratification enjoyed by the Captain fell below Zero. If he pointed her attention to a superb cluster of trees, her Ladyship remarked that "they would look well hung with variegated lamps;" a glade such as fairies might revel in by moonlight, or Stothard choose for a scene from the Decameron, "would answer the purpose of a quadrille, with Collinet's band stationed behind the bushes." The ivied ruin should give way to a Chinese pavilion or a Turkish chiosk; a cornfield was interesting only as affording the mystical flower with which the belles of Germany decide upon the truth of their lovers; but a windmill which Rembrandt would have gloated on, was abominable, and a bird's-eye prospect, dark, verdurous, and Ruysdael-like, was "flat, melancholy, and tedious!" In vain

"Fair lawns and cultur'd meads, and flocks and herds,  
Grey cliffs, dark woods, and rolling silver streams!  
Hamlets and village spires, green fields, and mountains blue"—\*

in vain these glorious attractions wooed her admiration—all were "stale and unprofitable!" "Helas!" sighed the lover of the picturesque, giving the rein to his horses, and increasing their speed, while half-disposed to be silent, he, nevertheless, turned the theme upon "town:" the Lady grew eloquent in her babble, and the Captain sate mute, with an air of infinite mortification upon his brow. In this mood they arrived at the Abbey, and with very contradictory emotions did the "worshipper of beauty" hand his companion from the phaeton. \* \* \*

In short a month stole by in the customary routine of a country residence. The Lady Eleanor was alternately the idol of the Captain's passionate adoration, and the challenger of his barely disguised contempt; for the meshes interwoven by her beauty—her peerless beauty and accomplishments, were, like the web of Penelope, ever unravelled when the still night came and brought with it the hour of meditation. It was in that precious and important hour that Henry found it was impossible he could unite his affections to a woman whose mind was as destitute of value, as her person was luxurious of charm. And what were her accomplishments? what availed their variety, their brilliancy, their finish? Rare as they were, they proved but as feathers in the balance, when weighed against the intellectual resources of a cultivated understanding. She rivalled a Malibran in voice, and had the finger of a Moschelles for the piano; Taglioni might be proud of her as a pupil in the purer style of her art, while her carriage, her slightest look and gesture, were of the same patrician character as her superbly modelled features. "She has almost an India for a dowry, and is a girl that it is witchery to look upon!" ejaculated the Captain, "but the riches of Cræsus could not tempt me to think of her as a wife! Had she but sense equal to her beauty, I would cut my way through a legion to fling myself before her!" Who is there that can behold beauty without adoring its divinity? The poet celebrates it in flowing verse; the painter consecrates it upon canvass, and the sculptor immortalizes it in

"Maria; or the Father's Recollection," by William Carey. Vide "Green Leaves in Autumn," second edition, printed at Philadelphia.

“breathing marble ;”\* the proudest potentates of the earth bow their regal heads before it, and the conqueror of man becomes the slave of woman. Whether in art or nature, life or stone, it is not possible to gaze upon it without emotion, and whatever may be advanced by the philosopher against mere loveliness of exterior, a beautiful woman will find admirers to the end of time, even though the ornaments of her head, like the jewels of her tiara, be superficial only. It cannot be matter of surprise that the Captain found his heart strangely entangled, and somewhat in the situation of a wood-bird half taken in a net. Not even dreaming of paying his addresses to Lady Eleanor, he still could not brook the idea of another presuming to direct to her his assiduities ; and most assuredly little provocation on such score would have produced a fiery encounter with the presuming rival. In their present situation the phantom of jealousy had no key-hole through which to glide ; there were no beaux, no brother officers, no obliging friends within visiting distance, and Henry knew that, for a week or two at least, he had the field entirely to himself. With a slight tincture of acquired vanity, pardonable, perhaps, in a young man of fashion and appearance, the Captain, unquestionably, felt a desire to render himself agreeable to a lovely and highly-accomplished girl who, in the absence of all other pretenders, must be, in turn, disposed to regard him even more favorably than she would have done had she been surrounded by a phalanx of suitors. Thus it was that without an intention of assuming the roseate bands of Hymen, Atherstone by a thousand delicate and exclusive attentions, tacitly acknowledged himself the *adorateur* of Lady Eleanor ; and when dazzled by her bewildering graces, he suddenly awoke to a memory of the danger he incurred by gazing upon her, he found it difficult to erase the impression which it had made upon his heart. Her form and features were for ever beaming upon his fancy, and he turned without interest from the contemplation of all beauty that did not, in some point or other, bear affinity with hers. Yet with all this, he could not—would not have married her, and the gay and pleasurable officer who, but six weeks before, had censured his brother, without mercy, for not wedding himself to beauty, now discovered that beauty without sense could not even lead him, hair-brained as he was, into the pale of matrimony,

To shorten the story, we must, briefly, inform the fair reader that a letter from the Countess claimed the attendance of her daughter, and that Lady Eleanor, under the fitting escort of a maiden aunt, quitted the Abbey and its inmates, and hastened to Holyhead as fast as four horses could bear her. The Captain was somewhat startled by her departure ; his first toilet after the event proved flat and profitless, as there was no single woman that he cared to behold him ; and he very certainly became sensible that, although not in love with her youthful Ladyship, he was comfortless without her. With secret pleasure he beheld the termination of his visit, and with real delight he made a valedictory bow to the “swarthy, ill-favoured, and elderly,” shook hands with his brother,

\* This rich and expressive phrase is borrowed from some observations on that celebrated bust of the Countess of Charlemont, by Nollekens, which Northcote is said to have prized as “equal to any antique.” The critique that contains the above epithet will be found in the “Sunday Review” of June 23rd, 1816, and emanated from a volunteer pen which has been for more than half a century enthusiastically exerted in the cause of *native genius*. The name of the critic must be familiar to every artist and amateur. It is worthy of remembrance that Byron declared that “he beheld in Lady Charlemont’s countenance all that beauty which sculpture could require for its ideal.”



and springing into his phaeton, rattled off for the high road to London. "Adieu! Sir Captain!" apostrophised Mrs. Atherstone, as she stood at the drawing-room window, and beheld him raising clouds of dust in his rapid flight—"Adieu! we shall meet anon, and then"—"What then?" Reader! continue.

Arrived in London, the Captain hailed with rapture his accustomed haunts; again he promenaded St. James's-street, lounged at Brooks's, and made one in the family circles of the Dowager Marchionesses. Lady Eleanor was not, however, to be met with; "her name was never heard," and the Captain frequently sighed with disappointment as he vainly sought for her resemblance in the "glittering halls" of fashion. "Had she but a soul!" he would mentally exclaim—but she had none—actually like the woman of Mahomet, had none. \* \* \*

June had nearly waned away when the demise of sovereignty threw the fair into sables and melancholy. There was a cessation of parties, routs, and private theatricals; the opera was closed by "particular desire," and Taglioni, with 2000 consolations, fled from London to Paris, to the infinite discomfiture of Laporte:\* smiles were as contraband as a smuggled case of Farina's, and "silent tears," as the rhymers say, reposing (like "crystals" or "diamonds," of course) upon downcast lashes, became the mode. The ruder sex cultivated looks of manly grief and resignation, while the better part of the creation studied, not unbecomingly, the air of a Madonna. There was novelty—the *elixir vitæ* of fashion—in the thing, and it was, accordingly, pursued with alacrity; Court mourning, with its consequences, its "bombazines," "crape hoods," and "shamoy shoes," was submitted to with good grace, and "the Lord Chamberlain" had no cause to complain of a want of reverence for "our late most gracious Sovereign of blessed memory" In fact the population of the *beau-monde* appeared like a troop of black beetles in the sun;† and the "artistes" who supply the embellishments for the numerous "*feuilletons*" that, generally, aid the fancies of the pretty milliners of London, imparted to the heads of their figures an air *triste et touchant* to an extreme.

But the new King was proclaimed, and felicitations, kissing of hands, the discharge of artillery, and the cheerings of the multitude, contrasted curiously, and perhaps violently, with the condolences, the public weeds, and the passing bells that almost simultaneously gave token of the recent decease. Henry found much to occupy his time in these alternate events; his brother and fair sister had, as in duty bound, hastened, most loyally, to pay their respective homage to their new Majesties of the realm, and the myrtle vales of Devon were consigned to an oblivion interrupted only by the associations arising from the frequent "memoires" of the Lady Eleanor, in which the Captain, somewhat suspiciously, indulged. From the "ill-favoured and elderly," who had, as Henry thought, "most unaccountably" gained ground in his "endurance," our military *inamorato* contrived to ascertain that the object of his paradoxical idolatry had joined the Countess in Ireland, and that an indefinite period of time would probably elapse before the Dowager (one of the old Hibernian noblesse) would consent to an exchange of her ancient baronial castle, her, almost feudal, grandeur—the wild, romantic

\* It is recorded in the fashionable annals that this enchanting "*danseuse*," immortalized not only by her "poetry of motion," as the critics termed her performance, but by Chalon's exquisite sketches, received two thousand pounds for her engagement.

† This quaint simile is borrowed from one of Banim's tales of the O'Hara Family—we forget which.

glens and streams of her ancestral domains, with the reverential fealty and devotedness of her people, for the uncongenial character of a metropolitan abode. Devoutly did the Captain aspirate a hope, forlorn we admit, that his regiment might be ordered to the "Emerald Isle;" but it was in the mere fervour of excitement that he insinuated this petition to the destinies, for in "sober seriousness" he knew well that there existed not the slightest probability of his desire being fulfilled. In consequent joyless abstraction, he continued to eat, drink, and sleep, to dress, dance, and adonize as usual, while his fancy was, perpetually, revolving like an attendant satellite upon the unrivalled beauty of his new-made coz. That comparisons were, for very good reasons, deemed odious, he knew, nathless the gallant Hussar was framing them without end, and numberless were the high-born belles, the former idols of his worship, that were, unconsciously, compelled to yield the incense of his homage to the charms of the unknown, the unrepresented Lady Eleanor. Neither the chisel of Behnes,\* nor the pencil of Lawrence, nor the crayon of Chalon, could reconcile him to those features which, enchanting as they might be, varied from the divine resemblance in his heart; and he looked only to lament that neither the sculptor nor the painter had been called upon to perpetuate that faultless form. The blue eyes of "Lady Mary," and the bright damask that bloomed on the soft cheek of "Lady Anne," were now regarded with an air of indifference that marvelled at former admiration, while the long auburn ringlets of the "Lady Emily," that had once woven meshes around the heart of our hero, were gazed upon with a disrelish for their golden shade. "Had they been black! like hers—or like those Byron so luxuriantly describes!" Such was the result of their then impression upon their once devoted admirer! but their possessor was unwitting of the change, and she parted her splendid tresses, and braided them with pearls and gems, happily unconscious that the hour of their dominion had waned away. "When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Further details of these depreciating impressions would be, we opine, equally ungracious and superfluous: we will, therefore, as prudent chroniclers, leave them to float easily down the stream of forgetfulness, while we state with chronological conciseness that the Court mourning cleared away like a mist on a May morning; that the Royal Family, idolized in all their movements, emigrated from Bushey to St. James's, from St. James's to Windsor, from Windsor to ditto, and from ditto settled down happily, quietly, and socially at Brighton, where loyalty immediately rose to 212° of Fahrenheit. While these "royal progresses" were carried on, the *élite* were also on the *qui vive*: sorrow and sables were consigned, in company, to the tomb of "all the Capulets," and gaiety arose, phoenix-like, from the ashes of her funeral pyre. Sir Charles ventured upon a laugh, and her Grace looked less like a mourning Magdalen. The consequence was, rouge rose again in the market, while pearl-powder fell something below par.

The time of the blythe holly and mistletoe—the magic and captivating mistletoe—was stealthily approaching, and November, like a weather-beaten mariner, bound up in haze and fog, churled it over the deserted *chaussée* of the west. Aristocracy had flitted homewards, and closed its proud wings for a season beneath the patrimonial tree; the ancient hall

\* There is no sculptor of the day who surpasses Behnes in exquisite representation of the female countenance. Sweetness, intelligence, and contemplative loveliness, with an air of patrician dignity, invariably distinguish his priceless performances. She who wishes to live and breathe in marble the admiration of succeeding ages, must be immortalized by this student of the graces.

rang with the warm echoes of old English hospitality, and the gladdened yeomanry rejoiced in the too brief renewal of old English times. Colonel and Mrs. Atherstone had bade an early adieu to St. James's, and, with feelings of perfect satisfaction, had hastened back to their estate. Henry promised speedily to join them, and as he had forsworn sporting, and there was no one in town worth thinking of, he persuaded himself into a belief that his Christmas sojourn would be, in some respects, more agreeable than had been his summer abode. By the migratory flight of his associates, civil and military, reduced at length to the companionship of his *cheroot*, and the sole possession of a vacant embrasure at White's, he suddenly discovered that he was on the point of being entirely forsaken, and to avoid the deplorable *ennui* of this consummation he very resolutely dashed out of town one fine morning towards the middle of November. \* \* \*

"There it is, more gothic than ever!" half muttered the Hussar, violently puffing out the smoke of his Havannah, when at the conclusion of his journey the grey point of the Abbey, with its gothic windows and flying buttresses, became visible through the leafless and venerable elms that, in summer, formed a verdant avenue to the principal entrance. "There it is! frowning as gloomily as it did, no doubt, in those days of monkish ascendancy, when the crosier rose above the sceptre, and the crown of royalty quailed before the jewelled mitre. Well! well! a man of sense makes the best of his misfortunes, and I am determined to see everything *couleur-de-rose*." But this determination was forgotten in the instant that Mrs. Atherstone introduced to him, on his appearance in the drawing-room, a lady infinitely surpassing herself in ugliness. "My dear Miss Werner, allow me to bespeak your favorable prepossession of my brother, Captain Henry Atherstone,—Miss Werner." The party addressed bowed "awkwardly as a Hottentot," thought the Captain, while the "ill-favoured and elderly" presented an admirable composure of countenance. "Sword of my ancestors! what a squaw! what a petrifying *morceau* of Indian deformity!" Such were the gallant ejaculations mentally indulged in by the ardent worshipper of beauty, as he half-retreated with positive alarm. And Miss Werner was, indisputably, plain to all intents and purposes.

A candid observer would not have called her *laide*, though her complexion was dark and dingy enough to destroy the effect of features which, under other circumstances, might have made a more agreeable impression. A singularly coarse skin, a low forehead disfigured by an unpleasant seam, and a pair of heavy eye-brows, beneath which, however, shone two eyes of unquestionable lustre, a tolerable nose, and large lips, constituted the physiognomy of this lady. Of her figure we are reluctantly compelled to speak less flatteringly: a single glimpse was sufficient to indicate that it had never been moulded by the graces, and that no Westmacott would choose it for a model; it was, in truth, broad and cumbrous, we may say Rubenesque, and the mortified glance of the Captain descended to the Turkey carpet upon which it stood, to encounter a pair of uncouth feet of more than customary dimensions. It was enough—the demon of disgust took possession of his soul, and heartily wishing himself at the bottom of the Nile, he withdrew to murmur over his destiny while making some necessary alterations in his costume. There were now two frights—two "swarthy, ill-favoured, and elderly" libels upon feminine loveliness to mortify his vision perpetually, and heighten, by reflection as it were, the effect of each other's hideousness. He reverted to the almost spiritual beauty of the Lady Eleanor, and, as he did so, double dissatisfaction preyed upon his spirit. Almost induced

to carelessly discharge the serious duties of the toilet, he, after much lingering, presented himself once more in the drawing-room, determined to throw away as little of his conversation as possible. "The woman can have no wit," he exclaimed, "she certainly has neither taste nor information, and as to a knowledge of the *beau-monde*! it might as well be expected from an Iroquois." Good Sir Captain! you were mistaken! Miss Werner possessed wit brilliant and electrical, irony keen and sportive, taste upon every subject of *vertu*, and information solid and extensive, added to a knowledge of continental courts, which elicited astonishment from the Captain. That she had read, thought, and travelled much was evident; and Henry sate alternately petrified with surprise and transported with delight. Such a rare assemblage of intellectual charms he had never met with, and the uncommon gratification which it produced almost lured him into a forgetfulness that "she must be at least thirty, was perfectly horrible and clumsy, evinced an ignorance in *parare*, and wore immense slippers of black jean." These were enormities, to be sure, but they met with partial apology in the attractions of her conversation, which, opal-like, were continually exhibiting bright changes. At the expiration of a short period, Henry wondered what had become of the profound aversion with which he had at first beheld her—it was gone—evaporated as essence in the air, and had given place to a sort of palliatory consciousness that she was "neither pretty nor graceful." That listlessness and apathy which had frequently absorbed his faculties when in the company of the beautiful but soulless Eleanor, was now exorcised as an evil geni, and his spirits revelled in perpetual sunshine, constantly deriving a fresh stimulus from the brilliancy, the playfulness, and eccentricity of his companion. The Colonel and his lady appeared exceedingly amused with Henry's growing partiality for the society of the somewhat dowdy Miss Werner; and the Captain frequently suspected that they were privately enjoying a smile at his expense: at first he felt startled, and diffident of being quizzed, but reflection determined him to brave it. "She is captivating in her manners," he apostrophized, "and her mind is like a flawless diamond—oh! beauty! beauty! thou hast but poor chance beside her!" The form of the Lady Eleanor, as he had at first beheld it, passed like a vision before his eye: the sculptural sweetness and grandeur of her inclined head; the drooping of her long ebon tresses; the marble purity of her cheek and brow; the full and downcast eye-lid; the Grecian nose; the superbly chiselled mouth and chin; the bust worthy of such a head—all came vividly before him as by magic, and his heart beat with the quickened pulse of admiration, when the recollection of the insipid frivolity, the absolute absence of all rational endowments which lay beneath that divine exterior, effectually chilled the rising fervour of his original reminiscence. Yes—Miss Werner with her Ethiopian complexion, her harsh and scanty locks, her obsolete head-dress, owl-like ruff, and unbecoming *blouse*, dared to contest the palm with this peerless flower of creation, and came off victorious. It was "sense *versus* beauty," and the Captain, although by nature, education, and habit, gay, thoughtless, and seemingly frivolous, possessed too much genuine understanding not to acknowledge the superiority of the former. In fact, the image of the titled fair one faded insensibly from his imagination, and when it did recur it was but to favour the ascendancy of the swarthy stranger. We must still confess that the poor Captain sighed a dozen times a day that Miss Werner was not beautiful. "Had she but borne the form of Lady Eleanor, or had Lady Eleanor been gifted with her mind, he would have declared himself at once, and hazarded the happiness of his life upon

the die:" but an ordinary wife created no sensation in the circles of ton, and he had discovered that a beautiful one, without wit, would be but a sorry companion for life. In short, Henry was sorely perplexed, filled with delight and admiration, and pierced with innumerable regrets. The Christmas festivals had passed away, and fashion was again crowding to the metropolis, yet strange as it may appear it certainly was with pleasure Henry understood that Mr. and Mrs. Atherstone proposed spending the spring on their estate, Miss Werner having promised to remain their guest. January and February passed away like all sublunary things, and the mellow note of the throstle, the soft cooing of the ring-dove, and the pleasant murmur of the vagrant bee, proved the arrival of March, yet still found Captain Atherstone a fixture at the Abbey; his brother, laughingly, urged his return to St. James's, while the "ill-favoured and elderly" smiled maliciously, and recommended him to turn Benedict immediately: he started with emotion, as if some hidden day-dream had been discovered, and from that moment fell into a fit of musing upon the respectability, the harmony, and the happiness of the wedded life, his eyes ever and anon glancing timidly at Miss Werner. "I'll sleep on it," finally determined the vacillating Captain, winding up some private meditations of his own, "I'll sleep on it—nothing should be done without reflection." He did so, and dreamed a thousand incomprehensible things; at one moment he fancied himself deep in a declaration to Lady Eleanor, when suddenly the dark features of Miss Werner peered into his face; again he imagined that he was at St. George's, that Miss Werner, covered with diamonds, and looking more intolerably ugly than ever, was the bride, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream," and the Lady Eleanor supplied her place. To be brief, a crowd of odd whimsies flitted across his brain, and were only dispersed when the daylight peeping into his chamber, awoke him from his sleep. "Well—what was the result of his cogitations?" anxiously (we trust) inquires the reader. Curious fool! be still! is the rather petulant repulse given, somewhat unceremoniously, by the "immortal bard" of Newstead to his inquisitive peruser; we will, however, be less crabbed and more considerate towards the fair and noble ones who, we are nothing loth to imagine, shed the lustre of their eyes upon our pages. Stay then a moment, bright and courtly belle, suspense shall speedily be terminated.

"My cousin, Kate Werner, has but a paltry three hundred a year, with no expectancies, no bequests, no reversions, legacies, or life-interests in view," said Mrs. Atherstone, in addition to some prior information which she had been giving her inquiring brother-in-law. "Pshaw!" exclaimed the latter, hastily, his brow reddening as he spoke, "I care not for fortune, my uncle's unexpected inheritance has rendered it no longer a matter of prudential consideration." "But Kate is far from being beautiful—she is actually *vilaine*:" rather musingly continued Mrs. A. "She is more than beautiful, my dear Madam!" returned the Captain with energy, "she is a woman in whose society life would be a paradise! feeling, gentle, amiable, highly-gifted"—"Hush! hush!" interrupted the ill-favoured, eagerly and playfully, "have mercy upon my feminine failing! what woman can hear another praised in her presence? A truce then with raptures, and remember Kate is neither rich nor beautiful, and how could you be happy with a wife whose ugliness, like some rugged evergreen, remained a continual reflection upon your taste." "Cease, my dear Mrs. Atherstone, cease, I beseech you, to tantalize me with the remembrance of my folly: the qualities of the heart and mind are the only genuine passports to wedded happiness."

“Bravo!” exclaimed the Colonel, entering at that moment and over-hearing him—“bravo! my dear Harry! I congratulate you! this then is the last dying speech and confession of a *lover of beauty!* Well! well! success to reform say I, and the sooner the question is settled the better. Miss Werner is in the library—go—plead your cause fearlessly, you rogue, and I doubt not your influence.” \* \* \*

Henry advanced towards the library with an eager yet uncertain step; he was about to take a measure the most important that can be taken in life by either man or woman, and his heart beat violently as he drew nearer to the goal. It was evening, mild and tender for the early season of the year; the sun had gone down; light was fading in the west, and a cool grey shadow fell upon every object, faintly and fantastically seen in the pale hue that stole through the long, arched windows of the room. As Henry approached the door, the figure of one far away and seemingly forgotten—of Lady Eleanor, rose fully upon his remembrance:—on that spot he had first beheld her, like a radiant creation of the poet’s brain!—he sighed—pshaw! no! he coughed slightly, and the next instant was in the library. Miss Werner was standing at a distant window, a book was in her hand, but her glance was fixed in ardent abstraction upon the sky: a shawl of Cashmere loosely enveloped her person, and the eternal ruff sate high and closely round her throat, yet to Henry she never looked more interesting: the soft and flattering tints of departing day gleamed upon her countenance, and mellowed the strange duskiness of her complexion. Her large and brilliant eye was fixed pensively upon the west, and an air of indefinable charm—the charm of expression—dwelt upon features which Henry had actually long thought wanted but little of being beautiful in form. But that figure, and those feet? they were the same as ever! The echo of his advancing foot roused Miss Werner from her reverie; she turned, smiled greetingly upon the intruder, while a vivid blush stole over her countenance, and was discernible even in that dubious light. What could have occasioned it? Had *her* thoughts been occupied with the image of the one who stood before her, and interrupted their current? Be this as it may, Miss Werner’s surprise and agitation were excessive when, after having led her to a chair, the Captain, with manly candor, made an avowal of his sentiments, and sealed it by an offer of his hand and fortune. The rapidity and earnestness of his pleadings, spared her the task of reply, but her manner displayed the deepest emotion, and the burning crimson that mounted to her brow alternately, gave way to an ashy paleness, while her dark, mysterious eyes drooped beneath their full lids, or raised timidly for a moment, fell the instant that they encountered the impassioned expression of—her lover’s. Was it triumph? was it pleasure? was it vanity? was it secret affection, and the joy of being beloved, that shone in her tear-gemmed orbs? We dare not say. “To-morrow—to-morrow I will decide; press me no further at the present,” at length replied Miss Werner rallying, and making an effort to resume her usual self-possession. “Why delay?” importunately returned the Captain, “why?”—“Not another word!” said Miss Werner, laying a hand, exquisite in all but colour, upon the mouth of the speaker,—it was kissed ardently but deferentially, and the next moment the lady passed from the apartment.

Our fair readers will sigh, and those of the ruder sex blush, perhaps, for the instability of man, and the fearful inconstancy of the human heart, when they learn that in little more than three weeks after the scene which we have just endeavoured to describe, Kate Werner was remembered only to be laughed at; while her eccentricities of dress,

her figure, her personal deficiencies, were successively quizzed, criticised, condemned, and ridiculed: and this by the very being who, with all the fervency of passion and the semblance of sincerity, had wooed her to be his! Poor Miss Werner! Lady Eleanor, resplendent in loveliness, smiled at the downfall of her dingy rival, and triumphed in the assurance that the image of the forsaken could never endanger her own dominion over the affections of the enraptured Henry. The preparations for her nuptials rapidly went on, while the devoted lover, elevated to the pinnacle of joy, poured transports of tenderness into her not unwilling ear. Another week passed by, May smiled upon the metropolis, and St. George's presented one of those brilliant, sublime, and impressive scenes which teem with interest and reflection, alike to old and young. There were glittering equipages and gorgeous liveries, favors and fair flowers; there was a travelling chariot, with four bright bays and outriders in green and gold; there were beadles looking ostentatiously big in office, and street-keepers duly marshalling the old women and nursery-girls who, that morning, forsook the greensward of the square for the more attractive portico of the church. Attic windows were tenanted by gossiping house-maids and upper servants, who descanted on the glories of the hammer-cloths, and the dresses of the bride's-maids; while many a fair girl, budding into womanhood, timidly, but eagerly, peeped from the friendly coverture of the drawing-room blinds, and watched for the re-appearance of the bride, her young heart fluttering like a bird in a cage, and a bright blush burning upon her cheek. At length a bustle and a stretching upon tip-toe in the triple rows assembled upon the steps of the church, a mustering of blended dignity and humility on the parts of the beadles, and a quick drawing up of the dark and handsome "Houlditch" destined to convey the new married pair to some Elysian retirement, disclosed the termination of the binding ceremony. In another minute the huge doors were thrown open, and the nuptial party came forth. There was the venerable Dowager Countess of \*\*\*\*; whose stateliness of manner, step, and gesture, bespoke her high Milesian lineage,—there was Colonel Atherstone, with the "swarthy, ill-favoured, and elderly," with a countenance of smiles and witchery, and there were four sweet girls in bridal white and blushes. The fashionable journals of the day may be consulted for the quality, quantity, and pricelessness of the satin, poyntz, and pearls displayed upon this auspicious occasion, and to these we refer all curious on the subject. The bridegroom, "the worshipper of beauty," the wooer of Kate Werner, looked handsomer than usual: the fine bloom upon his cheek, the lustre of his bright blue eye, the eloquent smile of tenderness upon his lip, interpreted the happiness of his heart: the bride, the Lady Eleanor Atherstone, hung calmly, gracefully, and confidently upon his arm; she was veiled, but not so closely as to preclude from observation that her brow was softly shaded with thought, while a sweet pensiveness mingled with her glance, and that if the ruby upon her lip was less rich than ordinary, the pure carnation that reigned fitfully upon her cheek compensated for the loss, and heightened, if possible, the almost ideal beauty of her features. At the instant of her appearance, a group of white clouds in the azure sky parted, and the sun burst through them, shedding a beam of brightness and glory upon her head; the old women looked at each other with an air of indescribable satisfaction, and mumbled "happy is the bride that the sun shines on;" while involuntary blessings hovered upon the tongues of the better-informed beholders. In the next instant the small foot of the bride was on the step of the carriage, the bridegroom sprang in beside her, the door was closed, and

the postillions touching their horses, whirled the equipage out of sight in a moment: the rest of the company followed in their splendid vehicles, and a few seconds left the street to the quiet possession of two or three knots of gossippers that had been gazing on the scene. \* \* \* \*

"Captain Atherstone's extreme felicity of appearance speaks little in favour of his feelings—to say nothing of his honor," rather spitefully remarked Miss Tabitha Winterton, putting down her tortoise-shell spectacles, as she retired from an opposite window, whence she had enjoyed a full and undisturbed view of the spectacle, "the Lady Eleanor is much to be pitied—very much indeed. I heard, on undoubted authority, that the Captain has positively broken the heart of a young lady to whom he paid his addresses in the country, but shamefully deserted, as it is credibly reported, at the instance of Mrs. Col. Atherstone—a designing woman I am told. I suppose the immense fortune and the really personable appearance of Lady Eleanor allured him. Well! well! who could have expected otherwise? there is no truth in man, nor ever was since the days of Adam, and Miss Weaner, or Warner, ought to have known so. Indeed it was confided to me by a particular party, that an unpleasant entanglement"—The spinster, who while speaking had been tapping her snuff-box, was here interrupted by an arch burst of merriment from her niece, a sprightly girl of seventeen, with a merry black eye, skin like alabaster, and curls of dark chesnut sporting upon her brow. "Hush! hush! aunt! you frighten me—this is absolute defamation of character; besides you will actually corrupt the innocence of my ideas. And have you really not heard the story? Dear me! and so romantic as it is! Why I thought you knew it—all the world does, for nothing else has been spoken of these three weeks."

"Eh!—why?—what?—what is the girl talking about?" rather nervously inquired the amazed Miss Tabitha, piqued that she should be found minus in the multiplying rumours of the *beau-monde*, and forgetting that she had but the day prior arrived in London from her ever-green cottage in Suffolk.

"My dear sister," replied Mrs. Fitzgerald, smiling placidly, "Louisa alludes to the now well-known fact that the deceived Miss Werner, and the Lady Eleanor, the Irish heiress, are identically one and the same, and that the double disguise was, at Mrs. Atherstone's instigation, successfully assumed by her Ladyship, with a view to cure the volatile Captain of his blind idolatry of beauty."

"Only think, aunt," added Louisa, "only think of her Ladyship, one of the richest heiresses in Ireland, young, beautiful, and witty, passing first for a fool in her own proper person, and really disgusting the Captain by her pretended imbecility; then throwing off the simpleton and taking the mask of years and ugliness, yet, with all this, fascinating him into absolute matrimony by her sweetness and intelligence."

"Good heart!" exclaimed the wondering Miss Tabitha, dropping her rappee on her brown satin gown—"why the girl was crazed!"

"Not exactly aunt," rather coolly responded Louisa, sympathetically espousing the cause of the bride, "not exactly: Lady Eleanor fell in love with the Captain from a portrait she saw in Miss Alabaster's painting-room, and she felt an interest in consequence. Then her cousin and Colonel Atherstone assisted her, and do you know they say that when the Captain was in London last year, Lady Eleanor was all the time at the Abbey in Devonshire, planning her disguises as Miss Werner, and trying experiments with false eye-brows and walnut-juice."

"And did the Dowager know this?" inquired Miss Tabitha.

"Not a word of it while it was going on—was n't that capital? Lady



Eleanor was on a visit you see,—but when she did, she was in a tremendous passion, it is said, but at length forgot and forgave, and came post from Ireland to the wedding.”

“And the Lady Eleanor did this to convince a good-for-nothing man of his folly!” said Miss Tabitha, elevating her hands and eyes.

“Aye—and to win him, my good aunt,” sportively rejoined Louisa.

“Oh! shocking!” screamed the spinster, sinking upon the sofa, and covering her face with her fingers—“it’s an awful world we live in!”

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PARAPHRASE OF THE 137TH PSALM.

By our feet where the waters of Babylon swept  
 In their majesty on to the sea,  
 Overwhelm’d by our sorrow, we sat down and wept,  
 When we thought, Holy Zion, of thee.

And we mournfully gazed on our harps as they hung  
 (O! how oft had they join’d in our prayer,)  
 In the silence of sadness, neglected, unstrung,  
 On the willows that shaded us there.

For the men who to slavery led us away  
 Made a mock at the sorrows we bore;  
 And they taxed us for mirth, and said, “sing us a song,  
 Such as rung in your Zion of yore.”

Oh! how shall we sing in the land of the foe,  
 The glad strains that in Zion we poured?  
 Or how shall we bid the same melody flow  
 That thy courts have re-echoed, O Lord?

If I ever forget thee, O Salem, that hour  
 May the Lord in his wrath take away  
 From my right hand, accursed and wither’d, the power  
 On the harp of my fathers to play.

Cleave my tongue to the roof of my mouth whensoever  
 Holy Salem! I think not on thee:  
 Yea! if ever my heart’s dearest pleasure appear  
 Than Jerusalem dearer to me.

Lord, remember how Edom triumphantly cried  
 In the day when Jerusalem fell—  
 “Root her out, root her out, of her beauty and pride  
 Leave not e’en her foundations to tell.”

To thee, daughter of Babylon, wasted away  
 With thy grief, may it ever be thus—  
 May’st thou see the man blest who shall fully repay  
 Thee the wrongs thou hast heaped upon us.

Yea! for ever and ever his name shall be blest,  
 Who shall laugh at the mother’s deep groans,  
 When he dashes the babe from her nourishing breast,  
 And it dies at her feet on the stones.

GODFREY GRAFTON.

## FINE ARTS.

MR. EDITOR,—As the greater portion and the conclusion of the following rhymes relate to ancient and modern art, to anti-modern connoisseurs, and to the patronage of British genius, British excellence in the arts, and British artists, I think we may, without impropriety, class this under the above head. A rhapsody being “a discourse or poem, consisting of a number of parts joined together, without any necessary dependence or natural connection ;” you will perceive I have not exceeded the established license. The two first characters, “GOOD RONALD” and “DESMOND,” are not grouped together, nor connected, in these verses, with the third, or with any story. Their outlines are from report only, and are, necessarily, sketched in freely, and left unfinished, with touches of imagination founded in probability and mingled with reality. The malady of the one and the dangerous injury sustained by the other, from the fall of his horse, almost immediately within my view, are facts, and I am happy to learn both are in a fair way of recovery. The foreground of the scenery is from nature ; but the distances are composition.

It is only a trite repetition to quote from Horace that painting is mute poetry. Pictures, which only please the eye by technical excellence and correct truth, but do not move the heart and purify the spirit, are not of this high description. They may be good or excellent prose, and I prize them in proportion to their peculiar beauties, as such, but they have not the

“Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,”

of true poetry. The view of a fine collection of paintings, by a good light, has the same effect on the feelings and imagination as a perusal of Homer or Milton. It fills the mind with an exalted opinion of human capacity, and a flow of noble and elevated sentiments. *Virgil* introduces paintings in the temple at Carthage, and, among the heroes represented, Æneas finds himself ;—at the sight, all the signal events of the war and subversion of Troy, are recalled to his mind and pictured in his imagination. The historical pencil of Raphael, Giulio Romano, N. Poussin, or of that great modern, Etty, in his Judith, and other sacred subjects, exercises the same power as the historical pen of Montesquieu or Gibbon. Under its influence the stream of time rolls back, and we are transported to the early post-diluvian and heroic ages ; or, the world before the flood. The soul is inflamed and lifted up to an admiration of all that is great and good, by a crowd of memorable recollections. In these spirit-stirring and golden moments, we behold, in fancy, the resurrection of nations long turned to dust, and enter into communion with their best and bravest spirits. We, then, cannot help falling into the opinion of the traveller Niebuhr, with some reasonable qualifications :—“It is true that we have many \*decisive proofs of the existence of

\* Of these “decisive proofs,” it is but justice to the reader to observe that Mr. Niebuhr has not produced any. Between “decisive proofs” and strong grounds for conjecture or belief, there is a material difference in arriving at a conclusion. Of the existence of many great and powerful nations prior to the Egyptians, and of their having utterly perished, there are reasonable grounds for belief ; but none to imagine any of them *more enlightened*. The Egyptians inherited the wisdom of the earlier nations, and continued their improvements and inventions in the arts and sciences, until the subversion of their Empire by *Cambyses*.

other nations in the remote ages of antiquity, as powerful as the Egyptians, and even more enlightened—yet, of these nations no vestige remains; their buildings and other public works are totally effaced. The country, which they cultivated and embellished is, at present, a barren desert, destitute of every remain that might mark its ancient state, and inhabited; or rather ravaged, by wandering barbarians.”—(Travels through Arabia and other Countries in the East. Vol. I. sect. v. chap. 1.)

It is not possible to contemplate the wonders of creation without an awful sense of the Creator, nor to behold the beauties of nature with true feeling, without thereby acquiring a more refined taste and a keener relish for the beauties of art. On the ramble in the country, which called forth these detached rhymes, my mind was warmed by the mild splendour of a fine day and the surrounding prospects, just before I entered the truly classical *temple of taste*, in which the fine pictures adverted to, are collected. I was, just then, in a mood to enjoy them. But, instead of looking at art through the medium of nature, and forming their taste by the latter, too many persons of otherwise highly cultivated minds, are so corrupted by the false principles and jargon of *virtu*, disseminated by a certain class of talkers on the arts, that they constantly look at nature through the medium of old pictures. This mistaken practice is not confined to amateurs. Many artists of great merit in other respects, grow up in this error. They form their system of colouring on the landscapes of the old masters, which either represent the arid scenery of the East, or of which, in their European views, the darker shades, in the course of centuries, have acquired a blackness and absorbed the finer qualities of the vivid colours. In the greater number of those pictures the demi-tints and lights also, are changed to a dark imbrowned tone, in general harmony with the shadows, but proportionally at the expense of the truth and freshness of nature in the original state of the colouring when first painted. It is also to be recollected, that many of the old masters painted on canvass primed with a very dark ground, which, in a few years, impaired the clearness and brilliancy of their works. When a few artists, who have thus turned their backs upon nature, and adopted the colouring of old pictures, are in the habit of much association together, they keep each other in countenance, and, like persons companioning in the plague, their amendment is almost hopeless. Hence it is that we see so many landscapes, which have been sketched and painted from views in England and Ireland, and profess to be English or Irish views, without a particle, or very little, of the verdure, which characterises the local colouring of the champaign and woodland scenery in these islands. These *leather-coloured* English and Irish landscapes are so frequently obtruded on the public, that instances here are unnecessary.

But to return to the subject immediately under notice. In my observations on the magnificent paintings by the old masters, no more than the general spirit of the impression produced by a rapid glance at the whole is implied, without any intention to particularize separate pictures. It is only a very faint abstraction of the sublime associations of thought which arose at the moment. The admiration and delight, with which I viewed the master-pieces of art, were mingled with melancholy ideas of so many conquerors and generations in the grave, the might and grandeur of their innumerable myriads lost in the darkness of eternity. But there was a consolation in the reflection that if dynasties and nations have perished and are nameless, the great painters of the 15th and 16th centuries, whose works were before me, are immortalized by their genius. It would require more than a month to make anything like an exact reference, however brief, to so many fine productions.

The selection of works by living British artists does honour to the taste and patriotism of the munificent collector. There are three by Wilkie, Roberts, and Fraser, which alone would stamp a high character on any British collection. In an exhibition of modern art, by a provincial Institution, they would draw crowds of visitors, and contribute greatly to overcome anti-modern prejudice. This would redound so much to the honour of the British school, and accord so well with the public spirit of this liberal patron of native genius, that I cannot help cherishing a sanguine hope on this point, although I do not venture to give it utterance. There are, also, some capital specimens by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Northcote, and other deceased British artists in the chambers. I hope the splendid example, at the conclusion of the rhymes, will not be wholly lost on some of those, who possess the means of following so laudable a pattern.

### THE LESSON—A RHAPSODY,

BY WILLIAM CAREY,

*Composed after a ramble in the country, with alterations and additions.*

Reader, think this a sally of invention,  
Or rhapsody of laudable intention;  
In homely metre, fashion'd to the season,  
And rhymes, in humble fellowship with reason;  
In which some truth and fiction mix together,  
Like cloud and sunshine in unsettl'd weather.—  
But let the Muse proceed, without explaining,  
And, in the end, you cannot miss her meaning.

The persons and the place I mystify,  
Lest some misjudging Cynic raise a cry,  
"Oh, ho! this servile drudge is paid to write;  
And well he plays the fawning parasite;  
Corruption is the all-subduing vice;  
The poet and the patriot have their price.  
Iron may fetter;—but a stronger hold  
Confines the willing slave in links of gold."

Truth may be calm—and brief is my reply—  
The imputation, justly, I deny.  
Applausive verse, to no one name assigned,  
Like fragrant odours wafted by the wind,  
Or largess cast amid the scrambling crowd,  
Belongs to none, though trumpeted aloud.—  
No friend of candour will my motive blame,  
I hold the example up—but not his name.  
Would any greedy Sycophant for pay,  
By such omission, do his claim away?  
Would any vain Mock-Patron, in his pride,  
Be, by a disappointment, gratified?  
Or, inconsistently, his gold dispense,  
For an omission, felt as an offence?—

Think not my Muse would stoop to flatter Vice;  
Or, for her just applause, accept a price;  
Or, like a Minion, prostitute her lays,  
In pompous Vanity and Folly's praise:  
Do not, the sweetest of her pleasures, wrong;  
To honour worth, the glory of her song;

When, rapt in thought, in lov'd retirement bless'd;  
 From the warm impulse stirring in her breast;  
 Her rhymes spontaneous and her offering free:  
 Such ever should the praise of Virtue be.

All other treasures are precarious things,  
 Which, in the storms of life, find rapid wings.  
 The bandag'd eyes of Fortune plainly show  
 Her favours, often misdirected, flow:  
 The speaking symbol, her revolving wheel,  
 Betrays what Moralists, in sadness, feel:  
 The highest on the dangerous round, to-day,  
 With riches, troops of friends, and honour'd sway,  
 May, by a single turn, be stripp'd of all,  
 And to the lowest of privations fall.  
 No state from worldly losses is secur'd;  
 Ev'n kings and princes have the worst endur'd.

Not so, the nobler treasures of the soul,  
 The poet's gifts, beyond the world's control;  
 His voice, his inspiration, from on high,  
 The changes of adversity defy;  
 His rank and title, in the evil day,  
 These—*Fortune cannot give, nor take away.*

Now to my aim.—I note the district not;  
 Nor would it signify to point the spot;  
 In Yorkshire, Durham, Perthshire, if you will,  
 Or any Scottish county farther still;  
 From THREE, possess'd of talents, rank, and power,  
 I drew a fancy-picture of an hour:  
 But what its scope is, here, in silence seal'd,  
 To be hereafter pleasantly reveal'd.  
 This ancient license poets freely use,  
 Who seek to rouse attention by a *ruse*;  
 And Critics, prone to censure all that's ill,  
 Deem it a test of true inventive skill,  
 No matter in what land the scene is cast,  
 To keep the plot uncertain to the last.

*First of the three, good Ronald, in the gout,*  
 Could not, to gain an empire, venture out;  
 Physicians, opiates, nurses, silent gloom,  
 With melancholy shade the patient's room;  
 All free communion is beyond his pow'r,  
 Who counts each evening on his mortal hour.  
 Friends, Tenants, Rich and Poor, his suff'rings share,  
 And raise their eyes to Heav'n in fervent prayer;  
 Short would his racking malady endure,  
 If genuine sympathy could work a cure.

Near *Rockmount* as I roam'd, in cheerful mood,  
 And marked each hill and dale and shad'wy wood,  
 The browsing herds, the sky of lovely blue,  
 And from the breeze, fresh health and pleasure drew,  
 What variegated beauties spread around!  
 What inspiration in the murmuring sound  
 Of gliding waters and the songs of love,  
 From the sweet warblers in the lonely grove!  
 All Nature charm'd my eye or sooth'd my ear;  
 The sober grandeur of the waning year;  
 The noon-day sun, majestic in its course,  
 Of vivifying heat and light the source:

Imagination, with unbounded view,  
 The wide creation in perspective drew :  
 The pathless ocean, earth's stupendous frame,  
 For ever\* changing, ever still the same  
 Its system, and immutable its laws,  
 As pre-ordain'd by The Eternal Cause.  
 Then darkly follow'd the amazing thought  
 Of countless worlds, with moral agents fraught !—  
 Oh ! how unutterable was my sense  
 Of all these wonders of Omnipotence !  
 How deep my gratitude and silent pray'r,  
 For all the hourly blessings, which we share !

Just then I heard the hounds and hunters cry,  
 And *Desmond*, second of the three, rode by,  
 (In prime of youth, of high Milesian race)  
 Exerting every nerve to join the chace,  
 He pass'd like lightning,—in a moment more,  
 Crush'd by his fallen horse and wounded sore,  
 He speechless lay, unconscious as the dead,  
 And grief and horror with the tidings spread :  
 His manly bearing and good will to all,  
 Pierc'd many a breast with sorrow for his fall.

*Last of the three*, whom I forbear to name,  
 From motives, which profound attention claim,  
 (Lest praise deserv'd should wound his modest ear,  
 And truth a worldly compliment appear),  
 Of eye acute, a connoisseur refin'd,  
 Prepares the richest banquet for the mind.  
 The chambers of his stately mansion hold  
 Treasures more precious far than mines of gold ;  
 Rare wonders, by the magic pencil wrought,  
 Which mimic life, and seem endued with thought.  
 Contending passions on the canvass glow,  
 Love, hate, and fear;—alternate joy and woe :  
 There, pictur'd fair, are seen, in groups sublime,  
 Sages and Heroes chronicled by Time,  
 Who kingdoms founded, or who thrones o'erturned,  
 Or for the common weal with ardour burn'd ;  
 Beauties, for whom imperial rivals sigh'd ;  
 And Martyrs, who with holy rapture died.

Unask'd, unthought of, free permission came,  
 And left me at a loss my thanks to frame.  
 A stranger as I was, allow'd access,  
 My strong impression how can I express !  
 How speak my admiration and surprise,  
 When these superb productions met my eyes !

From room to room, in mute delight, I pass'd,  
 And still methought each room must be the last ;  
 But others vieing, in their turn display'd  
 Successive miracles of light and shade.  
 Strange buildings, people, dresses, arms, I view'd,  
 And ages, long gone by, appear'd renew'd ;  
 Nations, forgotten in oblivious gloom,  
 Rose, as it were, in triumph from the tomb ;  
 Like Shakspeare's royal phantoms, “ in a glass,”

\* Ever changing appearances, with the changes of the seasons ; but the seasons ever the same in their revolutions, by the will of the Eternal.

In solemn pomp and state, they seem'd to pass :  
 Egyptian story, Greece, victorious Rome,  
 Were brought, by Fancy, to my bosom home ;  
 Beneath one ample roof, impress'd with awe ;  
 I felt as if the ancient world I saw.  
 There, too, I saw, with an exulting smile,  
 The lofty Genius of this mighty Isle  
 Her powers unfold ; with nature hold a strife ;  
 And wake the dead materials into life :  
 There Howard, Wilkie, Stanfield, Landseer, shine,  
 Ward, Roberts, Frazer, Edmiston, combine,  
 With Glover, Barker, Allen, Christall, Good,  
 Whose chosen works the public test have stood ;  
 Whose lively pictures touch the feeling heart,  
 And dignify the British School of art ;  
 Before the nations, vindicate their claim,  
 And prove their title to the meed of fame.

Unfading honour to the noble mind,  
 Whose taste is not to *age* or *clime* confin'd ;  
 Who listens to unclouded Reason's voice,  
 And not *by dates* or *names* decides his choice ;  
 With just discrimination views the schools,  
 Too wise to be enslav'd by frigid rules ;  
 Thinks for himself, and, deaf to fashion's call,  
 By their *intrinsic merits* judges all ;  
 Reverses the excellence of Greece and Rome,  
 And glories in the excellence of home ;  
 Hails living Genius with a flowing hand,  
 And adds new honours to his native land ;  
 Collects the gems of Leo's golden days,  
 And mingles British diamonds in the blaze.

The Muse, well-pleas'd, with commendation due,  
 This *bright example* elevates to view :  
 So may the anti-modern night abate,  
 And minds congenial learn to emulate  
 His splendid course, to prize our island art,  
 And act, with virtuous zeal, a British part,—  
 With mild persuasion prejudice remove,  
 And foreign libels on our clime disprove ;  
 Of rival Veterans become a friend ;  
 Their pow'rs appreciate, and their fame extend ;  
 From their rich stores, impartially select,  
 And pining Merit rescue from neglect.  
 Nor let Youth sink—without a hand to save—  
 High-gifted Youth !—to an inglorious grave ;  
 Draw Genius forth, from darkness into day,  
 His out-set proudly cheer ;—his works display ;  
 And to reward and honour smooth his shining way.

Reader, if rank, if wealth, if taste are thine,  
 Seek not this noble Patron to divine ;  
 Ask not his name, which just reserve denies,  
 But TAKE A LESSON—“GO AND DO LIKEWISE.”

*To the Editor of the Analyst.*

SIR,

Looking cursorily this morning over your instructive and amusing periodical (No. 5), my eye fell upon the following sentence. "At Madresfield, in the king's room, Charles II. slept the night before the Battle of Worcester." Now there are others besides the inaccurate Mr. Tymms, "our family topographer," who have committed this little mistake of fact and error of judgment. To most of your readers perhaps it may be unknown that, in a small tract ascribed to the pen of Madox, Bishop of Worcester, and entitled "Reflexions upon King Charles's providential escape from Worcester, Lond. 1744," it is positively asserted that His Majesty slept at the Deanery on the night before the crowning victory of Cromwell; while Lord Clarendon tells us, if I rightly remember, that he passed half of that night on horseback. There is evidence undeniable that on the 3rd of September (1651) the day of this memorable engagement, Charles, early in the morning, ascended to the tower of the cathedral, and there held a council with his general officers. From this eminence he was enabled to survey the disposition of the enemy's forces. At noon, when the heat of the action commenced, according to Clarendon, the king put himself forward with the foremost ranks, and might have struck a great and decisive blow, if the Scottish general Lesley\* had not failed him at the critical moment of his fortune, by keeping his troops stationary in the rear.

Certain it is, as certainty itself can make it, that if Charles slept at Madresfield, it must have been on the 26th or 27th of August, or before that time, and which was probably the case, for family traditions are not to be lightly rejected, as they are never formed upon imaginary grounds. At the same time nothing can be clearer, from the position of the Republicans, that it was next to impossible for the king to have slept at Madresfield, on the 2nd of September, since Cromwell's head-quarters were fixed on the 29th of August at Judge Berkeley's house, (Spetchley,) so that Charles would hardly have stirred from Worcester; while we find from the high authority of the parliamentary papers of the day, that the king's party having fortified Madresfield, or Maxfield House, as it is sometimes spelt, for there are many verbal inaccuracies in these

\* Some writers have imputed this conduct of Lesley to treachery, and others to cowardice; but as Mr. Hughes justly observes in a note upon this subject, "the probability is, that many among the Scottish army who would have fought with spirit in the defence of their own country, considered the English expedition as a hopeless act of desperation on the part of the young king; a conclusion which the scanty muster on the Pitchcroft would confirm in the minds of the best informed."—*Boscobel Tracts*, p. 34. In the parliamentary papers there is a letter dated Sep. 1, 1651, which shows that Lesley's troops were no favorites with the people of Worcester. "The Scotch army lies in Worcester; the citizens of that town grow weary of them, and curse themselves that they had a hand in bringing them in."



papers, held it till General Lambert, on the 28th of August, forced the passage of the Severn, at Upton, and sent Major Mercer, with Captain Chappel's dragoons, to take possession of Madresfield, which Fleetwood in one of his letters says, "would prove of great service to them."

My next concern is with the flight of Charles. We learn from the narrative dictated by himself, twenty-nine years after the Battle of Worcester, to the inquisitive Pepys, "that the companions of his escape were my Lord Duke of Buckingham, Lauderdale, Derby, Wilmot, Tom Blague, Duke Darcy, and several others of his servants." There is another version of it which I believe has never before been printed, having even escaped the searching eye of the collector of the "Boscobel Tracts." Connected as it is with a great national event, and interesting especially to many in this county, who still talk by their fire-sides of Charles and the Royal Oak, I think I am doing an acceptable service in bringing it before your notice.

"The manner of the king's escape from y<sup>e</sup> battayle of Worcester, as y<sup>e</sup> Lady Wood relates it, who heard the king tell it his mother.

"At first he goes off the field with a good body of horse. Then selects thirty, of w<sup>ch</sup> he after a while takes onely the Duke of Bucks and Lord Wilmot, and a mosse trooper knowing of y<sup>e</sup> wayes, with these he goes to a gentleman's house who afore the battayle had told him all he had was at his service, but now dare not shelter him. The king goes w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> mosse trooper into a great wood," &c.—See MS. *Harl.* 991, fol. 90.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours, obediently,

F. A. S.

Worcester, Dec. 17, 1834.

### TO A YOUNG POETESS.

OH lady, cherish not the dangerous flame  
 That glows within thy bosom. 'Tis a light  
 Consuming whilst it gladdens: and though bright  
 The splendour which it throws around the name,  
 Leaving the soul in darkness. Oh thine aim  
 Rather be it to cultivate aright  
 Those loftier graces that defy the blight  
 Of age and adverse fortune. Lettered fame  
 Is fraught with peril. Fling, oh fling away—  
 Ere thy young spirit have too deeply quaff'd  
 Of song the Circean cup—the maddening draught:  
 And lasting peace be thine! So, in decay,  
 When thy lost Friend is mouldering, thou mayest say—  
 Whilst with soft tears thou dost his memory bless—  
 "More dearly than his own, he prized my happiness."

F. F.

December 7, 1832.

## CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*A Collection of Geological Facts and Practical Observations, intended to elucidate the Formation of the Ashby Coal-field, in the parish of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and the neighbouring districts; being the result of forty years' experience and research, by Edward Mammatt, F. G. S., illustrated by a map and profiles, coloured sections of the stratification, and one hundred and two plates of vegetable fossils after drawings taken from nature. Royal 4to. Ashby-de-la-Zouch and London, 1834.*

Mr. Mammatt's "collection," we foresee, will occupy a distinguished position throughout all future ages, among the best contributions of intellect and experience to the advancement of geology and its mineralogical branches. The importance of his "Facts" is inestimable; the practical value of his "Observations" extraordinary; the lithographic departments of his book are good; the typography exquisite. Having said this much in perfect sincerity, we proceed to furnish our readers with an analytical view of Mr. M.'s volume, for the purpose of enabling them to form an independent judgment of its excellences; and, in doing this, we propose to retrace the author's original arrangement into twelve chapters, preceded by a section consisting of valuable introductory observations.

*Introduction.*—Mr. M. opens this with shewing how geological theories have generally been of little use to practical miners, by evidences which accord completely with reason and experience. He then demonstrates, in a manner remarkable for its perspicuity and effect, the advantages of keeping systematic records of every phenomenon observed in the excavation of shafts and in mines. Next, the coal-field and its borders are graphically delineated by him, and the ancient town of Ashby-de-la-Zouch is pointed out as a central and comfortable situation, from which the geology of its district may be conveniently investigated. We learn, at p. 8, that this field includes an area of nearly forty thousand square acres, the surface of which is exceedingly diversified with hill and valley, giving rise to a particular salubrity of climate. It contains no lime-stone, nor rocky formations, except those which usually accompany the coal-measures. By calculation, Mr. M. affords us the cheering assurance that the Ashby coal-field is capable of yielding *fifty thousand tons* of coal annually (*the present estimated consumption*) for ten thousand years.

We pass, but recommend for perusal, our author's description of the drainage of this singular field, and also his proofs of denudations having taken place in its stratification, *after* its constituent strata themselves were deposited. His theory of the generation of "ground ice" is original and surprisingly ingenious. It may excite astonishment or incredulity in some naturalists; but, its validity cannot possibly be affected by mere words or fancies engendered in the hot-bed of a vivid or undisciplined imagination. Mr. M. concludes his preliminary statements, with a train of eloquent reflections on the operation of a gradually retiring deluge upon the dislocated structures of the globe; and, with the force of self-evident testimony, he wins our willing admission of the fact—that Moses was a man endowed with the noblest intellect, and possessed of a mind replete with the richest stores of useful and ornamental knowledge.

*Chap. I.*—Mr. William Smith was the first to discover the principle—that every stratum has its own peculiar fossil; and, in this chapter, we find Mr. M. pronouncing an honourable acknowledgment of its accuracy, with the extent of its confirmation by his experience. Having well considered the history of Mr. Smith's discovery, most thoroughly satisfied are we—that, as a scientific proposition, it constitutes a portion of demonstrable truth. Wherefore, under this persuasion, we say further—let it be tested generally, and, beyond all question, its applicability will prove to be universal, and thus establish a pathetic claim upon the legitimate patrons of science for the honour and rewards due to the author of an inestimable improvement.

*Chap. II.*—In this, Mr. M. explains the appearances which accompany and indicate the evolution of carburetted hydrogen gas; and, with his usual perspicuity, he describes the processes by which its deleterious influences may be contrasted or shunned. His communications on this subject are particularly instructive. He admits the general usefulness of the "Davy-lamp," but has found that this valuable instrument is not always a preventive of accidents; and hence, by disappointments in this way, he has been led to inquire whether some composition might not be invented, by means of which the pressure of inflammable air might be detected. This suggestion might become the source of vast and diversified results, if it should be adopted and applied by those chemical inquirers who make a study of the constitution and capabilities of elementary agents. At p. 39, Mr. M. observes, "how far it might be practicable to render this gas useful in mines, was perhaps never thought of; but the time may come when it will be made applicable to the general purposes of mining." He illustrates the feasibility of this scheme by an experiment which was attended with complete success.

*Chap. III.*—This commences with an account of the quantity of water in the Ashby mines, and a description of the processes by which it is removed. Along with all this, are details of operations approved by much practical experience, and here generously made available by persons engaged in the management of similar works. These details are succeeded by an analysis of the mineral waters used at the Ivanhoe Baths of Ashby-de-la-Zouch; then come a sketch of the appearances of the saline water in the strata from which it issues, and an inquiry concerning its origin and medicinal properties, with remarks on the effects attributed to the powerful agency of bromine.

We condense Mr. M.'s details. "Generally," he states on p. 36, the saline water "makes its appearance in any adit in the coal, as soon as driving commences: in some places it is more abundant than others; and, in a few, none of it appears. The coal is said to *bleed*: because, for the most part, the water soon ceases to flow. This never spirts, nor comes out with force, upon the pressure being removed; but, it rather oozes, and is accompanied with a gentle hissing noise, as if air were escaping at the same time. It issues from small crevices, and seems to be charged with inflammable air, which escapes as the water trickles down. Sometimes, this air is so abundant that it may be fired; and, when ignited, it resembles a stream of burning alcohol. In driving an adit in the solid coal, not so much as a drop of water is found at any one point, and very little oozes from the roof or floor of the opening; but, what is very remarkable, on a lump of coal being detached, water soon afterwards begins to be extilled from the crevices of the seam. Immediately *over* the coal-measures from which the saline water exudes, is a stratum of exceedingly fine fire-clay, about eighteen inches thick.

This stratum is not permeable by water. Immediately *under* the coal, there is a layer of soft clay, eight inches thick; and, directly *below this*, is another stratum of fire-clay, compact and several feet in thickness. This last measure also is impermeable to water. Besides, the coal-seam itself is so little pervious to water *laterally*, that a few yards of it are sufficient to confine the water of old workings. Now, out of these facts, which are absolute, the inquiry naturally arises:—how and whence is this water derived. Did it pre-exist originally, as a saline fluid, in the stratum; or, is it a recent composition, resulting from a new chemical combination of its elements? If it was pent up in crevices when the coal was first formed, or even subsequently, it would very soon be drained off and exhausted. If the oxygen of the atmosphere furnishes one of the ingredients of water, the other abounds in the coal; but, whence come the saline and other substances here so regularly and uniformly combined with them? Were they deprived of their oxygen during the mysterious process by which the coal was formed? Are they now reproduced by the accession of oxygen from the common air? Some persons contend that this salt water comes into the line of the faults from beneath, and diffuses itself in the coal. But, although the coal near the faults, at particular spots, yields water, nevertheless, this comes not from above, nor from beneath; it neither drops downwards, nor boils upwards; but, it issues in minute oozings at the sides. When a fault has been perforated, water is seldom or ever found therein, so long as the confusion of strata, occasioned by the break, remains. On the other hand, when the parallel strata set in, the coal yields the saline water at almost every part. The fault might be a rent to an immense depth, but the line of slip is filled up, and glazed by the pressure. Hence, in the greater number of instances, where salt water is found and continues to run, the source or formation of this fluid cannot be traced to the faults; for, although near some of these, the water is abundant; yet, for the most part, the borders of the faults, and the faults themselves, are altogether without water and constitute actual barriers to it in every direction. Salt water is found in one or more of the sandy rocks in the superincumbent strata, but to no great extent; and, it contains much less muriate of soda than that which issues from the coal-measures." These inquiries manifestly involve questions of extreme importance; but, although difficult enough, their solution is a fair object of research; and, when ultimately attained, will conduce greatly, we are sure, in accelerating the progress of natural philosophy. Mr. M., however, deals with facts entirely; and, in consequence, he abstains from advancing any theoretical explication of the phenomena here described.

*Chap. IV.*—According to Mr. M. the polarity of strata is a subject which hitherto has not been much understood; and he regards the extraordinary uniformity which prevails in the direction of the slines and partings of the rocky strata, as having been determined by the operation of some laws not yet understood. These partings or slines, he observes, are smooth-sided, and run parallel to each other: sometimes they are clear, sometimes have a little smutty or sooty substance in their interstices: they are nearly vertical; or, if the coal-seam inclines, they form a square with its inclination; and, where they are numerous, the coal is got with more ease, and in forms more square than where there are none of these natural divisions. Wherever slines appear, their direction is 329 west by north, whatever way the stratum may incline, and the coal between them has an arrangement of lines parallel to the slines, by which it may be divided. At right angles with these, another set of lines prevails; and these last, with the lines of clearance, give a central

or parallelopipedal arrangement to the coal. The thick compact masses of clunch, bind, stony-bind, and *ball*-ironstone, have no slines: they prevail only in the seams of coal, sandstone, and *beds* of ironstone. The sandstones, which are full of cracks and divisions, have their partings parallel in a northward and southward direction, whereas those which run eastwardly and westwardly observe no parallelism, although they ramify into each other: this arrangement has place at all depths from the surface. Variations in the direction of slines is ascribed to a tilt in the strata, subsequently to their primary formation. This induction rests on the fact—that whether in the coal, the shale, or the sandstone seams, no fossil vegetable has been discovered within the partings or impressed upon their sides, whilst those seams themselves abound with vegetable impressions. The observations advanced in this chapter, are stated with great perspicuity and conciseness; and they offer subjects of the highest import to the attention of practical miners and geologists.

*Chap. V.*—We cannot undertake, in an analytical sketch, to do any thing like justice to this extraordinary chapter. It treats on the induration of the strata, and on the question—whether their consolidation be the result of pressure or of chemical action,—and includes remarks on the origin of Thermal springs. Mr. M., in discussing these topics, adduces proofs to shew that the cavities of sandstone rocks were made after the deposition of the strata; next, he points out the difference between induration resulting from arrangement of parts, and that occasioned by composition; and then, he states the probability of its being hereafter ascertained that “the combined agency of fire and water was employed chiefly in accomplishing the processes of induration.” His “facts and observations” make it nearly certain that Thermal springs are produced, during the crystallization of substances, by the escape of the caloric of fluidity of water. By the fact of their being *method* in the slips, he shews also that the term convulsion, so frequently used both by theorists and practical men, is certainly in most cases altogether misapplied. Every paragraph of this chapter is particularly instructive, and unfolds matters of extreme importance, both as regards experience and philosophy. We urge on the consideration of our readers the advantages of making its propositions the subject of careful and reiterated examination.

*Chap. VI.*—Mr. M., in treating here of the dip or inclination of the strata, observes—that the whole of these, in the Ashby coal-field, generally preserve their parallelism; and that this field is a spoon-shaped basin, the top of which stretches nearly south. In this direction, the rise of the measures is about one in ten; on the west, it is more abrupt; and, on the east, it is still more abrupt, the high sand rocks projecting in some parts, and apparently tilting the measures to an angle of about forty degrees. On the western side, the coal is thrown down by faults, and has its extent prolonged considerably; but, although it has various swamps and elevations, yet on the whole it preserves its parallelism. On the north, the strata dip at a small angle, so as to lie almost flat, and their bassetting has not yet been ascertained. The sections, so beautiful and distinct, which elucidate these “observations,” shew that the measures preserve their respective distances and thickness, as well in the regular dip as in their risings and depressions; but it is difficult to determine whether these waving lines were so formed originally, or arose from dislocations of the strata, when the masses would conform to their new bearings. Mr. M. seems disposed to refer the formation of these lines to the last-mentioned causes. He remarks also, that the diluvial deposits, on the borders of the coal-strata, do not derange their ordinary dip; but, that these deposits, consisting of sandy or con-

glomerate measures, have generally a contrary inclination. This chapter comprises facts indicative of the author's intense and varied observation.

*Chap. VII.*—Here, we have an exhibition of the facts which prove, that faults are the result of a general law, rather than of earthquakes; and, according to our author's views, this is induration, the processes of which are quiet, uniform, and natural. He reasons thus on p. 59: "if it should be found that the slips or faults in coal-strata, in limestone rocks, in sandstone, slate, and almost all rocks, are universally of the same nature; and, if proper allowance be made for the composition of the substances, for its declination as to the bed, and for its other local relations, must not the origin of faults be referred to some general law of nature? Cannot induration alone account for it? Volcanos and earthquakes are not proved to be so uniform in their action as to produce the effect. If the process of desiccation, compression, and induration, be strictly investigated, in its natural bearings, its results will explain the phenomena of faults, throughout the Ashby coal-field, in all their modifications." Hypothetical geognosophists might derive some available instruction from a careful study of these propositions and their applications.

*Chap. VIII.*—Coal seams preserve their thickness, quality, indicative characters, and relative distances, to a surprising extent in this field; and the evidences which confirm this position are numerous and certain. Mr. M. has selected two seams for a detailed description; because, he says, they may be readily recognised in any part of the field hitherto proved: these are—the seam called the main coal, and that named the five-feet coal, lying seventy yards above the former; and the characters he ascribes to each of them have been proved by the workings extending over eight or ten square miles, from the southern, eastern, and western basettings of the measures to the depth of one thousand feet on the northern side. The arrangement of the beds of these two seams, particularly that of the main coal, is so uniform as to shew it, Mr. M. thinks, to be the result of some fixed law operating during a quiescent state of the original mass.

*Chap. IX.*—This consists of observations "on the fossils and their use in mining;" and these observations merit the most profound attention: we make a long extract. "Fossils in this coal-field may be regarded," says Mr. M. at p. 64, "with very few exceptions, as appertaining to the vegetable world; but, whether they can all be considered as the production of land or fresh-water plants, remains to be proved. Two shafts are each more than one thousand feet deep, and abound throughout almost every stratum, with vegetable fossils: a few beds only contain small shells, *myæ ovalis*, and these are confined to a layer of about two inches in thickness. In general, the shells are filled with the bituminous shale in which they are imbedded; occasionally they are broken or crushed together; but, for the most part, they seem to have been filled under slight pressure and thus consolidated. The study of these fossils is as interesting, in a geological view, as it is important for practical purposes. The fossils depicted in the accompanying plates, appear to belong to vegetable classes produced in a climate much hotter than that of England; and, in character, they greatly resemble plants now found within the tropics. Two self-evident propositions result from observation of their structure and abundance. *First*, that their period must have been very remote, and vast denudations have since taken place, by which the overlying masses known to be formations over the coal, now border the coal-district. *Secondly*, that the present theories, so laboriously constructed, are totally inadequate

to explain the origin of these formations; and, that further diligent research, astronomically and otherwise, will bring to view more rational conclusions as to the causes of these phenomena." The author next proceeds to illustrate the practical uses of Mr. Smith's discovery—that *every stratum* has its own peculiar fossil; and to shew that, by observing the particular fossil plants in the several strata, the miner is enabled to trace the height or depth to which the dislocated measures may have passed. Many of the alternating seams are so nearly alike in structure, colour, and density, as to be scarcely distinguishable; but the fossil plants or impressions, wherever they can be seen and examined carefully, indicate the particular stratum to which they belong; so that, upon finding a slip, although the hading might show whether the coal was gone up or down, the distance could not be known: but, by driving an adit in a right line through the slip, the regular measures are arrived at; and, upon proceeding a little way in them, it is soon ascertained to what height or depth the seam of coal has slipped; either by the decided character of the stratum itself in which the adit is driven; or, more certainly, by the peculiar fossil impressions it contains. In speaking of the fossiliferous measure, the author introduces the remarks—that "the alternating beds which are liable to quick decomposition, do not retain their impressions many days, particularly the delicate ones, unless covered with varnish and protected from the atmosphere or water: in the sandstone beds, the impressions continue longer. The larger kinds of fossil plants are much better preserved, as their interior is generally of the same substance as the matrix in which they are imbedded, and they are not so flattened as the same description of plants in the bind. Whether in the stone, however, or in the bind, or in any stratum whatever, the bark with all its minute tubercles, or forms, is preserved entire; and this bark, whether its thickness be one inch, or one-thousandth part of an inch, is coal." Attached to this chapter, and its valuable inductions, is an elaborate foot-note, p. 65, intended to shew "how deficient the information is, from which the geologist can form just notions of the constitution of the earth; and that the inquiry must be pursued with diligence and accurate delineations in all countries, until a mass of evidence be brought together that shall establish a theory less liable to objection than any yet established." Entertaining precisely the same sentiments, we advise our readers to "pursue the inquiry;" and, in their practical or experimental investigations, to profit by the multitude of determinate principles, so graphically communicated in Mr. Mammatt's "*Facts and Observations.*"

*Chap. X.*—Not a few very curious facts are stated in this chapter, which is entitled, "On Ironstone, and its Existence in almost every Stratum of this Field; and on Fire-clay, with its uses." Ironstone abounds in the alternating beds of clay, clunch, bind, and stony bind, but rarely in the grit or sandstone: occasionally, it has a regular course for some square miles in particular strata, about two inches thick; in others, it is divided into rounded portions varying in size, with a space some inches between them. Generally, these portions, as well as their layers, are solid, and shew few vegetable impressions. In other measures, the ironstone is conglomerated, and consists of nodules not larger than walnuts; but, where it is richest and most abundant, the nodules have the size of potatoes, and often contain vegetable impressions. Others, with a smooth compact exterior, are full of cracks within; these are wide at the centre of a nodule, but close before they reach its outside; sometimes they are empty, sometimes filled with lime or crystal of lime, occasionally with water, which is very salt; and they all appear to have

been cracked interiorly by induration. The ironstone nodules, although tolerably round, shew no marks of attrition: all over them are indentations resembling the eyes of potatoes: they lie in horizontal rows, regularly arranged, in the stratum which contains them; and they, as well as the rounded portions, have concentric layers, with a nucleus of some organic substance.

In the Ashby coal-field, there are numerous seams of fire-clay: this is very pure, and contains many remains of aquatic plants. When subjected to a heat of 6500° F. or 40° of Wedgwood's thermometer, its colour announces a slight impregnation of iron. More than ten thousand dozens of yellow pottery ware, manufactured from this fire-clay, are sent weekly from Ashby Wolds to all parts of Great Britain, America, and the West Indies. Having completed his descriptive statements, Mr. M. proceeds to offer some instructive remarks, and these are greatly distinguished by his characteristic sagacity. "From the circumstance," he says, p. 73, "that so many instances occur where pure fire-clay lies immediately under, and in contact with, a bed of coal, we may infer that this clay could not have been the *soil* where grew the vegetable matter which produced the coal, unless this vegetable matter was a moss, a peat, or some aquatic plant; because, in the clay, there is no appearance of roots, or trunks, or other vegetable impressions beyond slender leaves, as of a long grass. The fact, that particular strata accompany the main coal for many square miles, would support the idea that an immense flat was originally covered with the substance of this fire-clay many feet thick; and that, upon this flat, there took place an uniform growth of a distinct single vegetation which must have occupied the position for a long period, and thus furnished the matter whereof the main coal is composed. The alternations of fire-clay and coal-seams would favour the notion, that their materials were originally mixed together in a fluid; and that those of the former, by their gravity, would first subside; whilst the vegetable matter, or those of the former, would undergo a more gradual and quiet deposition: hence, by a repetition of the process, the alternations of the strata would be produced. Besides, if the strata of coal had derived their origin from the growth and destruction of a forest, some portions of them would have been thicker than others, or altered in quality, or have retained at least some trace of forest trees; whereas, on the contrary, the most extraordinary uniformity in quality, compactness, and thickness of the seams, prevails to a great extent."

*Chap. XI.*—For the purpose of fixing a mean temperature of the Ashby mines, Mr. M. instituted a series of experiments, and these with their results are here exhibited in a tabular form. They bear manifest evidences of having been conducted with unusual exactness. Introductively, he notices the supposition that the earth acquires an increase of heat, in some ratio of descent from the surface; and, at the same time, he admits that the difficulty of establishing this supposition is almost insurmountable. Deductively on this branch of his subject, he observes, p. 76, "upon consideration of the various circumstance under which the temperature of a mine is taken, whether in the solid earth, in crevices closed up, in a stream of issuing water, or on the atmosphere of the mine itself, there are no data upon which any increase of heat can be assured to be a consequence of increase of depth. From the fact that 44° to 46° F. indicates the ordinary heat of water in these mines, it may be inferred that this is the true temperature of the earth, at similar depths. It is never found lower than 44° F., and in all the variations above this, it is not difficult to trace their cause." "The water,



p. 81, appears to vary very little in the mine, whatever the air may be at the surface; and, in the workings, the air is so regulated as to render the temperature very nearly the same, both in winter and in summer. The radiation of the brick-work of the shaft frequently warms the cold air in passing; and, on the contrary, it absorbs extra heat in the discharge. Whenever the barometer is low, at twenty-eight inches and a half, the circulation requires much management; and, like the presage of a storm at sea, such a state of the barometer is reported to the bailiffs under ground, that they may be on their guard either against the accumulation of inflammable air, or of carbonic acid gas."

*Chap. XII.*—Here, Mr. M. gives a detailed account of "The mode of working the Seam of Main Coal," and his description abounds with practical information, the result of a highly improved experience. To this chapter we particularly direct the attention of persons engaged in the operations of actual mining, and close our sketch of the "geological facts" with the following remarkable observations. The workmen employed in these mines, p. 85, do not suffer from any particular disease calculated to shorten life. Those underground, at the coal wall, are generally in a temperature varying from 65° to 75° F. and work naked to the waist, for the most part free from wet. The horses, also underground, are sleek and healthy, and the smoke of engines and large fires upon the pit-banks is considered healthful by the men themselves, rather than otherwise. Inhalation of the smoke of pit-coal is not yet proved to be detrimental to health; indeed, since coal has been used in London, it is notorious how little the dense masses of people, confined within this overgrown metropolis, have suffered from any pestilence. Thus, in conformity with our character as analysts, we have endeavoured to furnish our readers with a foretaste of the treasures concentrated in Mr. Mammatt's magnificent volume; and, in conclusion, we express a well-assured hope that his excellent monograph may soon be followed by many other "collections of facts" which shall be elements of a geognostical philosophy, whereby the origin and regeneration of this terrestrial orb will be scientifically explained.

*The Melange*, a variety of original pieces in prose and verse; comprising the Elysium of Animals. By Egerton Smith. Simpkin and Marshall, London; and Smith and Co. Liverpool.

Much information and considerable amusement will be obtained by a perusal of this production. It appears to have been issued from the press, at sundry times, probably in numbers, but the work which came into our possession is a thick duodecimo of upwards of 600 pages. If poetry and prose, serious and humorous, useful and entertaining, with which pedantry and dullness have no affinity, are recommendations to the reader, then can we boldly recommend this volume without fearing the charge of undue partiality. To beguile a reviewer of literature into the onerous task of attentively reading 600 pages of uninteresting matter, is by no means an easy undertaking—two or three of the leading pages, and a cursory dip into the middle and latter end of the volume, is usually sufficient examination for a very dull and ill-assorted composition—but our risible faculties have been so tickled by many of the ludicrous articles in this miscellany of wit and instruction, that we have been actually induced to read over several pages two or three times in succession. We mean to keep the volume on our library table during the winter months, as a talisman to drive away the *ennui* which bulky and dull works are very apt to engender.—In selecting the following

article from this literary melange, we do not mean to affirm that it is the best in the collection, or that it may exactly bear us out in our antecedent observation, but it is still a good thing, and happens to be somewhat about the length to which our review is required to be limited :—

#### ON PUNNING, CONUNDRUMS, &c.

“A pun, like every thing else, is a good thing in its proper place; there are moments and hours in the lives of us all which are spent in vacuity, in doing nothing or worse than nothing. If a pun, or any thing that is innocent can make us smile instead of gaping, or laugh outright instead of nodding, we should hail it as a ‘consummation devoutly to be wished.’ So far from scrutinizing its pretensions too closely, the amusement it affords us is often in the precise degree of its extravagance; as we are more delighted with the antics of a merry-andrew, the more he deviates from the *beau ideal* of beauty and grace.

“It is sometimes pretended that no man of talent was ever a punster; but so far from acceding to the truth of the observation, we contend that none, except a man of genius, ever made a good pun. Shakspeare, the most exalted and versatile genius ‘that ever lived in the tide of time,’ was a punster, although it must be confessed he was none of the best, and that many of his puns are not only bad, but sadly misplaced.

“If Swift was an inveterate punster, he was, on the other hand, the author of the *Tale of a Tub*, *Gulliver*, and many other works which evinced much art, learning, and extensive information. Foote, one of the best punsters that ever ‘set the table in a roar,’ was a man also of genuine wit and humour, and a most entertaining writer. Sheridan, who was very fond of a pun, was a brilliant orator and an accomplished author; and if George Colman has been guilty of sundry puns, he has fully atoned for the sin by favouring us with some of the best comedies in the language.

“It has a thousand times been observed that ridicule and satire are the most powerful correctives of folly or vice, and may they not be equally efficacious in exploding vulgar phraseology? Many a person upon whom the lesson and the rod of the pedagogue have failed to produce correct pronunciation or emphasis, has been shamed out of his slovenly habits by hearing a bad conundrum or pun made the subject of exposure and laughter. No man that has heard Liston talk of *an* horse and *an* hunter, and has seen the audience convulsed with laughter at the vulgarism, will be likely to fall into the same mistake; or if he has already acquired the bad habit, he will, forthwith, set about reforming it to avoid ridicule. The abominable pronunciation of the letter *h*, so common in many counties, is more likely to be reformed by dint of punning than by any more legitimate process; as the worst puns which are sported often depend upon false aspiration.

“Conundrums, which are synonymous with puns, have other claims to notice, besides the innocent and hearty laugh they afford—they may be rendered subservient to correct pronunciation.

“A celebrated writer has observed that ‘Gravity is often a mere mystery of the body, assumed to hide the defects of the mind;’ and most certainly our own experience, which has often confirmed the truth of the position, enables us to say that the most agreeable triflers are to be found amongst men of the highest literary and scientific attainments. Your dull and pedantic proser; who will turn up his learned nose at a whimsical or outrageous conundrum, depend upon it cannot make one himself. Of all the stimulants to mirth and laughter, we scarcely know any to be compared to the conundrum, especially of the *outré* class; the more outrageous the better.

“The pun often owes its zest to a vicious and distorted pronunciation, or emphasis, and as this discrepancy generally excites our laughter and ridicule, we are not likely to fall into similar vulgarisms in our ordinary conversations, for such is the dread of appearing ridiculous, that the generality of men would rather be hated than laughed at.

“We have said that puns are admissible, and agreeable, too, when introduced at proper times and seasons, by which we mean, when they do not interrupt or supersede rational and useful conversation, or when they are not incompatible with the nature of the place in which they are uttered. It was, however, the

fashion, at one time of day, to season even sermons with a spice of pun, of which the following anecdotes afford an example :—

“ Wilkins, in his *Characteristic Anecdotes*, tells us, that Daniel Burgess, the celebrated Nonconformist preacher, in the beginning of the last century, once inveighing in the pulpit against drunkenness, having preached the hour out, proceeded thus :—‘ Brethren, I have somewhat more to say on the nature and consequences of drunkenness, so let us have the other *glass* and then’ (turning the hour sand glass, which was sometimes used as an appendage to the pulpit desk.)

“ Kett, in his *Flowers of Wit*, gives a most outrageous specimen of pulpit punning, published in a sermon, written and preached in the reign of James I. ‘ The *dial* (says the preacher) shows that we must *die all*; yet, notwithstanding, *all houses* are turned into *ale houses*; *Paradise* is a *pair of dice*; our *marriages* are *merry ages*; *matrimony* is a *matter of money*; our *divines* are *dry vines* :—was it so in the days of *Noah*?—*Ah no!*’

“ These are sufficient to illustrate our notions of inadmissible puns. They are alike unsuitable to the place in which they are uttered and the grave subject which they are thus permitted to interrupt, with ludicrous images; but there is a season for all things—we are, therefore, justified in maintaining that there is a season for puns, conundrums, and similar bagatelles, and that season is, when we have nothing better to do, which is a matter of pretty frequent occurrence. At such times, let us bear in mind that man is the only animal gifted with the power of laughing, a privilege which was not bestowed upon him for nothing. Let us, then, laugh while we may, no matter how broad the laugh may be, short of a lock-jaw, and despite of what the poet says about the ‘ loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.’ The mind should occasionally be vacant, as the land should sometimes lie fallow; and for precisely the same reason.”

Our readers must not infer from this extract that the entire volume is composed of witticisms and drollery—it is, on the contrary, what its title professes, a *medley* of instruction and amusement. There is a part given to gymnastics, swimming, and other corporeal recreations, a part to science and to general knowledge—but above all, the humane author has directed his attention, and applied his resources, to benefit the poor and miserable in the populous town of his residence. He has instituted, or been the means of instituting, charitable asylums for the destitute—has pleaded successfully for the more merciful treatment of the brute creation—and held up to the scorn it merits the ferociousness of many of those hardened culprits to whom the charge of the useful quadrupeds, so important to the comfort and benefit of man, are by necessity consigned. Authors like Mr. Egerton Smith confer an honour on the human race.

*The Botanic Garden, or Magazine of Hardy Flowering Plants cultivated in Great Britain*, by B. Maund, F. L. S. London: Simpkin and Marshall, &c. (Bordered edition.)

The last number of this unrivalled production contains exquisitely coloured engravings of the *Nierembergia Intermedia*—the white flowering *Menziesia Polifolia*—the delicate canary-coloured *Meconopsis Cambrica*—and the *Chymocarpus Pentaphyllus*, with its splendid red petals, which may be considered the geni of this series. The *Auctarium*, amongst other useful information, points out a method for the culture of geraniums, and instructions for laying Chinese roses, which we recommend to the especial notice of all who take a delight in floriculture.

### THE ANNUALS.

*The Forget-Me-Not*; a Christmas, New-year’s, and Birth-day present for MDCCCXXXV. London: Ackermann and Co.

The *Forget-Me-Not*, the precursor of the whole race of annuals, appears before us in a new, and we may unhesitatingly aver, an improved garb;

the slight and too-fragile covering of former years having been, judiciously, exchanged for a strong, rich, and elegant binding of very dark crimson morocco, simply lettered in gold on the back. Notwithstanding the lamented demise of its worthy and spirited projector, the work continues under the original editorial auspices, and Mr. Shoberl has evinced his usual tact and industry in amassing and arranging the materials of his delightful little offering. In the present volume there are several good pieces both in prose and poetry, and some of which are excellent: the names of the contributors include those of many of our most popular writers, but among them we also discover a few which have as yet to become known to the world. Miss Landon, Henry D. Inglis, T. K. Hervey, Mrs. Lee, William and Mary Howitt, Delta, and Mrs. C. Gore, are among the chief contributors, and their compositions must be ranked amidst the gems of the entire. The volume opens with "Diana and Endymion," a poem of much beauty and fancy; this is followed by "a tale of the sea," entitled "The Warlock," by "The Old Sailor;" it is graphically drawn and sparkles with interest; but the conclusion is maimed of all fair proportion; hurried and "huddled up," it gives to the whole story the air of a picture in which the one-half is carefully drawn and minutely finished, while the other is but crudely conceived and faintly splashed in with water-colour tints.

"The Warlock" is succeeded by "Madeira," a graceful little poem by Miss Landon; filled with sweet and pathetic sentiments, though all not equally original. "The Merchant of Cadiz," a lively and spirited story by H. D. Inglis, is one of the best prose contributions in the book, the interest is well sustained, and the finale wound up with point and sparkle. "My Aunt Lucy's Lesson," by H. F. Chorley, is a pleasant lecture on the danger of jealousy, which we solicit leave to recommend to the ladies, for whose edification it has been, considerably, produced; it is clever, amusing, and not overwrought, and, like a goodly medicament, disguised in odours and sweets, it may effect a wholesome revolution in the moral constitution of some of its fair readers. "The death of Rachael," an exquisite poem from the pen of T. K. Hervey, comes next, and in pronouncing it beautiful, most beautiful, we have to regret its *brevity* only: "The night alarm," by Mrs. Lee, is a stimulating bagatelle, a sort of novel harp of Eolus, which will be charming to the lovers of mystical events: the solution is curious and interesting. But we must pass on:—a very pretty little tale of village love, entitled "Mabel Grey," calls our attention; it is pencilled with taste and spirit, and reflects honor upon the fancy of the fair writer, Miss Agnes Strickland: "Cardovan," a sweet and pathetic poetical legend, full of touching and beautiful simplicity, tells us of our gentlest of friends, Mary Howitt, a woman whose cultivated mind, pure feeling, and stainless sentiment, stamp her as one of those "ministering angels" who lure anguish from the heart and sadness from the brow, pouring balm into the breast that is wounded, and propping up the spirit that is shaken as a reed in the desert: Mary Howitt is, indeed, a woman imbued with all the holy sympathies and charities of woman's nature, and genius as virtue comes not the less glorious for stealing upon us visioned in its fairest form. The "Portrait" by Delta, is an impassioned and beautiful picture, shaded with sweet melancholy and ennobled by the light of enduring affection; we read it and, instantly, a divine, pale and spiritualized countenance, by Leonardo da Vinci, comes before our eye. The sketch of "Milan Cathedral," by H. D. Inglis, is clever and imposing, and the little incident with which it concludes is of interest, but is altogether *too sketchy*. The "song" which follows is anonymous, its merits are so trifling that we hasten to

speak of a prose communication by T. K. Hervey, entitled "The Bear of Carniola"—it is a wild and romantic story, full of fire, yet relieved with traces of subduing tenderness. "The Love-suit," by Captain M'Naghten, is a pleasing piece of amateur poetry, not remarkable for strength whatever it may be for smoothness: "The River," by Charles Swain, is very charming; the woods, the vale and fields, are all rendered more grand, more beautiful, and more lovely by the silver stream.—"The Fortunes of Alice Law," a tale by William Howitt, is full of thought and energy, exhibiting a profound investigation of human nature, and moving us by its inimitable simplicity, its truth, its earnestness and deep pathos; it is, in fact, the crown of the volume. "The Parents to their Children," by the Rev. R. Polwhele, breathes a fine strain of religious fervour, and conveys a noble and impressive lesson to the young: "The child of genius," by G. Morine, is striking: "Now or never," a tale by Mrs. Gore, is pretty and interesting, written in a sprightly vein, but scarcely equal to many of the lighter productions of her fascinating pen:—"Vows," by Leontine, are more unintelligible than we could wish; encumbered with words in which unfortunately *sound* is more affected than *sense*, the meaning of the writer staggers and swoons away beneath its ponderous trappings and too glittering ornaments. "The Forsaken," by Delta, is pleasing and musical: "The Cottage in the Hebrides," by N. Michell, Esq. is a fascinating little bit of landscape scenery, Hobbima, or Ruysdael would have painted it with effect. The prose account of the Protestant burial-ground at Rome, is picturesque and abounding with interesting incident and striking and beautiful reflections: the lines on the death of "Rudolph Ackermann" are energetic, and form a fine eulogium upon the moral virtues, the taste, feeling, liberality, and patriotic philanthropy of that amiable and enterprising man.

We have now touched carefully and impartially upon the greater portion of the contents of this very pleasing volume, and although we employ not one of the superlatives too lavishly and indiscriminately bestowed upon works of this class, we do not hesitate to recommend the Forget-me-not for 1835, to the good graces of that portion of the public in which its principal patrons are generally found.

*The Oriental Annual, or, Scenes in India*; comprising twenty-two Engravings from Original Drawings, by William Daniell, R. A. and a Descriptive Account, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B. D. London: Churton, Holles-street. 1835.

This is one of the Annuals—those fairy books of beauty—to which the appellation "*valuable*," may be truly and fearlessly applied. Its object is not to impress upon the attention some trite moral with which we are as intimate as with our night-cap; nor to entertain us with some piece of sickly sentiment or jejune gaiety limping along like a superannuated beau of the champs Elysées tricked out in the fluttering extravagance of the mode. To *inform* as well as to *interest* is the aim of "the Oriental Annual," and while we dwell with pleasure and curiosity upon the really exquisite embellishments of this superb publication, we feel an increased satisfaction in the knowledge that in the literary portion of the work we are presented with an accurate and a minute description of the scenes.

The Rev. Gentleman to whose pleasing and intelligent pen we are indebted for the text of this charming volume, is well qualified for the task he has undertaken; a personal acquaintance with the country he depicts—with the natives, their manners, customs, social character and

position, assisted by an eye, evidently of keen observation, a taste for scientific pursuit, a love of the beauties of nature, and a relish for the wild sports of the East (not abated by his clerical function), has fitted him to illustrate the veracious and beautiful drawings by Daniell. A little dryness, a shade of pedantry, an occasional inflation, and a tinge of romance in the episodes too nearly allied to the Leadenhall press, are more than atoned for by the detail and fidelity of his accounts, features of importance not to be too highly appreciated.

Want of space precludes our engraving on our pages several delightful extracts we had marked for insertion; we must, therefore, refer the reader to the volume itself, with an assurance that expectation will be fully gratified. Of the plates it is our duty to speak, and we regret that we have neither time nor space to do detailed justice to their extreme beauty: it must suffice to say that they are worthy of the highest admiration of the connoisseur.

The binding of "the Oriental" (an essential consideration in the *Annals*) is an olive-green morocco, enriched with appropriate and fanciful devices impressed in gold, &c. &c.

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### FOREIGN CRITICAL NOTICE.

*Le Caméléon, Journal non Politique*; compilé à Paris par A. P. Barbieux, ancien Professeur au Collège de Cantérbéry à Bath, &c. &c. Paris: Jules Didot l'ainé; Londres: H. Hooper, 13, Pall Mall East. 1834.

Parts II. and III. of this periodical have been forwarded to us, and we observe with extreme pleasure an improvement in the spirit of the whole; the small specks and flaws to which we directed the editorial attention in our first notice have been entirely removed. A more invaluable melange cannot be imagined, nor a more delightful and desirable medium of assisting the student in the acquisition of the French language. Graceful, pathetic, striking, or beautiful fictions; brilliant sketches of society; biographical notices, brief but accurate, and touched in with the spirit of a master; travelling memoranda; critical references to literature, science, and the arts; moral and philosophical essays; notices of natural history, &c. &c.—in fact, a snatch of every thing that contributes to the refinement, elevation, and improvement of the mind will be found in the numbers before us. We learn with sincere pleasure the distinguished success which has attended this laudable undertaking, and while we congratulate the editor upon the just reception which has been given to his captivating little periodical, we warmly and fearlessly recommend "*Le Caméléon*" to the perusal and patronage of our readers.

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WIGS.—The full-bottomed wigs, which were worn here in the days of Addison and Pope, were first contrived by the French barber, Duviller, to conceal the Duke of Burgundy's hump-back, and so became fashionable: for it is always a rule with courtiers to ape their king, or prince of the blood. We, then, imported all our fashions from France.

A wig, notwithstanding its importance, is not always a protection from physiognomical insult. Lavater and his son visited Bonnet: Lavater started up all on a sudden, tore off the wig from Bonnet's head, and said to his son, look, Henry, wherever you can behold such a head, there learn wisdom!

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

## WORCESTERSHIRE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

## LECTURE "ON THE GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT OF ORGANIC LIFE."

At the Guildhall, on Tuesday, December 2nd, Mr. Walsh continued the subject of his former lecture, which, it will be in the recollection of our readers, was "On the Gradual Development of Organic Life;" he now confined his attention to the development of one set of organs, viz.—those of circulation and respiration. With the aid of several very beautiful diagrams, he explained the form of the heart as it is found in the different series of animals, having previously alluded to the sanguineous system of the higher zoophytes and the insects in which there is no true circulation, the blood simply oscillating from one extremity of the vessel to the other; but these, he observed, have a circulation, though not of blood, in them. The air pervades the whole body, while the blood is confined to a simple reservoir, exactly the reverse of what takes place in the higher animals.

The first beings in which we find a true heart belong to the department Mollusca; here, as in fishes, it consists of a single auricle and ventricle, one for the reception of the returned blood, the other for its transmission through the gills to all parts of the body. In the reptiles we notice several gradations—first, in the turtle we have two auricles and one ventricle, both of the auricles empty their blood into the ventricle, one, however, contains black blood, which is unfit for nutrition and secretion, the other filled by blood which, having passed through the lungs, has become altered in its character, in fact arterialized, as it is termed, by physiology; in this way the whole system is supplied with imperfectly changed blood. In serpents, we find two auricles and two ventricles, but as if to complete the chain, the two ventricles communicate with one another, and are, consequently, but one cavity. The crocodile was next especially alluded to, as having a perfect heart, but with a peculiar system of circulation, by which, while the head and anterior part of the body is supplied with blood completely purified, the blood which passes to the posterior position is only partially so—this peculiar arrangement being adopted apparently because the brain in this animal is more perfectly developed than in others of the same class.

Finally he proceeded to show the circulating and respiring system of birds and mammalia, which differ chiefly in the structure of their lungs. In birds these organs are solid fleshy masses, and permit the air to pass *through* them into the large air cell beyond—whilst in the mammalia the lungs themselves are cellular and admit the air *into* them. To shew more distinctly the structure of the hearts of higher animals, Mr. Walsh exhibited a cow's heart, and explained how admirably it was contrived to fulfil its office; the curious construction of the cup-like valves by which the reflux of the blood was prevented—the superior muscular strength of the left ventricle (compared with the right), to enable it to propel the blood to different parts of the body—and many other interesting circumstances, were pointed out, all tending to shew design and contrivance. The lecture was indeed a most instructive one in this point of view, and the acclamation of the company at the conclusion testified the pleasure they had received. Mr. Walsh intimated that he should at some future time continue the subject. Thanks to the lecturer were moved by Sir Charles Throckmorton, Bart. and seconded by Mr. O. Lloyd.

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 LECTURE "ON THE MAD CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE, AND PARTICULARLY ON THAT OF HAMLET."

Mr. Walter's lecture on the madness of some of the characters in Shakspeare's Plays, and in particular on that of Hamlet, was delivered at Mr. Deighton's News-room, on Tuesday evening, the 23rd of December.

Speculations on madness admit of great diversity of opinion, since few men can be brought to agree on any definite idea of the term *insanity*: and so many, even of those who could argue eloquently, and, even, astutely on the subject, might be themselves obnoxious in some of the shadowings of their own thoughts or conduct, to the unadmitted charge of being classed among the *insane*. "All men are mad," says Flaccus; and on the authority of this philosopher—not certainly the least acute of the ancient observers of human nature—Mr. Walter may claim from public judgment, a full assent to his commentaries on madness in general, and the mental aberration of Hamlet in particular.

Since, however, mankind have, at all times, been unwilling to admit the validity of such an *imputation*, generally, against their race, or, individually, against themselves,—as the intoxicated profess to distinguish their right hand from their left, the illiberal make boast of generosity, and the designing of frank integrity of heart—so we must lay aside the consciousness even of our own lapses from the high road of right wisdom, and suppose that the *sani* and the *insani*, form distinct and distinguishable classes in the mammalia of human life.

According to such a supposition, therefore, we may enter upon a review of Mr. Walter's speculations regarding the character of Hamlet; particularly that view of the character which has already called forth the intellectual energies of critics to define and illustrate it, according to the difference of opinion which has not ceased to exist among them.

Mr. Walter argues, and justly, too, that between the extravagance of any passion,—such as love or animosity, and the reality of madness, there exists a close affinity—that the gradation is almost imperceptible, and that, therefore, when the poet desires to represent the ascendancy of any passion, he is liable to depict it as passing from the extreme of its natural intensity, to the unsettled violence of madness.

But do not the Ancients tell us that "Anger is a short madness." So, also, with respect to every passion of the mind, if indulged beyond the narrow limits that reason indicates. The lecturer argued that Shakspeare represented passions in the extreme, in order that he might be in accordance with the spirit of the age in which he lived; which being less civilized than more modern times, demanded to be operated upon by impressions more vivid and exciting than refinement of feeling could receive and retain. Nor, according to the learned lecturer, was Shakspeare the only poet who thus attempted to produce vehement emotions. Dante's images are monstrous and terrific; while the immortal artist, Michael Angelo, affects a grandeur that borders on the extravagant. We confess that this argument, so far as it regards Shakspeare, is new to us; for till now we have been led to consider that Shakspeare adhered most strictly to his own rule, contained in his instructions to the players, "not to o'erstep the modesty of nature." Violent passions, indeed, he has represented with characteristic intensity of feeling; but not to a greater extent than Nature herself would warrant. Mr. Walter, it is true, may be guided in his commentaries on human passion, by his own experience of all that he has witnessed in human life; while we, who thus assume to sit in dictatorial judgment on the bearings of his admirable lecture, cannot agree with him at all times, because *our* experience of the passions of mankind, as exemplified in their conduct, may have been different from *his*.

A Roman poet, indeed, tells us that "they who cross the seas change the climate, not their mind." But though voyagers may not be conscious of any perceptible change in their own intellectual operations, they will find that the inhabitants of the globe are, more or less, susceptible of the influences that produce strong and exciting effects upon the mind, according as climates change, customs differ, and manners vary: so that what may pass for prudent reserve in one country, may be looked upon as unmeaning insensibility in another; while the license of thought and freedom of action, which may be united with spotless innocence in a transparent atmosphere, may be denounced as licentiousness in a more cloudy one. Thus, also, it may be, that one individual may attribute the extreme susceptibility of feeling which distinguishes the character of Hamlet, to the natural sensitiveness of his youth; while another can see in the inconsistencies of his conduct, undoubted manifestations of aberration of intellect. This, perhaps, is the reason which induces us to receive, with some degree of hesitation, the proofs advanced by the lecturer in support of his position, that Hamlet is really insane;



how convincing soever, to minds differently constituted from our own, his arguments may appear, and however valid they may consider the proofs that he adduced. It is, however, but justice to the lecturer to state what some of his principal arguments were; and thus our readers may come to that conclusion to which their own judgment shall direct them, on the philosophic accuracy of the views displayed by the learned lecturer, or the validity of the objections which we shall occasionally advance.

Mr. Walter seemed to attach considerable importance to the consideration, that there is, in some men, more than in others, a predisposition, on occasions of great calamity, to those derangements of the head and heart, which give the imagination a control over the understanding—and such a character he considered Hamlet to be. The lecturer supposed that, naturally predisposed as is the Prince of Denmark, to the reception of melancholy associations of the mind, the combination of calamities which are heaped upon him within a brief extent of time, overwhelm, at last, a mind too weak to bear up against the pressure, and that the melancholy inherent in his temperament, degenerates into a complete derangement of the intellectual system. That such was the predisposition of Hamlet's mind, the lecturer endeavoured to prove by the fact, that even *before* he has ascertained, from the interview with the ghost, the real cause of his father's death and his mother's speedy marriage with his uncle, his mind is busy in the contemplation of suicide.

This argument, we conceive, bears some affinity to "Crownor's quest law," without, however, being entitled to the full extent of its decision; for while the sapient coroner decrees, that the man who commits suicide is insane—always excepting the *poor* man, who is invariably judged to be in his right wits, and, therefore, is honoured with a stake thrust through his body—our lecturer determines, that merely entertaining the thought of suicide, though better reason intervenes to drive it from the mind—must, of necessity, be a manifestation of an erring intellect!

Let us, however, be candid, and acknowledge that Mr. Walter adduces a stronger proof of his position in the incoherency of words and manner apparent in the young prince *after* his interview with his father's spirit—an incoherency which the lecturer says, cannot be ascribed to the resolution that Hamlet adopts at a subsequent period, to put an antic disposition on: and so conscious does Hamlet seem to be of this weakness of his intellect, that he even alludes to it himself when he says:

The Devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape—yea, and perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy  
Abuses me to damn me.

Mr. Walter refers for a further indication of madness in Hamlet, to the fact that he entertains again the contemplation of suicide. But we say in reply, that in the celebrated soliloquy on death, the Prince of Denmark reasons right from right principles, and cannot, therefore, be subject to the acknowledged test of confirmed madmen. It is true that in the interview with Ophelia, which is the next evidence adduced by the Lecturer, he has a better foundation for his arguments—admitting that the scene is correctly performed on the stage, and that Hamlet does treat Ophelia with "cruelty and rudeness." But we have our own conception of this scene; which, however, we will not now venture to exhibit, because it is directly opposed to the received opinion; and because it would require too much space in the pages of the Analyst to establish. Therefore, although we must leave to Mr. Walter the merit of having proved his position upon this point, with the skill of a man of letters and a metaphysician; yet we cannot persuade ourselves to give credence to his arguments, how ably soever they have been sustained by him, and how clear soever has been their exposition. That the majority will decide in favour of the Lecturer, we are well convinced—but we would not despair of gaining over some converts to our peculiar views, had we space and opportunity to develop them. We even think that the learned Lecturer himself might be among the number—a triumph that we should consider as the first feather in our cap; for could we bring his deep-read mind, which moreover, is alike imaginative and metaphysical, to acknowledge the just-

ness of our views regarding the character of Hamlet, we should then, indeed, feel assured, that our conception of the motives which influence the conduct of the Prince, would stand the test of time and the severity of criticism. But as the Lecturer and ourselves entertain different views at present, we cannot but imagine that Mr. Walter himself is undecided respecting Hamlet's madness. Thus in one place he would endeavour to prove it real, and in another imply that the conduct of the Prince is only tinged with insanity. In one place he quotes passages to show the wisdom, the virtue, the religion, the philosophy of the Prince; and in another place he brings forward proofs, as he supposes them to be, of Hamlet's undeniable insanity. There cannot be, we think, a stronger evidence of the admirable knowledge of human nature possessed by our immortal Shakspeare, than the uncertainty which so strong and so enlightened a mind as that of Mr. Walter's, seems to labour under respecting the motives of Hamlet's conduct, and the inconsistencies by which it is distinguished. For the same doubts are entertained in the every-day occurrences of life, even by the most discriminating men, of the motives and actions of the most prominent characters on the world's high stage. The statesman, vacillating in his politics,—the ecclesiastic, ambiguous in his doctrines,—the general, whose military combinations, though successful, are mysterious to the many skilled only in "the bookish theoretic,"—the man of the world, who affects extreme sensibility, while his heart is callous as the rock,—the man of reserve, who exhibits no outward sign of sympathy, but whose breast is a volcano of the fiercest emotions,—the friend, who stretches out a helping hand to save, without waiting for the expression of gratitude from the man he rescues,—the mere professor of Platonics, who makes many declarations without meaning anything,—the enemy who would strike a poignard into his antagonist to-day, and to-morrow oppose his own person to defend him—and last of all, but not the least known amid the group, the lover, whom his lady-love cannot satisfactorily comprehend in all the variations of his sentiments,—these characters, and many others might have led our learned Lecturer, conversant as he is with the philosophic lore of the ancients, the extensive literature of the moderns, the customs of many countries, and the varied conduct of mankind in general, to pause ere he pronounced Hamlet in a state of mental aberration; however cogent may have been the arguments which have presented themselves to his observation, and however ably and clearly he may have advanced the same in the admirable lecture which has been the subject of our notice—a lecture remarkable for eloquence of diction, as for profound metaphysical inquiry into the operations of the human mind.

At the conclusion of the lecture, a vote of thanks to Mr. Walter was proposed by Dr. Streeten, and seconded by Mr. Lees, amidst the applause of a very numerous auditory.

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## WORCESTER LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

### LECTURE "ON THE ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT," &c.

Mr. Ball's lecture on the Eloquence of the Pulpit, which was the fourth of the course, was of a character to sustain, with undiminished effect, his reputation as a rhetorician, elocutionist, and critic.

In an early part of his discourse, the lecturer combatted the objection so generally advanced, that the subjects on which the preacher must dilate are too trite to admit of new conceptions which can arrest and enchain the attention of a congregation. This he did ably and eloquently, with arguments derived from religion and philosophy, until he drew his conclusion on this point in the following terms—  
 "Away then, I say, with the argument which is founded on the want of variety in subjects for religious dissertation! That which is common to the generation about to pass away, is novel to that which is but entering on its course: nor can the old be too often reminded of the gracious, the sublime, the awful matters which the sacred word unfolds; for if age and impiety be unhappily united, there will still be hope, that the flinty obduracy of the heart may in time be softened by the ceaseless dropping of the waters of redemption."

Mr. Ball next drew the attention of his auditors to the mode in which a sermon ought to be composed, contending skilfully, and with the aid of an apposite quotation from La Bruyere, against the system pursued by those preachers who commence their sermons by enumerating the various heads under which they intend that their subject shall be treated by themselves and considered by their congregation. The lecturer then proceeded to show that a sermon ought to be as simple as possible in its plan; and that, "as a skilful dramatic writer, who wishes to produce effect, should confine his powers to the development of a single passion—so the sacred orator, in the composition of his discourse, should propose to himself some single truth to be enforced, some single fact to be illustrated, some single passion to be denounced; and, then, summoning all the powers of his intellect, all the resources of his knowledge, all the auxiliaries of his literary acquirements, to bear upon that single point, he cannot fail to instruct, and benefit, and persuade, where he might otherwise have only bewildered or misled." From the plan of a sermon, Mr. Ball proceeded to consider the style of composition best adapted for pulpit eloquence. "A nervous simplicity of expression," said he, "is, undoubtedly, the true characteristic of apostolic eloquence." To enforce this position, the lecturer condemned all learned allusions, all erudite explications, all terms of foreign origin, unless rendered by long established custom "as familiar" to the ears of *the people* "as household words;" and having, likewise, contended for the propriety of rejecting from the composition of a sermon all sterile conceits and affected verbal figures, he disclaimed the wish to be understood as advocating the Attic simplicity, which is so fastidious as to exclude elevation of thought, and dignity of expression. "The simplicity," added he, "for which I would contend, is that which equally rejects the coarse and the effeminate, the violent and the tame, the inflated and the low; while it receives, and condenses into one well-assorted combination, the nervous, the earnest, the ardent, and the clear." The lecturer then proceeded to notice another style of clerical composition, namely, that which is adopted by the pulpit poetasters,—the drawing-room divines—the beauties of holiness, according to their profane appellation. "Such men," said Mr. Ball, "enamoured with the beauty of their own ideas, and, not unfrequently, with that of their own persons, forget the real duties of their sacred mission. Their thoughts are so exclusively concentrated upon *self*, that their only desire, their only aim, seems to be the effect which their composition may produce on the imaginations of their hearers, without regard to its influence on their hearts and conduct."

The lecturer then commenced what may be considered the didactic portion of his discourse, by elucidating the manner in which a sermon ought to be delivered; weighing, with consummate judgment, the peculiar advantages of each of the three different modes—by reading from the manuscript,—by reciting from memory,—and by extemporaneous discourse. He then closed his dissertation on this head, with an illustration of pulpit oratorical delivery, by reciting a most powerful and exciting passage from Dean Kirwan's Sermon on the uncertainty of human life, premising the recitation with a most judicious admonition, which many clergymen might find it advisable to follow—that "the more natural the delivery, the more certain will be the effect produced;—above all, no charlatanism in voice or person—no drawl, no twang, no curled locks, no sparkling ring—nothing that can lead the hearers to suspect that the mind of the preacher is divided between the inward thoughts, that furnish matter for his solemn admonitions, and the adventitious ornaments resorted to by the vain, the weak-minded, and the worthless, whose only object is to *preach themselves*." In his delivery of this illustration of pulpit elocution, Mr. Ball produced a visible effect upon his auditors, who listened with a concentrated attention, and seemed to believe that the preaching which forced its way so irresistibly to their hearts, and which so excited their imaginations, was the immediate effusion of a consecrated divine. The language of the passage was admirably adapted to display the varied intonations of the lecturer's voice—rising, at one moment, to the swelling tones of awful denunciation, and, at another moment, subsiding to the deep touching notes of pathetic expostulation, or the expressive utterance of sympathetic communion.

Mr. Ball next proceeded to a review of the other branches of elocutionary accomplishment connected with the service of the Church, expatiating in terms of censure and regret, on the negligence or the incompetency betrayed in so many

instances by divines, while discharging the practical performance of their public ministry. "All men," said the lecturer, "are not endowed with voice and external qualifications to render them distinguished in pulpit oratory; but every candidate for the priesthood of our Church, can be taught to pronounce the Liturgy, that sublime and solemn composition, if not with impressiveness and grace, at least with precision and propriety. Numerous are the ambiguities created in the Church Service by careless or injudicious reading: and there are many clergymen who even contradict, thereby, the doctrines of Christianity, not having the judgment to perceive, or not exercising their judgment sufficiently to perceive, that their pronunciation of important passages conveys a meaning at variance with the text."

The lecturer next applied his powers of eloquent diction and energetic elocution, to a well-merited censure on the system so general of electing incompetent persons to the office of parish clerk. "These men," said he, "on whom devolves, unfortunately, so great a portion of the elocutionary performance of the sacred service, are not unfrequently distinguished in their manner, pronunciation, and mode of reading, by the vilest metropolitan vulgarity, or the coarsest provincial ignorance. They are, in general, mechanics, or mere artizans, selected, without discernment, to fill, what I do not hesitate to pronounce, an important station in the service of religious worship. They may be skilful enough in their art to arrange the mortal corpse and convey it to the grave—but, alas, for the highest interests of man! it too frequently occurs that when such men take part in the ceremonies intended to prepare the immortal spirit for a celestial destination, their disgraceful incapacity tends only to divert the thoughts from a heavenward direction; and the soul of men, yielding, unhappily, to the terrestrial impressions of ridicule and disgust, is rendered less susceptible of divine communication, by the same means whereby Salvation is impeded, Religion debased, the Deity dishonoured!"

After an highly eloquent eulogium on the Poetry of the Scriptures, Mr. Ball drew the following conclusion from his preceding line of argument; a conclusion to which we annex our unqualified assent:—"When we consider the number of those who are weekly, nay daily, called upon, by the duties of their ministry, to act as the medium through which the light of Divine illumination may pass to the understandings and the hearts of men—when we consider that, if the medium be imperfect, not only will the transmitted rays be deprived of their original lustre, but they may be rendered so oblique in their transmission, as to present an inadequate and distorted image to the vision; we may then pronounce, without hazarding a presumptuous assertion, that they who undertake the important duty of transmitting to the mental vision of God's worshippers, that marvellous and unwaning light enkindled by the sun of righteousness, ought to undergo a regular preparation for their peculiar office, lest they convey the doctrines of salvation faintly, or involve them in misconception more dangerous than darkness, because more blinding and deceitful."

On the following Monday, Mr. Ball delivered a lecture on the character of Shylock; but we do not feel that we should be justified in entering minutely on an analysis of the arguments by which he supported his conception of the character of the Hebrew, whose "badge" was "sufferance," until the hour of retribution seemed to have arrived. We have already drawn sufficiently, perhaps unreasonably, on our notes of Mr. Ball's preceding lectures. Therefore we will content ourselves with affirming that, by his recitations, the lecturer presented an admirable picture of a man of "sufferance," and of strong and deep resentment, "crouching to his foe, that he might spring upon him at advantage, and with the greater violence." Those recitations were distinguished, throughout, by great variety of excellence. It is, however, in his subdued and level speaking, notwithstanding the extraordinary power and volume of his voice in its upper tones, that Mr. Ball's elocutionary skill is the most to be admired. For instance, Shylock's expostulation addressed to Antonio—the Duke's interposition with the Hebrew in behalf of Antonio at the opening of the trial scene—Shylock's pleading in his own cause—Portia's panegyric on mercy—and Antonio's Farewell to Bassanio. Such passages are the test of true elocutionary skill, because they require taste, discrimination, and feeling, which "the judicious" often vainly seek for in declaimers who, nevertheless, draw plaudits from "the unskilful."

The sixth and last lecture of this most interesting and instructive course, was

a didactic dissertation on the Art of Oratorical Delivery; distinguishing the qualities necessary for perfection therein, from the faults which public speakers are the most liable to commit. By the judiciousness of his own remarks, and the knowledge he evinced of elocutionists and their systems, Mr. Ball gave proof of his great ability as a Professor of Elocution, in addition to the many admirable specimens we had witnessed throughout his course, of his skill in the *practice* of the art. But the most decisive proof of his elocutionary ability remained for the close of this lecture, in his illustrations of Oratorical Delivery, namely, Henry the Fifth's Address to his troops at Harfleur, and Marc Antony's Oration over the corpse of Cæsar. In these recitations Mr. Ball stands unrivalled, so far as our own judgment is supported by men of discrimination and experience, who have heard the latter speech, in particular, pronounced by a variety of professional reciters.

At the close Mr. Ball pronounced his farewell address, during the delivery of which he was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause.

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LECTURE "ON THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF MAN AND ANIMALS."

On Monday the 8th of December, E. A. Turley, Esq. continued his Course of Lectures on the above subject, at the Athenæum.

After having described the organ of "attachment," and exemplified, in a very pleasing and lucid manner, the social habits of man and animals, the lecturer, in descanting on the organ of "combateness," proceeded thus:

"Are animals made to depend for subsistence on the capture of their weaker fellow-victims? Yes, animated nature, from the ant, which is devoured by the partridge, to the elephant, which becomes the prey of the comparatively small tiger, testifies the decree! Then is self-defence loudly called for, and surely no propensity was given by a wise Creator not to be gratified—no talent not to be exerted.

"If this country were being invaded, we should crown the hero with laurels who stemmed the torrent of devastation—yet stigmatise the same individual who employed a similar propensity to defend his own honour in a duel.—It is with actions as with objects, they receive a colour from the medium through which they are viewed.—A Supreme Being has not created good and bad; man's abuse of the former gives birth to the latter—all is given for moderate enjoyment, and excess only creates satiety.

"Dr. Gall was long unable to say if this combateness were a derivative or elementary impulse, and in our at present advanced knowledge of the seat of faculties, we cannot help smiling at the means employed for their discovery.—Dr. Gall collected a number of men of different occupations together, from the lowest class of society—regaled them with plenty of wine and beer, which soon began to develop their most prominent propensities. Dr. Gall introduced the subject of fighting—he was quickly silenced, and was only able to make observations, for the pot-valiant motley crew had so much to say of their deeds of 'deadly doings,' so much to reprobate in the dastardly and to extol in the brave, that they were soon the only talkers. This was enough for the man of reflection, he had found special structure for special function in prior examinations—hence he was assured that there existed a cause for this well-marked impulse—he examined attentively as well those remarkable for their cowardice as for their valour. He found a marked difference in their development of brain in this region; the brave were large and the poltroons small in this spot. The extension of this elementary knowledge by practice enabled him to mark the degree of form and function or cause and effect in man and animals. At Vienna he had the most distinct proof of his opinion;—there was a boy who presented himself alone in the arena of animal fights, and subdued the wolf, wild boar, the furious bull, and other ferocious animals, and did not seem conscious of the existence of danger. He cites various other cases of a similar nature in his great work, where they may be perused.

“Among animals, the dog, and especially the bull-dog, present to us the most unequivocal marks of courage. The barn-door cock, the pheasant, the sparrow, and numerous others, are well known to us. Perhaps the butcher-bird affords the best example of the innate propensity to combat; its life seems chiefly employed in fighting, yet it is perhaps more attached, and for a longer period, to its young than any other bird. Many animals are supposed destitute of this feeling, such as the hare, rabbit, fox, pigeon, yet among themselves they manifest much courage. The stag and horse have been known to vanquish the lion when confined to combat, and the bull the tiger, yet could these animals have escaped by speed they had certainly fallen victims. Perhaps the fear, the distraction of senses, and the loss of blood, makes the capture of the victims of the carnivorous animals less painful in reality than man would, with his additionally benevolent mind, be conscious of at first glance—the anticipation of pain adds severity to its pangs. Education cannot produce this faculty, for the kitten spits and erects its back as soon as its eyes can distinguish objects. The profoundest metaphysicians admit this faculty as innate, and the most esteemed authors describe its operations.

“Those benevolent individuals who were inclined to doubt the innateness of a propensity in man to defend self—a propensity to fight—will, I fear, be much less disposed to admit an organ which leads to carnivorous enjoyment, to *destructiveness*, and sometimes to cruelty. It is far more delightful to imagine man a placid, benign creature—innocent as the dove,—his food acorns,—his beverage pure water from the fountain, and kindness overflowing his veins, than to scrutinize him with a cold philosophic eye, and to discover him a destructive animal who to minister to his own life robs the creatures around him of theirs. When we are delighted with the smooth surface of the unrippled ocean, we do not wish to descend to contemplate its rocks and whirlpools.—To indulge imagination, were it not fraught with deceitful results, would be at all times pleasing—and, to entirely forego this pleasure, would be to rob the mind of half its sweets, but in the scrutiny of men’s minds and manners we must relinquish the poet’s pen for the sage’s microscope. But a little reflection will suffice to convince us of the necessity even of a propensity leading us to destroy. If we regard man, not in the civic but in the savage state from whence he arose, we shall find the thirst for destroying life necessary to his existence. We have but to turn to rustic life to see his want of a carnivorous organ to give the chase its zest, and fishing its amusement. We have but to read history to be convinced beyond all reasoning that the propensity to kill has existed from the earliest records of human actions. From the wars of the Philistines, Greeks, and Romans, to the late continental war, which absorbed millions of lives, we see its influence. The Goths we are told were prone to blood, and on their first access to the Roman territories they massacred man, woman, and child. Nevertheless they are called *an honest people*. The Scythians clothed themselves in the skins of men, and drank wine from the skulls of their victims; yet we read of their virtues. The Gauls carried home the heads of their slain enemies and deposited them in chests as trophies. The North American savages scalped their victims and turned them adrift, yet these savages were not more cruel than the Greeks and Romans, who neither paid respect to age nor sex; and we are astonished that the Greeks honoured humanity as a cardinal virtue. The Jews were no less cruel, as ample records shew. Ferocity and cruelty were indulged in the Roman character, as in the Spanish and French at present, by gladiators and combats of animals; Scarus sent to Rome at one time 150 panthers, Pompey 410, and Augustus 420, for public spectacles.

“The ferocity of European nations was unbounded during the anarchy of the feudal system; and it is a melancholy reflection that the christians have not been wanting in cruelty more than the pagans in centuries past. This is but a very hurried sketch of human cruelty, and we are happy that we may now in English society contemplate these things without exciting the impulse which actually forms part of our œconomy.

“The name of this propensity ‘destructiveness’ has succeeded to another more offensive name which was given to it by Dr. Gall because he discovered it in two individuals executed for murder—he at first called it the organ of

murder, which is incorrect, inasmuch as it denominates the effect only of a morbidly developed organization excited to its most powerful action. We should endeavour to name faculties from their fundamental operations, and not from their excessive excitement. It is unnecessary to dwell longer on the existence or exigency of this incentive to destroy." \* \* \*

"Many objections to phrenology have been founded on the organ of destructiveness, or murder, as it was formerly called. The objectors say, if you shew me a disposition innate to commit murder, we are fatalists, and no longer free agents, hence the doctrine of rewards and punishments cannot be valid. Such arguments are the results of short-sightedness, and of a paucity of reflection.—Is there not within us an innate disposition to benevolence? are we then by the exercise of this faculty to wrong ourselves to do good to others—do we not feel the impulse to worship a Supreme Being; are we then obliged to carve images to gratify this? Do we not feel the impulse of love for children; are we then obliged to injure them by indulgence for its sake? Cannot most of the ferocious animals be tamed and subdued by education—the lion to live with the dog, and to allow his keeper to pass unmolested through his den?—cannot we tame cats, mice, rats, dogs, weasles, pigeons, birds, to a certain extent, so that they shall all live together in one cage? Those who have frequently passed London bridge, or the bridges in Paris, must have witnessed such exhibitions as these. Why then must a man having the desire to destroy, and who rears, feeds, and preserves game for his sport to kill—why must he be obliged to kill his neighbour, against all reason, religion, and conscientiousness, because he has the desire to kill implanted in his nature for a good purpose.—Man in a moral state, with an educated and well-regulated mind, will *not* destroy his fellow—but insanity and idiotcy may, by reducing these ties, allow the faculty to kill to act uncontrolled. We have seen the cat broken of her propensity to kill by providing her with food, and producing by discipline a fear of punishment for destroying.—Will not education and religion alike restrain man in this desire? The objections on this score are very frivolous. The question is, was man sometimes disposed to commit murder before the doctrines of phrenology were promulgated? if so, phrenology cannot have produced this disposition.—But phrenology may tend to lessen murder in the world by inculcating a proper education and a knowledge of the aberrations of mind. Public executions have not deterred people from murder, for it has taken place during the spectacle, even near to the gallows."

The room was crowded to excess; and at the conclusion of his lecture Mr. Turley received the most flattering testimonials of the gratification which his eloquent discourse imparted.

At a former lecture a copy of the following aphorisms were presented by Mr. T. to each of his auditors:—

1st. Phrenologists regard the brain and nervous apparatus of animals as the sole seat of their vegetative, affective, and intellectual faculties.

2dly. They divide and subdivide the nervous system into parts according to their offices:—first the nerves of the vegetative functions; secondly the nerves of the external senses, feeling and locomotion; thirdly, the cerebral parts which are endowed with the affective and intellectual faculties, and these they subdivide according to their characteristic manifestations.

3rdly. Phrenologists believe that the brain receives all its impressions by means of the organs of the senses through the medium of their respective nerves.

4thly. Man and the superior animals possess two distinct symmetrical nervous apparatus, which, nevertheless, perform their functions simultaneously, and when one part is rendered inert, either by disease or accident, the corresponding part on the opposite side acts alone.

5thly. They consider that every nerve belonging to either half of the nervous system differs from every other nerve on the same side, both in its anatomical structure and in its functions, and that that part of the brain with which each distinct nerve communicates must be endowed with a different function.

6thly. Hence the brain is an assemblage of parts, each part performing its office separately, yet all combining to constitute that unity of operation which is known by the name of mind in man, or instinct in brute.

7thly. That man is not gifted with faculties which will enable him to comprehend the ultimate nature either of material or immaterial things.

8thly. That the brain is necessary only to the superior faculties of animals; it is not essential to their vegetative functions, since thousands of creatures exist and multiply without it. It is only found in those which are destined to hold a superior station in the scale of animated existence.

9thly. Phrenologists believe the soul to be a divine emanation, not scrutable by our senses, not fathomable by our reason, but self-evident, and further manifested to us by religion and revelation.

10thly. They believe insanity to be only a disease or disorder of the brain, and that the soul or immaterial principle can never be diseased, nor can ever die.

11thly. They believe that by observation and induction the functions of many parts of the brain have been discovered, and most of these parts are ascertainable externally.

12thly. It is impossible to distinguish the function of any part of the body by examining its anatomical structure alone—the functions of the spleen are not known to this day, although its anatomical structure has been accurately described in ages past.

13thly. That the peculiarities in the form which distinguish the skulls of men and most animals depend on the formation of their brains, and so assimilated to each other are they, that either the skull or the brain may be given to find the form of the other.

14thly. That the size of the brain is not alone sufficient to indicate the power of its action; it is necessary to know the nature of the circulation, the habits and vegetative functions of the individual, before an opinion of the extent of action of any cerebral organ can be correctly estimated.

15thly. The number of the mental faculties in animals increases only as we find the cerebral parts added to their nervous system in ascending the scale towards man.

16thly. All the faculties which belong to the adult are not manifested in the child, because the structure of the brain is not completely developed in childhood.

17thly. The faculties of man are not generally retained in their wonted vigour in old age, because in old age the structure of the brain is usually deteriorated.

18thly. Phrenologists believe that the grey, cortical, or external part of the brain, is essential to its vegetative functions, but that the functions of each cerebral or mental part inhere in the internal fibrous or white part of the brain.

19thly. They believe that as form is one of the essential properties of bodies, so the form or shape of the brain may be regarded as essential to and intimately connected with the functions it has to perform.

20th. Phrenologists believe that as the brain of all species of animals has its characteristic form, by which each species may be easily distinguished, so by studying the form of the human brain, together with the known functions it performs, they believe that a knowledge of the uses of the several parts of the brain may be obtained. This is the business of phrenologists, and to apply the knowledge obtained by such means is, they believe, to promote the cultivation of human intelligence and the advancement of social happiness.

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 Waite (Geo.) on the Gums, 12mo. 6s.  
 White's (Jas.) Miscellaneous Poems, 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 Wilds' Art of Building Cottages and Houses for the Humbler Classes, 8vo. 7s.  
 Winks' British School-Book for Reading, &c. 18mo. 2s. 6d. bd.  
 Youth's (The) Keepsake, 18mo. 2s.  
 Young Hearts; with Preface, by Miss J. Porter; 3 vols. sm. 8vo. 1l. 10s.  
 Young's (Dr.) Lectures on Intellectual Philosophy, by Cairns, 8vo. 12s.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &amp;c.

Mr. Charles Richardson is preparing a new Dictionary of the English Language, in which the Explanation of the Words commences with the Etymological or Intrinsic Meaning, their various applications in use are traced in orderly connexion, and the Quotations in Illustration, are arranged Chronologically from the most Ancient to the most Modern Authors.

A Booksellers' Assistants' Society has recently been formed at Leipsic, the objects of which are stated to be the promotion, after the labours of the day, of friendly intercourse and improvement, by means of a library, lectures, and a reading-room. Classes will also be formed for instruction in the most useful living languages. The lectures are to embrace the various arts connected with book-

selling, such as letter-founding, printing, bookbinding, paper-making, copper and wood engraving, lithography, &c.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

An Epitome of the County of Warwick, containing a brief historical and descriptive Account of the Towns, Villages, and Parishes, with their Hamlets, by Thomas Sharp, Esq. Author of a "Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries," &c. &c. is nearly ready for publication.

The first No. of a History and Description of the late Houses of Parliament and ancient palatial edifices of Westminster, by E. H. Brayley, and J. Britton, Esq. to be completed in Ten Monthly parts, illustrated by numerous Embellishments, will be published on the first of January.

## PREFERMENTS, MARRIAGES, &amp;c.

## PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. R. Cooper Christie, LL. B. has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester to the Rectory of Frertherne, in that diocese, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. James Hartley Dunsford: patron, the Rev. Collingwood Forster Fenwick, LL. B. of Brook, in the Isle of Wight.—The Rev. George Roberts has been licensed to the perpetual Curacy of Coleford, in the Forest of Dean, in the patronage of the Lord Bishop of Gloucester.

## MARRIAGES.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Marquis of Aylesbury, to the Hon. Miss Beresford, daughter of Lord Decies.—At Halton Chapel, the Hon. Arthur Lascelles, fifth son of the Earl of Harwood, to Caroline, fourth daughter of Sir R. Brooke, Bart. of Chester.—At Oldswinford, Henry Granger, Esq. of Stockwell House, Tettenhall, near Wolverhampton, to Helen, eldest daughter of William Henry Freer, Esq. of Stourbridge, Worcestershire.—At Tenby, Sunderland, Clay Fowke, Esq. fourth son of the late Francis Fowke, Esq. of Boughrood Castle, Radnorshire, to Miss Price, niece of Mr. P. Price, Tenby.—At Abbey Dore, Herefordshire, Mr. W. Minton, to Miss E. Meredith, both of Hereford.—At Cheltenham, the Rev. Edward Syngue, Rector of Kilherrin, county of Galway, Ireland, to Emily, daughter of Sir Richard Steele, of the city of Dublin, Bart.—At Newton Solney, Mr. Bartley Hoskins, eldest son of Abraham Hoskins, Esq. of Newton Park, in the county of Derby, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Thomas Piddocke, Esq. surgeon, of Burton-upon-Trent.—At St. George's Church, Birmingham, Mr. John Bedford, of Frederick-street, Newhall-hill, in that town, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Henry Taylor, Esq. of Tipton.—The Rev. John Macauley, Vicar of Loppington, Salop, to Miss Large, of Malpas.—Edward Battersby, Esq. of St. Ann's, Dublin, to Miss Ellen Jones, of Cheltenham.—At Edgbaston, Birmingham, Owen Owen, Esq. of Coles-

hill, to Mary Anne, only daughter of the late R. Jones, Esq. of Handsworth.—At Meerutt, in the East Indies, John Rose Holden Rose, Esq. Lieutenant in the 11th Light Dragoons, and youngest son of H. L. Rose, Esq. of Lansdowne-place, Bath, to Emily Hall, eldest daughter of Major J. N. Jackson, C.B. and Deputy Quartermaster-General.

## BIRTHS.

At Malvern Wells, Worcestershire, the lady of M. G. Benson, Esq. of a son.—At Holly House, Malvern Link, Worcestershire, the lady of the Rev. R. T. Bolton, of a son.—At the Downes, Salop, Mrs. W. Jeffreys, of twin daughters.—At the Grammar School, Bromsgrove, the lady of the Rev. G. A. Jacob, of a daughter.

## DEATHS.

The Death of H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester took place at Bagshot Park, Nov. 30, after a painful illness of a fortnight's duration, which he bore with the greatest fortitude, resignation, and piety. His Royal Highness William Frederick Duke of Gloucester was in his 58th year, and had he lived until next month would have completed it, being born in January 1776, at Rome, whither his father went shortly after his private marriage, on the 6th of September, 1766, with Maria, the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave. The Duke completed his education at Cambridge under Dr. Beadon, and had scarcely quitted college before he entered the army. In 1805, on the death of his father, he succeeded to the title, and on the motion of Lord Henry Petty (the present Lord Lansdowne), who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, his allowance was increased to 14,000*l.* a year; and, greatly to his credit, his Royal Highness has always kept within the bounds of his income. In 1816 the Duke married his first cousin, the Princess Mary, the fourth daughter of George III, and is said to have stipulated that it should by no means be expected to influence his political conduct. His Royal Highness, notwithstanding his limited fortune, was a munificent patron of many of

the public charities, which happily abound in our vast metropolis. Besides being a Knight of the Garter, and a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, his Royal Highness was Ranger of Bagshot-park, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The military career of the Duke was as follows:—The first commission of his Royal Highness was that of Captain in the First Foot Guards, with the rank of Colonel, and dated 11th March, 1789. In March, 1794, his Royal Highness, then Prince William, went to Flanders to join his company in the 1st battalion, and on the 16th April was appointed to the command of a brigade, consisting of the 14th, 37th, and 53rd Regiments. His Royal Highness was immediately afterwards appointed to the command of the 115th Regt. (3rd May, 1794,) and had a letter of service as Colonel on the staff and to do the duty of General Officer in the army, in which capacity he served the whole of the campaign. On Feb. 16, 1795, his Royal Highness received the rank of Major-General. Nov. 8, same year, he was appointed Colonel of the 6th Regiment of Foot. While Major-General, he was appointed (1799) to the command of a brigade comprising two battalions of the fifth and two of the 35th, forming a part of the Duke of York's army. Nov. 13, 1799, his Royal Highness received the rank of Lieutenant-General; April 25th, 1808, that of General; May 26th, 1809, appointed to the Colonelcy of the 3rd Guards, now the Scots Fusileers; in 1816, his late Majesty, by special warrant, conferred on the Duke the title of Prince of the Blood Royal, on the occasion of the marriage of his Royal Highness with his cousin the Princess Mary.—The venerable Dr. Carey, whose indefatigable labours in translating the Holy Scriptures into the languages of the East are so well known to the Biblical scholar, and to all the friends of Missions, has finished his earthly course. He expired at Serampore, the scene of his valuable and interesting labours, on the 9th of June, declaring to his surrounding friends, the Cross of Christ and the Atonement of the Redeemer to be the only and all-sufficient ground of his confidence and joy.—At Birmingham, in the 102d year of her age, Mrs. S. Collins.—At Bath, Viscount St. Leger, only brother of the Hon. Mrs. Leighton, widow of Col. Leighton. This lady has lost her husband and brother in the short space of a few days. In his 58th year, the Rev. Samuel Lowe, A. M. Rector of Darlaston, in the county of Stafford.—At Stockton Rectory, Anne Barbara, wife of the Rev. Charles Whitmore, A. M. and fourth daughter of the late Thomas Giffard, Esq. of Chillington, Staffordshire.—Aged 38, Mary Ann, wife of Lieutenant Jas. Reece Lane, R. M. and eldest child of the late William Parry, Esq. of Arkstone Court, Herefordshire.—In the 94th year of her age, Ann, relict of Francis Derry, Esq. formerly of Birchin, in the parish of Castle Froome, Herefordshire.—At Cheshunt Park, the residence of T. A. Russell, Esq. Lieut-General G. A. Armstrong, aged 63.—At Clifton, Richard Jenkins, Esq. of Beachley Lodge, Gloucestershire, aged 58.—Aged 51, sincerely and deservedly regretted by her family and friends, Ann, the beloved wife of Thomas Leonard, Esq. of Worcester.—In France, Charles, only son of Thomas Fitz Herbert, Esq. of Swinerton Hall, Staffordshire.—At

Great Marlow, Bucks, Hypatia, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Lewis Evans, Vicar of Froxfield, Wilts, and niece of the Rev. A. B. Evans, Gloucester.—At Bitterley Court, in the county of Salop, in the 69th year of his age, the Rev. John Walcot, 39 years Rector of the parish of Bitterley.—In the 54th year of his age, John Scudamore Lechmere Pateshall, Esq. surgeon, of Hereford.—In the 89th year of his age, William Read, Esq. of Brunswick-square, near Gloucester.—At Tewkesbury, Mr. William Shakspeare Hart, the seventh descendant from our immortal bard.—At Mountain, Holt, James Smith, Esq. aged 61; a distinguished agriculturist, and well known as a member of the Bath and West of England Society.—At Peterborough-house, Fulham, (having survived his wife only three weeks,) Sir C. Eggleton Kent, Bart. of Ponton House, aged 50. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his only child, now Sir C. Kent, Bart, a minor.—In the 83rd year of his age, Jonathan Peel, Esq. of Accrington House, Lancashire, the sole surviving brother of the late, and uncle of the present, Sir Robert Peel, Bart.—Aged 46, Thomas Pringle, Esq. for several years Secretary to the London Anti-Slavery Society.—At the Moors, near Ross, Susan Bennett, and on the following Thursday, Ellen and Martha, sisters of the above, of the ages of 21, 19, and 16, daughters of Mr. John Bennett, of that place; they were all buried in one grave on Friday, the 28th ult. The whole of them a few days previous enjoyed perfect health.—Aged 39, Richard Jones Powell, Esq. of Hinton, near Hereford, Recorder of the City, and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the County. He was one of the Vice-Presidents, and a liberal benefactor to the Herefordshire Female Servants' Reward Society. His death is deeply regretted; whether as a public or private man, his life was most valuable.—At Cradley, near Stourbridge, Catherine, wife of the Rev. S. Fiddian, Wesleyan Minister, late of Hereford.—Martha, the beloved wife of Mr. Richard Law, of Kidderminster.—In Euston-square, London, in the 72nd year of her age, Elizabeth, relict of Thomas Creswell, Esq. late of Tenbury.—In the 75th year of her age, Mary, relict of John Jones, Esq. late of Hazel Court, Herefordshire.—At his house at Stourbridge, aged 74, W. Scott, Esq.—At Sattley, Warwickshire, at the advanced age of 102, Mrs. Jane Twist.—The French Papers announce the death of a man at Polock, in Luthania, aged 188. He had seen seven monarchs on the throne of Russia, and served Gustavus Adolphus as a soldier during the 30 years war. At 93, he married his third wife, who lived 50 years with him, and bore him several children.—At Manchester, Rowland Detrosier; he directed his remains to be devoted to the purposes of science.—At Glasgow, aged 43, the Rev. Edward Irving.—Mr. F. A. Ebert, the great German bibliographer, and chief librarian to the King of Saxony. His death was occasioned by a fall from a ladder, from which he was reaching for a book in the Royal Library.—In Cadogan-place, in her 73th year, Lady Tryshens Bathurst, eldest sister of the late Earl Bathurst.—At Lea Hall, Yardley, within a few days of having completed his 80th year, John Blount, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Worcester.—At Barrow

House, near Bristol, Elizabeth Thomas, relict of John Thomas, of Prior Park, near Gloucester.—At his residence, in College Green, Gloucester, aged 34 years, Mr. John Freeman Cooke, surgeon.—Mr. Walter Morgan, Bacton, Herefordshire. The dissolution of

this gentleman is an awful instance of the instability of human existence; he rode after his hounds on Monday morning, in the enjoyment of apparently good health, and in the evening was a corpse.

## METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

| Nov. | Barometer.       |        | Thermometer    |      | Day.                       | Remarks.       |  | Wind.      |
|------|------------------|--------|----------------|------|----------------------------|----------------|--|------------|
|      | Morn.            | Even.  | Max.           | Min. |                            | Night.         |  |            |
| 1    | 29.471           | 29.460 | 53             |      | Cloudy, fine               |                |  | Lt. N. W.  |
| 2    | 29.440           | 29.405 | 55             | 44   | Sun, clouds                | Cloudy, fine   |  | Light S.   |
| *3   | 29.360           | 29.396 | 55             | 46   | Fine, sun                  | Fine, lu. arch |  | Light S.   |
| 4    | 29.434           | 29.180 | 56             | 54.5 | Clouds, fine, showers      |                |  | Fr. S. W.  |
| 5    | 28.925           | 28.840 | 59             | 52.5 | Wind and rain              | Clouds, windy  |  | W.         |
| 6    | 28.960           | 29.000 | 59             | 51   | Clouds, sun, showers       | Clds. showers  |  | Str. S. W. |
| 7    | 28.705           | 23.638 | 56             | 43   | Rain, wind, sun            | Windy, shwrs   |  | Str. S. W. |
| 8    | 28.732           | 28.756 | 50             | 40   | Fine, sun                  | Clds. showers  |  | Lt. S.     |
| 9    | 28.900           | 29.100 | 43             | 39   | Fog, wind, rain            | Showery        |  | N.E. light |
| 10   | 29.310           | 29.516 | 43             | 36   | Cloudy                     | Fine           |  | N. E.      |
| 11   | 29.612           | 29.705 | 44             | 37   | Fine, clouds, sun          | Fine           |  | Light E.   |
| 12   | 29.716           | 29.673 | 39             | 33   | Sun, clouds                | Fine           |  | N. E.      |
| 13   | 29.700           | 29.785 | 37             | 35   | Fine, sun, haze            | Fine           |  | N. E.      |
| 14   | 29.860           | 29.843 | 43.5           | 37.5 | Fine, sun                  | Fine           |  | Light N.   |
| 15   | 29.815           | 29.835 | 46.5           | 45   | Cloudy, mist, fine         | Cloudy, fine   |  | Light N.   |
| 16   | 29.800           | 29.715 | 48             | 43   | Cloudy, some rain          | Cloudy, fine   |  | Light N.   |
| 17   | 29.602           | 29.480 | 50.5           | 45   | Fine, sun, clouds          | Cloudy, fine   |  | Light N.   |
| 18   | 29.560           | 29.605 | 48             | 40   | Cloudy                     | Cloudy, fine   |  | Light N.   |
| 19   | 29.630           | 29.595 | 46.5           | 30   | Fine, sun                  | Fine           |  | Light E.   |
| 20   | 29.400           | 29.200 | 38.5           | 32   | Fine, sun, clouds          | Fine           |  | E.         |
| 21   | 29.140           | 29.127 | 39             | 34   | Cloudy, snow storm         | Cloudy, fine   |  | E.         |
| 22   | 29.120           | 29.225 | 42             | 37   | Cloudy, fine rain          | Cloudy         |  | Light E.   |
| 23   | 29.430           | 29.514 | 43             | 38   | Cloudy                     | Cloudy         |  | Lt. N. E.  |
| 24   | 29.510           | 29.403 | 43             | 39   | Fine, sun, clouds          | Cloudy         |  | E.         |
| 25   | 29.300           | 29.230 | 40.5           | 37   | Cloudy, fine               | Cloudy         |  | E. S. E.   |
| 26   | 29.235           | 29.280 | 41             | 38   | Light, clouds, fine        | Cloudy         |  | E.         |
| 27   | 29.310           | 29.232 | 47             | 42   | Sun, light clouds          | Clear, fine    |  | W. S. W.   |
| 28   | 29.050           | 28.625 | 47             | 39   | Cldy. fine, some little r. | Fine           |  | Light S.   |
| 29   | 28.570           | 28.704 | 48             | 42   | Fine, cloudy, shwry, lt.   | Light showers  |  | Strong W.  |
| 30   | 28.960           | 28.925 | 47.5           | 41   | Fine, sun, rain in even.   | Fine, windy    |  | Lt. N. W.  |
|      | Mean Max. . . 47 |        | 40.4 mean Min. |      |                            |                |  |            |

[The Meteorological Report for Malvern, for each succeeding month, will appear regularly in the forthcoming numbers.]

\* A luminous arch, stretching across the heavens from East to West, was visible on the evening of the 3rd. It was first observed at 8 p. m.; its western extremity, which appeared the most brilliant, was a little to the south of  $\alpha$  Lyrae: it then passed through the triangle formed by the three principal stars in the constellation Cygnus, and its eastern limb was somewhat to the north of Jupiter and Aldebaran. About an hour afterwards the arch was more faint, and had moved five or six degrees to the southward, its eastern extremity being then nearer to  $\alpha$  Aquilæ than  $\alpha$  Lyrae. At the time of its appearance, the wind was light from the south, the temperature mild, and the sky generally overspread by a very thin stratum of cloud, more dense in the north than elsewhere. Stars of the first and second magnitude were very visible; the smaller ones mostly obscured. It will be seen by the table above that the weather for the subsequent days was windy, with rain, accompanied with a considerable fall in the barometer.

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## ERRATA.

- Page 9, line 23, *for* beneath *read* beside  
 11, — 15, *for* became *read* become  
 144, — 13, *for* Monographie *read* Monography  
 — — 19, *for* security *read* severity  
 145, — 10, *for* Carlorine *read* Caroline  
 212, — 55, *for* a double pulmonary, *read* a double—a pulmonary  
 213, — 11, *for* order *read* organ  
 248, — 4, *for* undulatio *read* undulatis  
 249, — 11, *for* Salic *read* Salii  
 259, — 34, *for* prædatoridus *read* prædatorius  
 260, — 17, *for* craniad *read* crania

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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W. Leldow.

25 NOV. 1916



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# Worcestershire NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

AT a General Meeting of the BUILDING SOCIETY in connection with the WORCESTERSHIRE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY;

*EDWARD HOLLAND, Esq. President, in the Chair.*

A Deputation from the Council of the Natural History Society presented the Report of the Committee appointed by the Council for the purpose of ascertaining the most eligible site of land for building upon, the probable expenses to be incurred, and to obtain Plans and Specifications for the intended new Edifice. The Report having been read by Mr. Lees—

*It was Resolved,—*

That the Report now read be adopted and approved by this meeting.

That the Agreement proposed by the Council of the Worcestershire Natural History Society, between the Proprietors and the Society, has the cordial sanction of this meeting.

That the Land in Foregate-street, situated between the residences of Drs. Malden and Streeten, with the tenements, &c. thereon, be now purchased forthwith of Mr. Tymbs, at the price already agreed upon.

That four Proprietors be now elected by ballot to form a permanent Building Committee in conjunction with four Members of the Natural History Society, and the Secretary, Mr. John Evans.

That the thanks of this meeting be presented to those individuals who have sent in gratuitous Plans and Estimates, and particularly to Messrs. Day and Prosser for their attendance and explanations this day.

That the Plans and Estimates of Messrs. Fiddian and Newey, of Birmingham, appear the most eligible for the purposes contemplated by this Society, but that previously to their final adoption the Building Committee obtain a conference with those gentlemen, as to certain particulars to be specified in the Contract.

That the proceedings of this meeting be advertised in the *Worcester Journal* and *Herald*, accompanied with a list of the Donations already received on account of the Building from various Noblemen and Gentlemen.

EDWARD HOLLAND, Chairman.

## DONATIONS.

*To the Building Fund of the Worcestershire Natural History Society.*

|  |       |     |   |   |
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| Right Hon. Lord Lyttelton, Lord Lieutenant of the County | ....  | £50 | 0 | 0 |
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The Committee beg to state, that additional Donations, in furtherance of the object they have in view, will be received at the Banks of Messrs. Berwick and Co. Farley and Co., the Northern Central Bank of England, and the National Provincial Bank, or by the Secretary, Mr. John Evans, 53, Broad Street, Worcester.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

"We have much pleasure in recommending this periodical to our magazine-readers. Although the product of a Provincial press, it well deserves a rank among those of the Metropolis. To the midland counties we think it must prove very valuable: many of the articles are worthy of a *second* perusal; and that is saying much for a Magazine now-a-days."—*New Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

"This periodical is winning its way by modesty and unpretending good taste. Its strong *forte* seems to be science and natural history; and the papers upon such subjects are written in a popular and easy style. Perhaps, as a magazine for the midland counties, it would not be injudicious or unprofitable to enlarge the boundaries and take in local antiquities or topics of interest generally applicable to the 'Heart of Old England.' There is a delightful little account of the Gossamer and Spider. We should recommend too, as a candid piece of criticism, the Review of Sharon Turner's 'Sacred History of the Earth.' A sharp, biting, and just flagellation of various works upon the Topography of Worcestershire, will, we trust, stimulate some learned antiquarian to undertake a proper and judicious history, modern and ancient, of that delicious county."—*Gloucestershire Chronicle*.

"Such is the general competition for literary distinction, that the public reading of essays, prepared for this purpose by those by whom they are read is an exhibition of almost constant occurrence, and takes place at least twice every month in all the towns in—China!"\* We regret that we could not say in *Great Britain*. Original Essays are publicly read and lectures delivered in *some* of our principal towns and cities, amongst which, Worcester is not the least in rank; and its Monthly Journal of Science, the 'Analyst,' devotes a considerable portion of its pages to an impartial report of the proceedings of its public Institutions. The public reading of essays, or the delivery of lectures, would be of very limited utility if they were not reported, but their publication promotes the universal diffusion of knowledge and of the arts. Every number of the Analyst has been enriched by important literary and scientific intelligence, and the number for December contains an analysis of two lectures delivered to the Worcestershire Natural History Society, two to the Worcester Literary and Scientific Institution, a report of the 'Proceedings of the Cheltenham Philosophical Institution,' and no less than eight other pages devoted to the 'Fine Arts.' An amusing and able review of 'The Family Topographer' and other works on 'The Topography of Worcestershire,' fully proves that a good History of that County is yet much wanted. The critical notice of the 'Songs of Science,' by Walter Wagstaff, highly diverting. This number contains some exquisite poetry, and the 'Reviews of Prints and other illustrated works' are written with talent, brevity, and critical discernment. As the next number, which concludes the first volume, will contain a list of the subscribers to the Analyst, it will then, we trust, be proved that our anticipation, in a notice of a former number, of the high patronage which would be awarded to it, has been fully realised."—*Hereford Times*.

\* Brief Notice of China and Slam, by the Rev. W. Ellis, prefixed to Gutzlaff's Journal of three voyages along the Coast of China.

"This agreeable and highly interesting Periodical is indeed a combination of useful instruction and amusement rarely met with. The review of the Birmingham Exhibition of Modern Art, is a splendid critique, given with the pen of a master, full of glowing details and numberless beauties. The portion of this work appropriated to Reviews, is most ably conducted; the Editor appears impartial and just in his opinions."—*Hereford Times*.





















