

but, happily, there are a few others where the Author has received his reward of credit and honour, while he could appreciate their value: of their profits we will say nothing.—In the first rank stands the veteran Nichols, whose work may well be termed Herculean; an example for imitation, which perhaps few have health, spirits, and means to imitate, though eagerly inclined to become his rivals for fame. Far, however, be it from us to insinuate that excellence may not be attained in a smaller compass; witness Dugdale's Warwickshire, where the mind seems to rest perfectly satisfied, although we are fully persuaded, had the author wished it, the work might have been extended till, like Nichols, he had left little for a successor to accomplish; for, in the instance of Dugdale, pecuniary obstacles, the grand arch-enemy of the Historian, did not exist. In this description of work we turn and find every thing that is interesting belonging to the portion of the Island undertaken; but, as it is requisite to make the book useful and necessary for legal reference, a vast portion of matter must be introduced that is absolutely not readable by the publick at large. It is to supply this unavoidable defect that the Historical Tour becomes useful; in which it is in the power of the Author to confine himself to such facts alone as are acceptable to the general mass of readers. Leland's Itinerary is the first example we have of this kind; and it approaches so nearly to excellence, that we much doubt whether it is practicable to say more than he has within his prescribed limits. Pennant long entertained the publick by his ready pen in describing and giving slight histories of places; but he generally leads us along for hundreds of miles in a line, beyond which we know nothing from him. Viewing things in this light, it may be presumed we are highly gratified in finding that an experienced Antiquary has undertaken in the work before us to present the world with what it may wish to know of Pembroke-shire, unencumbered by those *minutiae* indispensable in the County History.

A Dedication is prefixed to Sir Richard Colt Hoare, bart. a gentleman to whom we are indebted for several similar publications; and in-

deed we are informed that he, in a great measure, caused the production of the present, as Mr. Fenton observes that Sir Richard suggested it, contributed to its maturity by his fostering encouragement, and added to its embellishments by his "fine taste in the application of the pencil:" hence he considers it connected with him by so many vital ties, that it cannot be separated from him without a species of violence, of which his heart will not allow him to be guilty.—He continues, "The act of inscribing the History of his native county with the name of Sir Richard must be considered as a dictate of justice, though under other circumstances it might be attributed to vanity;" "and the best sanction of my work (he adds) is the necessary result of those acts of your kindness which have blended you so essentially with its composition." Thus far Mr. Fenton considers himself to have been bound by duty: he advances next to gratify inclination, and speaks in these energetic and grateful terms, to pay the highest compliment a friend can receive from the man whom he has obliged: "Recollecting the numerous journeys in which we have traced together the vestiges of antiquity; the many hours of my existence which your conversation has informed and cheered; the thousand offices of sympathy and benevolence with which you have dissipated the gloom hanging heavily on my mind, and have alleviated that anguish which my own fortitude was insufficient to sustain; I must surrender myself to the temptation of proclaiming you, without any reference to the present volume, and without attending to the sensibilities and prohibition of your own delicate mind, as the friend of my fortunes and my life."

The divisions of this work are denominated Iters, and of these there are twelve, with a Map to illustrate the tour in Pembroke-shire, facing the first page. Mr. Fenton resides at Fishguard, but has not commenced his Tour from that place, which is noticed in another part of the volume. At the 8th page the Author mentions the parish of Lanwida, remarkable as the occasional residence of Giraldus, who was incumbent of it. Goodwick Sands in this neighbourhood are singularly level and firm, and afford a beautiful spot for riding of nearly a mile

in extent. "The barrier to these sands consists of a beach formed with pebbles, the aggregate of ages, backed by a high mound of sand consolidated by sedge and the dog rose, over which the horn poppy luxuriates with its delicate but perishable bloom. On the land side, an extensive moory flat occupies the whole vale, covered with low rush and the aromatic *myrica galea*." It has so happened, that the site under our notice has been the "scene of two remarkable military events at a very remote distance of time from each other: the first, a battle between Trahaearn ap Caradoc Prince of North Wales, and Rhys ap Owen, who with Rhydderch ap Caradoc had usurped the sovereignty of South Wales. Rhys had not long before sustained a defeat from the sons of Cadwgan, which encouraged Trahaearn to invade his territories; but Rhys, undismayed by his previous bad fortune, met him on this plain, where, after an obstinate contest, Rhys was again conquered, and finally lost his life in the pursuit which ensued."

The second event alluded to was the landing of the French troops under the command of Tate, on Goodwick beach, Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1797. Mr. Fenton introduces a narrative of that affair, by a well-turned apology for repeating the facts of an occurrence often detailed, though in his opinion erroneously: he declares the accounts of it are as various as the passions of the different narrators, some of whom magnified, in proportion as others diminished, the particulars, sacrificing truth to party-spirit, introducing malignant censure on one hand, and absurd adulation on the other, and disgracing a serious moment of danger with a levity ill-timed as childish. Left in this state of uncertainty, Mr. Fenton very justly supposes "a plain recapitulation of the most material facts might not be unacceptable, or without its use, by one on the spot, whose retired habits precluded him from a share in the council or the field, and who, therefore, had more leisure calmly to attend to all that was passing," and was thus enabled to remark those mysterious operations of Providence, "which, if narrowly observed, would often leave to the greatest heroes but little of the merit of those victories they presume to challenge."

Mr. Fenton describes the day already mentioned as one of the most serene and beautiful that had ever been remembered at that season of the year; and the three large ships which composed the hostile force, were seen standing in from the Channel with feelings suited to the supposition that they were Liverpool merchantmen becalmed; but, on their approaching nearer than usual on such occasions, the truth became apparent, and the terrified inhabitants soon saw boat-loads of their enemies advancing to the shore, who began to disembark, "a service that was not completed till midnight; by which time their casks of ammunition, heavy as they were, were rolled up an almost precipitous steep, grown glassy by the dryness of the weather. This was a task apparently so Herculean, as almost to exceed credibility; and what I question much, all circumstances considered, if greater powers in a better cause would not have hesitated to attempt." Fear, the great magnifier of danger, aided by the impossibility of ascertaining the numbers landed, caused a variety of exaggerated reports at Fishguard, where the inhabitants, unable to devise any better plan, determined upon flight, and those persons situated nearer to the scene of action, to an individual, left their dwellings, and took refuge in the rocks and thick furze.

"The first operation of the invaders had for its object the securing of provisions, which they did with an avidity that evinced they had lived indifferently while on their passage. "The fields," says Mr. Fenton, "were selected for the purpose of cookery, and the operations were carried on upon an immense scale. Not a fowl was left alive, and the geese were literally boiled in butter." Having satiated their appetites, they proceeded to plunder, and committed every brutal excess which, it appeared from the instructions, afterwards taken on board one of the frigates that conveyed them to Wales, those wretches were commissioned to execute. A singular occurrence contributed to the speedy subjugation of the desperadoes, through a vessel having been wrecked some time before their arrival on this precise spot, by which means almost every cottage was supplied with a cask of wine, "the intemperate use of which

which produced a frenzy that raised the men above the controul of discipline, and sunk many of their officers below the power of command; and to this principally, in gratitude to the Divine Being, may be ascribed the so speedy and happy termination of a business that seemed to menace a much more distressing catastrophe." Mr. Fenton has not a doubt they might have penetrated to Fishguard, and even to Haverfordwest, two places where it was possible to have committed almost irreparable mischief, had not the wine intervened, and opposed a check to these drunken invaders, which the small military force of the district could scarcely have effected in time to have saved those opulent towns.

Sensual indulgence so completely enervated the soldiery, and undermined their habits of discipline and obedience, that every attempt to rouse them to a sense of their own danger proved abortive: thus each effort "to restore order, only served to increase that licentiousness which actual correction ripened into mutiny;" a symptom that suggested to the French commander the necessity of an immediate surrender, which he proposed on Wednesday on terms, subsequently, on our part, rendered absolutely unconditional: and these "the French soldiery, beginning to awake from their delirium, and capable of reflecting on the fluttering advantages they had lost, acceded to, with a sort of sulkily submission to the imperiousness of the terms."

Mr. Fenton elegantly depicts the return of the peasants to their homes, and the reverting of all things to their pristine order; and informs us he had an interest beyond most others in the general exultation; "as it," he says, "relieved my mind, as a parent, from an anxiety inexpressible, which it had suffered respecting my infant, then at nurse in a cottage on the summit of the rocky steep on which the landing was effected, the first ransacked and plundered, and of whose fate I remained in uncertainty for twodays."

Previously to Mr. Fenton's entering upon his account of the Cathedral of St. David, which he modestly terms a mere revival of those of preceding authors, he informs us in a note, that he purposes to give an enlarged and corrected edition of Browne Willis's work on this subject. He imagines

that some fancied sanctity attached to the site induced the founder to select the damp marshy ground whereon it is erected. "Nor was the veneration for the antient site at all lessened when the present fabrick rose under the auspices of Peter de Leia, who, to make room for the extension of the building Eastward, excavated the hill till he bared the spring, the *origo mali* that fed the moisture which rendered it necessary to raise the building on piles." Perhaps we have not a more remarkable instance of the irresistible dictates of superstition than this, where a foundation was chosen almost as improper as if De Leia had selected the bed of a river for the site of a Cathedral. Giraldus, in his Life of St. David, refers to this spring as holy and miraculous; and, although Mr. Fenton remembers it open, and yielding water of the purest quality, it is now clogged with rubbish, and "was always most unaccountably suffered to lose itself under the Church, thereby continuing the mischief it was meant from the first to obviate or to remedy, and which must unavoidably hasten the downfall of the venerable fabrick."—We find, from Mr. Fenton's description, to which we must refer our Readers, that the Cathedral of St. David furnishes some rich specimens of the Saxon and Pointed styles of Architecture, particularly in the latter, of the æra of Edward III. in a beautiful Rood-loft. The Bishop's throne, we also learn from him, is not to be paralleled for workmanship by any in the kingdom but that at Exeter.

This part of Mr. Fenton's Tour is enlivened by a brilliant sketch of the life of Archdeacon Holcombe, the last though not least benefactor to St. David's; a gentleman that malice has in vain attempted to strip of the honours due to him on that account. According to Mr. Fenton, he was a man of boundless expence and spirit, which he demonstrated by the various repairs and improvements around him. "His attachment to St. David's began at an early period of life, and in every stage of it was marked with fervour and constancy. A wish every way to serve and aggrandize it, was his ruling principle, to which health, time, and fortune were sacrificed." The whole of his establishment was upon the most enlarged scale;

scale; and even his "double bottles, in common with every thing else, were inscribed with the Welsh motto of *Llwyddiant y Tyddewi*, Prosperity to St. David's."—"Hospitality carried to excess marked the residence of the Archdeacon, which was ever open to his Clergy, and not only to them and his neighbours, but it was literally a general rendezvous: Every stranger who had the smallest appearance of a gentleman found a welcome reception; and it was his own fault, if he did not feel himself at home, though a stranger. To come as a visitor to St. David's, was a sufficient support to his notice; and the Antiquary and the Tourist never had occasion to regret the want of a good inn there, unless they churlishly chose to decline an invitation offered with fascinating frankness peculiar to him, and irresistible." Mr. Fenton laments, that there are many who, neglecting the excellent maxim of speaking nothing ill of the dead, still point out the failings of the Archdeacon ("failings he certainly had, in common with our frail and imperfect species;") and barely allow his memory a single virtue, and then accompanied by a drawback equivalent to a vice, "branding his liberality with extravagance, and his conviviality with intemperance; calling his hospitality a trap, and assigning some selfish or sinister motive to every action of his, however it might have, and most frequently had, its source in the noblest feelings."—We shall not follow Mr. Fenton further on this subject than to say, Mr. Holcombe made every possible effort to obtain subscriptions for restoring the dilapidated parts of the Cathedral, which unfortunately formed a considerable portion of it, but succeeded only in rebuilding the West front. It will perhaps excite some sympathy to hear, after what has been already related, that, "with his removal from St. David's, his happiness ended, and he soon fell a victim to domestic miseries, mortifying reflections, and disappointed hopes."

The account given by the author of Milford-haven, and of the establishments there, are extremely interesting. The late Sir W. Hamilton was the founder of whatever advantages the nation has or may derive from those establishments. That gentleman was lord of the manors of Hub-

berston and Pill, and owner of several large farms near the village of the former name; and happening to be there in the year 1784, with his nephew the Honourable Mr. C. Greville, he gave the manors into his exclusive direction, with full powers to make the most profitable use of the lands. "It was then agreed that an application should be made to Parliament, to obtain the requisite objects for a Commercial town, and an occasional source of the Royal Navy." An Act was accordingly obtained in 1790, by which Sir William, his heirs and assigns, were empowered to make legal quays and docks at the East and West limits of Pill farms, establish markets, make roads and avenues, and to regulate the police of the place. It appears that Mr. Greville had to sustain the whole weight of this infant undertaking, as Sir W. Hamilton merely contributed what he thought proper, without entering into the risk incurred. As part of the plan was to convey the mails from England to Ireland, Mr. G. naturally thought it expedient to erect an inn for the accommodation of the passengers by the coaches and packets: this was done, the town laid out, and the ground eagerly applied for, and rapidly covered with buildings, "so that in a very few years such was its progressive enlargement, that something more than the skeletons of streets met the eye, where now some handsome public and private buildings occur, and the whole begins to assume an air of neatness and consequence." The Trinity-house and the lessees, wishing to give safety to the vessels which approach the coast and entrance of Milford, empowered Mr. Greville to execute Captain Huddart's plans for the new position of the lights, and thus the place is secure in a commercial point of view. Lord Spencer suggested the idea of a dock-yard for the construction of men of war at Milford, where, previously, it was impossible to have even a coasting vessel repaired. M. Barrallier received the appointment of superintendant; and three ships have been built at Milford after his models; the *Nautilus*, *Lavinia*, and the *Milford*, of 74 guns.

"The Southern Whale fishery has been carried on with great success from Milford; but the regulations and bounties of that fishery have been

neither

neither favourable to the fishermen nor to the publick, as they enable great capitals to monopolize the whole of the oil produced by it; and Milford fishery will be able to break through that monopoly only when premiums are either abolished, or limited to such vessels as go out fitted exclusively for fishing."—Every thing seems to have been attempted at this place to render it an object of national utility; a School for the advancement of the art of navigation, and an Observatory for astronomical observations, already exist; and Lord Cawdor and Mr. Greville, to promote and second those pursuits, have established an annual boat-race.

We have dwelt on the preceding particulars, and interspersed them with occasional extracts, for the double purpose of shewing the various natures of the subjects treated of, and the language in which they are conveyed. There are a great variety of others, which we much wished to have noticed.

The work consists of 587 pages, and an Appendix of twenty interesting Articles, with a good Index. In the Appendix is a curious relation of the discomfiting and routing the Earl of Carbery and his forces out of the County of Pembroke, manned and performed, under God, by the valiant and courageous gentleman Colonel Rowland Laugharne, &c. &c. in 1643, and an account of William Marshall Earl of Pembroke's sons dying issueless, from Dugdale's Baronage.

The Portrait of Mr. Fenton by Woodforde, and engraved by Woolnoth, is, extremely well executed, and the title-page is embellished with a neat engraving of a Cromlech drawn by Sir Richard Hoare, to whom the author was indebted for many of the sketches illustrative of his work. The Plates are 30 in number, and the Artists employed have exerted themselves with great success in giving a rich clear effect to their subjects. In conclusion, we heartily wish Mr. Fenton the encouragement we have endeavoured to prove he has merited.

42. *Effusions of Fancy; consisting of the Birth of Friendship, the Birth of Affection, and the Birth of Sensibility.* By Miss Macauley; small 2vo. pp. 140. Longman and Co.

THE Preface to this little Volume

might furnish a suitable Appendix to the "Calamities of Authors."

"A child of genius labours at the midnight lamp, vainly struggling in the toils of poverty, sinks at last upon the bed of famine and despair, leaving the wreath of fame to decorate an early tomb:—the universal cry then is, 'Oh, had I but known it sooner!' Alas! this regret comes too late to chase one tear of misery from the pallid cheek of the sufferer whose fate is lamented.—I am persuaded, that many a brilliant genius is lost to the world, pining in obscurity, and lacking encouragement. It is indeed an Herculean task, to pass through all the difficulties, the torments of a literary undertaking—and that hundreds sink under them is not to be wondered at; it is rather a matter of surprise, that any rise above them—since it requires a fortitude almost supernatural. 'Works of merit,' it is said, 'will find their way.' It may be so; but the path is so tedious, that the poor author, having no other resource, may perish ere his productions have travelled one tenth part of their journey.—Dramatic writing is the only one at present from which independence is to be hoped: but here the avenues are closed to all *casual candidates* for public favour, unless supported by some uncommon interest. Perhaps it is right it should be so: the applications are so numerous, that even if there is the will, all claims cannot be attended to, and each disappointed person levels a censure. I, as one of that number, am tenacious in passing an opinion: it could not be impartial, and might be unjust; it is, therefore, more wisdom to avoid it, than judgment to engage in it.—Unable, from the decline of health, to pursue my profession of the Stage, in which, for eight years, I have been engaged; compelled (at least for a time) to relinquish its fatigues, until returning strength might again place it in my power to resume my professional duties—literary pursuits were my only hope. I journeyed six hundred miles to present a dramatic piece to the theatres; but, after being tossed on the billows of expectation for a length of time, my every hope on that head was lost, and it became necessary for me to pursue another plan. . . . I do not offer any apology for my literary intrusion on the publick; neither do I sue for favour at the price of candour, or crave indulgence in opposition to judgment. Hope has played her monkey gambols so long, and disappointment trod upon her heels so constantly, that the sanguine colouring of youth in its first onset, assumes the sombre hue of gravity, and, with patient submission, awaits

awaits the caprices of fortune. I do not make a trade of heroism; but could wish, that my fortitude might be less frequently called in question. The tale of my life, however simple, might afford an useful lesson to the timid of heart, who shrink from disappointment, and have not courage to endure with firmness the various evils to which the votaries of genius are perpetually subject.... Miss Macauley's last appearance on the stage was in Cork, in the month of June, 1811. Her physicians then ordered her to quit the stage, for at least twelve months, or her life would be in the utmost danger. She feels it necessary to mention this, lest her quitting the stage, and returning to it again (which she, in all probability, will now do), should have the appearance of caprice."

Thus far in the words of the fair Authoress; whose literary abilities, chilled as they are by penury, are above mediocrity. Miss Macauley is at present, we understand, the first performer on the Southampton Stage, a young woman of the most unblemished character, and of great talents in her profession. She has been precluded from exerting those talents in her profession by ill-health, occasioned by devoting herself to the care of a Sister, who died after a long and expensive illness. She has also to assist a helpless, aged, widowed Mother.

The "Effusions" are in a sort of measured prose; but each of them is introduced by a short Poem, from the first of which "On Friendship," addressed to Mrs. Gale, we take a few lines, which have been "sweetly composed by Mr. Benison, an English gentleman, now residing in Dublin, a professor of music."

" 'Tis entwin'd round the heart, the region of faith, [stream;
Where no tainted spot must e'er sully the
It flows from a fountain, as pure as the
dews, [the green.
Which, dropping from Heaven, enliven
It feels no sensation of selfish delight,
Its tear or its smile is no touch of its own;
The sweet emanation which springs from
the heart,
Those hearts in which Friendship has
seated her throne.

Distinguish'd of virtue, by goodness esteem'd, [trac'd
For vice never knew thee, nor folly e'er
The violet path which engenders no thorn,
Where Friendship by Friendship supremely is grac'd.

Then hail, lovely Friendship! thy blessings we'll share,
Thy faith, thy affection, thy love; [pare
The delicate soul by thy charms shall pre-
To partake in the raptures above."

43. *The Folly and Criminality of Inquiries into Futurity: A Sermon, preached at Carfax Church, Oxford, June 14, 1812. By the Rev. Thomas Falconer, M. A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; 8vo. pp. 25. Cooke, and Murray.*

FROM 2 Kings i. 3. in the case of Ahaziah King of Israel consulting Baal-zebub the god of Ekron, and from the similar transaction of Saul with the Sorceress at Endor, Mr. Falconer very ably establishes "the Folly and Criminality" of the practice he exposes; and farther illustrates the subject by the absurdities of modern Unbelievers and modern Prophets. Having shewn "the criminality of searching into futurity," Mr. Falconer observes,

"It is incompatible with the exercise of one of the greatest of our Christian duties, namely, that of prayer, not only as it consists of petition, but as it relates to adoration and thanksgiving.... One of the great privileges which the Almighty has annexed to prayer, is the possibility of averting punishment, when the moral state of the petitioner shall be altered."

"The lying prophet supersedes repentance, which God will accept, and promises temporal blessings, when God will execute judgment. In prayer we address a Being, who is merciful as well as just, who will delay judgment till he can be no longer merciful, for he willeth not the death of a sinner. But punishment comes at length only when the eternal relation between justice and offences must take place instead of the covenant of mercy and forgiveness, whose conditions man has in vain been persuaded to observe. Let us consider then, that the vicissitudes of life may tempt man to murmur; that he is too much disposed to command the future, either by his plans or his inquiries; and against this unholy temper, which suggests rash enterprise, and a contempt of the consideration of the means to be employed, there is one all-powerful restraint, one source of light in darkness, of solace in despondency, of humble expectation in every extremity, an anchor of the soul in all the tempests of human affairs, the regulator of the affections, and the purifier of the heart—the spirit and practice of habitual prayer."

44. *Physiological Reflections on the Destructive Operation of Spiritous and Fermented Liquors on the Animal System.* By Thomas Forster, F. L. S. 8vo. pp. 57. Underwood.

THE well-meaning Author of this Pamphlet is a determined enemy to *Wine*, as well as *Spirits*; and his zeal seems equally active in its way with that of our Friend John Carter against Architectural Innovation.

"The destructive operation of wine and spirits," he says, "when taken in a degree not sufficient to produce inebriety, are slower, and their evil effects less obvious to the superficial observer, than when drunk to excess. This is probably the reason why so few people are aware of the danger of such practices."

We admit, in its fullest extent, the whole of Mr. Forster's reasoning against the use of *Spirits*; but cannot possibly agree with him in his total interdiction of *Wine*. We admire his philanthropy; but shall not follow his zealous recommendation of adopting water and a vegetable diet, in preference to animal food and generous wine.—Many of his observations, however, are well worthy the attention of the Reader, and are delivered with that degree of modest diffidence which well becomes a young Writer. His remarks on Disorders of the *Liver*, on *Dropsy*, and on *Jaundice*, are judicious; and he has given some new and ingenious observations on the *Tooth-ache*.—A few detached paragraphs will give some idea of the work.

"The Sacred Writers, and indeed the writings of the Antients in general, abound with references to the destructive tendency of wine."

"A notion is entertained by some, that those who have been long accustomed to strong drinks, cannot leave them off with safety. This, however, the experience of many who have tried the experiment, shows to be a mistake. It will be said again, that the Oriental nations, who subsist on vegetable diet, and use no wine nor spirits, are nevertheless as subject to diseases, though perhaps not so much so, as Europeans. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that they are free from the pernicious use of great stimulation. Half Asia is enfeebled by the use of opium and tobacco: and even among the Gentoos strong spices are used as pleasant stimuli."

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"A common notion prevails, that people drink themselves, as the phrase is, into dropsies. I need not take the trouble, I think, to refute the vulgar prejudice, that there is a connexion between the quantity of fluid drank and the fluid of the dropsy. Popular opinions, however, though often erroneous in certain particulars, have generally some foundation in experience; and the very frequent occurrence of dropsical complaints in persons who have been great toppers, has, it seems, given rise to this idea."

"Jaundice, it is well known, may often be satisfactorily traced to spiritous stimulus, as well as to anxiety, or any other cause of visceral irritation. Jaundice and dropsy often occur together at the conclusion of the lives of those who have drank freely of these liquors, and exhibit a striking picture of the lamentable termination of a constitution weakened and irritated by their continual use."

"I would by no means be understood to undervalue the pleasure of the senses, which Nature has prepared for the use of every animal in due proportion. It is my object only to condemn those which, in their nature, are incompatible with the pleasure of the mind, and which diminish, by degrees, the enjoyment of their own repetition. In short, I wish mankind to fly from the orgia of Bacchus, which destroy together the pleasure of sense and intellect, and to court Pomona in the garden of Nature, where both may be alternately enjoyed with impunity."

"A person suffering from a temporary loss or disappointment, has recourse to the use of wine or spirits, the stimulus of which affords a momentary relief from mental sufferings. A disordered state of the digestive organs is, however, invariably the consequence of such practices, which, re-acting on the sensorium, increases the mental disorder, and gives it a peculiar character. The patient, now, is not only distressed about the original subject of grief, but takes atrabiliary views of every surrounding object. The constant habit of drinking, by weakening the digestive powers, predisposes the viscera to disorder; and by this means renders them more liable to be affected by the mind, and to re-act on it to the aggravation of the original disturbance."

"As an additional proof of the connexion of madness with disorders of the chylopoietic viscera, I may remind the reader, that obstinate irregularities in the functions of the bowels have been observed to precede the death of maniacs.—Van Swieten relates a curious

CASE

case of some maniacs cured by a diet of fruits."

The Appendix contains, among other interesting articles, a Letter from Mr. Reynolds, of Hackney, on the treatment of "Fevers" which in the latter stages might be called *typhus*, in which the following paragraph is particularly to be remarked:

"During my service in the West Indies, and in the Mediterranean, I was forcibly struck with the simplicity and success of the practice pursued by the French physicians, and the advantage of which I very soon took occasion to avail myself of. Having under my care a number of men ill of a very severe attack of fever, that in the latter stages might be termed *typhus*, and finding that my stimulant plan was ever abortive, I ventured on that simple mode hereafter explained, and had a very just cause to regret that I had not thought for myself much sooner in life. . . . Instead of pouring down bark and wine, when symptoms of delirium, extreme debility, quick and weak pulse, with incoherent mutterings, were present, I had recourse to gentle warm ablutions, and barley water decoctions: to which was added as much lemon juice and sugar as made it palatable. The bowels were first opened by solutions of sulphas magnesiae; then the mild *daephonis* was maintained by the simple cooling *tyshan* acidulated with lemons: and I can safely declare, upon the honour of a man who despises the hollow pomp of medical phraseology to help him out, that I had the pleasure of seeing some hundreds, both British and French, arise from their beds, and walk."

45. *Remarks on Baths, Water, Swimming, Shampooing, Heat, Hot, Cold, and Vapor Baths.* By M. L. Este, Esq. late Lecturer on *Animated Nature and the Philosophy of the Animal Economy at the Royal Institution of Great Britain; Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; and of several other Learned Societies at home and abroad.* 8vo. pp. 86. Gale and Co.

THESE Remarks, the result of talent and long experience, are well worthy the public attention. They contain much useful observation, on Steam Baths, Heat and Warm Baths, Sea Water Baths, &c. &c. As a specimen, we extract an article that may be new to many of our Readers:

"*Shampooing* is an expedient neither known nor understood in this country, but generally used in India and the Levant as a luxury, and often resorted to

as a remedy, in very high estimation. The operation is performed by people regularly trained to the office, called *Shampoo-men*; and, to be agreeable, must be done with art: it consists in gently pressing and turning the body, rendered previously supple and pliant by warm and vapour bathing: the Shampoo-man causes the following joints to crack without any trouble; the wrist, the elbow, the shoulder; the vertebrae of the neck, and of the back; the instep, the knee, and the hip; and he performs this task as if he were a perfect anatomist. When last in the Mediterranean, I saw and submitted to the operation, which was done in the usual manner: to effect the purpose in the dorsal vertebrae, the Shampooing attendant was placed upon a low chair, and made the bather sit upon the ground before it, putting the knee against the concave part of the back, and laying hold of both shoulders, he suddenly pulled them backwards; and at the same time gave the body an oblique sidling motion; which caused the dorsal articulations to crack, with two distinct explosions, nearly similar to the report of a small pop-gun;—as this was done with much expertness, the sensations were singular, and for a moment rather disagreeable; the shampooing attendant then began to knead the limbs, grasping, pounding and gently squeezing the flesh, with the whole hands, like so much dough, from the extremities to the centre, thereby removing every sensation of pain, and concluded the business by putting on a camel-hair glove, and by rubbing the skin briskly, which took from it all the porous atheromatous obstructions, and rendered it soft and smooth as satin.—The sensations after stuping and macerating a long time in warm water, and in steam, after the process of shampooing, are certainly very different from sensations of weakness; they are delightful: for in the bath, health is admitted at every pore; while the latter process imparts to each particular joint its full freedom and all its latitude of motion*: the whole gives an ease, a pliability, a suppleness, and an activity, equally invigorating to the mind and to the body, which may serve both to correct the vulgar prejudice of the 'relaxing effects' of warm bathing, and to confirm the justness of the inference the antients drew of the *MENS SANA* from the *CORPORE SANO*."

* "The use of the *dumb bells*, common in India, the *quinqueria*, and projectile exercises of the Romans, cannot be too strongly recommended as contributing to give strength and full latitude of motion to the joints of the upper extremities."

46. *Hyper-*

46. *Hypercriticism exposed: in a Letter addressed to the Readers of "The Quarterly Review," respecting an Article in the XIVth Number of that Publication, professing to be an Examen of Mr. Stephen Jones's Edition of the "Biographia Dramatica," lately published. By a Friend to Candour and Truth. 8vo. pp. 44. Murray.*

WE have not the arrogance to presume attempting to review Reviewers; but, in the present instance, the business is performed to our hands by "the Friend to Candour and Truth;" who has evidently drawn the Vindication from Documents furnished by Mr. Jones; though, to avoid the perpetual occurrence of Egotism, the Pamphlet is written in the Third Person. This farther appears from a paragraph, signed "Stephen Jones," expressing his

"Sense of obligation to the liberality of Mr. Murray, in having most readily undertaken the publication of this pamphlet; the object of which is to refute certain strictures in a 'Review' of which he is himself the sole Proprietor, though the conducting of it is, necessarily, confided to other hands."

The mode in which the Defence is conducted, is certainly the fairest that could have been devised.

"The most simple and clear method," says the Writer, "of remarking on the critique in question, perhaps, will be, by reprinting such parts of it as are to the present purpose, and affixing observations in the shape of Notes..... It is with infinite reluctance, that, for the first time in his life, Mr. Jones's concerns are obtruded on the public notice; and it is now only in vindication of his character from aspersions, under which it is not possible for human nature to maintain silence..... The Publick had never been troubled, on Mr. Jones's account, with one word of appeal against the most severe attacks of *real* criticism upon any parts of his work that were fairly open to censure; but the article alluded to is altogether PERSONAL."

That the Reader may judge for himself, we shall copy the first quotation, and subjoin to it the Vindicator's Notes.

* "Why Messrs. Baker and Reed omitted to confess the obligations (if any) that they were under to Cibber's book, is not for me to say. When Mr. Jones has adopted any thing from it, he has quoted his authority."

† "This Introduction, 'jejune and vapid' as the Critic may think it, was compiled by Mr. Reed; who, in his interleaved copy of the edition of 1782, had not, to the time of his decease, 1807, seen occasion to alter half a dozen words in it. Mr. Jones continued this introductory History of the Stage, from the death of Garrick, where

"The Critic says, speaking of Shiel's, or, as it is more commonly called, Cibber's, *Lives of the Poets*, 1753,—'We cannot but express our surprise at the silence with which this collection is passed over by Baker and Reed, in the volumes before us. It could not arise from any conviction of the unworthiness of the publication; for, notwithstanding all that has subsequently been contributed to this department of literature, it may yet be read with pleasure, and referred to with advantage. In an account of the first edition of the work before us, it is said, that 'Mr. Baker had the use of some manuscripts belonging to Mr. Coxeter, a person very diligent in collecting materials for the lives of the English poets;'—it might be so,—but the very title-page of Cibber's volumes mentions, that 'the MS notes of the late ingenious Mr. Coxeter' had been, ten years before, laid under contribution for his service. It is an undissembled truth, to which Goldsmith has somewhere borne witness, that, about this period, the consciences of our literary compilers were far from delicate: what they stole*, however, they failed to improve; and the dramatic writers have, of all others, been least indebted to their biographers; for, excepting an accidental circumstance now and then forcing itself upon their attention, it is inconceivable how little was added, for nearly a century, to the information derived from Fuller, Langhaine; and Wood.... When Isaac Reed undertook to revise a prior edition of this work, he brought to the task an extent of bibliographical knowledge, and an acquaintance with editions and dates not possessed by former histrionic biographers; and this, added to the information acquired in revising Dodsley's *Old Plays*, gave his volumes a decided superiority over those of his predecessors. Thirty years have elapsed since Reed's publication, during which, the labour bestowed on the illustration of Shakspeare in particular, and on the early dramatic poets generally, has produced more materials relating to the history of the stage, than had been obtained by the researches of a century preceding. We cannot, therefore, but think it extremely ill-judged, to reprint the jejune and vapid 'Introduction' prefixed to the former editions of the *Biographia Dramatica*†. But thus it is: a work on

the drama is called for,—a former book, the best perhaps* on the subject, is adopted for a foundation,—some humble corrector of the press† offers his services as editor‡,—the publishers know nothing of his ability, and care as little§,—but

where it was left by Mr. Reed, to a very recent period; making such occasional alterations as seemed to be necessary.—And here, in this early part of my Letter, it may not be amiss to observe, that if ever there was a man distinguished in any department of literature ‘above his fellows,’ the late Mr. Isaac Reed was that man. In every thing that regarded the drama, or stage-history, he was the person universally consulted; and his decisions were usually received with as perfect confidence, as the oracles were used to place in the responses of their oracles. Mr. Gifford, indeed; has justly observed, in the Introduction to his recent edition of Massinger’s works (p. xxxvii.), ‘It is seldom safe to differ from Mr. Reed, on subjects of this nature.’ But our more sagacious Critic, in his furor against Mr. Jones, would evidently wish to inculcate the contrary opinion, and insinuate, that it was ‘seldom safe to adopt the opinions of Mr. Reed;’ a gentleman, ‘who,’ as the late Mr. Seward said (Biographiana, p. 578), ‘modestly and wisely confining his efforts to one particular branch of literature, had arrived at such a degree of eminence in it, that his literary friends were at a loss which to admire most, his power or his inclination to assist them.’ The reader may, perhaps, think it whimsical enough, but it will be proved as I proceed, that, though the Critick can scarcely find language sufficiently contemptuous to satisfy his spleen against Mr. Jones, his attacks are almost wholly directed, throughout his critique, against the articles of Mr. Reed; which Mr. Jones, seeing no reason to alter, left as he found them, and where the reader may still find them, in the edition of 1782.”

* “Had the Critick a single doubt about it, when he penned this superfluous adverb?”

† “There is not in human nature (says Fielding) a more odious disposition, than a proneness to contempt; nor is there any which more certainly denotes a bad mind.”—Humility, surely, is no crime, Master Critick; neither is arrogance a virtue. Mr. Jones, probably, may possess nearly as much of the former as his Reviewer does of the latter; and that certainly is saying a great deal.”

‡ “Mr. Jones never once entertained an idea of ‘offering his services;’ but was induced to undertake the work at the particular request of his friend, Mr. Reed.”

§ “Bravo, most gentlemanly and candid Critick! The Publishers and Proprietors of the work, who rank with the very first in their profession, will, no doubt, be duly sensible of all obligations to you for *their* part in this compliment. Is it to be credited, however, that, not *such* men, but *any* men in *their* senses, would have entrusted a work of so peculiar a nature as is the ‘Biographia Dramatica’ to the hands of one, whom they did not well know to be otherwise qualified, than as a mere ‘corrector of the press?’ How stands the fact?—Even from his boyish days, fascinated by the charms of Shakspeare, inclination had led Mr. Jones to devote his leisure time to the perusal of the works of the early British Dramatists, and of other writings connected with the Stage. He commenced a purchaser of Dramatic Literature at the sale of Mr. Henderson’s Library, in the year 1785; since which time, a vigilant and discriminative, rather than a dashing collector, his plays, and books on histrionic subjects, have gradually accumulated to a number that is, perhaps, exceeded by very few private libraries in the Metropolis. Not a mere collector of such works, however, he has, his life through, been a studious reader and observer on them; hence the margins of his copy of Mr. Reed’s ‘Biographia Dramatica’ were crowded with remarks; either pointing out passages or characters in certain plays that were borrowed from others; disclosing the sources of plots and incidents in many; or correcting mistaken, or supplying earlier, dates of the plays recorded, &c. His Memoranda of this nature he was accustomed from time to time to take to Mr. Reed, who entered such of them as had not been anticipated by him, in his interleaved copy. In the course of frequent communications of this kind, during an intimate acquaintance from about the year 1790, Mr. Reed, doubtless, had an opportunity of ascertaining whether Mr. Jones’s taste, talents, and resources, were, or were not, such as qualified him to undertake the task of preparing a new edition of his book, which increasing infirmities had long left him without a hope of being able himself to carry into effect, though he had made many memoranda with that view; and on an offer being made to Mr. Reed for the purchase of his interleaved copy, that gentleman assured Mr. Longman, that if it was intended to give the publick a new edition of the work, ‘*he knew no one, in every respect, so competent to the task as Mr. Stephen Jones.*’ Nor was this the only proof of the confidence placed in Mr. Jones’s literary ‘ability’ by Mr. Reed. In February 1801, that gentleman sent to Mr. Jones a pressing request to see him as

the undertaker, 'nothing doubting', hurries through his job; the volumes are ready by the 'winter season', the market is supplied, and—literature is disgraced†. All this is truly pitiable, and impeaches in no slight degree the character of a set of men, who are assuredly not wanting in liberality."

In like manner the Pamphlet proceeds, through a series of LXX Notes; in which the Reader's attention is drawn to the supposed Author of the Review; but, as these are impenetrable secrets, we shall not dare to lift up the veil; and shall only add the concluding manly paragraph:

"Unconscious, however, of having deserved the enmity of any man, and self-assured that he has spared no pains to do complete justice to the confidence reposed in him, Mr. Jones finally appeals from the decision of this Pseudo-critick, to that of a discerning and generous Publick (by whose favour he has been already laid under countless obligations); with an humble confidence, that he shall not

fail to experience at their hands—AN HONOURABLE ACQUITTAL."

And now, heartily wishing Mr. Jones a good deliverance, we take our leave.

47. *The Epistles of Horace; translated into English Verse; small 8vo. pp. 88. Birmingham, O. and H. Smith.*

FROM the distinguished rank which Horace has ever deservedly held among the Roman Poets, his Translators and Imitators have been almost innumerable; and an excellent Edition of his whole Works might easily be formed out of the various detached portions of them which have been attempted by Writers who would have shrunk from the task of translating the whole. Such a Selection was given, and with good effect, by Mr. Duncombe, which passed through two editions; since which period, a considerable number of single Odes and Epistles have been given to the publick, in a variety of shapes, many

soon as possible. On his arrival, Mr. Reed said, that he found himself extremely ill, and begged that Mr. Jones would oblige him by taking upon himself the management, for him, of a most respectable monthly publication, of which Mr. Reed was well known to have been many years the editor, as well as a proprietor; and in which Mr. Jones had, from the beginning of the year 1797, assisted in particular departments. The latter cheerfully complied with his friend's request; but, finding him, a few months after, pretty well recovered, entreated of him to take the work again into his own hands: this, however, Mr. Reed always declined, from that time to the day of death: contenting himself with occasionally furnishing such biographical or critical Articles, as inclination prompted, and the state of his health allowed. It may be added, that Mr. Jones, in the year 1795, gave to the publick 'A History of Poland,' from its origin as a nation to that year; that he has since produced 'A Biographical Dictionary,' which has passed through six editions, comprising, together, about 25,000 copies; and 'A Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language,' on the plan of Mr. Sheridan, of which at least 50,000 (in 8vo. and 12mo.) have been circulated. Of his 'Table-Talk' of Dr. Johnson, and other works of less note, I forbear to speak; but may be allowed to mention, before I conclude this Note, that Mr. Jones has been nearly twenty years Editor of one of the oldest and most respectable of our metropolitan Evening Newspapers.—I am sorry, Gentlemen, to have detained you so long on this part of my subject: it is not only unpleasing, but exceedingly painful, to Mr. Jones, to have himself thus forced, as it were, into a disgusting sort of egotism: but the occasion appeared imperatively to call for it; that such respectable persons as share the property of the 'Biographia Dramatica,' should not be left without vindication from so unfounded and malignant a charge, as that of having 'known nothing, and cared as little, about the ability' of the person whom they engaged to prepare for the publick a continuation of that work."

* "He knew no particular cause why he should doubt; but felt a modest confidence that he could do justice to what he had undertaken."

† "The plain answer to this is, that Mr. Jones was most sedulously employed upon it the far greater part of EIGHT YEARS: much more frequently continuing to write till two or three hours after midnight, than resting an hour short of that time; and during the whole of the period just mentioned, his course of reading and inquiry was almost exclusively directed to the purposes of this work."

‡ "Polite Literature, and 'the Critick's noble name,' are in much more danger of being disgraced by the writer of the Article under consideration; in which there appears to be neither candour, nor even the negative merit of good intention: it is, in fact, the opprobrium of genuine criticism."

of which are well worth preserving. The only question is, where is the man of taste, or the conclave of critics, who shall decide on the selection. If a Committee were appointed for the purpose, the very learned Annotator in our late Volumes might be an excellent Chairman, and would doubtless contribute his "Illustrations;" and the nervous Imitator of Juvenal and Persius would be in himself a Host. Walter Scott could select some of the most beautiful Odes, as translated by Miss Seward; and Mr. Hayley might, probably, be tempted to re-string his lyre, and add to the Collection.

The Author of the little Volume now before us would, in such a case, be tried by his Peers; and some specimen, at least, of his poetical talent might have place in the *Pic-nic* Volumes; and his name, now modestly concealed, be creditably announced.

At present, the Reader is only told that "the first, second, third, fourth, seventh, and tenth Epistles, have appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*."—This shews our opinion of six of the Epistles; and that opinion is not lessened by a perusal of the whole.

42. *Napoleon: a Poem; in which that Arch Apostate from the Cause of Liberty is held up to the just Indignation of an injured People; concluding with an Address to France: dedicated to the British Army in Spain. By the Rev. C. Colton, M. A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Author of "Hypocrisy," a satirical Poem, with copious Notes and Anecdotes, Political, Historical, and Illustrative. 8vo. pp. 32. Hatchard.*

"THERE is one question, which it would puzzle Frenchmen to answer, and which it is of the highest importance to Napoleon to prevent their proposing to themselves: *What are Frenchmen fighting for?* This question it is one object of the following poem to solve. . . . The Address to France, which concludes the poem, may be considered by many, as a shaft that can never reach its object, a 'Telum imbellè sine ictu;' and in truth it would have been so, was I not empowered to say that the Marquis De Sy is at this moment occupied in translating this little poetical effort into French verse. His talents for the task, no one who has seen that Nobleman's elegant and spirited translation of Claudian, can doubt. That the following lines, such as they are, will be read in Paris, and that every justice

will be done them in the translation, I may venture to affirm. How far I have succeeded in my object of lowering Buonaparte in the opinion of the French nation, is another question."

The character of Napoleon, as may be supposed, is pretty highly coloured; and the Address to France, which is very animated, thus concludes:

"But shouldst thou, France, to honour
lost and shame,
Still link thy fortunes to an Alien's name,
Still fight *his* battles, better lost than
gain'd,
Disgrac'd if *vanguish'd*, but if victor,
Shouldst thou still press a serpent to thy
breast,

And foster all the vipers of his nest, [ply,
Then Albion's self a champion shall sup-
Of lion-port, prompt hand, and eagle-eye,
With whom Napoleon weigh'd, shall kick
the beam,

To 'point a moral,' or enforce a theme;
Mark! where, with glory crown'd, great
WELLESLEY's star,

Lord of th' Ascendant! rules Iberia's war!
But, think not, France, *We* wish to see
restor'd [horde:

Thy trembling vassal and thy feudal
The grinding impost, and the torturing
wheel,

Th' horrific letter, and the mute Bastile;
Nor that vile code, which men in dun-
geons barr'd, [guard;

The sacred rights of *beasts* and *woles* to
Think not *We* wish reviv'd that miscreant
band [plann'd,

That Paul confirm'd, and shrewd Ignatius
With Friars and Monks, created to con-
sume [Rome;

Thy fruits, — those locusts foul of Papal
Of superstition, or of just the slaves,
La'Trappe's mistaken fools, or sly Fran-
ciscan knaves. [knows,

Britain too well the sweets of freedom
And deprecates oppression, e'en to loss.

But in thy fickle clime no *mediocris*
reigns, [chains?
Must thou be forging still, or wearing,
Still in extremes of heat or darkness
groan? [zone!

Nor find in ALBION Freedom's temple
Here still *Her* fruits, by Patriots planted,
spring, [lent king?

The King a speaking law! the Law a st,

Mr. Colton in his Notes relates the following anecdotes:

"I have conversed with more than one or two French officers, who were in Egypt, and have admitted the fact of this horrid massacre [of Jaffa] to its full extent. They attempted to palliate the deed, by affirming that Turkish prisoners constantly broke their parole, and were re-
peat-

peatedly retaken in arms. It is strange that this massacre is still denied by many in this country. With respect to the administration of poison to the wounded, during the retreat of the French army, these same officers made this observation: "If it were done, it was in order to prevent the horrid cruelties which, we knew from experience, would be exercised by the Turks upon the wounded, by way of retaliation for the massacre of their whole garrison at Jaffa." I know from their own confession, that in St. Domingo, many of the French officers carried poison in their pockets, in case of being taken by the Blacks. I have seen the cakes, and one French officer, during my residence at Tiverton, destroyed himself by their means. He had scraped off with his knife about half as much as would cover a sixpence. The cakes were all alike; they were small, of a hard reddish substance. They were considered to be, on inspection, an imposition of the laurel juice; and produced death in about twelve minutes."

"The doubtful question of Napoleon's courage would be decided in the negative, if Lucien dared candidly to avow his Brother's conduct at the council of the Five Hundred; Augereau, his reluctancies and trepidations on the bridge of Lodi; and Berthier, his unmanly despondency at the battle of Marengo. At Marengo, Fortune was still true to him, although he was false to himself; and returned in the shape of Dessaix, and Victory."

"I have heard, from good authority, that after the battle of Reggion, confidential proposals were made to Mr. Pitt, for the removal of those fine Statues, the Belvidere, the Farnese Hercules, and the Venus de Medicis. Twenty Thousand Pounds was to have been the price of their removal. They have since been escorted, *free of carriage*, to Paris. Thus it appears that one eighth part of the sum squandered away in sinking some huge and shapeless stones at the entrance of Boulogne, would have procured for this country the finest Monuments of human ingenuity."

"A French officer, with whom I conversed at Tiverton, thus defended the Murder of the Duke D Enghien, the illustrious son of Condé. He said, the Emperor was forced into this measure, by the fears and jealousies of his own adherents. Napoleon was not one of the Regicides; he had not dipped his hands in royal blood. The creatures of his power, therefore, in some sort demanded from their leader this sanguinary proof of his sincerity; that, by shedding the blood of the son of Condé, the door of

reconciliation with the Bourbons might be shut for ever; and that even the possibility of his re-acting the part of General Monk, in the restoration, might be effectually precluded."

"Poor Admiral Dumanoir, who attempted to save his four ships at Trafalgar by flight, was afterwards taken, and his squadron, by Admiral Strachan. He fought well, and, when brought to Tiverton, was wounded in three places. On my congratulating him on his prospect of being exchanged, he shook his head, and observed, "I shall be tried by a Court-Martial on my return, and as my ships were taken, I know my fate." However, instantly recovering himself, he added with true French nonchalance, "By gar, Monsieur, L'Empereur will very soon have no Admirals left; for all that will fight, you shoot; and all that will not fight, he shoots."

49. *Temper, or Domestic Scenes; a Tale in Three Volumes.* By Mrs. Opie. Longman and Co.

THE motto adopted by Mrs. Opie carries with it an indisputable truth, "A horse not broken becometh headstrong, and a child left to himself will be wilful;" and she has undertaken the praise-worthy task of illustrating the position, by shewing the baneful effects of uncontrolled temper. One more amiable or more necessary cannot be devised; and such attempts surely deserve more encouragement than can possibly be due to those who write fiction for the mere purposes of amusing and entertaining the indolent adult. While we thus commend the intention, we heartily wish it was in our power to entice parents and guardians to place "Temper," and similar Tales, in the hands of young persons; and while they compelled attention, to comment on the events related which bore any degree of reference to the conduct of the child instructed: but it is not in this point of view alone that we think this description of work useful, as it is in the power of numbers of parents to extract highly salutary lessons for themselves respecting the evil tendency of absurd indulgence—we are fearful there are too many lax instructors of youth that the following extract will exactly and minutely reflect:

"Shut the door, Agatha, said Mr. Torrington to a beautiful girl of four years old, the wind from the passage is intolerable.—But Agatha stirred not.

"Did

"Did you hear what I said?" resumed her father. Shut the door, for I am cold.—Still, however, the child continued to build houses, and her father spoke in vain.

"I will shut the door myself, said her fatally indulgent mother; Agatha is not yet old enough to understand the virtue of obedience."

This relation is succeeded by a well-managed altercation between the two parents, the father maintaining the necessity of mild punishment for disobedience, and the mother contending that it should never be inflicted till Agatha was old enough to comprehend the nature of offences. And here Mrs. Opie has very happily seized upon the ridiculous excuse of over-fond Mama's, founded upon the examples derivable only from a Peter, the wild boy, or the Savage child, found some years past in a forest in France. To punish such miserable objects for non-compliance with directions to them incomprehensible, would indeed be unjust; but it is far otherwise with the infant constantly nursed and cherished, whose attention is for ever excited to passing occurrences; who observes and understands, as might be demonstrated by thousands of instances, things it cannot possibly explain for want of language. Nay, who has not noticed children checked by a few unmeaning and unintelligible sounds, even at the age of a few months? Can we therefore suppose any age too early for instruction? Thus much we have ventured to remark in promoting the plan of Mrs. Opie, which we must not venture to develop further than to say, that she traces her subject through three descents, and by a variety of sagacious means, contrives to place infantile and more mature unrestrained Temper in lights which must be fearful and odious to every reflecting reader who would wish to see society under those wholesome restrictions necessary to keep every thing in its due place.

50. *Psyche; with other Poems.* By the late Mrs. Henry Tighe; 2vo. Longman and Co.

THOSE who peruse this elegantly-printed Volume, will feel no little regret that the fair Authoress did not live to witness the approbation her compositions have excited in the public at large, which her particular

circle of friends had long before expressed on being exclusively permitted the satisfaction of reading the private copies afforded them by her kindness.

The Editor, to whom we are indebted for the present publication observes, in his address to the reader, in our opinion very justly, that, "to possess strong feelings and amiable affections, and to express them with a nice discrimination, has been the attribute of many female writers;" and we are sorry it is not in our power to contradict or disprove the assertion contained in these concluding words of the paragraph, "some of whom have also participated with the author of *Psyche* in the unhappy lot of a suffering frame and a premature death." He continues, "had the publication of her Poems merely served as the passing notice of such a destiny, and as a memento of private regret, her friends would not have thought themselves justified in displaying them;" but as Mrs. T. was a lady thoroughly acquainted with classical literature, and impelled by a taste for real excellence, and had disseminated in elegant language, sentiments calculated to amend and polish the understanding of her readers, her surviving friends conceived it a duty to present to the world these "precious relics."

We have no hesitation in declaring our full belief of the following paragraph: "The copies of *Psyche*, printed for the Author in her lifetime, were borrowed with avidity, and read with delight; and the partiality of friends has been already outstripped by the applause of admirers." Of the remainder of the Poems which compose the Volume, we are informed they were selected from a considerable number, the occasional effusions of her pen and leisure, which were neither originally intended or pointed out by her for publication; and for those the Editor claims the indulgence generally allowed to posthumous works.

The Address to the Reader, of which we have now given the substance, is succeeded by a preface to the copies of *Psyche* which were printed in 1805, and was written by Mrs. Tighe, who remarks, that an author, when dismissing to the public the favourite object of his solitary hours, "must be prepared to consider with some degree of indifference,

ence, the various reception it may then meet." We cannot quite subscribe to the correctness of the next paragraph, in which Mrs. T. says, from those who write only for the interested eyes of friendship, no such indifference can be expected. She hoped, therefore, to be forgiven the egotism that rendered her anxious to recommend to her readers the tale with which she then presented them, while she endeavoured to excuse in it all other defects, except the deficiency of genius; and here it is we beg leave to enter our protest, and deny the correctness of her assertion, as no one of her readers can or will admit a deficiency of genius in the work before us; on the contrary, we are persuaded, the memory of this regretted lady will long be celebrated by the admirers of genuine poetry, and unaffected modesty and worth.

In selecting the beautiful antique allegory of Love and the Soul, Mrs. T. observes, she had some fears lest her subject might be condemned by severe moralists: "however," she proceeds, "I hope, that if such have the condescension to read through a poem, which they may perhaps think too long, they will yet do me the justice to allow, that I have only pictured innocent Love, such love as the purest bosom might confess." Surely an apology like this, would disarm even the rigid Johnson: from the more modern moralists she has nothing to fear, as liberality has long taken the seat of bigotry, which alone could condemn the conceptions of a virtuous female mind on a subject the most delicate within the compass of those peculiar to Mrs. Tighe's sex.

This lady expressed some regret at the probability that she might not afford the pleasure she wished to those who declare their dislike to allegory, yet she inquires,

"Are not the choicest fables of the Poets,
Who were the fountains and first springs
of wisdom,
Wrapt in perplexed Allegories?"

But if she found the seductions of the mysterious fair, "who perhaps never appears captivating, except in the eyes of her own Poet," she remembered that her verse could not be worth much consideration, and therefore she endeavoured to let her

meaning be perfectly obvious. The same reason deterred her from making use of the now obsolete words to be found in Spenser's works, and those of his imitators. However, Mrs. Tighe continues to observe, she might be inclined to defend the excellence of her subject, she is yet ready to acknowledge that the stanza she has adopted has many disadvantages, "and that it may, perhaps, be as tiresome to the reader as it was difficult to the author." She confesses, the frequent recurrence of the same rhymes is not suited to the structure of the English language, and she declares herself at a loss to know whether she had a right to offer as an apology the restraint which she had imposed upon herself of strictly adhering to the stanza, which her partiality for Spenser first inclined her to adopt. We cannot pass by this opportunity of lamenting, that Mrs. Tighe should thus have restrained her Muse, and been compelled to express herself in terms of acknowledged embarrassment and difficulty, which her good sense and refinement have polished as far as practicable, and rendered as near as possible what Spenser would have written had he lived at present, and that fact we consider as no slight degree of praise; but we would wish it to be understood, that our regret is confined to this circumstance alone, and under the conviction that had Mrs. T. adopted the measure her elegant mind naturally prompted, the lines would have equaled those of our best modern poets, without a single instance of that lameness, which in very limited cases, occur through the unconquerable nature of the prescribed rules of the stanza in imitation of our celebrated ancient bard.

Mrs. Tighe informs us, that she was indebted to Apuleius for the outline of her Tale, in the two first cantos, long a favourite subject for poetical allusion; "but even there the model is not closely copied;" nor has she taken any thing from Moliere, La Fontaine, Du Moustier, or Marino. She had seen no imitations of Apuleius except by the above authors, nor was she aware that the story of Psyche has any other original. The handsome and candid manner by which she obviates any charges that may be brought against her as a plagiarist, we shall give in her own words:

"I should

"I should willingly acknowledge, with gratitude, those authors who have, perhaps, supplied me with many expressions and ideas; but if I have subjected myself to the charge of plagiarism, it has been by adopting the words or images which floated upon my mind, without accurately examining, or being able indeed to distinguish, whether I owed them to my memory or my imagination.

Si id est peccatum, peccatum imprudentia est

Poetæ, non qui furtum facere studuerit.

TERENTIUS.

And when I confess that all I have is but the fruit of a much indulged taste for that particular style of reading, let me be excused if I do not investigate and acknowledge more strictly each separate obligation."

The most pleasing part of our observations remain: to notice and point out some of the prominent beauties of the productions of our fair Authoress, which are introduced by a Sonnet addressed to her Mother, abounding in traits that do honour to Mrs. Tighe's filial affection. The reader will not, however, expect that we should accompany Mrs. T. through the whole of her *Psyche*, as we should thus mar a pleasure we meant to promote.

The first stanza we shall select as a specimen of this lady's superior powers is part of the command of Venus directed to Cupid, the consequence of the envy of the former towards *Psyche*.

"Deep let her drink of that dark, bitter
spring, [tal tide;
Which flows so near thy bright and crys-
Deep let her heart thy sharpest arrow
sting, [dyed.
Its temper'd barb in that black poison
Let her, for whom contending princes
sighed,
Feel all the fury of thy fiercest flame,
For some base wretch to foul disgrace
allied,
Forgetful of her birth and her fair fame,
Her honours all defil'd, and sacrific'd to
shame."

The description of the ideal palace reared for *Psyche*, after the oracle had decreed she should be exposed on a tall rock's high summit, is fanciful and rich as a brilliant imagination can well depict; and the magic operations of her attendants are described with an exuberance of taste peculiar to herself, and equal to the manner in

which she relates the impression made upon the heart of Cupid by the charms of *Psyche* when he executed the harsh commands of his Mother.

"Again the band invisible attend,
And female voices sooth the mournful
bride; [lend,
Light hands to braid her hair assistance
Bysome she sees the glowing bracelet tied;
Others officious hover at her side, [bring;
And each bright gem for her acceptance
While some, the balmy air diffusing wide,
Fan softer perfumes from each odorous
wing [sweetest spring."
Than the fresh bosom sheds of earliest

Psyche having urged Cupid to permit a visit of filial affection to her parents, in order to relieve them from the state of horror and suspense in which her uncertain fate had involved them, receives the desired permission; all which is related with true poetic fire, as is the machinations of her envious sisters, who persuade her, that her bridegroom is no other than a magician. The effect of their arts is exquisitely portrayed in the following stanza:

"Oh have you seen, when in the northern
sky [ning plays,
The transient flame of lambent light-
In quick succession lucid streamers fly,
Now flashing roseate, and now milky rays,
While struck with awe the astonish'd
rustics gaze!
Thus o'er her cheek the fleeting signals
[move,
Now pale with fear, now glowing with
the blaze.
Of much indignant, still confiding love,
Now horror's lurid hue with shame's deep
blushes strove."

The consequences of the advice of the sisters afforded Mrs. Tighe an opportunity for the display of a fancy, seldom excelled, in detailing the caution, terror, and trepidation of *Psyche*, who at length, by means of the magic lamp with which she had been furnished, sees Cupid in all the effulgence of his celestial nature; and we trust the description of his many form and features will excite many warm emotions in the breasts of the female readers of this poem. It would be unpardonable were we not to notice the excellence of the transition from the abode of Cupid to the dreary scene where *Psyche* found herself conveyed, immediately upon the accomplishment of her rash purpose; but it is impossible we should accompany Mrs. T. through the luxuriant ranges of her
pen,

pen, or follow the persecuted Psyche in the perilous adventures to which she is doomed by the jealousy of Venus, in accomplishing her commands to raise an altar to her power, where perfect happiness had resided in a state of total seclusion, and previously "by foot impure of man untrodden;" we must, therefore, however unwilling, rest our recommendations of Psyche upon the extracts we have made, assuring our readers, they will find our praises beneath the merits of this elegant work.

Amongst the Sonnets written by this lady, and which abound with appropriate imagery, is one written in a copy of Psyche, which had been in the library of the late Mr. Fox, highly complimentary to his genius, patriotism, and critical mildness; most of the remainder partake of that melancholy, pious, and resigned turn of mind, peculiar to a gentle nature, gradually sinking under decayed health and spirits, and which are read with equal interest and unavailing regret for the loss of the fair poetess. The lines to Pleasure, p. 262, are amongst the few that do not partake of the sombre cast we have above alluded to. The simile at the conclusion of them is particularly happy. After describing the alluring coast of Senegal, and the rich verdure of its shores, she proceeds:

"From cloudless suns perpetual lustre
streams, [beams.
And swarms of insects glisten in their
Near and more near the heedless sailors
steer, [hear.
Spread all their canvas, and no warnings
See, on the edge of the clear liquid glass
The wand'ring beasts survey them as they
pass; [green,
And fearless bounding o'er their native
Adorn the landscape, and enrich the scene;
Ah, fatal scene! the deadly vapours rise,
And swift the vegetable poison flies,
Putrescence loads the rank infected
ground,
Deceitful calms deal subtle death around;
Ev'n as they gaze, their vital powers de-
cay, [away,
Their wasted health and vigour melt
Till quite extinct the animating fire,
Pale, ghastly victims, they at last expire."

We shall terminate our Review with the information given in the last page of the Volume.

"The concluding poem of this collection (on receiving a branch of Me-

zezon, which flowered at Woodstock, December 1809) was the last ever composed by the Author, who expired at the place where it was written, after six years of protracted malady, on the 24th of March, 1810, in the 37th year of her age. Her fears of death were perfectly removed before she quitted this scene of trial and suffering; and her spirit departed to a better state of existence, confiding with heavenly joy in the acceptance and love of her Redeemer."

A very neat portrait of Mrs. Henry Tighe, by Scriven, is prefixed. The Woodstock where Mrs. T. died, is in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland.

51. *A Chart of Ten Numerals in Two Hundred Tongues; with a descriptive Essay: extracted from the Seventh and Eighth Numbers of the Classical, Biblical, and Oriental Journal. By the Rev. R. Patrick, Vicar of Sculcoats, Hull. 8vo. pp. 51. Sherwood and Co.*

OF this very curious publication, it would be difficult to communicate any idea without an actual inspection of the work, which we strongly recommend. Mr. Patrick says,

"As one plain indication of the multitude of tongues into which the Holy Bible has not yet been translated, this Chart of Numerals has been collected by me, and is dedicated to the Subscribers and the Committee of the Bible Society, to Dr. Valpy, and to Granville Sharp, esq. as a laborious proof of the Author's high respect for the Society, and his wishes for its success.

"As at least a hundred and fifty travellers and geographers are here alluded to or quoted, in various languages, even the sternest reader will not roughly condemn the author, if he spell twice in a different manner the proper names, as he is a copyist of varied spelling of the same name. Some degree of care has been employed in compiling and arranging the above Chart. It has been thrice transcribed lately. The collecting of it, with other congenial studies, has consumed twenty-one years of the author's life. During so long a period, new editions have appeared of the Authors who are quoted: and their works have been published with new pages, a new orthography, and additional chapters, and even volumes.—The learned Periodical Critics, therefore, it is humbly hoped, will kindly allow for such variations."

Mr. Patrick next exhibits his authorities, extending to more than three closely printed pages; and after

a warm encomium on the Bible Society, and on the modern Missionaries, adds this extraordinary paragraph :

"Melancholy is the fact, that if the population of Christian Europe be 180 millions; that of Christian America be 20; that of Christian Africa 3; and of Christian Asia and Tartary 10; the total is merely 213: while Pagan China, Japan, Cochin-China, and Chinese Tartary, boast of 400 millions of souls; India of 100,000,000 Heathens; and Siam, Ava, Aracan, Asam, and Nepaul, of an additional 50,000,000."

52. *Letters that have lately appeared in the Oxford and Cambridge Papers, under different Signatures, on the Crusade of the Nineteenth Century; collected and re-published, and addressed to the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and the Christians residing in the Counties of Oxford, Gloucester, Warwick, Northampton, Buckingham, and Berks. By Peter the Hermit. 2vo. pp. 120. J. Richardson.*

AN expression hastily used by Dr. Marsh, in the warmth of controversy, has been seriously assumed as the title of the present pamphlet, by a zealous advocate for the extension of the "British and Foreign Bible Society;" but the Letters here collected cannot fail of being read with considerable interest by those who may even presume not to go the whole length in opinion with their Editor. Those of Mr. Coke and Mr. Hinton, in particular, are highly creditable to the Writers; and the remainder, by A. B.; C. D.; E. F.; and *Peter the Hermit* (probably *alter et idem*), are characteristic of a zealous attachment to the cause he has so strenuously undertaken to advocate.

"Nothing," he says, "shall divert me from promoting the establishment of a Bible Society at Oxford; and if those who ought to establish such a Society upon a large scale do not come forward for that purpose, before I leave that place, I will devote the utmost of my means to the establishment of one upon a small scale."—Again, "I call upon all those who have been concerned in raising the standard of this glorious Crusade, never to look back till they have planted it on the walls of Jerusalem. I for one hold a worthless life, and a scanty income, to the very last breath of the one, and farther of the other, at the service of so heroic an enterprise; and when

there are thousands in the counties surrounding us whose hearts pant with the same moral chivalry, are our higher ranks, our magistrates, and gentlemen, so utterly selfish, so insufferably degenerate, that not one can be found who will lead us to the bloodless conquest?"

53. *Rejected Addresses; or, the New Theatrum Poetarum: small 8vo.; pp. 126. J. Miller.*

THIS temporary effusion of "wicked wit" is publicly attributed (we know not how justly) to two young gentlemen, brothers, of the name of *Smith*, the sons of a respectable Solicitor; and the manner in which the task is performed, gives indication of such superior genius, that we hope soon to meet them on higher ground, in works of taste and originality.

The subject which gave rise to the work is too generally known to need even further mention; but it is barely justice to observe, that the imitations are so exact, that he who runs may read; and, with the exception only of one instance (the first in the volume) they are such, that the persons imitated may cheerfully join in the laugh.

The "Loyal Effusion, by W. T. F." is unmercifully severe. The "Cui Bono (in Spenserian stanzas) by Lord B.;" the "Hampshire Farmer's Address (in plain prose) by W. C.;" "A Tale of Drury Lane, by W. S.;" "Architectural Atoms, translated by Dr. B.;" "The Theatre, by the Rev. G. C.;" and "Punch's Apotheosis, by G. C. the younger," are among the most prominent features of the work. But these *Herods* are out-*Heroded* by the terrific ideas in "Fire and Ale, by M. G. L."—*Ecce signum!*

"Omnia transformant sese in miracula rerum." VIRGIL.

"My palate is parch'd with Pierian thirst,
Away to Parnassus I'm beckon'd:
List, warriors and dames, while my lay
is rehears'd,
I sing of the singe of Miss Drury the first,
And the birth of Miss Drury the
second.

The Fire-king one day rather amorous
felt;
He mounted his hot copper filley;
His breeches and boots were of tin, and
the belt
Was made of cast iron, for fear it should
With the heat of the copper col'd
belly.

Sure never was skin half so scalding as
his!

When an infant, 'twas equally horrid;
For the water when he was baptized gave
a fizz, [off, whizz!

And bubbled and simmer'd and started,
As soon as it sprinkled his forehead.

Oh then there was glitter and fire in each
eye, [hols;

For two living coals were the sym-
His teeth were calcin'd, and his tongue
was so dry [should try

It rattled aginst them as though you
To play the piano in thimbles.

From his nostrils a lava sulphureous flows,
Which scorches wherever it lingers,

A snivelling fellow he's call'd by his foes,
For he can't raise his paw up to blow his
red nose

For fear it should blister his fingers.

His wig is of flames curling over his
head,

Well powder'd with white smoking
ashes; [of lead,

He drinks gunpowder tea, melted sugar
Cream of tartar, and dines on hot spice
gingerbread, [gnashes.

Which black from the oven he
Each Fire-nymph his kiss from her coun-
tenance shields, [frying:

'Twould soon set her cheekbone a
Hespit in the tenter-ground near Spital-
fields, [that it yields

And the hole that it burnt and the chalk
Make a capital lime-kiln for drying.

When he open'd his mouth out there is-
sued a blast,

(*Nota bene*, I do not mean swearing,) But the noise that it made, and the heat
that it cast, [surpass'd

(I've heard it from those who have seen it)
A shot manufactory flaring.

He blaz'd and he blaz'd as he gallop'd to
snatch

His bride, little dreaming of danger;
His whip was a torch, and his spur was a
match,

And over the horse's left eye was a patch
To keep it from burning the manger.

And who is the house-maid he means to
enthrall

In his cinder-producing alliance?
'Tis Drury lane Playhouse, so wide and
so tall, [fall

Who, like other combustible ladies, must
If she cannot set sparks at defiance.

On his warming-pan knee-pau he clatter-
ing roll'd, [have taken,

And the housemaid his hand would
But his hand, like his passion, was too hot
to hold, [of gold

And she soon let it go, but her new ring
All melted, like butter, or bacon.

Oh, then she look'd sour, and indeed well
she might,

For Vinegar-yard was before her,
But, spite of her shrieks, the ignipotent
knight,

Enrobing the maid in a flame of gas light,
To the skies in a sky-rocket bore her.

Look! look! 'tis the Ale-king so stately
and starch,

Whose votaries scorn to be sober,
He pops from his vat, like a cedar, or
larch; [march,

Brown stout is his doublet, he hops in his
And froths at the mouth in October.

His spear is a spigot, his shield is a bung;
He taps where the housemaid no
more is, [sprung

When lo! at his magical bidding, up-
A second Mis-Drury, tall, tidy, and young,
And sported in *loco sororis*.

Back, lurid in air, for a second regale,
The Cinder-king, hot with desire,

To Brydges-street hied; but the Monarch
of Ale,

With uplifted spigot and faucet, and pail,
Thus chided the Monarch of Fire:

'Vile Tyrant, beware of the ferment I
brew, [o' me!

'I rule the roset here, dash the wig
'If, spite of your marriage with old Drury,
you [ing the new,

'Come here with your tinderbox, court-
'I'll have you indicted for bigamy!'

INDEX INDICATORIUS.

Mr. HUNTER's very kind "Correc-
tions" shall appear in their proper place;
as shall also those of Mr. DOWLAND.

The View of Woodcote House shall
appear very soon. We shall be much
obliged by the other Drawing our Friend
mentions.

A. W. C. (in answer to one of our Cor-
respondents, who inquired if Jerusalem
ever had any other name) refers to the
11th chapter of 1 Chronicles, 4th verse:
"Jerusalem was Jebus—The Jebusites
were the Inhabitants of the Land."

In Answer to an Inquiry in Part I.
p. 544, respecting W. B.'s intention of
collecting into a Volume or two some
Manuscripts of his on different Subjects
under the title of "*The Pensive Rambler*,"
that intention is not relinquished, but
probably will not for some time take
place, as the papers are not yet selected
or arranged for publication.

P. E. B. is referred to Brand's "Popu-
lar Customs," for Solution of his Queries.

H. W.'s Seal shall appear, when oppor-
tunity serves.

W. B. in our next; with an "Account
of the Parish of Maer," &c. &c. &c.

SELECT

SELECT POETRY.

ANCIENT POETRY.

EFTSONE, Pilgrim, shewe to me,
 The ymage of inconstancye ;
 'Tis not woman, 'tis not wynde,
 'Tis nothyng of the lyryng kynde,
 'Tis nothyng in the sea, or ayre,
 Nothyng fewle, ne nothyng fayre.
 I tell thee in mye lowlye rhyme,
 'Tis nothyng else but Father Tyme :
 Father Tyme appears to me
 The embleme of inconstancye.
 Thys momente here, next momente gone,
 Alwayes beginninge, nyver gone;
 Brynges us joye and hope to-daye,
 To morrowe snatches bothe awaye ;
 Lyke an arrowe thro' the skye,
 Fathere Tyme he hastethe bye ;
 Who canne stoppe his eagle flyghte,
 Dartinge onne the wynges of lyghte ?
 Counte not seely manne his howres,
 Rather strewe his pathe with floweres ;
 Floweres whyche bloominge Beutye gyves,
 Where in blisse with Youthe she lyves ;
 Floweres whyche I ne hope to see,
 Till Tyme shalle bryng mye love to mee.
 Thenne stoppe not, god wythe archd
 scythe,
 But hasten onne wythe steppe so blythe ;
 And bryng the mayde in all her charms,
 To blisse her swayne's ympatiente armes.

ADDRESS ON THE OPENING OF DRURY LANE
 THEATRE. *Written by Lord BYRON ;
 and spoken by Mr. ELLISTON.*

IN one dread night our city saw, and
 sigh'd, [pride;
 Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of
 In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
 Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to
 reign. [mour'd,
 Ye who beheld, O sight admir'd and
 Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd !
 Through clouds of fire, the massy frag-
 ments riv'n, [heav'n,
 Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from
 Saw the long column of revolving flames
 Shake its red shadow o'er the startled
 Thames ;
 While thousands, throng'd around the
 burning dome, [their home ;
 Shrank back appal'd, and trembled for
 As glar'd the volum'd blaze, and ghastly
 shone [own ;
 The skies, with lightnings awful as their
 Till black'ning ashes and the lonely wall
 Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd
 her fall ;
 Say—shall this new nor less aspiring pile,
 Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in
 our isle,
 Know the same favour which the former
 knew, [and you ?
 A shrine for Shakespeare—worthy him
 Yes, it shall be,—The magic of that
 name [flame,
 Defies the scythe of time, the torch of

On the same spot still consecrates the
 scene, [decease—
 And bids the Drama be where she hath
 This fabrick's birth attest the potent spell,
 Indulge our honest pride, and say, How
 well !
 As soars this fane to emulate the last,
 Oh ! might we draw our omens from the
 past !
 Some hour propitious to our prayers may
 boast [lost.
 Names such as hallow still the dome we
 On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
 O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the
 sternest heart ;
 On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew :
 Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
 Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last
 adieu. [bloom,
 But still for living wit the wreaths may
 That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
 Such Drury claim'd, and claims,—nor
 you refuse
 One tribute to revive his slumb'ring Muse,
 With garlands deck your own Menander's
 head ;
 Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead !
 Dear are the days which made our an-
 nals bright, [write ;
 Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceas'd to
 Beirs to their labours, like all high-born
 heirs,
 Vain of our ancestry as they of their's.
 While thus Remembrance borrows Ban-
 quo's glass,
 To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
 And we the mirror hold, where imag'd shine
 Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,
 Pause—ere their feeble offspring you
 condemn,
 Reflect how hard the task to rival them !
 Friends of the Stage—to whom both
 Players and Plays
 Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise,
 Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
 The boundless power to cherish or reject,
 If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
 And made us blush that you forbore to
 blame,
 If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
 To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
 All past reproach may present scenes
 refute, [mute !—
 And censure, wisely loud, be justly
 Oh ! since your fiat stamps the Drama's
 laws, [plause:
 Forbear to mock us with misplac'd ap-
 So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's
 powers, [ours !
 And reason's voice be echo'd back by
 This greeting o'er, — the ancient rule
 obey'd,
 The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
 Receive our welcome too — whose every
 tone [win your own.
 Springs from our hearts, and fain would
 The

The curtain rises — may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of
old!

Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may we please, long—long may you
preside.

*Address of Condolence to the unsuccessful
Candidates for the Drury Prize.*

. The Committee of Drury-lane
Theatre, to invite competition, offered
20 guineas for the best written Address;
but none were offered which they thought
worthy of being used.

WEEP not, sweet Bards!—though By-
ron pluck'd the bays,
And Drury slighted your melodious lays!
Rich as ambrosial wine, or nectar pure;
Wont to inspire the Muse, and dulness
cure.

Oh! could a Shakspeare and a Garrick
rise,

To stamp the stanzas meriting the prize,
Say—would they not return transported to
the skies!

Why weep ye then, ye rival sighing Bards?
Come, wipe your tears, and claim your
own rewards.

With Sherry's firmness, bear the rubs of
Poets and Statesmen meet a common fate!
One day the darlings of capricious fame,
The next denied her suffrage and her
name,

Yet both pursue that false delusive dame!
Self-conscious powers still tune your thrill-
ing lyres, [Drama's fires!

And, 'spite of Drury's scorn, revive the
Whether the Tragic or the Comic Muse,
Your varied genius, taste, or fancy chuse;
In Virtue's cause your talents all engage,
Nor suffer Vice to tread the British Stage!
For tinsel-show, true sterling gold impart;
And, whilst you move the passions, mend
the heart.

Fam'd Byron then (of high patrician birth)
Shall own plebeian Bards have noble
worth!

. The writer of this widely-circular
Address did not start for the Drury prize
—nor even canvass the worth-independent
electors of Parnassus, for the honour of
their suffrage on the late famous election
of a Poet Laureat to the new Theatre!—or,
doubtless, this sympathetic condolence
would have been more expressive of a fel-
low-feeling—more full of mournful pa-
thos—brewed and fermented in the strong
language of disappointed ambition!
"But when we pity woes which we have felt—
'Tis but a partial virtue!"

Therefore, on every view of the ques-
tion, it appears self-evident that it was
well for the writer to decline any share in
that memorable contest. Had some others
also declined, perchance some "darts of
agony had missed their hearts." But this,
aside, as the Dramatic Poets say.

Nov. 5.

SYMPATHIA.

SONNET, from the Italian of CARLO MAGGI.
(See Mrs. CARTER's Letters, vol. II. p. 184.)

SPIRIT of these shades! blest genius
of the scene! [peace,
Calm my distracted thoughts in silent
By fountain, verdant grove, and breezy
lawn! [pour

Heal then my heart, my senses feed, and
Thy blessings o'er my mind!—Here of
vain cares [each sense

That heart repents; with pure delight
Expands; high soars the mind, and rap-
tur'd hails [less love.—

Th' Almighty's glorious works, and bound-
Here, in low cot, with simplest rural food,
Still joys the blissful age of gold to dwell,
Scorning proud cities, and high Fortune's
state.— [clear!

How vivid here the sun! the Heav'n how
Nature in loveliest purity how fair!
How grand in virtuous energy the soul!

Mr. URBAN, N. C. Staffordshire, Sept. 23.

THE following lines were written by me
to be inscribed on a stone placed in
the Church-yard at High Offley, co. Staf-
ford, to the memory of my deceased pa-
rents, where they now appear. They are
equally suitable for all relatives and
friends who have departed this life; and,
I trust, such sentiments, as ought to be cher-
ished by all surviving kindred. W. SNAPE.

A SONNET

In Memory of Departed Relatives.

WHEN Relatives to God resign their
breath, [dust;

And yield their bodies to their native
Oh may our gracious Lord, who conquer'd
Death, [the Just.

Forgive their sins, and place them with
May we, who here on Earth are left be-
hind, [praise;

Their virtuous deeds both imitate and
All faults forget; and, to each other kind,
In Christian worth prepare to end our
days. [flow,

When streaming years for us shall cease to
And th' Angel cry that "Time shall be
no more;" [know;

O may we then our kindred meet and
And all in realms of bliss our Christ adore,
To whom let Glory, Honour all begiv'n;
For He's the Lord, and King of Earth
and Heav'n.

*Lines on a little Drummer-boy of 10 years
old, belonging to the Berkshire Regi-
ment, drowned while bathing at YAR-
MOUTH. By Miss COOPER.*

DROOPS 'neath the show'r the op'ning
rose,

The violet hangs her purple head,
Like theirs, sweet boy, thy morning's
close,

At eve thy beauty's bloom is fled.
Thy infant pleasures now are o'er,
No comrade's cheerful smile shall hail ye,
From

From gentle sleep thou 'lt wake no more
When morning's drum shall beat Reveille.

When roses droop their painted heads,
The Poet weeps his favourite flower;
Is there no tear that pity sheds,
O'er youth's uncertain transient hour?
Like thee, sweet boy, the flow'ret dies,
Thy sun of life e.e noon did fail ye,
But soon the flow'ret's head shall rise,
When Summer sounds her glad Reveille.

Our Summer's sun can never bring
Returning colour to thy cheek;
But warmer saus, a livelier spring,
Shall paint thy brow with morn's bright
sneak;

That infant brow once more shall bloom,
Again thy comrade's smile shall hail ye,
A ray divine shall pierce thy tomb,
When the last trumpet sounds Reveille.

*Stanzas in Honour of the late Victories of the
MARQUIS OF WELLINGTON. By ROBERT
HENRY JACKSON, a Youth of Fourteen.*

Trahet feroces

Per sacrum cluam, meritò decorus

Fronde, Sicambros.

Hon.

THE storm that o'er the Ocean blows
But lifts it nearer to the skies,—
Thus every charge of Britain's foes
Bids Wellington in glory rise.

'Mid India's wars the vigorous shoot
Is never-fading foliage spread,
An honour to its noble roof,
A laurel to Britannia's head.

For none can claim such high renown
As he who lifted from the dust
His Country's standard, drooping down,
And wip'd away her weapon's rust.

Her former chiefs were as the gleams
That on the Winter morning rise;—
Wellesley the dazzling sun that beams
In favouring Spring's unclouded skies.

When Timur's son invok'd his aid,
On Friendship's wings how swift he flew!
Whilst Victory in his pathway play'd,
And fleeing Fame in bondage drew.

On Assaye's plains the vanquish'd crowds
Of Scindiah from the war were driv'n;—
So sable hosts of darkening clouds
Fly the resistless gales of heav'n.

Firm on Gawilghur's bulwark'd height
Berar's proud Rajah mock'd his power,—
But Wellesley ever finds delight
In arduous task and dang'rous hour.

The thunder strikes the lofty pine
Ere on the lowly shrub it falls,—
So Britain's honour'd banners shine
On high Gawilghur's heav'n-topp'd walls.

When by the proud Abrantes led,
The Gallic legions took the field,
On Lisboa's summits, heap'd with dead,
The prostrate foe was taught to yield.

As rushing from the cliffs afar
The torrent breaks upon the rock,
So Gallia pour'd her tide of war—
So Wellesley, firm, receiv'd the shock.

In Duero's memorable fight,
On Talavera's purple plain,
Brave Wellesley led Britannia's might,
And rear'd her ensigns o'er the slain.

Pursuing Victory's red career,
In Lusitania's war he shone,
A blazing meteor, spreading fear
Where'er his fiery track was known.

But when his lightning-glance survey'd
On Tormes' banks Gaul's giant force,
In gorgeous pomp of war array'd,
He sprung, and slaughter mark'd his course.

Thus, perch'd upon some Cambrian height,
Her destined prey the eagle views,
On rapid pinion wings her flight,
And, dealing death, the flock pursues.

The wreaths that bloom'd upon his crest
On Salamanca's brilliant day,
Unnumber'd voices shall attest,
And muse, in triumph, at the fray.

Then Marmont's powers, with rapid stride,
Before his mighty prowess fled,
And many a sanguinary tide
Stream'd from the mountains of the dead.

Those Eagle-standards, lo! are fur'd,
Which erst in Gallia's brighter day,
Had spread their wings o'er half the world,
And shaded regions with dismay.

Each echoing mount that lifts his brow
Upon Iberia's grateful land,—
The murmuring streams that wind below—
Shall own the wonders of his hand.

When envious Death's cold grasp shall seize

The Hero Britain's sons revere,
His triumphs sailing on the breeze,
Spain shall adore, and France shall fear.

Renown's fair circlet shall adorn
The monument that marks his tomb;
And Glory, beaming on his urn,
Chase far away oblivion's gloom.

Nay, when Creation's mighty frame
Shall be to pristine Chaos hurl'd,
Then Wellington's illustrious name
Shall echo through the falling world!

EPIGRAM.

DON Joseph and Marmont were fill'd
with desires, [two fires;
To place my Lord Wellington 'twixt their
But after much wonderful racket and rout,
When his Lordship appear'd, both their
fires went out.

No Artillery roar'd, thro' their lines not
a puff:

Yet though cannon was silent, King
Joseph went off.

HIS.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

Admiralty-office, Aug. 18.

Copy of a Letter from Sir Howard Douglas to Sir Home Popham, transmitted by Admiral Lord Keith.

Medina del Campo, Sunday, Aug. 2.

The army is advancing; head-quarters at Cuellar. The Enemy still retiring, having abandoned Valladolid with 4000 sick and wounded, and stores, ammunition, &c. We are now a part of the allied army.—I had an opportunity, in a long conference with Lord Wellington, of giving a detailed account of your operations, and am happy to inform you, that his Lordship is fully satisfied of the use they have been of to his movements. An intercepted letter from Caffarelli proves this, by stating, in answer to an order he had received to join Marmont, that, a British armament being on the coast, he could not detach a single man; indeed some troops which he had already sent, were recalled on the appearance of our squadron.

HOWARD DOUGLAS.

Admiralty-office, Aug. 22.—Copy of a Letter from Vice-adm. Sir James Saumarez, bart. and K. B. dated on board the Victory, in Hawke Road, Aug. 12.

SIR,—You will please to lay before my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the inclosed letters, which I have received from Rear-adm. Martin, dated the 4th and 5th inst. stating the arrival of the Russian flotilla of gun-boats at Riga, also detailing his proceedings, and stating intelligence of the operations of the armies, and an account of a severe action between Count Witgenstein's corps and Marshal Oudinot, in which the latter was defeated, with the loss of 3000 prisoners and some cannon.

JAS. SAUMAREZ.

Riga, Aug. 4.—The Russian gun-boats, so long expected, and at one time so anxiously desired, arrived here on the 31st ultimo, and now form a most important acquisition to the defence of the place. The way Capt. Stewart has conducted himself in the command of the Russian and English gun-boats, is highly praiseworthy: and his unremitting activity, so creditable to the country, has been willingly imitated by the officers and men of the Aboukir and Ranger, who are placed under his orders; they have unquestionably kept the Enemy from crossing the river at the falls above the town, where a body of infantry and horse still remain intrenched. The only time they ever advanced towards the boats they were dispersed in a very few minutes, after losing five men and two horses killed.

Gen. Cravart, who commands the troops
 GENT. MAG. November, 1812.

of the Enemy in this neighbourhood, during the absence of Marshal Macdonald, sent, on the 27th ult. to summon Gen. Essen to surrender, assigning as a reason for doing so, that his battering train would arrive in the course of a fortnight. There has been a sharp affair in the neighbourhood of Witepsk, where it seems a strong division of the Enemy crossed the Duna, and attacked part of the corps of Prince Bagration; but they were repulsed, and pursued across the river to the distance of several miles. The enemy sustained a considerable loss in killed and prisoners, most of them Wirtemberg troops; the Russian loss is not mentioned, except that a Gen. Okulof was killed. T. B. MARTIN.

Riga, Aug. 5.

SIR,—I have infinite satisfaction in acquainting you, that a messenger is arrived from General Count Witgenstein, stating, that a severe action was fought between his corps and that under Marshal Oudinot, on the 30th and 31st ult. in the neighbourhood of Polosgh, or Poloch. It appears that Oudinot had crossed the Duna, and was marching with a view, it is supposed, of coming round upon Riga, and cutting off the communication with St. Petersburg, when Count Witgenstein commenced a most spirited attack, and obliged him to recross the river, with the loss of 3000 prisoners and some cannon. The fighting had been very sharp, and the Count was pursuing the Enemy when the courier came away. The loss in killed and wounded is not mentioned on either side, except that Gen. Kulnieu of the Russian hussars is killed, and Count Witgenstein slightly wounded. An official report of this action will probably be published in the course of this evening, and I shall forward it to you to-morrow by a vessel going to Hano. We have no accounts from the main army since that of the 29th ult. which mentioned Prince Bagration having driven the Enemy across the river. I have the honour to be, &c.

T. B. MARTIN, Rear-adm.

P. S. I have this instant received the inclosed from General Essen, confirming what I have stated respecting this affair.

(TRANSLATION.)

Riga, 24th July (5th Aug.) 1812.

SIR,—I hasten to communicate to your Excellency the intelligence I have just received from Gen. Count Witgenstein. He informs me, that on the 18th and 19th instant, (30th and 31st July,) he gained a complete victory over Marshal Oudinot. The battle took place between Schebesch and Polotzk. Three thousand prisoners, two cannons, and a quantity of baggage

and

and ammunition, are unequivocal proofs of his victory. The Count writes, that he is in pursuit of the Enemy, and that his advanced posts are hourly sending in fresh prisoners. Being desirous of transmitting as soon as possible this agreeable intelligence to Gen. Suchtelen, I venture to request your Excellency will forward the inclosed to him by the earliest conveyance. In case you should not at this moment have any vessel disposable, Col. Ballabin will move Adm. Schesihenkaff to supply one.—I have the honour to be, with high consideration, your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,

ESSEN, Governor of Riga.

Downing-street, Aug. 25.—Extract of a Dispatch from General the Marquess of Wellington, K. B. dated Cuellar, Aug. 4.

The French army of the centre, after having passed through the Guadarrama pass, and after its head had arrived at the Venta de San Rafael, returned to Segovia, where Joseph Buonaparte arrived on the 27th July at night. The object of this movement was apparently to divert the allied troops from the pursuit of the army of Portugal, and to enable the latter to maintain themselves upon the Douro; in which, however, the Enemy did not succeed. Their rear-guard remained in some strength on the left of the Douro, during the 28th and 29th; but the light and first divisions, and the cavalry, having crossed the Eresma and Cega rivers on the latter day, the Enemy's rear-guard retired during the night across the Douro, and thence followed the movements of the main body towards Villa Vanez, abandoning Valladolid, and leaving there 17 pieces of cannon, a large quantity of shot and shells and other stores, and their hospital, with about 800 sick and wounded. The Gen. in Chief, Macquinez, took 300 prisoners in the neighbourhood of Valladolid, on the 30th: our advanced guard crossed the Douro, and our parties entered Valladolid on the same day; and I had the satisfaction of being received by the people in that city with the same enthusiastic joy as I had been in all other parts of the country. The army of Portugal having thus crossed and quitted the Douro, it was necessary to attend to the movements of the army of the centre, and to prevent a junction between the two on the Upper Douro, which, it was reported, was intended.—While, therefore, the advanced guard and left continued the pursuit of the army of Portugal, I moved the right along the Cega to Cuellar, where I arrived on the 1st inst. Joseph Buonaparte retired from Segovia on the morning of the 1st, and marched through the Guadarrama; and he left at Segovia an advanced guard, principally of cavalry, under Gen. Espert;

having destroyed the cannon and ammunition which were in the castle, having carried off the church plate and other valuable property, and having levied a considerable contribution on the inhabitants of the town.—I have not yet heard whether a detachment, which I sent to Segovia yesterday, under Brig.-gen. d'Urban, had entered the town. The army of Portugal have continued their retreat towards Burgos.—The Enemy have continued to increase their force in Estremadura.—I inclose Lieut.-gen. Sir R. Hill's report of a very handsome affair with the Enemy's cavalry, on the 24th July, by the division under the command of Lieut.-gen. Sir W. Erskine.—I have received no further accounts of the operations under Sir Home Popham.

P. S. I have just heard that the French troops under Gen. Espert, have withdrawn from Segovia by San Ildefonso.

[Here follow two reports, one from Sir W. Erskine, and the other from Major-general Long, dated Los Santos and Villa Franca, July 25. From these it appears, that a body of the Enemy's cavalry, consisting of two regiments of dragoons and one of chasseurs, under the command of Gen. Almand, attacked the Portuguese picquet at Hinojosa, which they drove in as far as Ribeira, on the 24th July, where four squadrons of Portuguese cavalry were stationed, under the command of Colonel Campbell: the latter, being greatly inferior to the Enemy in numbers, retired upon Villa Franca, where, being strengthened by the brigade of British cavalry, and Capt. Lefebvre's troop of horse-artillery, he advanced, and drove the Enemy to Leira, without, however, being able to cut off the retreat. The loss of the Enemy was about 30 men, and a great many horses killed: 11 men and about 30 horses taken. The loss of the Allies was one man killed and seven wounded. Major-general Long praises the steadiness of the 9th and 13th dragoons, the activity of Capt. Lefebvre's artillery, under the orders of that officer and Capt. Whithyates; likewise the spirit displayed by a squadron of the 2d hussars under Major Wissel, supported by two divisions of the 9th and 15th dragoons under Lieut. Handley, of the former, and Lieut. Edwards, of the latter regiment.]

[This Gazette likewise contains a copy of a letter from Capt. Lord G. Stuart, of the *Horatio*, dated Trompston Sound, coast of Norway, Aug. 3, who states, that in running down the coast, he discovered an armed cutter, which disappeared among the rocks. Being anxious to destroy the Enemy's cruisers, who had so greatly intercepted the trade in that quarter, Capt. Stuart dispatched the barge and three cutters, under the command of First-Lieut.

A. M. Hawkins, who gained information on shore, that the cutter had gone to a village on an arm of the sea, 35 miles in land, where he immediately proceeded, and at 8 a. m. on the 2d, she was discovered at anchor, together with a schooner and a large ship, which, on the appearance of the boats, presented their broadsides, with springs on their cables. As a strong tide set the boats towards them, Lieut. Hawkins made the attack; when, after a most sanguinary combat, maintained in the most gallant style, the Enemy struck. They prove to be two Danish armed vessels, of four and six guns, manned with 24 and 30 men, under the order of Commodore Buderhof, with an American ship of 400 tons, their prize. The loss on the part of the British was considerable: First-lieut. Syder, R. Marines; Corporal Curric, ditto; Quarter-masters Shimmings, Nightingale, and Markham, with five seamen, being killed.—Wounded: First-lieut. M. Hawkins; Second-lieut. T. P. Masters; Mr. Fowler, midshipman, all severely; Mr. Larans, Assistant Surgeon, since dead. The Enemy had 10 killed and 13 wounded, including the Danish Commodore and the Captain of the schooner.—Lieut. Hawkins speaks in high terms of the officers and seamen employed in this service.]

Admiralty-office, Aug. 29.—Letter from Capt. Brooke, of H. M. Shannon, addressed to Vice Admiral Sawyer.

H. M. S. Shannon, off New York, July 16.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you, that the Shannon has this day captured, after a smart chase, the United States brig Nautilus, 16 guns and 106 men, commanded by Capt. Crane, 24 hours out from New York, on a cruise, and had taken nothing.—I have, &c. P. B. V. BROOKS.

Sept. 1.—[This Gazette contains two letters from Admiral Martin off Riga, dated Aug. 10 and 11; and one from Gen. Essen, of antecedent date: they were transmitted by Sir J. Saumarez. Admiral Martin states, that Capt. Stuart, with a division of gun-boats, in conjunction with another division under a Russian captain, had proceeded up the Boldero river, to co-operate with a body of troops from Riga, and the garrison of Dunamunde. The object of the expedition was to take the Enemy by surprise; and failing in that, to force them back from Solock, and if possible, to penetrate to Mittau. Capt. Stuart effected the service entrusted to him, and destroyed the bridge of Kalnezen; but it is not stated that the remaining objects were accomplished. Gen. Essen, in his letter of the 30th July, communicates the receipt of intelligence, that the Commander in Chief of the third army (Gen. Tormassow) had obtained a victory over the Enemy near Cubrin. Four stand

of colours, eight pieces of artillery, with one general in the service of Saxony, 70 officers, and 3000 troops, had fallen into the hands of the conquerors. The united forces of Gen. Barclay and Prince Bagration were in the neighbourhood of Smolensko. Gen. Platoff commanded the combined advanced guard. Admiral Martin, in his letter, says, "In addition to what is mentioned in the General's (Essen) letter, I learn that General Tormassow suddenly left the position which he had occupied for some time at Gitomirz or Zitomirz, in order to attack a corps of Saxons stationed near Kubryn, 24 miles from Bryex Litowski, and about 130 miles East of Warsaw, where he defeated the enemy, who retired towards Minsk."]

[This Gazette likewise announces the capture of a Danish vessel of two guns, which was cut out from under the guns of the battery at Alborg, on the 14th ult. by the boats of the Wrangler and Locust gun-brigs, under the command of Lieut. Petley and Mr. Curtis, second master. The crew escaped on shore. The boats sustained no loss.]

[*The EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE, published Sept. 4, has been already given in p. 276.*]

Admiralty-office, Sept. 5.—Letter from Vice-adm. Sir James Saumarez, bart. and K. B. dated on board his Majesty's ship Victory, in Hawke Road, Aug. 27.

SIR,—I herewith inclose a letter I have received from Rear-adm. Martin, dated the 17th inst. on board the Aboukir, off Riga, conveying information of the movements of the Russian forces to that period; by which their Lordships will observe, that no event of importance had taken place since the letter I transmitted from the Rear-admiral dated the 11th inst. I have the honour to be, &c. JAMES SAUMAREZ.

Aboukir, off Riga Bay, Aug. 17.

SIR,—I have to acquaint you that couriers arrived last night from Count Wittgenstein and Gen. Barclay de Tolly, by whom we learn that no important affair has yet occurred. Count Wittgenstein's letter is dated the 13th inst. at a small village called Doshboch, about 40 miles on this side of Polotzk, to which last place he had pursued Oudinot, and leaving a strong advanced post in front of it, in order to deceive him, the Count immediately took a direction with his army towards Druya to meet Macdonald, of whose departure from this neighbourhood he had received early intelligence. Hearing, however, that Marshal Oudinot had obtained reinforcement of 11,000 men, he halted, and presently moved forward again in the direction of Polotzk, and falling in with a small French division, he attacked them, and took 600 prisoners, besides baggage. It was conjectured that Oudinot had re-

crossed.