

it is indeed impossible to imagine a degree of generosity not congenial to your character. In the relations of society, you are far from imposing restraint by an unnecessary reserve: and it is perhaps not too much to affirm, that you would win the suffrages of a whole nation, one after the other, if every individual, of which it was composed, had the privilege of conversing with you for a quarter of an hour. Yet to this graceful affability you add that masculine energy which extorts confidence from all superior minds. The Swedes, once so celebrated for their gallant achievements, inheriting the noble qualities of their ancestors, hail you as the presage of returning glory. By you, Sir, their rights are respected, no less from principle than from inclination. Under circumstances of peculiar delicacy, you have repeatedly shewn, that you were as zealous to guard the bulwarks of the Constitution as other Princes have been anxious to infringe them. Accustomed to find in these duties no invidious restriction, but a safeguard and support, you have uniformly shewn such a deference for the King's wisdom and experience, as throws a new lustre on the power committed to your trust. Pursue, Sir, the career which presents so glorious a prospect to your view; and you shall teach the world, what it has been hitherto slow to learn, that real intellectual greatness includes moral excellence, and that the Hero who is truly magnanimous, far from despising the human race, believes he is superior to other men only because he is able to sacrifice his interests for their welfare."

Madame de Stael treats her subject in a manner equally lively and interesting; placing it in various points of view, and always making her deductions with a brevity and correctness, that adds much weight to her arguments.

31. *Memoirs of the private and public Life of William Penn.* By Thomas Clarkson, M. A. Two Volumes 8vo. Longman and Co.

ALTHOUGH the subject Mr. Clarkson has chosen on this occasion to dilate upon, is by no means a new one, yet it possesses that interest which will command fresh readers as each generation advances to maturity. Setting aside that animosity which has unhappily separated and made enemies of a parent and its offspring, those who peruse the work before us will naturally view Pennsylvania and its Founder as they appeared long be-

fore the detested Revolution took place, which, promoted and furthered by the French nation, has at length operated to the inevitable injury of England and America, and probably may, for ages to come, while the Agents laugh at both parties, and profit by the ruin of both.

This Island has produced numbers of most estimable characters in every department of science; and, though it would be invidious to enter into an investigation of the merits of any as to a general scale of usefulness, we may safely pronounce William Penn one of those who contributed in a very considerable degree to the honour and advantage of his country. Indeed, we know of no one that attracted public attention more forcibly, dividing the people in opinion in matters of religion, and afterwards establishing a colony of those who adopted the tenets of his immediate predecessor Fox, in a remote part of the globe, and giving that colony a form of government, than which it was impossible to make one more excellent, taking into consideration the peculiar circumstances of the place.

Under these impressions, we doubt not our Readers will receive with complacency our observations on the Life of William Penn. Never were there two professions more opposite than a Quaker teacher and a tough old English Admiral: such, however, were the father and son in the case before us. We know too little of Admiral Penn to decide whether his manners were those of a real seaman, unpolished and natural, or whether his being a favourite at Court had softened those asperities of speech, characteristic of many of the sons of Neptune; but we know that the superior sanctity assumed by the son greatly exasperated the father, who would have kept him beyond the doors whence he drove him, had he not been as noble as brave, and as forgiving as violent. Hence it was, the old gentleman died in peace with the future Legislator, who never relaxed in what he conceived to be right. Judging from the anecdotes of Mr. Penn's early actions, we should scarcely have augured that temperance and sobriety of conduct which afterwards distinguished him: his enmity to the surpluses of his fellow students, his expulsion from Oxford in consequence, and his constant opposition to the civil power when preaching,

preaching, all seemed to indicate an intemperate mind; but he deserves credit for its suppression, and we read with admiration his pacific conduct towards the Indians. The following are illustrations.

Speaking of his attachment to the Quakers, Mr. Clarkson says,

"The result of this preference was, that he began to attend their religious meetings. But, alas! he soon learnt, from the ignorant prejudices of the times, that in following the path which his own conscience dictated to him, he had a bitter cup to drink: for being at one of these meetings on the 3d of September 1687, he was apprehended on the plea of a Proclamation issued in 1660, against tumultuous assemblies, and carried before the Mayor. The latter looking at him, and observing that he was not clothed as others of the society were, offered him his liberty if he would give bond for his good behaviour. But William not choosing to do this, he was committed with eighteen others to prison."

Two members of a Presbyterian congregation under the spiritual guidance of Thomas Vincent, having attended the Quaker-meeting, were converted. The Pastor, exasperated at losing his friends thus, openly decried the doctrines of the Quakers as damnable. This slander roused Penn and Whitehead, and they went to Vincent, demanding a public opportunity of defending their principles, which was at length agreed upon, and to take place at the Presbyterian-meeting in Spital-fields. It would be useless to dwell upon the particulars of this most promising scheme: the sequel might be anticipated.

"While the debate was going on," says Mr. C. "great intemperance was betrayed on the part of several of the Presbyterians. They laughed, hissed, and stigmatized the Quakers by various opprobrious names, of which that of *Jesuit* was exclusively bestowed upon William Penn. On an answer which George Whitehead gave to a question, the indignation of the audience increased so that Vincent immediately went to prayer: In the course of his supplications, he accused the Quakers of blasphemy; and having finished them, he desired his hearers to go home, and he withdrew himself at the same time from the pulpit. In this situation the Quakers knew not what to do. The congregation was leaving the Meeting-house, and

they had not yet been heard. Finding they would soon be left to themselves, some of them at length ventured to speak; but they were pulled down, and the candles (for the controversy had lasted till midnight) were put out. They were not, however, prevented by this usage from going on; for, rising up, they continued their defence in the dark, and, what was extraordinary, many staid to hear it. This brought Vincent among them with a candle. Addressing himself to the Quakers, he desired them to disperse. To this at length they consented, but only on the promise that another meeting should be granted them for the same purpose in the same place."

The property inherited by Mr. Penn was considerable; and the situation his father had held rendered the son respectable in the estimation of many who disapproved of his pursuits as a preacher: and hence he the more readily succeeded in obtaining the prayer of his petition for a grant of land in America, in lieu of a debt due from the Crown to the Admiral. We now view him in a new light. Mr. Clarkson informs us it was his wish to call his infant Colony New Wales; but the King, intending a compliment to the memory of Admiral Penn, insisted on terming it Pennsylvania.

Although it had generally been supposed by previous settlers that a grant from the Crown was a good and sufficient title for dominion in a country very remote from this, Mr. Penn thought otherwise; and was determined to undertake nothing in his new territory without the free consent of the Aborigines. Accordingly, by treaty, purchase, and presents, he seated his followers on ground which he conscientiously considered his own, and surrounded by a people naturally ferocious, but subdued by the justice and propriety of his proceedings into a veneration for their new neighbours. This single instance of rectitude exalts Mr. Penn beyond all the military Heroes who have flourished and conquered since the days of Homer; and there cannot exist an Englishman who doth not feel himself honoured by such a countryman.

"His plan for the city of Philadelphia," observes Mr. Clarkson, "has been considered as the work of a provident and great architect; and to that sleepless spirit of vigilance, that spirit, which he possessed in the highest degree, of constantly

constantly overlooking and forwarding whatever he had begun, it was to be ascribed, that so great a progress had been made in the buildings in so short a time. Dean Prideaux, in his 'Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament,' gives a plan or model of the city of antient Babylon, after which he speaks thus: 'Much according to this model hath William Penn, the Quaker, laid out the ground for his city of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania; and were it all built according to that design, it would be the fairest and best city in all America, and not much behind any other in the whole world.'

Here we find another opportunity of commending this estimable character, who, uninfluenced by the examples of his own country, and almost all Europe, in narrow streets and confined alleys, chose to give spacious avenues and straight lines for the free circulation of air, to the endless benefit of his successors. Equally attentive to the general welfare of society, he framed a mode of government, as nearly assimilated to that of England as circumstances would permit, and under which his Colony flourished with unexampled prosperity, till time had nearly effaced all recollection of the venerable Proprietor and his counsels, when a spirit of party divided the community, and numerous innovations destroyed the beautiful connexion of his code.

Let the advocates of Revolution and admirers of modern French despotism recoil with shame, should such at any time peruse these pages; let them compare the great Legislator of Pennsylvania, as he appears in the following extract, with the man who spreads desolation over the globe, to obtain "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce."

"Two general Assemblies have been held, and with such concord and dispatch that they sat but three weeks; and at least seventy laws were passed without one dissent in any material thing. However, I cannot forget their singular respect to me in this infancy of things, who, by their own private expences, so early considered mine for the publick, as to present me with an impost upon certain goods imported and exported, which, after my acknowledgment of their affection, I did as freely remit to the province, and the traders to it. And for the well-government of the said Counties, Courts of Justice are established in every County, with proper officers, as Justices,

Sheriffs, Clerks, Constables, which Courts are held every two months. But, to prevent law-suits, there are three Peacemakers chosen by every County-court, in the nature of common arbitrators, to hear and end differences between man and man. And, at spring and fall, there is an Orphans' Court in each County, to inspect and regulate the affairs of orphans and widows."

Mr. Clarkson regularly notices Mr. Penn's various publications; and, after giving the substance of his "Persuasive to Moderation," remarks, that it was said to have produced a considerable effect upon the King and his Council; as a proclamation was issued very soon after its appearance, offering a general pardon to all those then imprisoned for their opinions in matters of Religion. The result of the instructions given to the Judges of Assize was the liberation of 1200 Quakers, many of whom had been in confinement for years. He subsequently speaks more decidedly, in advancing that the King was personally influenced by Mr. Penn, who, when he resided at Kensington, had an opportunity "of arguing the case with him, and of enforcing his arguments by bringing to view the most affecting cases of individual suffering, and by painting the misery and wretchedness of the victims themselves, and the distress and ruin of their nearest and dearest connexions, whom they were no longer able to comfort and support."

Such is the general outline of the character of William Penn. The filling-up we leave in Mr. Clarkson's hands, who has taken infinite pains in collecting his materials from a vast mass of printed information; and he mentions the use of some of his manuscript letters: to which he might have added the narrative of George Fox, relating to his and Penn's proceedings at Gracechurch-street Meeting, first noticed by Mr. Malcolm in his "Londinium Redivivum," vol. I. page 58. from the Harleian MSS. 416.

82. *The Annual Register; or, a View of the History, Politics, and Literature, for the Year 1796.* Rivingtons.

BY a natural association of ideas, we hail the appearance of every new Volume of this *Original Work*, as we should the meeting with a long-absent Friend; and conceive that, on opening

opening the Book, we are again about to meet with the Shade of BURKE. In fact, we do behold his Mantle.

“The year 1796 was fertile in important events. The war, which, in the preceding campaign, had comparatively languished, was, in this campaign, carried on with the greatest vigour, by the newly-chosen Rulers of France. By those Rulers, a vast plan was formed, aiming at nothing less than the complete humiliation of the Emperor. Though the perfect execution of this plan was luckily prevented, they, nevertheless, reaped incalculable advantages, from that part of it which they were enabled to accomplish. By the genius of the Archduke Charles, Germany indeed was saved; but, on the other hand, Italy was lost, by the combined want of means and of talent, in those who were entrusted with its defence. The King of Sardinia, the Pope, and some of the minor states, despoiled, and reduced to the condition of tributaries; the King of Naples compelled to sue for a dangerous peace; the dominions of the House of Austria irrevocably wrested from that House; the foundation laid of an Italian republic; and an opening made for the ruin of the Venetian government; were the fruits obtained by the French, from their exertions in Italy. At home, the Directory succeeded in putting an end to the long and desperate contest with the Royalists of Poitou.—Details of military operations are but too generally incorrect, confused, and consequently unintelligible. In our account of the Campaign of 1796, it has been our endeavour to enable the Reader to form a clear idea of the designs and movements of the contending armies. Every printed document which we could procure, has been consulted, and much has been added from private information. We flatter ourselves that the Narrative will be found to be perspicuous and accurate; and we think that we may also safely affirm it to be more circumstantial than any which has previously appeared in the English language..... With respect to one great branch of the war against the French Republick, namely, the war maintained by the Royalists of Brittany and Poitou, little, or rather nothing, has been known in this country; though its extent and duration, the vigour with which it was supported, and the beneficial consequences which, with proper care, it might have produced, render it worthy of particular attention. It has, however, been passed over, by former writers, almost or entirely without notice; and even the scanty mention which has been made of it, has been re-

plete with absurdity and falsehood. The history of it, which we commenced in the Volume for 1794, is continued in the present Volume, and will be completed in that for the following year. That portion of it which we have now given will, we trust, be found to possess no common share of interest. It contains the whole of the contest in Brittany, including the British expedition to Quiberon, down to the close of the year 1793, and the final struggles of the loyal party in the province of Poitou. The Reader will here find the cause of the failure of the Royalist and British efforts fully and truly explained. In drawing up this part of our Work, we have had recourse to a variety of printed authorities, and have also received an abundance of valuable information, from persons connected with, or engaged in, the scenes which we have described. Among those published documents, to which we are chiefly indebted for the detail of the Breton war, we must mention the Memoirs of that able and upright, but foully calumniated, nobleman, the Count de *Puisaye*. From letters written by the late Mr. Windham, and some of his colleagues in office, and from several conversations with Mr. Windham himself, we are enabled to bear unequivocal testimony to the scrupulous veracity which is displayed in those Memoirs.—The concluding division of the Royalist History, which is reserved for our next Volume, will be written from a very large collection of original and authentic papers, none of which have hitherto been accessible to any writer, either English or French. The Narrative of the proceedings of the French Legislature, and of the struggles of the contending factions, during the year 1796, we have postponed till our next publication. To this postponement we have been induced by two weighty reasons. In the first place, we are promised assistance from some gentlemen who bore a considerable share in the transactions of that and the succeeding year: and, secondly, we are desirous to present our Readers with a connected and unbroken view of French affairs, under the first period of the new government. That period comprises the whole time between the installation of the two councils in October 1795, and the change which, by dint of the bayonet, a majority of the Directors effected, on the 18th of Fructidor, or 4th of September 1797. To break the Narrative into detached pieces, from a blind respect to strict chronological arrangement, would be nearly as absurd as to print separately the scenes or acts of a drama. From the tardiness of our publication there
results

results at least this one advantage, that we are not compelled to give our History to the world in disjointed scraps and fragments.—Before we proceed to make any further promises, relative to the future conduct of our Work, it may not be amiss to say a word or two, on the subject of those promises which we are determined not to make. We will not promise to write in such a manner as to rival Mr. Burke. Deeply impressed with a sense of the transcendent talents of that illustrious character, and of the comparative humbleness of our own talents, we will not, like others, tempt or provoke the laughter and derision of the publick, by a ludicrously vain annunciation of the splendid display of abilities, which we are about to exhibit. Neither will we promise that, almost as soon as the year has run its course, the History of it shall issue from the press. Such histories may be a little more authentic than the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, or the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and are only not so amusing and instructive as those popular productions. We have always, to use the words of Dr. Robertson, believed that 'an Historian should feel himself a witness giving evidence upon oath,' and are consequently anxious not to give our evidence without proper inquiry into facts, and deliberation on their motives. Unfortunately, a knowledge of facts is not to be gained by intuition; and we are much disposed to believe, that those rapid writers, who pride themselves on running a race with events, are not so much in the secret of Courts and Cabinets, as to be made instantly acquainted with every state transaction, and its hidden cause.—For our own part, we can venture to promise nothing more than that we will continue to pay the same religious respect to truth, and to exercise the same industry in search of facts, as we have uniformly hitherto done; and that we will task our powers of composition, such as they are, to the utmost, to render The Annual Register as unworthy of public approbation. We hope, too, that our readers will, ere long, have no reason to complain of our slowness. The Volumes for 1797 and 1805 are in the press; and others are in preparation. That for 1805 is so far advanced, that it will appear in the course of a few weeks; and that for 1797 will not be delayed beyond the month of January. Every exertion will likewise be made, to prevent the Work from being any further in arrear than is indispensably necessary, to afford us an opportunity of procuring that correct information, which alone can give value and permanent existence to our historical labours."

53. *Usefulness the great Object of the Christian Ministry. A Sermon, preached at Worship Street, Finsbury Square, Sunday Morning, August 15, 1813, on the Decease of the Rev. Hugh Worthington, who died July 26th, 1813, in the Fortieth Year of his Settlement at Salters'-Hall, and in the Sixty-first Year of his Age. With a complete List of the Subjects discussed at the Wednesday Evening Lecture, held at Salter's-Hall, for Fifteen succeeding Winters. By John Evans, A. M. 8vo. pp. 68. Sherwood & Co.*

54. *A Sermon, preached at the Meeting-House, Salters'-Hall, Cannon-Street, on the 2th of August, 1813, on the Death of the Rev. Hugh Worthington, in the Fortieth Year of his Ministry in that place. With Explanatory Notes. By James Lindsay, D. D. 8vo. pp. 37. Johnson and Co.*

IT is highly creditable to the memory of Mr. Worthington, to be thus publicly noticed by two Brethren of distinguished eminence among the Dissenters; and from either or both of these Discourses we should readily make copious extracts, had we not already given a full account of a Friend for whom we had much personal esteem. A few lines, however, shall be taken from Mr. Evans, who had long been Mr. Worthington's Associate.

"Mr. Worthington was, in the best sense of the word, a *Popular Preacher*. Neither overstrained sentiments, nor affected expressions—neither vociferation, nor a pretence to superior sanctity, were employed by him to bring together the multitude. His eloquence was strong, unaffected, and from the heart. The young and the aged—the opulent and indigent, were alike delighted by his ministrations. And his popularity continuing through the long series of forty years, is a proof of the sterling value of his various and acceptable labours. What is durable must have something substantial in its composition. It is a rare thing to have to say of a Christian preacher, after a career of near half a century, that he was as popular at the close as he had been at the commencement of his ministry. His pulpit labours had the impress of Heaven, and wore well to the last. He followed the salutary advice of the late Dr. George Campbell, in his Lectures on the Pastoral Office—'Teach your people the *truth* to the best of your knowledge—enforce on them their *duty* to the utmost of your power—urge all the *motives* which the Gospel and right reason will supply you with—but give no *evil surmising* with regard to others!'"

In the Notes, Mr. Evans adds,

“Mr. Worthington, though a Dissenter from principle, entertained a respect for the conscientious members, as well as for those Ministers of the Established Church, who were distinguished for their learning, benevolence, and piety. Tiltotson and Burnet, Clarke and Jortin, together with Hoadly, Whitby, Blackburne, Lowth, and Paley, were held by him in deserved estimation. He studied their works—caught their spirit, and revered their memory. As a proof of the regard which Mr. Worthington entertained for the promotion of Family Religion, a thin 4to Volume was planned and executed under his superintendence—little known indeed—but a work of great utility. It is entitled, ‘Lessons for the Use of Families, for every Day in the Year, extracted from the Holy Scriptures, with appropriate Hymns.’ His name did not appear to it on its first publication—but it was his favourite plan; and, with the assistance of two friends, occupied a very considerable share of his attention. Mr. Worthington having left behind so few publications—his friends will probably thank me for the present notice of it.”

From Dr. Lindsay (the Notes to whose Sermon are particularly interesting) we learn, that

“It had for a few years been Mr. W’s professed intention to resign his charge at the conclusion of the fortieth year of his ministry, if his life had been spared: and on the day immediately preceding his decease he was meditating on what he should say on that occasion.—He had been long afflicted with a complaint deemed by his physician incurable, but which it was hoped might have been palliated, and his usefulness prolonged. Though relieved from some painful symptoms, his strength declined; yet he delivered his last discourse in this place with much of his accustomed zeal and energy.—He was scarcely capable of undertaking the last journey, was much fatigued, and grew weaker and weaker. His last few days were passed with more than usual serenity. Habitually accustomed to look forward to the approaching change, every object and every occurrence now led his mind towards it. He attended public worship, for which he was always a very warm advocate, on the last Sabbath of his life, which was closed very early in the following morning with a short but fervent prayer.”

35. *The Works of Thomas Otway: with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Life of the Author.* By Thomas

Thornton, Esq. 3 Vols. small 8vo. T. Turner.

THIS handsome Edition of Otway’s Works is thus introduced:

“When Dramatic amusements are pursued with so much avidity as at present, and the works of our chief benefactors to the Stage are so extensively diffused, it is somewhat surprising, that those of Otway, whose powers in tragedy are of such acknowledged excellence, should be less conspicuous. The most correct edition of Otway’s Works is that of 1757, in 3 Vols. 12mo. but in this, several of his Poems are omitted (particularly his ‘Windsor Castle’); and it discovers, besides, many errors which a proper attention to the early copies would have prevented. It has also become extremely scarce. To remedy this inconvenience, and to present to the public an accurate and complete Collection of the works of this eminent Author, have been the objects for which this edition has been undertaken. The Editor has bestowed no inconsiderable pains upon the text, which has been collated with the 4to copies and earliest editions. He has followed the modern example, of prefixing a short critical introduction to each work; and where the lapse of time, political allusions, or the revolutions in manners and customs, have obscured the text, explanatory notes are introduced. In some places, resemblances between the author and other-writers have been pointed out; not that the Editor considers every instance of this kind to be a plagiarism, but because it is interesting to observe the peculiar form which a thought assumes, when produced by the same train of reflection, or generated by the same object, in different minds. To the whole is appended an extract from a scarce novel, which is an object of no small curiosity, since it was the mine from whence Otway drew so rich a treasure as ‘The Orphan.’ The only known work of Otway which is omitted in the present Collection, is a translation from the French, published in 8vo. 1686, the year after his decease, with the following title: ‘The History of Triumvirate: the first part of Julius Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus; the second part of Augustus, Antony, and Lepidus; being a faithful collection from the best historians, and other authors, concerning that revolution of the Roman government, which happened under their authority.’ A bare translation, which would occupy a large space, and enhance the price of the work, without adding to its interest, it was deemed better to exclude.”

A well-

A well-written and very satisfactory Life of Otway is prefixed; in which, however, Mr. Thornton says,

"Whatever has been transmitted to us by various Biographers, has been collected and embodied; yet such is the deficiency of data, that much must unavoidably be left to uncertainty and conjecture."

§8. *Letters from the Bodleian Library; and Aubrey's Lives, &c.*
(Concluded from our last, p. 346.)

IN the present age of Bibliomania, the price paid by Hearne for Storer's "Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey," 4to. 1599, will appear somewhat extraordinary, particularly as it is known to the collector to be one of the rarest tracts in the English language. "I have been looking," says the honest Antiquary, "for this book in libraries and other places several years, but could never meet with it till to-day (March 27, 1711), when 'twas delivered to me by Mr. Henry Clements, bookseller of Oxford, to whom I paid me shilling for it." vol. I. page 145. From this book the Editor supposes Shakspeare borrowed the Cardinal's well-known exclamation,

"Had I but serv'd my God with half the
zeal [age
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Storer makes the dying Prelate say,
"And had the dutie to my God bin such,
As it was faithfull seruing to the king;
Then had my conscience, free from feare
or touch, [&c.
Mounted aloft on cherubin's swift wing,"

At page 155, we find a letter from Dr. Samuel Barton, with a short account of his life; and the following extract from a Thanksgiving Sermon, which we earnestly recommend to all the discontented of the present day:

"We shall do well," says he, "to consider that it is no small matter that God has done for us, in preserving peace and tranquillity here at home, giving us leave to sit in quiet *under our own vines, and under our own fig-trees*; a priviledge which our neighbours, many of 'em, dearly miss, and would be glad to purchase at any rate."

Most of our readers know Madox's "History of the Exchequer." How ill it repaid the trouble and the industry of its Author, the following Letter

GENT. MAG. November, 1813.

will shew, whilst it forms a fit illustration for the "Anecdotes of Bowyer," vol. I. page 244.

"To Dr. CHARLETT.

Reverend Sir,

I pray you to pardon me for the trouble of this letter.

If you please, I would desire your assistance in a small affair; viz. To get my 'History of the Exchequer' to be placed in the College libraries at Oxford; in like manner as thirteen of the books have been sent to thirteen College libraries in Cambridge, and paid for three months ago.

The impression stands me in £400. purely in paper and print, and there are but 420 copies printed. So that when all the books shall be sold, I shall be but just able to pay the charges, with a trifling overplus. * *

This affair has given me much perplexity, and perfectly cured me of scribbling. With much respect, &c.

15th Oct. 1711. THO. MADOX."

The punishment inflicted on Sir Osborne Gifford, knight, deserves to be recorded, as a specimen of the severity exerted against such as dared to offend the Ecclesiastical power, however exalted their situation in life. It is true, the misdemeanour was of no slight nature—as he stole two Nuns from the Nunnery of Wilton.

"First, that he should neuer come within any nunnerie, or in the company of a nunne; that three Sondayes together he should be whipped in the Parish Church of Wilton, and as many times in the Market and Church of Shaftsbury; that he should fast a certaine number of moneths; that he should not wear a shirt for three yeares: and, lastly, that he should not any more take vpon him the habite or title of a Knight, but weare apparell of a russet colour, vntill he had spent three yeares in the Holy Land." page 220.

A Letter to Hearne from Lord Oxford gives us a short account of the learned Thomas Baker:

"I have had the pleasure, when I went to Cambridge, of waiting upon Mr. Baker of St. John's, that reverend and most worthy man. I saw him about a fortnight since. He told me he had heard from you, and mentioned you, as he always does, with great respect. I had the pleasure to see him look very well. He is an example to the whole University; but I fear few will follow him. At his age, (he was then 75) he is up by four o'clock in

in the morning, goes constantly to chapel at five, and this he does without any regard to the season." vol. II. page 87.

We must refer to the work itself, vol. II. p. 151, for one of the most ridiculous instances of credulity we ever remember to have met with. A Mr. Roger Knight, jun. writes to Lilly the Astrologer, for advice concerning his intended marriage, and asks him very seriously if he "is likely to doe any good in it, and at what times it were best to make any new addresses to his Mistress."—It should not be forgotten that he incloses an eleven-shilling piece for "a speedy and satisfactory answer."

We now come to Aubrey's Lives, which are addressed to Anthony Wood.

"I here lay downe to you," says the Author, "the truth, the naked and plaine truth, which is here exposed so bare that the very *putenda* are not covered, and affords many passages that would raise a blush in a young virgin's cheekes*. So that, after your perusal, I must desire you to make a castration (as readers to Martial), and to sowe on some figge leaves (i. e.) to be my Index expurgatorius.—I remember one sayeing of Generall Lambert's, *That the best of men are but men at the best*: of this you will meet with divers examples in this rude and hastie collection. Now these *arcana* are not fitt to lett flie abroad till about 30 yeares hence; for the author and the persons (like medlars) ought to be rotten first."

We do not remember to have met with such an account of the great Lord Bacon's death as is given by Aubrey on the authority of Hobbes.

"As he was taking the aire in a coach with Dr. Witherborne (a Scotchman, physician to the King,) towards Highgate, snow lay on the ground, and it came into my lord's thoughts, why flesh might not be preserved in snow as in salt. They were resolved they would try the experiment presently. They alighted out of the coach, and went into a poore woman's house at the bottome of Highgate hill, and bought a hen, and made the woman exenterate it, and then stuffed the bodie with snow, and my Lord did help to doe it himselfe. The snow so chilled him, that he immediately fell so extremely ill, that he could not returne to his lodgings, I suppose then at Gray's Inne, but went to the Earl of Arundell's house, at

Highgate, where they putt him into a good bed warmed with a panne; but it was a damp bed that had not been layn in about a yeare before, which gave him such a cold, that in 2 or 3 dayes, as I remember he (Mr. Hobbes) told me, he dyed of suffocation." p. 227.

Aubrey attributes the misconduct which ruined Bacon more to his favourites and servants than himself. He says,

"His favourites took bribes, but his lordship alwayes gave judgement *secundum æquum et bonum*. His decrees in chancery stand firme; there are fewer of his decrees reverst, then of any other chancellor. Three of his lordship's servants (Sir Tho. Meautys, Mr. Busbell, and Mr. Idney) kept their coaches, and some kept race-horses." p. 226.

He relates some curious anecdotes of Butler the famous physician, whom he represents as a man of great modes (singularities):

"A serving-man brought his master's water to Dr. Butler, being then in his studie, with turned barres, but would not be spoken with. After much fruitlesse importunity, the man told the Doctor, he was resolved he should see his master's water; he would not be turned away, and so threw it on the Dr's head. This humour pleased the Dr. and he went to the gent. and cured him.—The Dr. lyeing at the Savoy in London, next the water side, where was a balcony look't into the Thames, a patient came to him that was grievously tormented with an ague. The Dr. orders a boate to be in readinesse under his window, and discoursed with the patient (a gentleman) in the balcony, when, on a signall given, 2 or 3 lusty fellowes came behind the gent. and threw him a matter of 20 feete into the Thames. This surprize absolutely cured him." p. 267.

One more extract shall conclude this article: when our readers will have had a pretty fair specimen of the work before us. It is taken from the *Life of Henry Martin, esq.* p. 434.

"King Charles the first had complaint against him for his wenching: It happened that Henry was in Hyde parke one time when his majestie was there, going to see a race. The King espied him, and sayd aloud, 'Let that ugly rascall be gonne out of the park, that w——master, or els I will not see the sport.' So Henry went away patiently, *sed manebat altò mente repòstum*. That sarcasme rayssed the whole countie of Berks against him.— Anno 1660 he

* These passages are very properly omitted by the Editor.

was obnoxious for having been one of the late King's judges, and he was in very great danger to have suffered as others did, but (as he was a witt himself) so the Lord Falkland saved his life by witt, saying, 'Gentlemen, yee talke here of making a sacrifice: it was old lawe, all sacrifices were to be without spott or blemish; and now you are going to make an old rotten rascall a sacrifice.' This witt tooke in the House, and saved his life.—His speeches in the House were not long, but wondrous poynant, pertinent, and witty. He was exceeding happy at apt instances; he alone hath sometimes turned the whole House. Making an invective speech once against old Sir Henry Vane, when he had done with him, he said 'But for young Sir Harry Vane,'—and so sate him downe. Severall cryed out—'What have you to say to young Sir Harry?' He rises up: 'Why, if young Sir Harry lives to be old, he will be old Sir Harry!' and so sate downe, and set the whole House a-laughing, as he oftentimes did. O. Cromwell once in the House called him, jestingly or scoffingly, Sir Harry Martin—H. M. rises and bowes, 'I thanke your majestie, I always thought, when you were King, that I should be knighted.' A godly member made a motion to have all profane and unsanctified persons expelled the House: H. M. stood up and moved that all the fooles might be put out likewise, and then there would be a thin house. He was wont to sleep much in the house (at least dog-sleep). Alderman Atkins made a motion that such scandalous members as slept and minded not the business of the house, should be putt out. H. M. starts up—'Mr. Speaker, a motion has been made to turne out the nodders: I desire the noddees may also be turned out.'

We now close this account of the Bodleian Letters and Ashmolean Lives, referring to the publication itself for anecdotes of Kettle, Fleetwood, Suckling, Davenant, Shakspeare, &c. &c. which will be found very interesting and entertaining.

37. *Bibliographical Miscellanies. being a Selection of curious Pieces in Verse and Prose.* Oxford, 1813. pp. 72.

THIS elegant little work (of which only 104 copies are printed) is designed to preserve a few curious pieces which may appear to be interesting to the lovers of Bibliography. The subjects are all selected from the Libraries at Oxford. Indeed, we heartily rejoice to find, that the rich stores

of the Bodleian and the other Libraries in that University are likely to be explored and brought forward for public benefit by three such intelligent Compilers as the Editors of the republications of Dugdale's Monasticon, Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, and the "Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine."

The first piece in order is the Life of Churchyard, printed from two very rare publications of that Poet, "The first Part of Chippey," 1575, and "Churchyard's Charge," 1580; the former preserved in the Bodleian Library, and the latter in the Ashmolean Museum. This is accompanied by Wood's Life of Churchyard, from the new edition of the "Athenæ," as enlarged by Mr. Bliss.

Some very curious Christmas Carols are extracted from a supposed unique copy in the possession of Mr. Cotton, student of Christ-church; which are succeeded by Five Sonnets by Sir Philip Sidney, from a MS. in the Bodleian.

The following singular character is taken from Bowen's MS Collections for Shropshire, bequeathed to the Bodleian by Mr. Gough. It was transcribed by Bowen from the Register of Sir Thomas Boteler, vicar of Wenlock:

"1546, 26 May, bur'd out of tow tenem'ts in Mardfold-street, next St Owen's well; Sir W^m Corvehill, priest of the service of or lady in this ch^h, w^{ch} 2 ten^{ts} belong'd to the s^d service, he had them in his occupation in pt of his wages, which was viii marks, and the s^d houses in an ov'plus. He was well skilled in geometry, not by speculation, but by experience: could make organs, clocks, and chimes: in kerving, in masonry, & silk-weaving and painting, & could make all sorts of instruments of musick, & was a very patient and gud man; borne in this borowe, sometime monk in the monastery; two brethren he had, called Do'pne John, monk in s^d mon'try, & Sr Anar^v Corvehill, a secular priest, who died at Croyden, in Surrey, on whose souls God have mercy. All this country had a great loss of St W^m for he was a good bell-founder & maker of frames."

Three *Fairy Poems* conclude the volume; the first, The Faery King, is ascribed to Sir Simeon Steward. The second, A Description of his Dyet, has been printed, with many variations, in Herrick's Hesperides; and the third,

third, *The Fairies Fagaries*, we observe, is copied by Mr. Brand, from Poole's English Parnassus, into the elegant edition of his "Observations on Popular Antiquities," just published by Mr. Ellis*. Mr. Brand justly calls it a Fairy Song of exquisite beauty; but, as his copy differs materially from that in the work before us, which is taken from a MS Collection among Dr. Rawlinson's Books, we shall extract it, that our Readers may compare them, as we doubt not that Mr. Brand's work will be, as it richly deserves, so generally circulated, as to be within every one's reach:

"THE FAIRIES FAGARIES,

OR,

Singing and dancing being all their pleasure, [at leisure;

They please you most nicely, if youle be To heare their sweet chanting, itt will you delight, [night.

To cure melancholly at morning and Sung like to the 'Spanish Gypsic.'

Come follow, follow me,
You Fairie elves that be:
And circle round this greene,
Come follow me your queene,
Hand in hand let's dance a round
For this place is Fayrie ground.
When mortals are at rest,
And snorting in their nest,
Unheard, or vnespy'd,
Through key-holes we do glide:
Over tables, stooles, and shelves,
We trip it with our Fairie elves.
And if the house be foule,
Or platter, dish, or bowle,
Up staires we nimbly creepe,
And finde the sluts asleepe;
Then we pinch their armes and thighes,
None escapes, nor none espies.
But if the house be swept,
And from uncleannesse kept,
We praise the house and maid,
And surely she is paid:
For we do use before we go
To drop a tester in her shoe.
Upon the mooshroome's head,
Our table-cloth we spread,
A graine o'th' finest wheat
Is manchet that we eate:
The pearlie drops of dewe we drinke,
Is acorne-cups fill'd to the brinke.
The tongues of nightingales,
With unctious iuice of snayles,
Betwixt two nut-shells stewde
Is meate that's easily chewde:
The braines of rennes, the beards of mice,
Will make a feast of wondrous price.

Over the tender grasse,
So lightly we can passe,
The yong and tender stalke
Nere bowes whereon we walke,
Nor in the morning dew is stene
Over night where we have benee.
The grasshopper, 'gnat, and flie,
Serve for our minstrels three,
And sweetly dance awhile
Till we the time beguile;
And when the moone-calfie hides her head,
The glow-worme lights us unto bed."

We hope the success of this little Collection, will induce its ingenious Editor to continue his Collection of "Curious Pieces."

58. *Christianity in India. Letters between Laicus and An East India Proprietor, as they appeared in The Times Newspaper, in the Months of August, September, and October, 1813. pp. 102. Rivingtons.*

A CANDID discussion of a most important and very delicate subject, which cannot very easily be abridged; but which well deserves an attentive perusal.

"It must not be forgotten," concludes *Laicus*, "that if Religion is not a selfish thing, but 'is twice blessed, in blessing him that gives, and him that takes;' if he that 'loves God' must 'love his brother also;' if 'a cup of cold water, given from so sacred a principle, 'shall not lose its reward;' then all that train of reasoning, which would operate to prevent the diffusion of the Gospel; to leave Idolatry untouched; and to perpetuate the reign of darkness, of bloodshed, and of crime, requires to be seriously examined, before it ought to receive our assent; and involves no common responsibility, if it shall be acted upon, not only without the evidence of facts, but in direct opposition to that evidence."

59. *De L'Allemagne. Par Madame de Stael Holstein. 3 Vols. 8vo. [From a Review in The Times Newspaper.]*

ON hearing that the Baroness De Stael had given to the world, at this interesting moment, a work on Germany, the first and most natural expectation which must have presented itself to most persons, must have been, that it would exhibit a development, and a particular application to the German States, of those political opinions which were so well expressed in the short Essay on the Continential System. It was not, therefore, without some disappointment, that we learnt from the Preface, that the work in question was composed three years

years ago, and that it preserved a studied silence on the existing French Government. Notwithstanding this reserve, however, after it had been examined, and re-examined, on the part of that Government, by several Censors, who had carefully suppressed every phrase bearing the least shadow of political allusion, and after 10,000 copies had, with their permission, been printed, Savary, the Minister of Police, seized and destroyed the whole impression, compelled Madame De Stael to give up the original manuscript, and ordered her to quit France, her native country, within 24 hours. The publick will probably think with her, that "it is curious to shew, what kind of work that must be, which could draw down on the head of its author so cruel a persecution." In fact, it may be said to embrace almost every thing that is important in the character and circumstances of Germany, except its politics. The work consists of three middle-sized 8vo Volumes, and is divided into Four Parts: the 1st, treating of the general Appearance and Manners of Germany; the 2d, of its Literature and Arts; the 3rd, of its Philosophy and Morals; and the 4th, of its Religious Opinions. Each of these heads is comprehensive enough to ramify into a variety of interesting topics; and the German Literature, in particular, is treated considerably in detail, exhibiting to the English reader much that is both curious and novel. Our own attention, however, has been principally directed to those casual and incidental touches, which, to the lynx-eyed jealousy of despotism, have probably appeared unfavourable to the permanence of the Tyrant's power. Many of these are to be found in the passages struck out by the Censors, and which Madame De Stael has in the present impression restored: but, after all, it seems, the work was condemned as "not sufficiently French;" and M. Savary haughtily observed, that the French people "was not yet reduced to look for models among those nations whom the Baroness admired." The true solution of this is, that her sentiments of admiration for the Germans were such as to imply a still higher admiration of the English; and this was a crime, which certainly could not be pardoned by the inventor of the Continental System.

Much has been said and written against the usurpations and violences of Buonaparte; but there is one evil of his system, far more horrible and stupendous than all the others--his poisoning the streams of knowledge in their very first sources,--Education, and the Press. In the *Exposé* of 1811, he unblushingly avowed the detestable resolution of gradually suppressing all private schools, and allowing none but the national schools, conducted solely on *military* principles. For these national schools, History has been wholly re-written by certain pensioned scribes, who have perverted all its lessons into so many arguments in defence of the Tyrant and his system. That this execrable scheme may not be defeated, in riper years, by works either of instruction or amusement, is part of the great Emperor's standing policy; and his ceaseless fears of assassination are not more lively, than his sensibility to the lightest shaft of censure that glances on his principles or conduct. Hence even the vanity of an Author is not flattered by the notice which his works may attract from Imperial jealousy. "In France," says Madame de Stael, "there is nobody now, from the highest to the lowest, whom it is not thought worth while to render miserable."

We proceed to notice some of the rejected passages, which may give a tolerable notion of the tact the Police Censors possess for dangerous opinions:

"I suppose," says Madame de Stael, "we have not come to that point, that we wish to build a great Chinese wall round the literary world of France, to prevent ideas from penetrating to them from abroad." vol. I. p. 6.

This was certainly too caustic not to be felt, and too near the truth to be tolerated.

After observing, that the German literati are more anxious to establish their claim to the domain of intellect and imagination, than to that of the realities of life, it was added, that

"Those realities, however, easily found persons who were willing to lay hold of them, and who in the sequel carried trouble and confusion even into the empire of the imagination." p. 23.

One might have thought that this remark would not have been taken as applicable to the rapacity of Buonaparte

parte alone; but the Author well observes, in a note, that the Police Agents possess an instinct truly remarkable against liberal ideas, under whatever form they appear,—that they scent out, with the accuracy of the most experienced hound, every notion that may tend to awaken in the minds of the French their former love of knowledge and liberty.

Speaking of Joseph II. she says,

“After his death nothing remained of all that he had instituted.” p. 58.

The omen was fatal to the dynasty of Buonaparte: the affrighted Censors struck out the passage.

“The ascendancy of the French manners has, perhaps, prepared foreign nations to look on the French as invincible. There is but one mode of combating that ascendancy;—it is by maintaining national habits and manners, with an unbending firmness.” p. 86.

Experience has shown at once the truth and the importance of this observation.

(To be continued.)

60. *Sketches of History, Politics, and Manners, taken in Dublin and the North of Ireland in the Autumn of 1810*; 8vo. pp. 294.

61. *A View of Society and Manners, in the North of Ireland, in the Summer and Autumn of 1812*. By J. Gamble, Esq. pp. 399

AS the first of these Volumes was published anonymously, and escaped our observation at the time of its appearance; we shall confine ourselves to the second; premising only, in the words of a respectable Critic, that

Mr. Gamble “appears to have been born in the North of Ireland, to have studied medicine at Edinburgh, to have served some time in a medical capacity in the Army, and to have re-visited his native country after an absence of several years. Liverpool being the place chosen by him to embark for Dublin, and a contrary wind having detained him there for some time, his readers are favoured with a communication of his opinion of that bustling sea-port. Whether it was owing to the vexatious circumstance of detention, or to his habitual dislike of the scenes of maritime occupation, he discovers a much smaller share of good humour on this occasion than during the sequel of his journey. He terms Liverpool, very unjustly in our opinion, little better than a ‘respectable

Wapping or Rotherhithe;’ and he goes the length of asserting, that ‘the smell of tar assails the Passenger in Castle-street and the Square, as well as in the Docks.’ Admitting that the part of the town adjoining the water is confined and irregular, and that the want of an original plan is too often apparent; it was incumbent on him to have paid a warmer compliment to the appearance of the new streets to the Eastward; and to have acknowledged the advantages, both for health, and beauty of prospect, of the extent of rising ground on which a future city may be expected to stand. He omits, likewise, to take notice of the elegance and magnitude of the public rooms, for the purposes of business, of literary recreation, and of civic meetings; accommodations in which Liverpool is second to no city in the kingdom.”

Of the Second Volume, Mr. Gamble shall himself speak :

“The favourable opinion which some have been pleased to express of a former Volume on the North of Ireland, encourages me to lay before the public the present one. It is written nearly in a similar manner; and by hasty sketch, by short tale, and brief dialogue, rather than by formal dissertation, it endeavours to make better known to the inhabitants of England, a people well deserving to be known. It makes no pretensions to science, and touches but little on topography, or the natural curiosities of the country. Men and women, however, are of more importance than pillars or columns; and it gives (I trust) human passions, human actions, and human beings, with all their imperfections on their heads. I know not that I have any where extenuated, and surely I would not set down aught in malice.”

As an apology for some particularities in the work, Mr. Gamble adds,

“I have somewhere mentioned that I am remarkably short-sighted—I am more—I was once assailed by almost total blindness, and am still liable to frequent attacks of it. Even at the best I can take little share in the business or the amusements of life; and, while feeble is the light that shines on the present, I have the past to remember, and the future to apprehend. Inevitable blindness, like all other inevitable misfortunes, may be borne; and we know that Homer and Milton composed those grand works which, beyond all others, required the most perfect concentration of the mind, in that situation. But neither to be wholly blind, nor entirely

to see, to vibrate as it were between light and darkness, may well throw the mind off its balance, and cause joy and sadness, mirth and melancholy, to struggle together, and contend for mastery, like the elemental particles of chaos."

At the beginning of this Volume, we find our Author again at Liverpool, and intending to sail for Newry.

"There is nothing more unaccountable than the fatality which at times governs men, and impels them into situations of danger in opposition to their judgment. I have all my life had a dread of the passage from Liverpool to this country; and, guided by circumstances, have rarely come by any other. I shall, I trust, be wiser for the future; and, to make my experience of service to others, I shall give an account of my present voyage."

His unlucky stars placed him on board the ship of a drunken Captain; whose conduct, in a moment of general distress, is feelingly described:

"As well as he could speak, he thus addressed the passengers—he told us that he was at a loss to know what to do—that the gale was so dreadful the vessel so crazy, and the men so exhausted, he was almost certain of foundering if we kept to sea; that Drogheda river, which lay a little a-head, was, he understood, a very dangerous one, even to those who knew it best; that he was utterly unacquainted with it; but, as the lesser evil, would prefer venturing if we had no objection.—We told him, we were incapable of advising, and begged him to do whatever he thought best for the safety of the vessel, and the preservation of all our lives.—We shaped our course (as we thought) for Drogheda river accordingly; the sea roaring with a violence of which it is impossible to form an idea, though the darkness hid it from our view,—we saw nothing—we knew nothing of where we were, or where we were going; we were ignorant of every thing except that danger surrounded us on every side; that shoals and rocks were round us, and about us; and that little short of a miracle could save us.—The horrors of that night can never be erased from my recollection; I am sure the agonies of death, 'if any sense at that sad hour remains,' could alone equal it. It was so lug—that night—often when the gust came violent and bore down the little bark that bore us and our hopes—when I raised myself in the wretched berth where I lay, and by the miserable lamp that glimmered in the cabin, making 'darkness visible,' I observed the slow

progress of time—I exclaimed, in the words of a German Poet, 'Will this eternal night last to the day of judgment!'—If time is to be reckoned by succession of ideas, that night was an age of misery; nor would I spend such another for the sea's wealth.—Strange as it may appear, my mind was active and busy—all the incidents of my past life passed before me with inconceivable rapidity; many passages from our Poets presented themselves to my memory with extraordinary distinctness: with a heart that vibrated to the sentiment, I repeated, I am sure a hundred times,

'O the cry did knock [perish'd!]
Against my very heart; poor souls, they

"At intervals, the cries of the women in the hold mingled with the blast, and gave it new horrors. More ear-piercing and heart-rending than the others were those of a female I had noticed the day before, for her extraordinary attention to an infant which she carried at her breast. She was an interesting-looking young woman, about twenty, going to Ireland to her husband, who is a Corporal in some regiment here; if she were as affectionate a wife as she was a mother, his General would have had reason to be proud of her.—The stoutest seaman confessed, by his groans, by his short but energetic prayers, how terrible was the death that seemed to await us—maternal solicitude was *her* only feeling—for *herself* she had no care—she thought not of death—she thought of her child. The contemplation of her fortitude served for a time to interest and occupy my thoughts; they soon returned, however, to the scene around me and to myself. Death by shipwreck is the most terrible of deaths. The spectacle of a field of battle is lofty and imposing—its glittering apparel, its martial music, its waving banners and floating standards, its high chivalric air and character, elevate the soul, and conceal from us the dangers of our situation.—Stretched on our death-bed, enfeebled by sickness, our sensibility becomes enfeebled also; and, while heavy shocks shake the body, and make it to the bye-stander seem to suffer, Nature throws over the soul the kindly shroud of a happy insensibility—while the closed shutter, the tip-toe tread, and whispered attendance, shut out the world we are so soon about to leave.—But in a storm at sea, the scene is not more terrible than disgusting—in a miserable cabin, on a filthy bed, in a confined and putrid air, where it is as impossible to think as to breathe freely—the fatigue, the motion, the want of rest and food, give a kind

kind of hysteric sensibility to the frame, which makes it alive to the slightest danger; no wonder, therefore, it should be so to the greatest of all. If we look round the miserable groupe that surround us, no eye beams comfort, no tongue speaks consolation; and when we throw our imagination beyond—to the death-like darkness, the howling blast, the raging and merciless element, soon to be our horrid habitation, surely, surely, it is the most terrible of deaths.

"About two in the morning, when we were beginning to flatter ourselves with some hopes, the vessel struck—of the scene that followed it is as painful to think, as it would be impossible to describe. The violence of the shock threw the vessel on one side, and the waves beat over her in every part. The rudder was unshipped, and the mast went by the board. The shrieks of the men and women passengers, the cries or rather shouts of sorrow of the seamen, formed a perfect chorus of misery;

—crudelis ubique [imago.]
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis

"After the first tumult was subsided, I observed a very general disposition to kneel down and pray; there appeared to be no hope from man; they therefore sought it from Heaven, and, prostrate on the deck, snatched the few moments they could call their own, to recommend their souls to God.—Captain K——, after kneeling a few moments, got up, and putting on his great coat, which he carefully buttoned up to the chin, said to me (I shall never forget the words) 'Now, I thank God, I am as ready to die as ever I was to go to hunt.'—One of the seamen only could be said to display either presence of mind or courage.—I asked the Captain if there were any hope. 'Small hopes, (said he) small hopes,' jumping up and down, and clasping his hands like a frantic person.—'Small hopes! you drunken ruffian,' said Captain K—— (indignation overcoming every other feeling) 'when the souls of these poor people you have murdered, arise in judgment against you, how will you answer it at the tribunal of God?'—I repeated my question to the seaman. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I think there is. I have tried the pump, and find that the vessel makes very little water—she may hold together till we get assistance.' He was, I believe, almost the only English sailor on board. There were several Foreigners, and the Captain himself was a Welshman.—But, to have done with this painful subject as speedily as possible, let me briefly say, that, as the man prophesied, it actually happened. The vessel kept together, and about six we

got assistance. Some fishermen, belonging to the little town of Skerries, at the imminent hazard of their own lives, put off in a large boat, and carried us, men, women, and children, (to the number of thirty-eight) on shore. To say the transports with which we hailed it were needless—a person who gets a reprieve at the gallows can only conceive them."

After this ample quotation, we shall only select a few detached passages, as further specimens of Mr. Gamble's manner and language.

"Newry is but indifferently situated, being almost surrounded by rocks and mountains. It owes its rise to Sir Nicholas Bagnal, knight, Marshal of Ireland in the reign of Edward the Sixth. It has been twice burned down, first by the Rebels in 1641, and afterwards by the Duke of Berwick, on his retreat to Dundalk from the English, who, on their approach, found it in flames.—It contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, of whom one half, I should suppose, are Presbyterians; 'the largest half,' my host (who is himself a Presbyterian) said, 'and the best.'"

"When we came near Dundalk, the fields were swarming with people, men, women, and children, running, wrestling, throwing long bullets, and dancing. This latter was fully as violent an exercise as any of the others, and consisted in a continued and violent agitation of the limbs and body. I could have wished it had been done in a better style; for the manners of a people may be judged of by their dancing; and what a favourable impression does not the French opera-dancing give of that light, airy, and elegant people?—I stopped upwards of half an hour looking on, and was at length reluctantly drawn away. I was detained only by the animation of the scene, and its expression of happiness; for the music was no better than the dancing. But what harmony equals, or, alas! is so rare, as that of happy human faces? The instrument was the bagpipes. It has always been a favourite of the vulgar."

"The little town of Dromore appeared to me to be situated in a valley; yet it derives its name from *Druim*, a back, and *Mor*, great; the great back of a hill. It was about ten in the morning when I approached it. The town was in shade, as was the lower part of the green hill beyond it. The upper part was cheerily illuminated by a radiant sun, and looked most gay and verdant.—Dromore is a very antient town, and bears all the marks of its antiquity. I clambered over a parcel of pig-sties, to have a look at an

old Castle, of which nothing remains but two roofless walls and a court overgrown with nettles. The Cathedral is very small; it is neither in form of a cross like others, nor has it any revenues for supporting cathedral service. I was looking through one of the windows at the inside, when a woman, who had observed me, came running with the key. This was disinterested civility, for she would accept of no recompence; it was needless civility likewise, for there was nothing to see beyond the usual ornaments of a parish church.—I walked afterwards to the Bishop's Palace, which is about a quarter of a mile from the town. It stands on an elevated situation, and seems a very comfortable and commodious habitation. A living Bishop occupies a great deal of room, a dead one not more than a much less reverend person. Four Bishops of this See are interred in the vault of the chancel. The grounds are not extensive, but prettily laid out. The hedges are filled with roses, delightful emblem of their late mild and benevolent possessor, the perfume of whose name will long shed fragrance over his sepulchre.—Doctor Percy was greatly beloved in his Diocese; and, though an Englishman, never left his residence during the late unfortunate rebellion. In his younger days he had lived much in the learned world, and was one of the *Stellæ minores* of the Literary Club. In general he moved quietly in the orbit of its great constellation, Doctor Johnson. Accidents, however, would sometimes occur to interrupt their harmony; of one of which an amusing account is given by Mr. Boswell. Doctor Percy was not only a namesake, but a relation of the Duke of Northumberland, and, it appears, sufficiently alive to the honour. Bishops and Philosophers have their full share of the weaknesses of common men—I was going to add, Poets, but checked myself; they, I fear, have more than their share. His Lordship was blind for several years before his death. Afflicting as this circumstance was to himself, it was a fortunate one for many young men, whom he took into his house as readers, and afterwards brought forward in life. I had the honour of dining with him some years ago. There was a large party; among others, the titular Bishop and all his Clergy. It was, I understand, his unvaried custom to invite them, whenever they had a meeting at Dromore. I shall never forget with what pleasure, on our going to the drawing-room, he listened to a young lady singing his own beautiful song of 'O Nanny, wilt thou gang with

me?' The piano was not in the best tune, nor was the young lady's voice the most harmonious. But, ah! what discord ever reached a Poet's ear, whose works were sung or said before him.—Dromore was likewise then, and probably is still, the residence of another Poet, not of an humbler name, but of an humbler rank in life—Mr. Stutt, a linen merchant, better known by the name of *Hafis*, who never has allowed the dazzling coruscations of the imagination to seduce him far from the sober round of his bleach-green.—The distance from Dromore to Hillsborough is three miles. Of the latter, which is the paragon of Irish towns, it is needless to say much—its fame is so universal, that my praise can neither increase nor diminish it.

"There are two inns in Hillsborough. I stopped at the second, kept by a person of the name of M'Garry. The first, I understand, is an excellent house for those who travel in chaises.—I got a comfortable dinner at M'Garry's. I asked him if he had any good beer: 'As good as any in England,' he replied. Shortly afterwards I asked the waiter some questions about the Church. He was credibly informed, he said, that it was as handsome as an English one. It is impossible to travel in Ireland without remarking the predominance of every thing English, and the hold that England seems to have taken of the imagination. As good, as fashionable, as beautiful as in England, is the climax of praise; nor, indeed, has any thing a chance to be reckoned either good, or fashionable, or beautiful, unless it comes from England, or has been approved of there.—I found the Church in reality as handsome as an English one. It is built in the form of a cross, with a light and graceful spire. A spacious lawn is in front, and two rows of lofty elms. There are eight windows of stained glass, gracefully and fancifully, rather than solemnly done, in oblong and circular compartments. The descending sun shone on several of them, and threw on the rich pavement, long yellow and blue, and yellow and red shadows. It reminded me of the following lines of Mr. Scott:

'The moon-beam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.'

"The family vault runs under the family seat, and the living Lord sits on the ashes of the dead one. The first Marquis is buried here. He was the great benefactor of Hillsborough, and the effects of his munificence are still discernible in the comfort, neatness, and beauty,

beauty, which distinguish this town and neighbourhood. What a pity that in a country where this beneficent influence of wealth and greatness is so necessary, it should be so rare, that in many parts (I do not here speak of the North) landlords should too often be known to the people only as their tax-gatherers, not as their friends, benefactors, and fathers—and that society should be left in a state of almost primitive barrenness, satisfied with the rough enjoyments and necessities of nature, with little of grace to allure, of beauty to charm, or of elegance to admire!

“Belfast is a large and well-built town. The streets are broad and straight. The houses neat and comfortable, mostly built of brick. The population, in a random way, may be estimated at thirty thousand, of which, probably, four thousand are Catholics. These are almost entirely working people. A few years ago there was scarcely a Catholic in the place. How much Presbyterians outnumber the members of the Established Church, appears from the circumstance of there being five Meeting-houses, and only one Church. Three of these Meeting-houses are in a cluster, and are neat little buildings. Neatness and trimness, indeed, rather than magnificence, are the characteristics of all the public buildings. A large Mass-house, however, to the building of which, with their accustomed liberality, the inhabitants largely contributed, is an exception.—The new College, when finished, if, like the Edinburgh College, and for the same reason, it is not doomed to remain forever unfinished, will, I should suppose, be another.—The principal Library is in one of the rooms of the Linen-hall. Round the Hall there is a public walk, prettily laid out with flowers and shrubs. I meet with few people either here or in the Library. Young women appear to walk as little as the men read. I know not whether this is a restraint of Presbyterianism, or of education; but, let the cause be what it may, it is a very cruel one—young women have few enjoyments; it is a pity, therefore, to deprive them of so innocent a one as that of walking. I have conversed with them at parties, and generally found them rational and unassuming. To an Englishman, as may be easily conceived, the rusticity of their accent would at first be unpleasant. But his ear would soon accommodate itself to it, and even find beauties in it—the greatest of all beauties in a female, an apparent freedom from affectation and assumption. They seldom played cards, nor did the elderly people seem to be particularly fond of them. Musick was the favourite recrea-

tion, and many were no mean proficient in it. They are probably indebted for this to Mr. Bunting, a man well known in the musical world. He has an extensive school here, and is Organist to one of the Meeting-houses; for so little fanaticism have now the Presbyterians of Belfast, that they have admitted organs into their places of worship. At no very distant period this would have been reckoned as high a profanation as to have erected a crucifix.”

“I heard a very rational discourse from Doctor Drummond, minister of the congregation. The Doctor is likewise Principal of an academy in the neighbourhood, and a poet. He has published a long work, in verse, on the Giant's Causeway, of which I know not the success. I know of no other literary man in this town or neighbourhood, except Doctor Drennan. He is principally, or indeed only, known as a Writer of Politicks; and people will judge his writings differently, according to their sentiments on this subject. He is a little smart man, between fifty and sixty years of age. I have no acquaintance with him; but I learn he is a valuable member of society, and an exemplary character in private life.—If literary men are scarce, Merchants, however, are plenty. They predominate as much in society here, as Lawyers do in that of Dublin.”

“Respectable society in the North of Ireland is divided into two great classes. The Gentry, who live on their estates, and are mostly descendants of the English, and Protestants strictly so called; and the great Linen-buyers and Bleachers, who are almost entirely of Scotch descent, and Presbyterians. Between these two little intercourse ever subsisted; and at the period I am writing of, no intercourse subsisted whatsoever. The jealousy with which, in all countries, ancient greatness views newly-acquired wealth, was probably the cause of the first—difference of opinion on political subjects was certainly the cause of the second.”

“Speaking Irish may be considered by every Englishman who travels in Ireland, as a declaration of being Catholic. The lowest Protestant would feel degraded by the supposition that he understood, much less spoke it. This singular and most unjust contempt of the Aborigines and their language is a convincing proof (were proof wanting) how very colonial, and how little national, a large portion of the people of Ireland is. Nothing affronts a poor or ragged Protestant more, than asking him any question as if he were a Catholic—indeed, if a little time is allowed him, he will himself tell what he is—like an English landlord

landlord or waiter in Wales, if he is asked a question about any neighbouring mountain or valley, will answer shortly and gruffly, that he knows nothing about them, and then takes care to inform you that he is an Englishman, and tells often the particular spot where he was born, lest it should be supposed he was a

borderer even. Nobody so low but he thinks others still lower."

The Volume abounds with incidents of "mingled gloom and levity;" many of them, arising out of the late troubles in the North of Ireland, highly interesting and affecting.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"It is the interest of Musicians to have their art understood; for there is nothing so much its hindrance as ignorance of its excellence: neither let them think that, the sooner learned, the sooner left off; for whereas many faint in their first essays, and others contend to conquer it so long only as their patience will last, if the way was more plain, these might arrive at some perfection, and practise it ever after, as the chief recreation of their lives." T. SALMON. (1672.)

16. An Essay, with copious Examples, towards a more easy and scientific method of commencing and pursuing the Study of the Pianoforte, abridging as well as facilitating its earlier stages, and securing more valuable Attainments in them by combining corresponding portions of the Principles of Thorough Bass, and of Musical Science, with the beginning and all the subsequent periods of the Practice, by John Gunn, Teacher of the Pianoforte, (Author of an Essay on Harmony, or Thorough Bass and Modulation, adapted to the Violoncello, and of Treatises on the Violoncello and on the German Flute, &c.) (Epigraph: Qui bene dividit bene docet.) Vol. I. pp. 36, fol. and 63 of musick. Preston. 2s.

ON all occasions, our principal aim will be to notice the peculiarities of the work then under consideration, and to make such extracts as will best enable our readers to form an accurate idea of it, as far as may be compatible with our limits, or such extracts as are likely to be of service in other respects when taken alone.

In the Introduction, Mr. Gunn gives what we think a not very just statement of the usual musical tuition, and the advantages of the method he now recommends. He is of opinion, an opinion which he says has been confirmed by experiment, that this method will make the study of the Pianoforte "more easy, regular, and pleasing; and shorten the time employed in the earlier stages." It is not wonderful that the common method of teaching should be found, in many instances, to be defective, when it is known that persons wholly unqualified get employed as music-masters at some of our universities, by the means of submitting to a considerable deduction from their earnings in favour of the

governess. It is often from such conclusions that many of our young Ladies, in the middle rank, have high pretensions with such scanty acquirements. All that we have discerned of novelty in Mr. Gunn's method, if his we call it, is, that the rudiments of harmony and modulation are taught at the same time as the art of playing; and all the clefs, and notes, and times (common and triple), "rythm," intervals and their inversions, concords and their order of succession, cadences, &c. are to be practised previous to the learner's attempting a tune. For all this, we think, the pupil must have amazing patience, and very unusual docility. In some few cases, perhaps, the plan might be pursued with advantage, but not in general teaching. Every judicious master will vary his methods to suit his pupil's capacity. Mr. Gunn divides the practice and study into three periods: the first we have already mentioned; in the second, the pupil is to practise variations on the chords of Do, Sol, Do, with regular and irregular passing notes; a few popular airs; and to study discords, notes of anticipation, passing notes, appoggiaturas, &c. In the third period, the subjects of study are to be "the system of modulation, progressions, sequences," &c.; and the major and minor scales, with variations on sequences of chords, and select pieces from Mozart, &c. are the subjects for practice. In chap. XIV. "of a system of fingering," we have "31 distinct rules;" but, for the most part, they are not rules, unless rule and example be synonymous. This author follows Dr. Callcott in explaining the radical cadences, and he uses the expression *musical phrases* for "the series of cadences usually employed

employed in the accompaniment of melodies," p. 19. He very unnecessarily, we presume, divides the octave into *tetrachords*, and illustrates the difference between tones and semitones by a divided line. This, together with his employing the *plus* sign in Algebra, and some other particulars we could enumerate, give the reader too much ground for accusing the author of pedantry. Indeed his writing, we are sorry to say, is any thing but plain and simple. The following sentence we do not comprehend: "The extent or magnitude of intervals is estimated by the number and quality of the musical scale, of which they are composed." p. 14. In the plates we have noticed a few errors which ought to have been corrected. "*Position and motion of the fingers.* The young pupil is to be taught, first, to separate his fingers about half an inch asunder, so that the span or distance, from the thumb, to the little finger of each hand, may be nearly 4 inches; then (that) all, except the thumb, (are) to be bent, from the knuckles which terminate the first joint, to the points of the fingers, into a curve. In this state, let him endeavour to move any one finger up and down, by its own tendon alone; the fingers being kept in their curved state, and the back of the hand and wrist kept on a line, and quite steady. The finger, in its curved form, and moved solely by its tendon, is to be laid gently on the touch, and then is to press it down, with a greater or less pressure, according to the degree of sound, or quantity of tone, wanted; which will be pure in its quality, and unmixed with any noise or knocking, which an *impulse* of the finger would have given to it. Such impulse, except in the cases in which it is expressly wanted, for the purposes to be afterwards mentioned, must, therefore, be most carefully avoided. In order to produce purity of sound, not only the nails must be prevented from striking the touches, but the softest part alone of the finger should press them; which is not exactly its point, but that part of it which lies opposite to the lower half of the nail, and what would be employed, together with the thumb, in taking a pinch of snuff, or any such thing. Although smoothness of touch is to be the great aim of general prac-

tice, being at once what is the most difficult to attain, and the most valuable of the touches, what is most frequently wanted, and the most characteristic of a finished and refined performance, there are, notwithstanding, a variety of fine effects, and great diversity of expression, which can only be obtained by means of the other principle of motion; consisting in a certain neatness of *impulse*, spring, or velocity, in the action and re-action of the finger, essential to the expression of whatever is lively, neat, playful, animated, and spirited, or what is bold and commanding."

The reception of this Volume, we have little doubt, will ensure the appearance of a second, in which the Author intends to pursue his plan, giving next, the inversions of chords, and the other branches of harmony. (See our preceding Volume, p. 155.)

17. *A Divertimento for the Pianoforte, with an Accompaniment for a Flute or Violin; in which is (are) introduced the following favourite Airs: "When the Bee sucks,"—"Pray Goody,"—and "The Recovery." Composed and dedicated to Miss Clutton, by C. Stokes. pp. 13. Hodson. 4s.*

WITH much judgment, Mr. Stokes has wrought these favourite airs into a highly-pleasing divertimento. It is interesting and well-connected throughout; and the characters of his subjects are well preserved and contrasted. In this specimen of the Author's manner, we find some resemblance to the style of Kozeluch. Page 10, staff 10, the last note should be D natural.

18. *The favourite Pas Seul in Aladin, for the Pianoforte, by H. Condell. 1r. 8d.*

THIS is a rather pretty, and extremely easy, *polonoise*, with an insipid, and fortunately a very short introduction. It may be useful as a lesson for beginners, variety being necessary to keep up their voluntary exertions.

Imported by Dulau and Co.

Dictionnaire Historique des Musiciens, Artistes, et Amateurs, morts et vivans, avec les notices de leurs Ouvrages, 2 gros vol. 8vo. 1810. Paris. 30s.

Etat présent de la Musique en Allemagne, par Ch. Brack, 3 vols. 8vo. 54s. This is a French Translation of Burney's Musical Tour.

SELECT POETRY.

*on the Victory of Captain Sir PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE, Baronet,
over the CHESAPEAKE, in the American Seas. By LORD THURLOW.*

NOW had our Fleet, that, on the angry Main,
Despite of France, of Holland, and of Spain,
The flag of England in full triumph bore,
Been wreck'd at last upon the Western shore.

Columbia's flag was fatal to our pride;
And we, that had the polish'd World defied,
Supreme in courage, and in nautic skill,
Were doom'd to know from petty Traitors ill,

The sad reverses of inconstant Fate
Could not o'ercome our courage with their weight;
But England felt this, as a fatal blow,
To strike her colours to so mean a Foe.

A Foe, that swims about the wat'ry world,
Wherever Jove hath his bright thunder hurl'd,
To pick by carriage on the doubtful Main
Our Island's refuse, and her thievish gain.

Long time she doubted, and long time forbore
To face the thunder of the Lion's roar:
But bribes from France, what courage could not do,
To war committed her rebellious crew.

Then the poor Senate, in their broken style,
Began the Queen of Nations to revile;
And Billingsgate, by Western wit made more,
Fill'd all the echoes of their knavish shore.

The Jails were open'd, and their cunning plann'd
A gen'ral search and rummage through the land,
That all the knaves, that in her bosom slept,
Like flocks of locusts, to their ships were swept.

Then their four Frigates, long laid up in mud,
Were slowly dragg'd to the unwelcome flood;
That, once a year, with trumpets passed o'er,
To scare the Dolphins, and dismay the Moor.

But now the Citizens the change shall know
Between a turban'd, and a Christian foe;
And Commodores, that brav'd it at Algiers,
Shall skulk in Ocean, lest we crop their ears.

Their souls being little, their occasions much,
And no relief from Frenchman, or from Dutch;
With their fat dollars they our men o'er-reach,
And taint their faith with their Satanic speech.

Some, that for debt were in their jails confin'd,
And some, for crime that left our shores behind,
Some weak, some mad, from their allegiance fell,
To find, that Treason is a mental Hell.

And well it was America did so,
The only hope of safety she could know;
For, let what will be, thus our fate is spun—
'Tis but by England, England is undone.

In mere despair with these their tops they fill,
And triumph o'er us by their force and skill:
The cannon, pointed by those English minds,
A while dispers'd our glory to the winds.

Then their few ships were of so vast a size,
That scarce our decks could to their port-holes rise;
We fought in flame, while they securely stood,
And swept our decks into the briny flood.

Oh! what brave spirits in the deep were lost,
Their Friends', their Country's, and their Nation's boast?
Who smil'd in Death, and, to their Country true,
Found all their wounds were for their fame too few!

But BROKE reveng'd them by his noble deed,
And in the SHANNON taught his foes to bleed:
Columbia, gazing on the adverse shore,
Beheld her glory and her cause no more.

Now, joyous light throughout our Nation burns,
While he in laurels o'er the Sea returns:
And, taught by Broke, Britannia now may view
What her brave Suffolk * to her foes can do.

Our gracious Master, with a sweet reward,
Has shown his faith was grateful to his Lord †:
And, brave himself as is the crystal light,
Has cloth'd with honour his courageous Knight.

November 19th, 1813.

* Sir Philip Broke is a gentleman of Suffolk.

† The Prince Regent was graciously pleased to create Captain Broke a Baronet of England, for his conduct in this Battle.

COLUMBUS;

A POEM

Which obtained the CHANCELLOR'S MEDAL
at the Cambridge Commencement, July
1813. By GEORGE WADDINGTON, Scholar
of Trinity College.

ARGUMENT.

Grenada being taken from the Moors, a Voyage of Discovery is proposed to Isabella by the patrons of Columbus, and acceded to. Her feelings and wishes. The great object the propagation of Christianity.—Columbus described. His projects of Discovery, first formed, perhaps, in Childhood, encouraged by Hope, and ultimately confirmed by Reason.—He sets sail. Address to the Gales and Sea-gods. His dangers and disappointments. Variation of the Needle. Mutiny of his men. Certain signs at length appear, and land is discovered.—The discovery of most importance, as it tends to promote Christianity and Civilization.—Natural wonders of America. Andes and its Volcanoes. Rivers that rise from it. Forests. Inferiority of the human race. Superiority of Civilization to a state of Nature. American women often murder their female Infants to save them from Slavery. Civilization will probably be the consequence of intercourse with the Old World.—Progress of Discovery. Peyrouse, Cook, Drake, Raleigh, Gama. Return to Columbus. He is sent home in chains; but soon proceeds in his search after a passage to India, and discovers the Continent near

the mouth of the Oronoco.—Is shipwrecked on Jamaica, and saves his men from the fury of the Indians, by predicting an eclipse.—Isabella dies, and Columbus passes the remainder of his life a petitioner at the Court of Ferdinand.—Conclusion.

YE frowning tow'rs, where erst the bright
array
Of Moorish warriors glanc'd a fearful day;
Ye mosques majestic, where fanatic War
Yoked his red steeds to pale Religion's
car,
Are ye then fall'n, and has your pride con-

cess'd
The soul that slumbers in a woman's breast?
But yet, methinks, if glory and if pow'r
Must fade and vanish, like a summer-flow'r,
If Heaven command, and Fate direct the
blow,

'Tis sweet to fall beneath a gen'rous foe.
For hark! I hear the Victor Queen proclaim,
"Ambition hence, and all the pomp of fame!
Let warlike toils, let furious Discord cease,
And yield her sceptre to the Seraph Peace.
Hail lovely daughter of a rugged sire!
Chase the dark glooms of War with vestal-

fire;
Fair as when Spring first shews her trem-
bling form, [storm.
Or morn comes shiv'ring from the midnight
And say, shall Lusian barks alone explore
Each unknown wave, and number e'er
shore?

Hail wealthier climates, and breathe a purer
air,
The first to triumph, as the first to dare?

Ye

Ye souls, that taught the faithless Moor to
yield, [field;
Hear forth more glorious in an ampler
White to the Indian's wond'ring eyes un-
fur'd,
Castilian banners bless the unknown World;
Exalt his views, Religion's charms display,
And point the passage to eternal day."
But who that Hero, from whose manly
brow
Cospiring virtues dart an heav'nly glow?
Each mild, each nobler grace is pictur'd
there,
The heart to feel, and yet the soul to dare:
Onward he darts his rapture-speaking gaze,
Eyes the blue waves that drink the ev'ning
rays,
Salutes the blushing skies, and from afar
Hails the bright omen of the Western star,
Him haply slumb'ring by the waves, that
roar
In hollow murmurs round his native shore,
When ev'ry nerve was strung to Hope and
Joy,
And Fancy flutter'd round her fav'rite Boy,
Oft fairy visions bless'd, and round his head
On lightest wing their sweet delusion spread.
Then would he seem to plough the Western
main, [vain;
While rocks oppos'd, and tempests rag'd in
See other skies and stars unnam'd survey,
A milder climate, and a brighter day:
Then would he start, and gaze the concave
blue,
And half believe the fair deception true;
Bless the pale Moon, that pour'd a purer
light, [night:
Bless ev'ry orb that gemm'd the vest of
Then how his heart would boil, his bosom
swell, [fabrick fell.
Till at stern Reason's touch the baseless
Yet, when the billowy solitude he view'd,
Thoughts dimly grand and hopes sublime-
ly rude
Full oft would dart across his troubled
mind, [hind:
Would dart, and leave a dubious track be-
"Ye Western gales, that float on silken
wing, [ye bring?
Whence stole ye, say, the fragrance that
Is there no green-hair'd daughter of the
deep, [to sleep,
Around whose shores the wild waves learn
Where thro' the livelong year the dancing
hours [flow'rs?
Fling from their golden urn unfading
Yes, not for us alone th' imperial Sun,
Since Time began, his giant course has run;
The starry hosts their silvery ranks display,
The Moon's bright crescent sheds a mid-
night day
On other shores, and Nature's viewless
hand [land."
Rolls smoother billows round an happier
Thus would he hold sweet converse with
the gale,
That flutter'd idly round his little sail;

Nor ceas'd the young enthusiast's breast
to glow, [snow;
Where Zembla* slumbers in her waste of
E'en there could Hope his fearless bosom
warm,
And sooth the horrors of a polar storm.
And e'en when manhood's calmer power
refin'd [ful mind,
The thoughts that wanton'd in his youth-
The fairy landscape at pure Reason's ray
Beam'd but more bright, and kindled into
day:
For he would wander by the Ocean's side,
From blushing morn to ling'ring eventide,
Till the mind promis'd what the hopes conceiv'd,
And sceptic Wisdom wonder'd and believ'd.
Ye Lusitanian shores, ye rocks that brave
The idle threat'nings of th' Atlantic wave,
Oft have ye seen him Westward dart his
eye, [by,
While, list'ning to the surge that murmur'd
With straining look he drank the parting
light,
Till India burst upon his ravish'd sight.
Ye Gales, if e'er, when Time was young,
ye bore
Phœnician† barks around fair Afric's shore,
Breathe softly sweet your mildest murmurs
now, [grow
As when of yore young Ammon's daring
Rode proudly floating down the stream
that laves [waves.
Its native gold, and stemm'd the Indian
Be still, thou billowy bosom of the deep;
Ye Tempests, fold your dusky wings, and
sleep:
Secure, ye Nymphs, the gallant vessels
urge [surge.
Mid rocks that lurk beneath the glassy
In mute suspense see gazing thousands
stand, [strand,
Crown every steep, and press the lab'ring
But who can trace the feelings, that impart
A fearful joy, and swell the throbbing
heart?
Where dwells despair, or ardour's gen'rous
fire, [spire?
What fears discourage, or what hopes in-
Yes! when the vessels lessen on the view,
Perchance some parent weeps a last adieu;
Then burns with shame, and clears his
glist'ning eye,
His pride enforcing, what his hopes deny,
E'en now, methinks, the daring barks ex-
plore, [fore,
Where Fancy's eye had never pierc'd be-
Why start ye, Nereids, from your coral
caves, [waves?
Fly with unsanda'ld foot and skin the
Why flit ye, Spirits, on the dusky air,
While sighs the gale and distant meteors
glare?

* Columbus in his youth made some discoveries near Greenland.

† See Herodotus, Book IV. 42.

Hide, sullen Genius, hide that giant form
That yokes the winds, and riots on the storm;
Avenge not now thy violated reign,
Thy shatter'd sceptre, and thy broken chain,
For if thou lov'st to drink the parting
breath, [death,
And glut thee with the bursting sighs of
Enough of victims shall thy arms enfold,
While breezes waft, while oceans lead to
gold.

Where never eagle wooed meridian
light, [flight,
Where never sea-bird wing'd its wildest
The gallant vessels steer'd their lonely way;
A world of waters glimmer'd to the day,
A world of waters fading on the view,
Caught the last tints that purple Ev'ning
threw.

But ah! how oft did Hope's deluded eye
Hail ev'ry distant cloud that fring'd the sky
Beneath the pale Moon's visionary gleam,
Till morn invidious chased the joyous
dream.

But fearless still they stem th' unfathom'd
plains, [remains,
One guide still aids them, and one friend
True as the wondrous sign, whose cloudy
blaze [gaze.

Darken'd or glow'd on Israel's thankless
Mysterious Magnet! ere thy use was
known,

Fear clad the deep in horrors not its own;
But when thy trembling point vouchsaf'd
to guide,

Astonish'd nations rush'd into the tide,
While o'er the rocking wave and billowy
wild [and smiled.

Young Commerce plum'd his eagle-wing,
Mysterious Magnet! while the tempest
low'r, [hour?

Dost thou too leave them at the fearful
Does Heaven's protecting hand desert the
brave, [save?

No hope to cheer them, and no pow'r to
Well may Sedition, daughter of Despair,
Point to the boundless waste, the starless air,
The fancied shapes that float upon the
wind, [hind.

And claim the vales that blossom far be-
But when the Spectre rear'd her baleful
form, [storm,

More hideous than the fiend that rides the
Say, did the Hero from her clamours fly,
Or shriek beneath the terror of her eye?
Ah no! I see the quick indignant glow
Flush his dark cheek and glisten on his
brow; [flame,

One glance from him can light a kindred
And awe the rebel spirit into shame.

[To be concluded in our next.]

SONNET.

HOW have I lov'd amid the dark'ning
grove, [around,
When Evening's sombrous shadows crept
Musing in pensive thought awhile to rove,
List'ning the deep and melancholy sound

That ever murmur'd as the fitful blast
Sobb'd thro' my woodland haunt! — the
rustling trees, [fast,
Still as the cloudy night-storm gather'd
Tossing their foliage to the hollow breeze,
Such music made as with unearthly spell
Charm'd my rapt soul in sweet yet solemn
mood;

Now softly moaning like funereal knell,
Or convent's piteous dirge; now thund'ring
rude, [roar,
Like angry billows that with deaf'ning
Foam up the craggy rocks along some dis-
tant shore.

Written after perusing "Mary de Clifford."

OH! thou wert all my fancy has pour-
tray'd,

When my rapt spirit silently would rove,
To greet the image of some viewless maid,
And dream of beauty, virtue, and of love;
And I had hop'd, by fond enchantment led,
Such seraph soul might breathe in world
like this, [are fled

Might breathe perhaps for me—now, now
The early visions of romantic bliss,
Or, ling'ring yet, but wake the gushing
tear [Earth,

That falls in vain—too good thou wast for
Too fair and sweet a flow'r to blossom
here:

And when I seek thy unpolluted worth,
Far, far from hence my mournful thoughts
are riv'n—

When I do look for thee I only look to
Heav'n! Oscar.

FAREWELL TO POESY.

AND now to Silence, O my harp,
I thee consign with sorrow:
No more these hands shall idly warp
Thy yielding strings—for Satire sharp
Hath whelm'd my gilded morrow.

How have I dream'd my years away,
Attuning thee, deceiver!
Joyous if o'er the passing day
The Muse bestow'd one little ray,
And vowing ne'er to leave her.

Dear were thy breathings to my soul,
But I was too confiding:
Hark! to my strain succeeds the howl,
The hiss—and yonder, hid in cowl,
My critic judge deriding.

So in a tale of infant lore
A Royal youth undaunted
Walks some deserted palace o'er
Mid piled heaps of golden store,
Not dreaming it enchanted.

Awhile he views the fabrick fair,
Admires the glittering treasure;
When, lo! a tempest clouds the air,
Foul fiends are heard to laugh and swear;
'Tis gone!—and left in hovel bare,
He bids adieu to Pleasure. L.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

(Gazette of July 24 continued.)

Extract of a Letter from Lieut.-gen. Sir George Prevost, dated Head-quarters, Kingston, June 1.

Although, as your Lordship will perceive by the report of Col. Baynes, which I have the honour herewith to transmit, the expedition has not been attended with the complete success which was expected from it, I have great satisfaction in informing your Lordship, that the courage and patience of the small band of troops employed on this occasion, under circumstances of peculiar hardship and privation, have been exceeded only by their intrepid conduct in the field, forcing a passage at the point of the bayonet, through a thickly-wooded country, affording constant shelter and strong positions to the Enemy; but not a single spot of cleared ground favourable to the operations of disciplined soldiers.

Kingston, May 30, 1813.

Sir,—I have the honour to report to your Excellency, that, in conformity to an arranged plan of operations with Commodore Sir James Yeo, the fleet of boats assembled astern of his ship at 10 o'clock on the night of the 28th inst. with the troops placed under my command, and led by a gun-boat, under the direction of Capt. Mulcaster, R. N. proceeded towards Sackett's harbour, in the order prescribed to the troops, in case the detachment was obliged to march in column, viz. the grenadier company, 100th, with one section of the Royal Scots, two companies of the 8th, or King's, four of the 104th, two of the Canadian Voltigeurs, two six-pounders, with their gunners, and a company of Glengarry light infantry, were embarked on-board a light schooner, which was proposed to be towed, under the direction of Officers of the Navy, so as to ensure the guns being landed in time to support the advance of the troops. Although the night was dark, with rain, the boats assembled in the vicinity of Sackett's harbour, by one o'clock, in compact and regular order, and in this position it was intended to remain, until the day broke, in the hope of effecting a landing before the Enemy could be prepared to line the woods with troops, which surround the coast: but, unfortunately, a strong current drifted the boats considerably, while the darkness of the night, and ignorance of the coast, prevented them from recovering the proper station, until the day dawned, when the whole pulled for the point of debarkation.—It was my intention to have landed in the Cove formed by Horse Island, but, on approaching it,

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we discovered that the Enemy were fully prepared by a very heavy fire of musketry from the surrounding woods, which were filled with infantry, supported with a field-piece. I directed the roads to pull round to the other side of the island, where a landing was effected in good order and with little loss, although executed in the face of a corps formed with a field-piece in the wood, and under the enfilade of a heavy gun of the Enemy's principal battery. The advance was led by the grenadiers of the 100th regiment with undaunted gallantry, which no obstacle could arrest: a narrow causeway, in many places under water, not more than four feet wide, and about four hundred paces in length, which connected the island with the main land, was occupied by the Enemy in great force, with a six-pounder. It was forced and carried in the most spirited manner, and the gun taken before a second discharge could be made from it; a tumbrel, with a few rounds of ammunition, was found, but unfortunately the artillerymen were still behind, the schooner not having been able to get up in time, and the troops were exposed to so heavy and galling a fire from a numerous but almost invisible foe, as to render it impossible to halt for the artillery to come up. At this spot two paths led in opposite directions round the hill. I directed Col. Young, of the King's Regiment, with half of the detachment, to penetrate by the left, and Major Drummond, of the 104th, to force the path by the right, which proved to be more open, and was less occupied by the Enemy. On the left the wood was very thick, and was most obstinately maintained by the Enemy.—The gun-boats which had covered our landing, afforded material aid, by firing into the woods; but the American soldier, secure behind a tree, was only to be dislodged by a bayonet. The spirited advance of a section produced the flight of hundreds—from this observation all firing was directed to cease, and the detachment being formed in as regular order as the nature of the ground would admit, pushed forward through the wood upon the Enemy, who, although greatly superior in numbers, and supported by field-pieces, and a heavy fire from their fort, fled with precipitation to their block-house and fort, abandoning one of their guns. The division under Col. Young was joined in the charge by that under Major Drummond, which was executed with such spirit and promptness, that many of the Enemy fell in their inclosed barracks, which were set on fire by our troops;—at this point the farther energies of the troops became unavailing.

This

Their block-house and stockaded battery could not be carried by assault, nor reduced by field-pieces, had we been provided with them: the fire of the gun-boats proved inefficient to attain that end—light and adverse winds continued, and our larger vessels were still far off. The Enemy turned the heavy ordnance of the battery to the interior defence of his post. He had set fire to the storehouses in the vicinity of the fort.—Seeing no object within our reach to attain, that could compensate for the loss we were momentarily sustaining from the heavy fire of the Enemy's cannon, I directed the troops to take up the position on the crest of the hill we had charged from. From this position we were ordered to re-embark, which was performed at our leisure, and in perfect order, the Enemy not presuming to show a single soldier without the limits of his fortress. Your Excellency having been a witness of the zeal and ardent courage of every soldier in the field, it is unnecessary in me to assure your Excellency that but one sentiment animated every breast, that of discharging to the utmost of their power their duty to their King and Country: but one sentiment of regret and mortification prevailed, on being obliged to quit a beaten Enemy, whom a small band of British soldiers had driven before them for three hours, through a country abounding in strong positions of defence, but not offering a single spot of cleared ground favourable for the operations of disciplined troops, without having fully accomplished the duty we were ordered to perform.—The two divisions of the detachment were ably commanded by Colonel Young of the King's, and Major Drummond of the 104th. The detachment of the King's, under Major Evans, nobly sustained the high and established character of that distinguished corps; and Capt. Burke availed himself of the ample field afforded him in leading the advance, to display the intrepidity of British grenadiers. The detachment of the 104th regt. under Major Moodie, Capt. M'Pherson's company of Glengarry Light Infantry, and two companies of Canadian Voltigeurs, commanded by Major Hamot, all of them Jervies of the British Provinces of North America, evinced most striking proofs of their loyalty, steadiness, and courage. The detachment of the Royal Newfoundland regiment behaved with great gallantry.—Your Excellency will lament the loss of that active and intelligent officer, Capt. Gray, Acting Deputy Quarter-Master General, who fell close to the Enemy's work, while reconnoitring it, in the hope to discover some opening to favour an assault.—Commodore Sir Jas. Yeo conducted the fleet of boats in the attack, and accompanying the advance of the troops, directed the co-operation of the gun-boats.

I feel most grateful for your Excellency's kind consideration in allowing your aide-de-camp, Majors Coore and Fulton, to accompany me in the field; and to these officers, for the able assistance they afforded me.—I have the honour to be, &c.

EDWARD BAYNE,

Col. Glengarry L. Infantry, Commanding.
Lieut.-gen. Sir G. Prevost, Bart. &c.

Killed, Wounded, and Missing, in an attack on Sackett's-Harbour, May 29.

Total.—1 General Staff, 3 serjeants, 44 rank and file, killed; 3 majors, 3 captains, 5 lieutenants, 1 ensign, 7 serjeants, 2 drummers, 172 rank and file, 2 gunners, wounded; 2 captains, 1 ensign, 13 rank and file, wounded and missing.

Officers Killed and Wounded.

Killed.—Capt. A Gray, Acting Deputy Quarter-Master General.

Wounded.—8th or King's regt. Major Evans, slightly; Capt. Blackmore, dangerously; Capt. Tythe, severely; Lieut. Nutall, since dead; Lieut. Lowry; Ensign Greig, prisoner.—104th regiment, Majors Drummond and Moodie, slightly; Capt. Leonard, severely; Capt. Shore, slightly; Lieuts. Rainford, Moore, and Delancey.—Glengarry Light Infantry, Capt. M'Pherson, severely; Ens. Mathewson, slightly.

Next follows a dispatch from Sir G. Prevost, dated Kingston, Upper Canada, June 7, inclosing a letter from Major Geo. Taylor of the 100th regt. giving an account of an engagement between our gun-boats and the Enemy's squadron, in the neighbourhood of Isle au Noix, on the 3d of June, which terminated in the capture of two American vessels, the Eagle and Growler, of 11 guns, 4 officers, and 45 men. The gun-boats were ably supported by detachments from the garrison of the island, under Major Taylor of the 100th regt. Capt. Gordon, of the Artillery; Lieut. Williams, Ensigns Dawson, Gibbon, and Humphries, of the 100th; and Lieut. Lowe, of the marine, particularly distinguished themselves.—The capture of the Eagle and Growler was rendered of more importance by their having on board pieces of artillery, muskets, pistols, swords, cutlasses, boarding-axes, pikes, gun-carriages, a quantity of powder, cartridges, &c. &c. In the contest, which was maintained for three hours and a half, we had three men wounded; the Enemy lost one man killed, 8 wounded, and 91 prisoners.

Kingston, June 14, 1813.

My Lord,—I have the honour to transmit to your Lordship the inclosed report from Colonel Proctor, which, owing to the temporary possession of York by the Enemy, has only just reached me by a circuitous route. I sincerely congratulate your

your Lordship on this additional proof of the steady discipline and valour of his Majesty's forces on the Detroit frontier, and which have enabled them, under the judicious arrangements of their distinguished leader, so successfully to repel the attack of the Enemy. By the last accounts received from Col. Proctor, dated the 4th inst. he was still at Sandwich, waiting for the reinforcements which had it not been for the late events on the Niagara frontier, would have long ago reached him. I have reason to think they are now on their way to him, and when arrived, he will probably be enabled again to advance against Major-gen. Harrison, who remains strengthening himself in his position at Fort Meigs, where he is watched by a large body of Indians.

GEORGE PROCTOR.

Earl Bathurst, &c.

Sandwich, May 14.

Sir,—From the circumstances of the war, I have judged it expedient to make a direct report to your Excellency of the operations and present state in this district.—In the expectation of being able to reach the Enemy, who had taken post near the foot of the Rapids of the Miami, before the reinforcement and supplies could arrive, for which only he waited to commence active operations against us, I determined to attack him without delay, and with every means in my power; but from the necessary preparations, and some untoward circumstances, it was not in my power to reach him within three weeks of the period I had proposed, and at which he might have been captured or destroyed.—From the incessant and heavy rains we experienced, and during which our batteries were constructed, it was not until the morning of the 1st inst. the fifth day after our arrival at the mouth of the river, twelve miles from the Enemy, that our batteries could be opened.—The Enemy, who occupied several acres of commanding ground, strongly defended by block-houses, and the batteries well furnished with ordnance, had, during our approach, so completely entrenched and covered himself, as to render unavailing every effort of our artillery, though well served, and in batteries most judiciously placed and constructed, under the able direction of Capt. Dixon of the Royal Engineers, of whose ability and unwearied zeal, shewn particularly on this occasion, I cannot speak too highly.—Though the attack has not answered fully the purpose intended, I have the satisfaction to inform your Excellency of the fortunate result of an attack of the Enemy, aided by a sally of most of their garrison, made on the morning of the 5th instant, by a reinforcement which descended the river, a considerable distance in a very short time, con-

sisting of two corps, Dudley's and Roswell's, amounting to 1300 men, under the command of Brig.-gen. Green Clay. The attack was very sudden, and on both sides of the river. The Enemy were for a few minutes in possession of our batteries, and took some prisoners. After a severe contest, though not of long continuance, the Enemy gave way, and, except the body of those who sallied from the fort, must have been mostly killed or taken.—In this decisive affair, the officers and men of the 41st regt. who charged and routed the Enemy near the batteries, well maintained the long-established reputation of the corps. Where all deserve praise, it is difficult to distinguish. Capt. Muir, an old officer, who had seen much service, had the good fortune to be in the immediate command of these brave men. Besides my obligations to Capt. Chambers for his unwearied exertions preparatory to and on the expedition, as Dep. Assistant Quarter-master-general, I have to notice his gallant conduct in attacking the Enemy near the batteries at the point of the bayonet; a service in which he was well supported by Lieuts. Bullock and Clements of the 41st, and Lieut. Le Breton of the Royal Newfoundland regt. The courage and activity displayed through the whole scene of action by the Indian chiefs and warriors contributed largely to our success. I have not been able to ascertain the amount of prisoners in possession of the Indians. I have sent off, agreeable to agreement, nearly 500 prisoners to the river Huron, near Sandusky.—I have proposed an exchange, which is referred to the American Government.—I could not ascertain the amount of the Enemy's loss in killed, from the extent of the scene of action and mostly in the woods. I conceive his loss in killed and prisoners to have been between 1000 and 1200 men. These unfortunate people were not volunteers, and complete Kentucky's quota. If the Enemy had been permitted to receive his reinforcements and supplies undisturbed, I should have had, at this critical juncture, to contend with him for Detroit, or perhaps on this shore.—I had not the option of retaining my situation on the Miami. Half of the militia had left us. I received a deputation from the Chiefs, counselling me to return, as they could not prevent their people, as was their custom after any battle of consequence, returning to their villages with their wounded, their prisoners, and plunder, of which they had taken a considerable quantity in the boats of the Enemy.—Before the ordnance could be withdrawn from the batteries, I was left with Tecumseh, and less than twenty chiefs and warriors, a circumstance that strongly proves that, under present circumstances