

he appears favourable.—His notice of the Bible Society, both in the sermon and in a note, will, it is to be hoped, arrest the observation of those who conduct it. The scope of his Sermon, agreeably to the words of the text, "I charge thee before God and the Lord Jesus Christ preach the word, be instant in season, and out of season," (2 Tim. iv. 1, 2.) is to shew the necessity of composing Sermons with care, and delivering them with earnestness; and of discharging with fidelity and zeal the several parts of the Ministerial office. The negligent, the sporting, and the convivial Divines would, we think, feel some compunctuous visitings whilst they were sitting under so awakening a preacher.—Mr. C. adverts likewise to the Evangelical Clergy, but without asperity or bitterness. We will give two extracts from his Sermon, from which our Readers will judge of its merit. As an elegant and animated composition, it does the Author much credit. Were practical Sermons written in the same style, they would, we are persuaded, "convince the understandings, and persuade the affections of the hearers."

"Eloquence," he proceeds, "we may want to amuse; but speaking truth with judgment and with zeal, we cannot but, in some measure, convince the understandings, and persuade, to a certain degree, the affections of our hearers. 'The Word of God is powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword.' And what is its use? To please the fancies, to flatter the humours, or to gratify the lusts of men? God forbid! In the application of that Word to men's bosoms, we are to cherish no error, to spare no irregularity, to explain away no sin. We must adapt our Discourses to the various exigencies of our respective flocks; to the habits, to the faults, and even to the secret propensities of individuals. But, in doing this, we are, most carefully, to guard against intemperate accusations and uncharitable surmises. Vanity, under the imposing veil of zeal; and severity, under the flattering pretence of duty, may seduce us to wound the feelings, and irritate the mind; when judgment and temperance might, by prepossessing the will, and conciliating the affections, have, more effectually, accomplished our purpose. If our exhortations either provoke a frown, or produce a smile, on the countenances of our hearers, we make a public, and a very reprehensible, renuncia-

tion of our discretion as men, and of our consistency as clergymen; we cease to 'preach Christ Jesus the Lord,' the doctrines, and the duties, of Christianity; we are indulging, very unwarrantably, our own passions or conceits; and, however we may applaud ourselves for our supposed courage in delivering the message of our Master, repugnant, as we imagine, to the lusts and humours of men, we excite, by our fooleries, only prejudices against the ministry, and alienation from the Church of Christ.—Now, preaching being the only mean of public instruction, it behoves us to ask ourselves, whether, if we were the hearers of the discourses we prepare and deliver—whether, I say, they are such as, we think, would enlighten our own understandings with knowledge, and warm our breasts with piety? Such questions, seriously and repeatedly revolved, will lead us to a sure criterion of our duty, as the instructors of other men, and of the propriety and success with which we have discharged it. But if the love of pleasure, or the pursuit of gain; if thoughtless levity, or sluggish insensibility prevent us from warning the wicked; how, my Reverend Brethren, will stand the last and solemn account? Assuredly the wicked will die in their iniquity; but will not their blood be required at our hand?"

Our next quotation shall be on the necessity of adapting the subject to the circumstances of the congregation.

"But besides the judicious choice of subjects, by means of which the understanding may be informed, and the heart affected, great caution is to be exercised in the composition of them. They are to be addressed, neither to the understanding nor to the fancy exclusively, but rather to the heart. If in preaching the Word we study to render ourselves intelligible—intelligible to those on whom a ray of science hath never shone—to those 'who hold the plough'—and they are chiefly such, I think, to whom we preach—who drive oxen, and whose mind is given to make furrows— if, for the instruction of those who have neither leisure nor ability to instruct themselves we can forego the delight of strength or reasoning, of originality of sentiment or polish of language; if we 'preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and administer to each as their several circumstances require, 'milk to babes and strong meat to those of riper years good tidings unto the meek; bind up the broken-hearted, and proclaim liberty to the captives;' and, lastly, if our 'preaching bring forth the fruits of good living,'

living,' sobriety, integrity, a regular attendance on the service of the Church, and celebration of the Sacrament, accompanied with a conscientious discharge of the other duties of Religion; then have we abundant evidence of our having, faithfully, 'watched over their souls, as they that must give account.' On the contrary, if we continue to preach, without producing any visible alteration among our hearers; if those who 'were unlearned' in the elements of Christianity 'are unlearned still;' if we take no pains to prepare the soil for the reception of the seed; and if, as must naturally be expected, intemperance, depravity, profaneness, and a contempt of every thing sacred, infest our parishes, wretched, 'wretched men that we are; who shall deliver us from the wrath to come!'"

The good sense, the piety, and eloquence contained in this Sermon, are, as we have already observed, highly creditable to the Author.

49. *A Sermon preached at the Primary Visitation of the Right Reverend William Lord Bishop of London, holden at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Tuesday, July 19, 1814. By the Rev. William Parker, M.A. Rector of St. Ethelburga, London. 8vo. Rivingtons.*

FROM 2 Cor. vi. 3, 4. "Giving no offence in any thing, that the Ministry be not blamed: but in all things approving ourselves as the Ministers of God;" Mr. Parker very judiciously enlarges on the proper duties of a Christian Minister; thus modestly prefacing his Discourse in a neat Dedication to the new Bishop:

"This subject, I am aware, has often been handled, in a much better way, by eminent Divines. The observations, nevertheless, which I have thought it my duty to advance, cannot be too frequently, or too strongly, impressed on the minds of the Clergy generally, and of the London Clergy in particular. The Clergy of the Metropolis are placed, as it were, on a hill. The eyes of the world are upon us; and every part of our behaviour is continually open to the severest scrutiny."

One short extract we select, as a specimen of the Preacher's candour:

"I cannot omit to mention another subject, which ought occasionally to be explained to the people from our pulpits; I mean, the nature and constitution of the Church of Christ. To judge from the practice and opinions of the present day, one would imagine, either that

Church principles are but little understood, or that it is a matter of small moment, whether the people live in communion with the Church or not. Many, it is to be feared, who have never yet entertained a thought of separation, are not well informed, upon this important subject; and, consequently, are liable, through ignorance, to be seduced into the sin of schism. It surely behoves us, therefore, who are Churchmen upon conviction, to give the people correct notions with regard to that Church, which, as St. Paul expresses it, is 'the ground and pillar of the truth.' This subject, if we treat it in a familiar way, and without bitterness towards those who dissent from us, will always prove interesting to our hearers."

50. *Laura; or, an Anthology of Sonnets (on the Petrarchan Model) and Elegiac Quatrain: English, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and German; original and translated; great Part never before published. With a Preface, Critical and Biographic; Notes, and Index. By Capel Loft. In 3 Vols. 12mo. Crosby & Co.*

"LAURA" has been noticed by a competent Judge (Cens. Lit. X. 85.) as "the most copious collection of compositions of this kind ever made, not only English, but both originals and translations from the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and German—which will raise admiration in every enlightened mind, not only at the industry, but at the learning and genius of the accomplished and amiable Collector, who has himself executed the major part of the translations; and many of them with a happiness which will be sure in time to find its due praise."

The compiler of this extensive work deserves the thanks of the admirers of Poetry for having brought into one view the elegant productions of so many Countries, and thus enabled them to form an accurate judgment of their respective places in the scale of merit. We can well imagine that a long period was required for collecting 999 Sonnets, including the Translations; and we feel a pleasure in learning, that Mr. Loft found them the gratification of many happy, and the solace of many anxious hours, during twelve years; which he benevolently hopes may be their effect on the minds of his Readers: and this, he tells us in his Preface, he has reason to expect, from

from the general influence of poetry, and the shortness and variety of these compositions, which adapt them to the diversity of circumstances acting on the affections and feelings of mankind. An "affectionate and respectful remembrance of Petrarch, and of that mysterious passion to which we owe that the *Sonnet* has such celebrity, and to which, in a great measure, we are indebted for the taste and refinement formed and diffused by his delicate and cultivated Genius, by whose peculiar amenity, purity, tenderness, calm and grateful elevation, the *style*, the *poetry*, the *sentiments*, and the *manners* of Italy, and progressively of Europe, have been so happily influenced,"—we are informed, was Mr. Lofft's motive for giving his publication the title of *Laura*. He had an additional reason for adopting it, to convey a compliment to the *Female Poets*, many of whose excellent productions are to be found in the collection.

Mr. Lofft's next object is to point out the distinction between *Sonnets* and *Quatuorzains*, and to define and describe the original and legitimate structure of the former.

"Such (he proceeds) it is as introduced into our language by *Spenser*, *Sydney*, and *Milton*: and continued in our days by *Mrs. Charlotte Smith* in some exquisite examples, *Edwards*, *Gray*, *Mason*, *Warton*, *Mrs. Robinson*, and *Henry Kirke White*. In this enumeration, I purposely confine myself to the *dead*: though in the *Selection* itself I have drawn my materials from many *living* Authors, whom posterity will not forget. But let those who affect to laugh at *Sonneters*, and despise this whole *Class* of Authors as unworthy of the name of *Poets*, learn a little *whom* and *what* it is that they despise. Perhaps they may blush at the mere sight of a list which includes names which, they cannot be wholly ignorant, stand in the *first order* of human excellence."

Mr. Lofft is rather inclined to class *Shakespeare's* Poems with the *Quatuorzains* than with the *Sonnets*; and however beautiful he considers *Spenser's*, he decides his *Sonnets* to be of the second or imperfect order.—We cannot pretend to follow the Author of the Preface in his elaborate disquisitions on the subject, but shall meet him where he intersperses *Biographical Notices* with his observations,—

Petrarch necessarily precedes in the list; and in his lxxxiii page, he pays the following high compliment to

"*Giustina Lievi Perotti* (who) was a contemporary of *Petrarca*. And from the sweet, and modest, and nobly-spirited remains of her poetry, a temptation arises to a wish that she had been the *Laura* of the Poet. Yet, the profile of *Laura*, though merely an indifferent wooden cut to the *Lyonese* edition by *Rouille* of 1558, has a character of so much simplicity, sweetness, modesty, sensibility, and intelligence, that it is impossible to wish that *Laura* should not have been the admired and perpetual object of the preference of *Petrarch*. *Giustina Lievi Perotti* was born at *Sasso-Ferrato* about 1320."

In a note we are told, that *Tiraboschi* has questioned the existence both of *Perotti* and *Bellincioni*; but, Mr. Lofft thinks, on no positive grounds. Much useful and amusing information may be gathered as the Reader proceeds in the Preface.—Mr. Lofft supposes he may be asked why the *Sonnet* should have received so much labour and paper, or whether he has nothing better to do? "Certainly," he answers, "I have a Profession to follow. I have a Country to serve. I have endeavoured to do my duty to both." And he adds, he has known when gentle remonstrances were addressed to him for neglecting the *Muses*, and his attention to *Politicks* and his *Profession*; which he may now be censured for leaving for *Poetry*, in such a crisis as that of 1809, the date of the Preface. He declares he shall not repent his preference of this pursuit to the acquirement of wealth, or the objects of corrupt and mischievous ambition.

"By deserting the purer graces of *Poetry* for these, what could I have obtained in compensation of my certain loss?"

"*Grazie, senza voi ogni fatica è vana!*" Unaccompanied by these, to a mind in any degree cultivated, success is without happiness and without dignity; and disappointment without consolation. The Bay prospers intermixed with the Oak and Palm; active employments and professions with literary pursuits. And while contemplating this long and splendid series of the Authors of the *Sonnet*, we have seen some of the greatest characters of our own Country, and nearly all of the most eminent in every department of public life which Italy had produced. Well, indeed, were these graces

in the Mythology of Greece the *attendants* on the celestial Venus: the other, the earthly popular Venus, has inferior *Five-maids*. But with these, according to a higher and a purer philosophy, whatever is lovely, whatever honourable, whatever of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, with these it is most worthily and most suitably accompanied. And I know not of utility comparable to this.

'From Earth to Heaven our intellect they raise.'

Levan di terra al ciel nostro intelletto.

Mr. Loffi's acknowledgments to living and the memories of deceased Poets do him honour; much more than the strange affectation of singularity which his pages exhibit in orthography and the use of capitals. We are well aware that custom has sanctioned abbreviations in poetry; but the practice of our Ancestors of abbreviating in prose has long been exploded; nay, instances are abundant in our Antient Poets, where they preserve every syllable even in rhyme:

"As in short space it filth every care
With swift report of undeserved blame."

Earl of Surrey.

And Drayton:

"When as the soule is *drowned* once in
vice, [dice.]

The sweete of sinne makes Hell a Paradyse. We would also inquire what is his authority for "publish" in the Title-page, and similar innovations, which will be observed in the following quotation, copied precisely from pages cc. cci. We, however, admit he has seen our *cannot* very properly used as two words in Antient Authors.

"If I am not equally obliged to the politeness of Publishers as to that of Authors, I made little trial of it: and beside, where much is not given much can not be expected.—I trust that I have made no use of any Publication which as a Man zealously attacht to the Interests and honourable *Fame*,—that best Interest,—of Authors I ought not to have made: nothing which the Principles and Spirit of the *Laws* of my Country do not justify: Nothing which the nature and object of such a Publication, which was to be an ANTHOLOGY or comprehensive Selection of the most excellent SONNETS in our own and other Languages, did not justify and require. If my own are consider'd as falling short of this Character, no attention has been neglected to make them otherwise. I shall not be apprehensive of Clamors, or

Misrepresentations, or Abuse. I have not republisht *Sonnets* already publisht, for want of *Materials*: for I have more and very valuable unpublisht *Sonnets* by me than I fear I shall have opportunity of laying before the Public.—In what I here publish I look to the approbation of *some cultivated Minds*. I think with regret that the Death of the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE, of Miss SEWARD, and Mrs. CHARLOTTE SMITH, Mr. PRESTON, Mr. FOX, Mr. NICHOLLS, and Mr. KIRKE WHITE, has intercepted hopes of Approbation that if obtain'd would have been gratifying indeed. But I look also to the advancement of the Study of the ITALIAN LANGUAGE; which, with the *Greek* and the *Roman*, I regard as the surest means of forming and preserving a true Taste. I look to the Honour of our *own* Literature in this so refin'd and interesting species of composition; the SONNET and QUATRAIN. Nothing can deprive me of the Pleasure which this Selection has given me in it's Formation and Progress: or of the Consciousness that it was a just and becoming Pleasure. And I will hope that the Result will neither be unplesing to my Country, and especially to it's fair and elegant Daughters, nor without Utility to *Litterature* in general."

We hope the liberality of Mr. Loffi will be exerted in our favour, on expressing this slight disapprobation; and we assure him that his elegant publication has our warmest praise, excited by the numerous efforts of his own cultivated Muse, independent of that produced by the aggregated excellence of so many matchless Poets. We select the ensuing extract as a particularly appropriate specimen:

"Here end, my Muse, thy long, thy lov'd
career;
Here bound thy flight, who from the
Italian plains
Hast brought those gentle, pure, and
polish'd chains,
To the Phœbéan choir for ever dear,
Those who for freedom rais'd the gene-
rous spear,
In whose blest verse divine Parnassus
reigns,
With heavenly beauty who inspir'd
their Strains;
Whom every virtue loves, all arts revere,
Cherish the Sonnet of harmonious flow.
Here Guidi, Cino, Dante, Angelo,
And the Petrarcan sweetest graces
shine,
The Medicéan, Sannazarian name,
The wreath of Tasso, the Vittorian fame;
Here the Miltonian palm, and British
harp divine." D. 1807. C. L.

51. *Prince Malcolm: in Five Cantos: with other Poems.* By John Doddridge Humphreys, Jun. 2vo. Longman & Co.

THOSE who admire the sublime but dreadful play of Macbeth, one of the finest productions of our immortal Shakspeare, must have felt a powerful interest in the fate of Malcolm the son of Duncan,—the Hero of the work before us. Mr. Humphreys introduces him to his Readers as just completing his flight by his arrival at Glamis Castle, not then knowing that Macbeth was the murderer of his father, into whose possession the Castle had come by gift from that monarch after Sinel's death, then Thane of Glamis.

There is a strong vein of poetical description in these lines:

"The merry Porter open'd soon,
And loudly call'd the sleeping Groom;
While with a dark, and prying eye,
He watch'd young Malcolm's smother'd
sigh;

And mark'd his mien, so proud and high,
His costly brand, and crimson plume;
And his dark eye's forbidding gloom."

Here he meets with a young lady named Helen, one of the trophies of a "border fray," and becomes enamoured of her: Dannark, a ruffian raised to the head of a Clan by the wages of his atrocities, is his host; tales of past times are rehearsed; Macbeth is loudly praised, and the Prince is animated and delighted—but

"Base Dannark's black and coward heart
In Valour's tale could bear no part;
His thoughts upon his guest were fix'd,
With doubt, and wonder, strangely mix'd;
He deeply mark'd his carriage high;—
Felt check'd, and aw'd, he knew not why,—
For something in his noble guest
Quell'd his pride, and pain'd his breast."

A Monk in his suite had more knowledge or penetration, and traced the features of Duncan in those of Malcolm. The good man, aware of the consequences to the Prince, determines to warn him of his danger before Dannark discovers who was his guest. The description of Malcolm's chamber and the silent approaches of the Monk towards the bed to advise his departure, is really masterly. Thus apprised of his danger, it is with difficulty he dissembles with Dannark: at length he leaves the Castle. No sooner is he gone, than Balworth, the murderer of Banquo, arrives, preceded by blood bounds—the scent is lost—Dau-

nark is suspected—but the dogs recover the scent, and their chase of the Prince succeeds till his crossing the river Tay on his trusty steed closes the pursuit.—We are now told how Dannark had obtained possession of Glamis, which was, by poisoning the venerable Sinel, and winning the favour of Macbeth by affecting the deepest distress at his decease. Thus situated, he would have secured Helen to his wishes, had not the Monk aw'd him, and that Lady's love for Malcolm secured her from his snares.—In the mean time the Prince arrives at the Castle of Seward, Earl of Northumberland.—Waldoff, an old soldier, full of worth and honour, had his peaceful Cottage near the walls of Glamis. Helen often visited him; and on one occasion the strains of a Minstrel entertained by Waldoff informed her she was the daughter of Prince Edward, son of "warlike Ironside," and named Margaret. The cruel system of Macbeth is next adverted to, with the murder of Macduff's family, and the general misery of the Kingdom of Scotland. Then follows the battle, in which this tyrant is slain, and the nuptials of Malcolm and Margaret.

The Minstrel's lay is too long to extract; but we think our Readers will not disapprove our introducing to their notice the three following stanzas:

"The parent Eagle, in the storm,
Shelters her nest with pinion warm,
And braves the angry blast:
The wild Cat, too, her young will guard
With talons sharp, like spotted pard,
And on the hunter fly:
And thus, to save his child from harm,
He shielded her with fost'ring arm
In rude Misfortune's hour.

The live-long day he lay conceal'd,
And then at night would hunt the field,
An outlaw fleet and bold.
The dry sear leaves he made his bed;
The hollow oak his only shed,
When howling storms would rage.
Thus the warm Summer did he spend,
Deep in the tangled forest penn'd,
Secure and free from danger.

But when brown Autumn's scatt'ring
blast
Had o'er the shrinking flowers past,
And robb'd them of their bloom;
And mountain streams began to swell,
And falling leaves did plainly tell,
That Winter drear was coming,
The Outlaw sought a lowly Cot,
Hid in a deep, sequester'd spot,
Where Marg'ret safe might rest."

52. *Anecdotes of Music, Historical and Biographical; in a Series of Letters from a Gentleman to his Daughter.* By A. Burgh, A.M. Three Vols. 12mo. Longman and Co.

SHAKSPEARE, the unexampled searcher into the nature and tendency of all things, has pronounced one of the strongest eulogies on Musick that the mind of man is capable of conceiving—and who shall dispute the verity of his decisions? It cannot be doubted for a moment that this active and involuntary emotion of the soul, which suggests expression to the tongue, and has alike prevailed amongst the Natives of every part of the globe from time immemorial to the present hour, is an immediate gift from the Creator; that is equally applicable to his praise, and the solace of each individual. Indeed, we should imagine the most determined enemy to Musick would find it a less difficult task to suppress the whole circle of immoral ideas than this product of a Soul thinking of its Maker, or contemplating on any fancied or real accomplishment of happiness. Viewed in this light, what subject can be more generally interesting? Thus thought Dr. Burney; and we are not surprised Mr. Burgh has adopted a similar opinion: the former gave the publick a deeply studied and scientific History of the Art; and we think ourselves much indebted to the latter for these "Anecdotes," better calculated for the Amateur and those who admire but do not practise Musick, who cannot fail of being instructed and entertained by his researches.

It is observed in the Preface;

"Among the various refinements of the present enlightened age, the Science of Musick appears, in an eminent degree, to have attracted the attention not only of the exalted and affluent, but to have insinuated itself into the social enjoyments of every rank in society.—In the modern system of Female Education, this fascinating accomplishment is very generally considered as an indispensable requisite; and the Daughters of Mechanicks, even in humble stations, would fancy themselves extremely ill-treated, were they debarred the indulgence of a Piano-forte. Whether this passion be indulged to excess—whether it be a *musico-mania*, or an innocent recreation, under the guidance of reason and discretion—it is not the business of

this publication to discuss.—The Author of the following sheets is strongly impressed with the idea, that Music is not only a harmless amusement, but, if properly directed, capable of being eminently beneficial to his fair countrywomen. In many instances, it may be the means of preventing that vacuity of mind which is too frequently the parent of libertinism of precluding the intrusion of idle and dangerous imaginations; and, more particularly among the daughters of ease and opulence, by occupying a considerable portion of time, may prove an antidote to the poison insidiously administered by the innumerable licentious Novels, which are hourly sapping the foundations of every moral and religious principle. As practical Musicians, the British female dilettanti are universally acknowledged, not only to have rivalled, but to have surpassed, in their exquisite execution upon keyed instruments, all their Continental competitors. To these it is presumed that a concise, and, perhaps, entertaining History of a Science in which so many eminently excel, may not be unacceptable."

Mr. Burgh agrees with us in opinion that Harmony is not the invention of men; and his position that "Nature seems to have furnished human industry with the first principles of every science" is an indisputable fact. Whether our modern warblers will assent to his assertion in a Note at page 13 is more doubtful, whatever our judgment on the subject may be.

"Birds," he says, "were assuredly the most ancient Music-masters. And even to this day, with all our boasted refinement, all our natural and artificial exertions, who will be bold enough to assert, that either Mrs. Billington, the delight of the present age; or Farinelli, the admiration of the last, ever approached the excellence of these instinctive Musicians, either in fertility of imagination, in the brilliancy of their shake, or neatness of execution?"

The Music of very early ages is satisfactorily dilated upon. How such music might be calculated to please the Professor of our times is out of the question. In this part of the subject the Author has made use of the Old Testament, and the Heathen mythology, where they suited his purpose; and then proceeds chronologically, without confining himself to our Nation exclusively. In noticing our Progress in the Art, the Minstrels have received a due portion of attention; and Chaucer's Canterbury

bury Tales are cited wherever they furnish a hint as to the manner of singing, and the use of instruments. Other authorities explain the state of Church music. Having merely done Mr. Burgh the justice of saying he has kept a close view of his theme, we shall meet him nearer our own period, in treating of which the English and Italian Operas occupy much of his research; and here we cannot resist our desire to promote his laudable animadversions upon that strange equivocal satire of Gay's, called the *Beggars Opera*—a satire that, so far from being understood, has become a standard performance on its own intrinsic merits at all our theatres, although the late Justice Fielding reprobated its representation to the managers of his day, and the Moralist has never ceased to point out its evil tendency. The following are Mr. Burgh's remarks:

"The *Beggar's Opera* had a run of sixty-three nights, during which, the Operas of Richard the First and Admetus were performing at the Haymarket to thin audiences. The malevolence of the people, and the resentment they had been taught to entertain against that conduct of Administration which they were equally unqualified to approve or condemn, were amply gratified by the representation of it: but the publick were little aware of the injury they were doing to society by giving countenance to an entertainment which has been productive of more mischief to this country than any would believe at the time; for, not to mention the pernicious general tendency of it, by inculcating that persons in authority are uniformly actuated by the same motives as thieves and robbers, is to destroy all confidence in ministers, and respect for magistrates, and to lessen that reverence which, even in the worst state of government, is due to the laws and public authority. A character is exhibited to view, of a libertine endowed with bravery, generosity, and the qualities of a gentleman, subsisting by the profession of highway robbery, which he defends by examples drawn from the practice of men of all professions. In this view, Macheath is as much a hero as the principal agent in an Epic poem; but, lest this character should not be sufficiently fascinating to young minds, he is farther represented as having attained to some degree of wealth; to keep good company (that is to say, gamblers of fashion); to be a fa-

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avourite with the women, and so successful in his amours, that one is with child by him; and he marries another. In short, his whole life is represented as an uninterrupted pursuit of criminal gratifications, in which he has the good fortune to succeed, and in the end to escape with impunity. Nevertheless, the voice of the people was, and, to the disgrace of the national character, still continues, in favour of this immoral Drama; and Dr. Herring, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, for presuming to censure it in a Sermon delivered before the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, while he was preacher there, was by Dean Swift stigmatized with the appellation of a 'stupid, injudicious, and prostitute Divine!'—The effects of the *Beggar's Opera* on the minds of the people have fulfilled the prognostications of many, that it would prove injurious to society. Rapine and violence have been gradually increased ever since its first representation. The rights of property, and the obligation of the laws that guard it, are disputed upon principle. Every man's house is now become literally what the law calls it, his castle; or at least it may be said, that, like a castle, it requires to be a place of defence. Young men, apprentices, clerks in public offices, and others, disdain the arts of honest industry, and captivated with the charms of idleness and criminal pleasure, now betake themselves to the road, affect politeness in the very act of robbery, and in the end become victims to the justice of their country. And men of discernment, who have taken the trouble of tracing this great evil to its source, have found, that not a few of those who, during the last eighty years, have paid to the law the forfeit of their lives, have, in the course of their evil pursuits, been emulous to imitate the manners and general character of Macheath."

Every candid Reader will approve of this method of combining amusement and instruction; but fortunately the Author has had little occasion to repeat such observations, as no other Dramatic Writer has ventured to imitate Gay in this respect.

Those acquainted with the effects of Music, as practised by Orpheus, will not be surprised on perusing the following extract:

"The next remarkable *Academia* was established at the house of Mrs. Fox Lane, afterwards Lady Bingley, on the arrival of Giardini, a performer whose superior talents were always warmly patronized

patronized by that Lady to the time of her death; and, not content with admiring him herself, she contrived every means that could be devised to make him the admiration of others. As Giardini was seldom to be heard in public after his first arrival, she invited very select parties of the first people in the Kingdom to hear him at her house, for which happiness she did not suffer them to remain ungrateful at his benefit.—When Mingotti arrived in this kingdom, having, as we have related in a former Letter, united her interests with those of Giardini in the conduct and management of the Opera, Mrs. Lane espoused her cause with great zeal, entering into the spirit of all her theatrical quarrels, as ardently as if they had been her own. With two such performers, the concerts she gave to her choice friends were objects of envy and obloquy to all those who were unable to gain admission. On these occasions Mrs. Lane frequently played the Harpsichord herself, as did the late Ladies Edgewcombe and Milbank, both admirable performers, on that instrument. Lady Rockingham, the Dowager Lady Carlisle, and Miss Pelham, scholars of Giardini and Mingotti, used to sing; and the difficulty or rather impossibility of hearing these professors and illustrious dilettanti anywhere else, stimulated curiosity so much, that there was no sacrifice, or mortification, to which fashionable people would not submit in order to obtain admission. And *La padrona della Casa* lost few opportunities of letting them know the value she set on her invitations, by using them like dogs when they came. Whenever a benefit was in contemplation for either of her protégés, taking care of the honour of her guests, she compelled them to behave with due gratitude and munificence on the occasion. ‘Come!’ she would often say to her visitors, ‘give me five Guineas,’—a demand as implicitly obeyed, as if made on the road. Nor had any one, who ever wished to be admitted into such good company again, the courage to ask the occasion of the demand; but patiently waited the Lady’s pleasure to tell them whether they should be honoured with a ticket for Giardini’s or Mingotti’s benefit.”

We have observed with much pleasure, that Mr. Burgh recommends simplicity in the execution of this art; and, as we think the following remarks are very correctly founded, we cannot do him greater honour than by repeating them as our valedictory extract.

“Of Mrs. Billington’s performance of

Mandane, in which character she first appeared on her return from Italy, it were superfluous to expatiate: by those who witnessed it, it never can be forgotten; to those who did not, it cannot be described. With a daring hand she introduced a new bravura song into the work of Dr. Arne, which she executed with such rapid, varied, and surprising feats of the voice, if we may be allowed the expression, as to electrify the audience: it was a species of wonder, which made the mind doubt of its being human, so nearly did it resemble the warbling of a bird. She imitates and goes beyond all the difficulties of the most exquisite violin, and may therefore be considered as having reached the acme of instrumental singing. This song was originally composed for Mrs. Billington, by Bianchi, when at Naples, and sung by her in the theatre of St. Carlo, to the enchantment of all the amateurs of Italy. Never, however, was there a circumstance which so emphatically marked the difference between this style of execution, and the pathos of simple melody, as the impression Mr. Hill made immediately after this torrent, by the few notes of ‘In Infancy our hopes and fears.’ The surprize of one enraptured the Theatre, the emotion of the other was felt in every artery of the frame. It soothed and softened the heart: and here it is that Music is most truly valuable, when it agitates all the best interests of our nature.”

53. *Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen: a Poem, in Two Parts.* By Mrs. Grant of Laggan. 8vo. Longman & Co.

THIS is a spirited and polished work: indeed, if we consider the subject in its proper light, it could not fail to rouse the utmost energy of Poetry in every breast devoted to the Muses.

“The Poem here presented to the publick,” says Mrs. Grant, “is not meant to contain a regular narrative of the great event, which will astonish future times still more than they have even the Actors in that mighty Drama which seems drawing to some awful conclusion: it is merely intended as a kind of retrospective sketch of the passing events. These are rapidly detailed in the first part, which is meant chiefly as an Introduction to the second. The view there given of the present state and future prospects of this country, will be considered by many as just and well-founded. It is but charitable to suppose, that those who do not think it just, will wish it were so, and acknowledge that there

there is a harmless pleasure in being agreeably deceived."

Nothing can be less necessary than a recapitulation of the military occurrences which form the basis of the work before us; they are too well known and deeply felt to be already in danger of passing from the memory: we shall therefore endeavour to let Mrs. Grant establish her own immediate claims upon the favour of our Readers by a few observations and extracts. The first pages are devoted to an Apostrophe to Dryden, in which she laments he did not live at a time like the present;

"When Bards no longer to vain Patrons bow."

She then commences her subject, and describes the extent of Buonaparte's power in the following lines; in our opinion, very energetic and poetical.

"From where the North pours forth his waste of snows, [bestows,
To where the Sun his brightest beam
From the chill regions of eternal frost,
To Nature's garden, fair Italia's coast,
No more by Freedom, or by Faith sustain'd, [foreign'd,
One gloomy trance, one fatal torpor
The groans were secret, and the sighs were deep, [sleep;
Yet none essay'd to break that iron
In sullen pomp the mighty Despot sate,
His nod was terror, and his frown was fate,
Which trembling Kings with prostrate souls await."

The simile of the conflagration of a forest, than which nothing can be more awfully sublime, no, not even a City in flames surrounded by the gleams of an Enemy's mortars, is most happily given.

"As when in Summer's pride a forest burns, [turns,
The hasty flames subside and rage by
With ready axe the sturdy Peasants run,
Hew down a path, and think the work is done;
Yet though the Summer woods are moist and green, [vene,
And fountains gush, and marshes inter-
Still, 'midst the ashes lurks the smother'd fire, [aspire,
With every breath rekindling sparks
Till, all aghast, the baffled rustick sees
The rushing blaze increasing with the breeze."

The shameful and cowardly flight of Buonaparte from the sword of Russia, and the horrors of her winter, are forcibly presented to his view, should he ever see this Poem; where our real

Hero Wellington will find the warm eulogium of a Muse he cannot but admire. The Second Part dwells upon England: it would be useless to say, this happy Country receives the just applause of the Writer; but it may not be amiss to add, that she places our exclusive excellencies, in Government, Freedom, &c. in new and forcible lights. In noticing the Poets of the day, a spark of that freedom she celebrates, glows strongly in these lines, applied to one of the number.

"But who is he, with early bays entwin'd,
Whose dark eye speaks his agitated mind?
Say, who is he, from worn-out feelings pale, [tale?

Who tells of guilty woes the wounding
'Tis powerful Byron strikes the ponderous lyre,

That bids us wonder, pity, and admire.
Not he, who sweetly to the evening star
Tun'd his wild madrigal by Lock-na-Gair;
Or, musing in the visionary vale,
Hcard spirits whisper in th' inconstant gale, [grandsires hail.
And bade on wand'ring clouds his Scottish
No! 'tis the Poet of the joyless breast,
That restless wanders without hope of rest;

Who paints the sad Voluptuary's fate,
Made too soon happy, and made wise too late.

While joy from mere satiety expires,
Stretch'd on the ashes of extinguish'd fires;

Forlorn in ghastly apathy he lies, [eyes."
And views past pleasures with abhorrent

Mr. Scott receives the strongest praise the Poetess can bestow, when she says,

"That feudal state, where Shakspeare rul'd alone,
And left no lineal heir, is all thy own!"

We shall conclude our brief Review of this pleasing production with Mrs. Grant's true portrait of Great Britain.

"Invok'd by Britain in serener skies,
With mildest beams the star of Peace shall rise;

Once more her hand that balance shall sustain,

That bids Germania be herself again;
To Europe all its wonted bounds restores,
And gives to liberal Commerce all its shores;

Erects a barrier in the path of wrong,
Protects the weak, with limits bounds the strong;

While, watching o'er the well-adjusted scale,

Britannia lets no giant power prevail,
Intent that saving maxim to recall,
'The good of one must prove the good of all.'

54. *Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa; by Edward Daniel Clarke, LL. D. Part the Second—Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land—Section the Second. 4to. pp. 821. Cadell and Davies.*

BEFORE we enter upon the analysis of this last and interesting Volume, we must go back to former pages of our own, where we made mention of the preceding portion of this Work, and had accompanied the entertaining Author to Constantinople. Of that Volume, however, circumstances oblige us to be concise in our remaining notice, having so ample a field before us in this more recent production.

From Constantinople Dr. Clarke proceeded to the Plain of Troy, a prolific subject of observation and criticism, and investigated with his usual acuteness. There is one circumstance almost peculiar to himself, which claims for him the gratitude of Scholars, and the respect of all future Travellers; which is, that, here and elsewhere, he permits no original Greek inscription, nor any fragment of one, to pass unobserved, and without more or less of illustration: so that, by this distinction alone, his work will hereafter be found the most copious and most useful depository of these valuable remains of Classical Antiquity. The summary of his observations on the interesting Country of the Troas will be found well entitled to the curious Reader's attention.

We next proceed with our Traveller from the Hellespont to Rhodes, the Gulph of Glaucus and Rosetta: a curious and entertaining narrative, including a most spirited account of the conduct of our gallant Army in Egypt; and particularly of the celebrated victory which terminated in the death of the brave Abercromby.

The circumstances of the Country, with other considerations also, not permitting Dr. Clarke to accomplish his views with respect to Egypt at that time, he visited Cyprus, the description of which will fully reward the Reader's leisure. From Cyprus he again joined the English Fleet in Egypt, from which place he sailed to St. John D'Acre, which will ever be memorable in History from the noble stand made against the whole force of Buonaparte by our valiant countryman Sir Sidney Smith. From

Acre Dr. Clarke commenced his journey to Syria; and the whole of the remaining pages are occupied with a most scholar-like and animated description of the Holy Land.

The route of the Traveller was from Acre to Nazaretta, from Nazaretta to Tiberias, from Tiberias to Napolose, the antient Sichem, and thence to Jerusalem.—Having minutely investigated all that these subjects involve, and in particular the identity of the Holy places, the Author appears to be of opinion, that, in contradiction of the received and confirmed belief of so many centuries, he has discovered the real situation of the Holy Sepulchre. In support of the usually received impression of the site of the Holy Sepulchre, are the authorities of Eusebius, Lactantius, Sozomen, Jerom, Serenus, and a hundred Writers and Travellers from them to the present period. Dr. Clarke is a sanguine writer, and somewhat impatient of contradiction, as will appear from the dissatisfaction (which he does not attempt to conceal) with which he receives any thing like distrust of his opinion on the Soros of Alexander, now deposited in the British Museum. He has, however, an unquestionable claim upon the public gratitude; for, it is more than probable that, but for his activity and perseverance, this exquisite monument, whatever may have been its original destination, would at this time have graced the splendid collections of Paris.—The particulars of his interference, the opposition which he encountered from the French General Menou, who claimed it as his private property, will hereafter be related.—The last Chapter of Dr. Clarke's 2d Volume is occupied by an entertaining and interesting description of Bethlehem. There are many remarks in this portion of the work well deserving of detailed observation; but we are withheld by an earnest desire to place before our Readers an Analysis of the Traveller's last Volume. The description of the Dead Sea, and the critical examination of the opinions of various Authors who have written on this subject, are among the more curious and valuable portions of the work.

We beg, however, to differ totally, and without reserve, from Dr. Clarke, on the supposed improbability of the

massacre of the Turks at Jaffa by Buonaparte:—we think that sufficient documents have been laid before the Publick to convince any unprejudiced mind, that, however improbable, this most atrocious act of barbarity was actually perpetrated. Dr. Clarke's reason for not believing it, is a little whimsical. The people of the place did not, forsooth, mention it to him; or rather, to quote him correctly, did not mention it in his hearing. But these people did mention the fact to Dr. Wiseman; and we have the unquestionable authority of Sir Robert Wilson for saying, that the French Officers talked of the circumstance without reservation or repugnance: among these French officers was General Belliard. Lord Hutchinson also has often made assertion to the same effect. More than this, the people of Jaffa actually pointed out to Dr. Wiseman the spot where the remains of these unfortunate victims were deposited*.

Dr. Clarke makes us amends, however, by a most agreeable account of Jaffa, its antient and modern History; and, having conducted him along the Coast by Cæsarea, and again accompanied him to Acre, we shall there take our leave of him till next month, when we shall again have great satisfaction in introducing him to our Readers.

55. *Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of Barrè Charles Roberts, Student of Christ Church, Oxford; with a Memoir of his Life. 4to. pp. 370; printed by Balmer and Co.*

THIS Tribute of Paternal affection not being printed for Sale, our Readers cannot fail of being gratified by some particulars of a Youth, who, by his natural talents and uncommon acquirements, had justly obtained the esteem of a widely extended circle of real friends.

The "Memoir" is admirably written, by a Friend who had every opportunity of knowing the authenticity of his Narrative, and the correctness of the character which he has delineated. But he shall speak for himself:

"The Author of these preliminary pages has been called to the performance

* Since the above was written, a publication has appeared in Paris by a French Officer, who gives his name, and who was a spectator of this horrible massacre.

of his task by the strong claims of friendship and esteem, both for the departed and the living; and as, in order to give a view of a life naturally not eventful, it became more necessary to look for such qualifications in the Writer as might be derived from intimacy with the subject, than from ability of any other kind, he has sacrificed his own opinion of his fitness or unfitness for the performance, to the consideration of those claims, and is aware that he must bespeak the indulgence of his Readers for himself. At the same time he entreats them, if, in the perusal of the Memoir here submitted to them, they should feel any disappointment of the interest they may expect it to create, to consider, that those lives to which the largest proportion of happiness has been allotted, do in all cases afford the fewest materials for the pen of the Biographer. In the picture of prosperity which they present, there are few leading features or strongly-marked events; the stream of time flows on with an even course, unbroken and undisturbed, and the surrounding scenery maintains a character only of level peace.—This may indeed be most fortunate for the subject whose memoirs are recorded; but it is not favourable to the writer of them."

Here let our Readers judge:

"Barrè Charles Roberts, the third child and second son of Edward Roberts, esq. was born on the 13th of March, 1789, in a house in St. Stephen's Court, Westminster, which his Father inhabited as Deputy Clerk of the Pells in the Exchequer. His frame and constitution were delicate, but not unhealthy, from his earliest years: and Nature, as she had not endowed him with a robust form, had implanted in him no inclination for the usual exercises of his age. The superfluous activity of childhood he never possessed; neither was there in him that precocity of mind, or of manner, which, though it may be amusing to contemplate it as a curiosity, is oftener disgusting, as being unnatural and out of season.—Nevertheless, he gave early symptoms of his disposition and talents, without sacrificing the character peculiar to infancy. The inclination for repose, which seemed to be born with him, and to result from the absence of boisterous spirits, extended only to the functions of his body; for he possessed a singular playfulness of mind, which accompanied him through life, and which, as it is always the concomitant of cheerful goodness, would have stamped on him the character of Youth for a much longer period than is usually allotted by Nature to that division of human

man life.—Consistently with this disposition, his pursuits evinced the vivacity, without the levity of Youth. They were of a nature to exercise, but not to weary the faculties; and, springing from a desire for knowledge (which was in him even more an innate principle than an acquired habit, or the result of conviction), afforded to him a perpetual variety of objects, and, by a sort of self-production, at once increased the mental appetite, and yielded the means of gratifying it.

“The first rudiments of what may be called Education, as far as it related to habits, he acquired himself, or perhaps he imbibed them from the situation in which he was placed. In his Father’s house at Ealing, the well-ordered economy of time, which prevails in a regular family, afforded him an example of happiness; and his own quietly cheerful disposition taught him to appreciate and to profit by the means of tranquillity thus placed within his reach. The salubrity of the air, and the extent of the grounds, which allowed him as much exercise as he wished for, contributed to the health of his body; and he had the advantage of a well-chosen Collection of Books, which afforded him the opportunity of indulging his taste for reading.

“In the earliest periods of his life he seemed to be fully impressed with the importance and value of time, no moment of which he suffered to be unemployed. Whatever was curious in Literature attracted his attention, but subjects of Antiquity were those which he most delighted to investigate and dwell upon. He did not however view these with the microscopic eye of a mere Antiquary; but rather with the general view of a Philosopher who amasses knowledge, and collects facts, which may afford him food for reflection, and enable him to form general and useful deductions.

“His patience and perseverance in this pursuit were very remarkable; and though he read with eagerness and rapidity, he never neglected to note down particular circumstances, or to mark for subsequent reference such things as he could not at once completely embrace. To a natural quickness of observation was added a retentive memory, and the exercise of these was matured into an habit of attention and arrangement.—Fortunately for Barré these endowments did not escape the eye of him who was most interested by affection and consanguinity in his welfare. His Father early discovered and cultivated them. Barré, when at home, was his constant companion, and, soon after the years of infancy were passed, became his most intimate friend. Indeed it is not possible

to imagine a greater degree of confidence between two persons, even of similar ages, than that which existed between this Youth and his Parent; and so well was it supported and understood, that Barré never for a moment lost sight of his relative situation, nor transgressed the limits of respect which filial love, even had there been no other motive, would have taught him to observe.—The clearness of his perceptions, and the correctness of his understanding, secured him from any over-rated idea of his own talents, and rather added than detracted from the docility of his disposition: a docility not in him the result of feebleness, or indolence, nor tending to the obliteration of his natural character, but derived from a comparison of his own inexperience with the matured judgment of advanced life, and a just estimate and conviction of his Father’s love.—Barré, in this free and confidential intercourse, imbibed all the advantages which a system of perfect intimacy with one so much his superior in age and worldly experience could produce, divested as it was, by the discriminating hand of a Parent, of all the evils which attend on the formation of an artificial character.—It would have been of the highest gratification to his Father to have retained constantly under his own eye a Son so much the object of his care and affection, and who seemed to court all the instruction which could be bestowed on him: but this would have demanded leisure, and qualifications which fall to the lot of but few persons: and, after all the advantages, which a pupil may acquire from uninterrupted study at home, are considered, they do not counterbalance those general acquirements which are derived from mixing in the microcosm of a school. Education, in the enlarged acceptance of the term, there embraces much that cannot be learned elsewhere. Habits of restraint, regularity, and a knowledge, if not of the world, at least of the principles on which mankind act in it, and which are developed in the characters of boys on all those occasions where the passions, and the share of judgment incidental to their age, are called into play, are there imbibed. Added to this, a youth acquires at school a presentiment of what is to be his own value in life; he learns too the first rudiments of reciprocal duties, as well as to correct, or to confirm his own feelings and opinions, by comparing them with those of others.—By a Parent who considered only his own gratification in the society and education of his Son, these advantages might be overlooked. But prudent affection had other views, and

and appreciated them with justice. . . . Barré was accordingly sent in the month of May, 1797, to Dr. Horne's school at Chiswick. . . . In June 1799, he was placed under the care of the Rev. William Goodenough at Ealing, between whose family and that of his pupil a long course of intimacy and esteem had existed. . . . Under the superintendance of Mr. Goodenough, Barré remained till the summer of the year 1805. In the six years thus occupied, he had acquired a very competent knowledge of the Classics, and some share of Mathematicks, and at his leisure hours in his Father's library he had grounded himself well in general History, and particularly in that of his own Country, and its antiquities.—It was during the prosecution of this favourite object that he formed his fine Collection of Coins, which now enriches the British Museum. This collection was begun to be formed when Barré was very young. He accidentally saw a few Roman Coins in his Father's possession, which he presently got transferred to his own. They were hoarded by him with infantine care, and esteemed by him as invaluable property. The occasional presents of friends, and such specimens as a child's pocket-money could procure, soon increased the store, which he would display and comment upon with the air of a importance of a connoisseur. As he advanced in age, however, he perceived, that to form a complete and universal collection of Coins was an object only in the power of individuals possessed of larger means than he could ever expect to enjoy. He therefore relinquished it in this character, and confined his attention only to those connected with his own Country. His Father encouraged the pursuit, as he followed it in the light of a science, which illustrated and confirmed him in his Historical studies; and his name as a collector soon became known among the dealers, who did not fail to bring him whatever could be discovered most rare and curious in their line of search."

"On the 11th of October 1805, Barré was entered as a Commoner of Christ Church at Oxford, in which house he became a Student at the Christmas following, by the presentation of Dr. Hay, obtained at the request of Lord Viscount Sidmouth. As he never had been separated from his family till this period for a week together, the distance between Ealing and Oxford appeared to him a very considerable one, and a plan of correspondence was immediately established. His earliest letters contain a picture of his mind under the influence of new impressions, and new habits. The frequency of communication with his Father increased the intimacy of

their connexion, and kept Barré's advance into life still under the eye of a parent, without impeding the development of his character. As there had been none of the harshness of controul exerted over him in his education at home, his feelings towards his parents were those of respect, softened by affection. Where ease had established confidence, distance and reserve were banished. The Father had nothing to censure, the Son nothing to conceal."

Having extracted thus far very copiously, and conducted the diligent young Scholar into a new sphere of action; we shall only observe that his conduct at the University was uniformly correct and praiseworthy.

"Throughout his journals, which he began to keep at a very early age, are scattered notices of the various acquisitions which he made. Amongst these is a complete list of the Books which he read in the years 1807 and 1808. This will not appear a small one, when his close application to the duties imposed on him at Oxford is considered; nor, though some of the books may appear trifling and unworthy of notice, will its insertion be thought irrelevant, if it shew how much may be done by industry, prompted by inclination, when the hours which indolence would consign over to hopeless ennui, are dedicated to the occupations of an active and cheerful leisure. . . . The list of Books which Barré recollected to have read is preceded by the following Note at the commencement of a Journal:

"I now commence a sort of journal of my reading, which I have hitherto done but very imperfectly, nor have I much to hope, however desirous I am to complete this journal as I advance, that I shall be able to use constancy of attention enough to continue it with accuracy. From papers lying by me I can date this account from about the middle of April 1807, and I do not much regret that I omitted to chronicle my earlier studies. They were vague, desultory, and unprofitable. I read many books, but none with attention; and therefore I remembered none: indeed I have not succeeded much better in those enumerated here at first: but I am willing to begin with the earliest appearance of intellect and attention that I can discover in myself, and as I am most earnestly desirous of improvement, I hope that perhaps this very employment will not be wholly unproductive of advantage in recalling to my memory the former occupations of my thoughts."

"By keeping this account of his time, he became more and more convinced of its

its value; and consequently better satisfied with his mode of disposing of it.

“Early in the year 1807, Barrè had the misfortune to lose his first tutor at Oxford, the Rev. Robert Poole Goodenough. The preferment which induced this gentleman to leave Christ Church deprived Barrè of immediate and personal intercourse with a friend who had known and loved him from his birth, and whose conduct had contributed more than any other circumstance to alleviate the pain of separation from his family, and to sweeten his residence at Oxford. The terms in which he laments this privation, are equally honourable to the Tutor and the Pupil; and shew how justly the latter estimated the advantages which he enjoyed under the protection and friendship of the former. When Barrè was made acquainted with the intended retirement of this gentleman from College, he immediately anticipated in imagination the solitude of his own situation at Oxford. His favourite pursuits were not of a description in which he could hope to have many companions, and his turn of mind did not make him covetous of general and indiscriminate society.

“Hitherto Barrè had, by indulging his natural taste, relieved the monotony of a collegiate life; for to him variety in labour served the purposes of relaxation. But as the time for taking a degree in the University approached, a closer and more exclusive attention to the requisite studies became necessary, and the prosecution of those in which he most delighted was almost entirely suspended.

“The whole of the year 1808 was occupied in the preparation for this; and with what effect is shewn by the numerous and copious abstracts found among his papers, from the works which he read upon Divinity, Logic, and Ethics, besides those of the great classic authors. The anxiety, however, which he felt during this period was such, that he was not aware of the progress which he made, and was perpetually doubting the validity and magnitude of his acquirements.—With more learning in every one of these branches of knowledge than was necessary for the mere attainment of his object, and with enough to have authorized him to aspire to honours, he looked forward to competition and comparison with his fellow students with such apprehension, that, for a long time previous to the examination, he had resolved to offer himself as a candidate for a degree only in that branch of learning which he considered as likely to ensure it with most certainty, and least pretension to applause. . . . All the encouragement which the eagerness of affection could af-

ford him was rendered in the letters which expressed his Father's opinion of his endowments, and conveyed advice for the regulation and tempering of his feelings; and all the support which the promptitude of friendship could suggest, was administered in the assurances which his most valued intimates, who had themselves passed through the same difficulties, could give him of his competency. As the day of trial approached, the obstacles which his own fancy had raised and spread between him and his object like an impenetrable mist that seemed to baffle his hope of attaining it, began to diminish, and betray their own futility. That fatal power which the unfortunate possessors of a lively imagination and irritable feelings too often exert over themselves, to their own torment and prejudice, was exhausted, and the elastic principles of youth, which had been so long repressed by anxiety and unnecessary alarms, began to set favourably, and inspire a consciousness of strength. On the 19th Nov. 1808, after taking his breakfast with his friend Edmund Goodenough, he went with courage beyond his own expectation into the Schools, where, after passing his examination, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon him, with all the most flattering testimonies to his merit that could be bestowed on one who did not aim at the higher honours of the place; and these were accompanied with expressions of regret from his judges, that he had not, with better justice to himself, aspired to such distinctions.”

Here we may be allowed to pause, and with exultation to record that this amiable youth first tried his literary strength in the “Ulysses's bow” of Sylvaus Urban; with whom, on the subject of Coins, he frequently corresponded, from May 1802 to May 1807; and that not lightly or superficially, but with a degree of knowledge which would have been creditable to a Veteran Collector.

“Early in the year 1809, the Quarterly Review was established; and Barrè, whose talents were more justly appreciated by others than by himself, was applied to for contributions to it. His accurate knowledge of numismatic concerns induced him to choose Mr. Pinkerton's Essay on Medals for his coup d'essai. This article appeared in the first number of the work. His diffidence of himself is apparent, wherever he mentions in his journal the progress of his task; but the success and applause which it obtained fully recompensed him for the anxiety and labour which attended its composition.

“He had now tasted, though under an anonymous character, the sweets of public praise; nor is it any derogation from his natural modesty to allow that he felt a full delight from the enjoyment of it. To censure this enjoyment, or the appetite for it, would be to take from genius and industry the surest and most honourable stimulants to exertion. To Barré the praise he thus obtained was an earnest of what he had a right to look forward to in a much greater degree, and what his qualifications bade fair to obtain. The commendation of the Editor of the Quarterly Review, which singly and in itself would be no mean reward, induced Barré now to make an offer of his services towards furnishing a second article; and he fixed upon Mr. Ker Porter’s “*Traveling Sketches in Russia*” as his subject.—As usual he was not satisfied with his performance. He thought that a degree of topical knowledge, which could not be acquired by mere reading, was necessary to its perfection; and on this plea, at his own earnest request, the article was withdrawn. It is however printed in this Collection, not by way of appeal against his own judgment, but to shew the equal talent and propriety of criticism, with which he could treat the different subjects which exercised his pen.... We have now accompanied Barré to the entrance of that career which he seemed destined to have run. Scarcely had he started, when Nature herself arrested his progress. It has been said that he was not endowed with a robust frame of body. The seeds of disease had been for some time lurking in his constitution, and unfortunately his habits of life were calculated to bring them forward. During his residence in the last two years at Oxford, he experienced attacks which indicated that all was not right about him; but their short duration, and the extreme repugnance that he felt towards drawing attention to himself on such accounts, which made him perhaps conceal their extent, prevented the alarm which otherwise his friends and family would have entertained.

“In the autumn of the year 1807, he was seized with a hæmorrhage at the nose, and not long afterwards with frequent fits of giddiness.—The excitement which he underwent in the year 1808, while qualifying himself to take his degree, rendered him still more obnoxious to these baneful influences. Under the constant agitation of his mind, with his spirits liable to all those varieties which attention to one only object gives rise to, the deterioration in his health be-

came visible by caprice of appetite, and increased nervous irritability. In the Summer of that year he was seized with a cough, which, though neither violent nor frequent, never left him afterwards. His illness, however, made no rapid advances;—and when he returned home, after his examination, he continued to mix in the society of his friends as usual. With the ignorance of, and contempt for, danger, inherent in youth, he slighted the indications of his state, and treated the advice of his friends as arising from the groundless fears of over-watchful affection.—In a visit to London in the cold and unhealthy Spring of 1809, his disposition to malady was increased by accidental causes, too minute to arrest his attention, or to call for precaution from one who thought no danger could exist where his own sensations did not give the alarm, and who, in the ardour of his pursuits after mental acquirements, did not stop to attend to the phenomena of his animal frame. Unfortunately too at this period he was summoned to Oxford by intelligence of the fire at Christ Church, by which his rooms were damaged, and his books endangered. The season, and the business he went upon, were peculiarly unfavourable to an invalid; he was necessarily involved in a good deal of bodily agitation, in order to ascertain and secure his property, and exposed to the air at a time when repose and seclusion were of the utmost importance to him. As the Summer advanced, his disorder did not abate, though the symptoms of it were too equivocal to enable his medical attendants to give it a decided name.

“He was prevailed upon, with some entreaty, to make a journey early in July to Southampton, in the company of a near relation, with whom he had ever lived on terms of affectionate intimacy, and who rejoiced in offering him such attentions as he would accept.... On his return to Ealing at the end of September, the symptoms of his disorder had not increased in violence; but the effect of its secret ravages upon him were but too visible. During the whole progress of his ailment, his mind remained unaltered in its inclinations and desires. The thirst for knowledge continued, but the exhausted state of his corporeal system opposed physical obstacles to its gratification: he bore up with cheerfulness and courage against evidences of that which certainly he himself could not be ignorant of, and lamented only the languor of nervous debility which rendered him unable to pursue his favourite and wonted occupations. To

those about him he always spoke in a tone of hope and confidence in his recovery; no word of complaint, no appeal to pity ever escaped him. Of all the house, he, for whose sake every one was suffering, appeared to suffer the least. This exercise of patience and effort to support the spirits of his parents was continued unremittingly to the first of January, 1810, and ceased only with existence. The last and unequivocal symptom took place only twenty-four hours previously.

“On the 8th of January the last mournful ceremonies were performed, when he was attended by his brother William Henry Roberts, and his brother-in-law Mr. Welch, by Grosvenor Charles Bedford and Henry Bedford, his cousins, and by the Rev. William Goodenough, who had been his early preceptor at Ealing, where his remains were deposited in the Church. The pen of the last-mentioned gentleman has marked the spot where he rests by the following inscription on a tablet of white marble:

“*Infra sepultus est*
Barrè Carolus Roberts,
filius natu minimus Edwardi Roberts,
armigeri,
Ædis Christi Oxoniæ alumnus.
Adolescens
cum ob summum ingenium et doctrinam,
tum ob eximias animi virtutes,
Perillustris. Fuit enim
modestus, probus, liberalis,
in moribus et naturâ mansuetissimus;
immo etiam
in variis studiis eruditus,
præsertim in rebus antiquis et numis-
matibus;
adeoque diligenter literis deditus,
tam reconditis, quam elegantioribus,
*ut nemo in utraque parte esset ornati-
 or.*
Cæterùm
quò magis animi viguere vires,
quò parum firmo corpori abfuit valetudo;
ex quo, proli dolor!
phtisi pulmonali languens,
juvenis carissimus,
nondum annos unum et viginti natus,
kalendis Januariis Anno Domini MDCCCX.
mortalis esse desiit;
diu diuque legendus et desiderandus.”

56. *The Modern Antique, or the Muse in the Costume of Queen Anne.* 8vo. pp. 316. Pople.

THE Author of this Collection of Poems is by no means destitute of taste or imagination, and has obviously cultivated his mind by a familiar intercourse with our English Classics. It is however to be lamented, that he did not avail himself of the counsel of some judicious friend who might have

used a Pruning Knife with considerable propriety. If half the quantity had been published, after proper discrimination, most Readers of Poetry might have found wherewithal to pass an hour agreeably; as will be observed from the following specimens:

“ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.
 “Thou who canst pour thy soul sublime
 in sound, ^{[strain,}
 And waste thy spirit in the sombre
 When eve with raven pinions closes
 round, ^{[pain;}
 And broods o'er all our intellectual
 Say, melancholy Bird, what tender bliss,
 Or woe till more inspiring, prompts
 thy lay
 Of dear remembrance to a strain like this,
 Which throbs, reiterates, and dies away.
 Delicious thrill the sympathies with thine,
 Tho' pensive, yet responsive to thy song,
 Which warbles passion words could ill
 define, ^{[soul along,}
 And bears with rapture the charm'd
 Where, from the world retir'd, the con-
 scious grove ^{[moonlight flings,}
 Through its dark shade the chequer'd
 Deep colour of our fate and wayward
 love, ^{[stings,}
 Thou rousest Recollection's thousand
 Oh cease thy too, too plaintive serenade,
 With more, much more for Heav'n than
 mortal ear,
 Whilst Nature list'ning in the vocal shade
 Drops o'er thy tender tale th' æthereal
 tear.”

“On Music heard at a distance.
 “Hark, hark! the source of harmony
 From Fiction's airy precipice,
 Distilling drops the magic sound;
 Now murmur loud in swelling notes,
 Now soft and still more softly glides,
 Till rippling down the mighty steep,
 The notes dispersing as they flow,
 And modulating in the wind,
 Resign their plaintive dying breath.
 Not so yon gushing torrent falls;
 Prone from the promontory's brow
 The tumbling billows headlong roll,
 Abruptly dash'd from crag to crag,
 Till fathoming the precipice
 They form a common rivulet.”

57. *Poems of Three Friends.* 12mo. pp. 168. Underwood.

“THE Poems of which this little Volume is composed, are the production of Three Friends, the amusement of whose early years has been the cultivation of that small share of poetical talent which may have fallen to their lot. Their entrance, however, on the more serious pursuits of very different, but

but equally laborious professions, will in all probability prevent their continuing that devotion to a cherished pursuit, which may now be inconsistent with their duty: yet, in resigning the lyre, which their hands have but unskilfully touched, they feel a wish to encircle it with a wreath of portical wild flowers, which though it may never bloom as a garland of fame, may live through its little day, a simple memorial of its friendship."

These young Friends were at least harmlessly employed; and their Poetical effusions are not disreputable either to their heads or hearts. A specimen or two may suffice.

EPITAPH.

"If worth departed claims the Christian's sighs, [Dies.
Here pause and weep, for here a Christian
Her gentle spirit sought the poor to bless,
To bind up sorrow's wounds, and heal distress.
For this, shall Grief with tears bedew her sod. with God."
And heaven-born Mercy plead her cause

TO MARY.

"Yes, Mary, I have journey'd long,
In life's eventful morn,
The roseate bowers of Love among,
And felt its keenest thorn;
Yet wouldst thou but the wish befriend,
With thee should all my journeyings end.
And I have strung the Harp of Love
To many a fair one's praise,
And I have heard her lips approve
The fond, but artless lays;
Yet wouldst thou bless its simple tone,
That harp were strung for thee alone."

DESCRIPTIVE SONNET,

*Written on the Summit of CADER IDRIS,
NORTH WALES.*

"From this dread mountain, round whose awful brow,
Crags, knovls, and lakes, in wild confusion hurld, [world,
Seem like the giant ramparts of the I gaze enraptur'd on the scene below.
Around are mountains, rugged and sublime,
Now wrapt in gloomy shade, and now so bright, [light,
They seem like polish'd heaps of orient
The noblest workmanship of ancient time. [deep,
The lake is here,—the dark, unfathom'd
Parent of streams, and roaring waterfalls,
The precipice that human heart appals,
And hoary ocean with expanded sweep.
Preachers sublime! I feel your mighty theme, [Supreme."
And prostrate own with you the Great

58. *The First Report of a Society for preventing Accidents in Coal Mines, comprising a Letter to Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart. on the various Modes employed in the Ventilation of Collieries; illustrated by Plans and Sections. By John Buddle. 8vo. pp. 28. (With Eleven Plates.)* Walker, at Newcastle.

"THE Committee of the Society in Sunderland for preventing Accidents in Coal Mines, have solicited and received communications from intelligent men, as to the causes of those explosions which so frequently occur, and which have been productive of such extensive and deplorable calamities; and as to the measures which may be best calculated to prevent them. They regret that hitherto no suggestion has pointed out any adequate mode of destroying, or of preventing, the generation of the inflammable gas; or of so completely ventilating the pits, as to secure them from its dreadful effects. They are not, therefore, in possession of sufficient information, fully and exactly to specify all the circumstances which are necessary to be attended to, in promoting the discovery of any general measures of correction for the evils lamented: and they are compelled to add, that they must look to a more extensive support than they have hitherto received, to enable them to hold out such encouragement to scientific and practical men, as may stimulate their attention to the subject: for, notwithstanding the general approbation which their designs have obtained, and the liberal subscription which they have received from the noble and respectable individuals who have countenanced the Society, their funds do not yet empower them to offer a premium, suitable to the object, for the best production that may be procured. They still, however, flatter themselves, that, as their proceedings shall be further disclosed, they will obtain a more ample support, which may give effect to their views.—In the mean time, they conceive that the following Paper, voluntarily communicated to the Society by Mr. Buddle, a gentleman of great celebrity and intelligence as a viewer of Coal mines, will throw considerable light upon the subject in contemplation; and as it explains the means which are adopted in the Collieries under his inspection, they trust that it may suggest some useful Hints, and induce other Gentlemen to impart any further information to the Committee, which may be likely to concur with their design.—The Committee are in possession of other valuable Papers, containing information and suggestions of which they hope hereafter to avail them-

themselves; but their first object being to lay before men of talents and general science, who may be unacquainted with the details of mining, a clear view of the present state of the subject on which they are anxious for their assistance, they have been unwilling to delay the publication of a Paper so well adapted to this purpose."

After a very modest introductory paragraph, Mr. Buddle says,

"I shall attempt to point out, as briefly as possible, what measures have been adopted here, and in other parts of the Kingdom, for the prevention of accidents in Collieries by the ignition of inflammable Gas; wherein these measures have succeeded, and the desiderata required to preclude the recurrence of such calamities. — The only method we are at present acquainted with, for the prevention of Accidents by Fire, is, the thorough ventilation of the several pas-

sages and workings of the Mine—that is, a mechanical application of the atmospheric air to the removal or sweeping away of the inflammable Gas, as it is generated in the workings of Collieries, or as it issues from the several fissures which the workings intersect in their progress.—In order that the observations I have to offer may be clearly understood, I have made several Sections of the mechanical Agents employed in the ventilation of Coal Mines; and illustrative Plans to shew the antient and present mode of conveying the atmospheric air through the workings of Collieries."

Happy indeed shall we be if this brief notice of a Society established for a purpose so truly benevolent should prove in the slightest degree assistant in improving its sphere of action. Its Patrons are rich and highly respectable.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Nothing is insignificant in the eyes of Providence: the Butterfly, the Goldfinch, the Fidler, and the Beau, have their several uses in the sublunary system; and he that does his best, however little that may be, does all that was required of him. Those who are in no situation to do any real service in life, deserve our thanks if they contribute what they can to the cheerfulness and enjoyments of it; for this world is a stage, and it is not the importance of the *part*, but the performing it well, that merits applause."

TUCKER.

15. *A general and comprehensive Instruction-Book for the Violin; to which are added 35 progressive Exercises in the different major and minor Keys: Dedicated, as a mark of Respect for superior Talents, to Signor Spagnoletti, by J. D. Loder of Bath. pp. 47. 10s. 6d. Goulding and Co.*

THE violin is the leading and most expressive instrument of the modern orchestra. In England, it first came into vogue as a concert instrument during the reign of our Charles the Second. It was introduced in France in the reign of Charles the IXth; and no alteration has been made in its structure for upwards of 260 years. (Charles, *Cours d'Acoustique.*) Very few works have been hitherto published, in England, relative to the art of performing on this valuable and common instrument. Of these, the principal is "The art of playing on the Violin," by Francesco Geminiani, London, 1740, Op. 2. folio. We have, besides, a translation, by Dr. Burney, of Tartini's letter on *bowing* the violin; 50 variations on a subject from Correlli's Solos, called Tartini's Art

of *Bowing*, which are merely exercises with the bowing marked; Gehob's art of bowing; a violin-tutor by Barthelemon; Studies by Kreutzer, Blasis, Bruni, Waldemar, Fiorillo, &c. Yet we think the great number of indifferent performers on this instrument is more inculpable to the want of good instructions in the first lessons, than to the peculiar difficulties of the instrument. The self-taught violinist attempts difficulties before he is properly prepared for them by a regular course of practice, and consequently performs them ill. His entire position is determined to be that which he finds the least fatiguing, rather than the most favourable to execution. It is a great mistake of many beginners, to think that, by learning to play a little by themselves, their progress will be the more rapid when they shall have a master; as the master often finds that his pupil has almost as much to forget as to acquire. This would not be the case but for the deficiency of the common instruction-books. Mr. L. observes, in his preface, that "The acquirement

of skill upon an instrument, confessedly the most difficult of attainment, having never yet been facilitated* by any introductory system beyond a collection of common-place tunes, subjoined to a *gamut*, and dignified by the title of 'Geminiani's art of playing the Violin;' and the time lost in writing, together with the difficulty of procuring good progressive lessons, having long been pressing considerations with the Author of the present Collection; has induced him to present it, not as any addition to the information of his brethren in the profession, but as a means of smoothing their path in a career in which pecuniary remuneration, however ample, can scarcely be called an adequate recompense." Our opinion of Mr. L.'s book is, that he should have entitled it "A suite of Exercises for the Violin, with the fingering and bowing marked, for the use of beginners;" for so it is, excepting five pages of confused and defective explanatory matter. On page 5, we learn, by a new rule of three, that two whole-tones are equal to five semi-tones, and that a tone and half are equal to 4 semi-tones. He begins his introduction, oddly enough, by teaching the 6 different sorts of notes, the "different moods" of time, preceeding to bars, graces, marks of expression, and at last to the names of the lines and spaces; and all, "in order to proceed regularly." He uses many technical terms that he should have previously explained. Fine dal segno, is said to mean, end at the sign. *Assia* is used for assai. *Andantino* is correctly given as meaning a quicker movement than *Andante*, although differently explained by others †. He says "Staccato signifies distinct, or pointed, where the bow must be taken off the string at every note. Legato, the reverse of Staccato, means that the bow must be continued on the strings, smooth and equal. The general rule for appoggiaturas is to take half the length of the note before which it is placed. It is an invariable rule, whether marked or not, for every appoggiatura to be slurred to the following

note. A shake may be made with the 2d, 3d, or 4th finger: the two fingers should both be stopped well in tune, and very firm on the strings; draw the bow slowly the whole length, and move the upper finger by slow degrees, then proceed faster till the motion becomes very quick," p. 3. The book contains no directions for holding the violin, nor for the position of the performer's hands. The progressive exercises will, however, be convenient to teachers, as the Author intended.

16. *Studio per il Pianoforte, consisting of 42 Exercises, intended to facilitate the Progress of those who study that Instrument: composed, and the leading fingers marked to each passage, by J. B. Cramer. Vol. I. pp. 75. 2is. Op. 39.—Continuation of Ditto, Vol. II. pp. 29. 26s. Opera 40. Clementi & Co.*

WHEN the learner has mastered the common difficulties of fingering, he will be much benefited by the careful practice of Mr. Cramer's Exercises, and by endeavouring to find out by study whether the fingering marked is actually the best that could be used, and for what reason. The exercises are not progressive. They consist chiefly of uncommon passages, many of which seem to have been made to suit the fingering, or were suggested by the motion of the fingers. Some of them are highly pleasing, as well as improving; but the 84th will never be played to regale the ears of any person. Eminent as Mr. C. is in his profession, we venture to doubt whether the marked fingering on the 7th staff, p. 28, of Vol. I. is the best that could be devised. Page 55, staff 8, the first 1 should be 3; p. 60, staff 3, measure 4, 1 over *f* should be 2; p. 72, staff 9, m. 6, 3 should be 2;—vol. II. p. 13, s. 8, m. 1, first 3 should be X; p. 16, s. 3, m. 3, the position is changed without apparent necessity; p. 17, s. 1, m. 5, 1 should be 2, after 3; p. 29, last measure, the mark over *a* or *d* in the middle group should be altered. We omit our remarks on the fingering of some of these pieces, on account of the tediousness of referring to the particular passages to which those remarks apply. In two places, we find *più* for *più*. Page 64, we have a curious superlative: *il più prestissimo possibile*. (See Corticelli, *ting. Tosc.* p. 10, and p. 178. Bassano, 1791.)

* See the numerous and valuable works on the Violin in French and German.

† "*Andantino*, tient un peu à l'*allé-gro moderato*." Gram. Ital. par R. Zotti, p. 299. Tom. II. (1805.)

SELECT POETRY.

To an Oak Tree, in the Church-yard of—
in the Highlands of SCOTLAND, said to
mark the Grave of Captain WOGAN, killed
in 1649.

EMBLEM of England's antient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where Loyalty lies low in death,
And Valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb!
Repine not, if our clime deny
Above thine honour'd sod to bloom
The flow'rets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;
Beneath a fierce sun thy pine,
Before the winter storm decay—
And can their worth be type of thine?

No, for 'mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart,
And while Despair the scythe was closing,
Commenc'd thy brief but brilliant part.

'Twas thou thou sought'st on Albyn's hill
(When England's sons the strife resign'd)
A rugged race resisting still,
And unsubdu'd though unrefin'd.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem sung,
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet who in Fortune's summer shine,
To waste life's longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
Though darken'd ere its noontide day!

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
Brave Summer's drought and Winter's gloom;
Rome bound with Oak her Patriots' brows,
And Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb.

Lines inscribed to the Memory of
JOHN WIGHTWICK KNIGHTLEY, Esq.
Of OFFCHURCH BURY, in the County of
WARWICK.

OFFCHURCH*! once rich with Mercia's
Royal dust,
Preserve the nobler mem'ry of the Just!
Warm as the balmy show'r from Summer
skies, [ley lies,
Let Friendship's tears descend where haught-
For mild and kind as Summer's last ring
ray, [sway;
Thro' Life's serenest sphere, he spread his
Plenty and Peace around his mansion
sprung, [sung:
The treming harvest smil'd, the reapers
For them the Monarch Chesnut grac'd the
plain,
And the rich Village circled Offa's Fane;

* The Bury-place of Offa, the cruel
King of the Mercians.

† The late respected Mr. Pratt, author
of "The Gleanings," has accurately de-
scribed this singular Tree, in his "Guide
to Leamington, in Warwickshire."

Their shelter'd homes his warming bounty
felt,

'Till Nature's self grew fairer where he
His pity sooth'd where stern example fail'd,
And his bland voice like Summer's breath
prevail'd.

Not there alone—the social Graces led
Their train to deck the feast their Patron
spread,

Truth, Science, Wit, and elegant Delight
Liv'd in his life, and revel'd in his sight.
Health fail'd—but Mirth, her fairest sister,
pour'd

Light on his glowing hearth and ample
His was the bloom, the vigour of the soul,
Beyond Affliction's blight or Time's con-
troul.

Giver of blessings! thus thy cavied hours
Pass'd 'mid thy own fair race and native
bow'rs!

Full blest thyself, if Peace and Honour lend
The prize which Sages seek, and Saints
commend:

Thrice blest in death, a brief and calm de-
From the full noon of Love and Life were
thine.

As from the Eden, by his bounty made,
The Sun declines, conceal'd but not decay'd;
Thou, from the joys by smiling Virtue
given,

Art but remov'd, to gain another Heaven!

*Lines, written by the Rev. T. MAURICK, and
recited by Mr. J. L. EDWARDS, at the
Anniversary Dinner of the "PHILOSOPHI-
CAL SOCIETY OF LONDON," 1814.*

"NATURE, and all her works, lay hid
in night,

God said, Let NEWTON be—and all was
His daring genius pierc'd the dark profound,
On Seraph wing he roam'd Creation round;
Beyond where sweep the planetary train,
Or, round the pole, slow wheels the frozen
wain;

To those remoter fields of dazzling light,
Scarce reach'd by Fancy in her boldest
flight,

Where sway'd by Gravitation's strong con-
troul,
In flaming clusters worlds unnumber'd roll.

Oh! for the tints that in the rainbow
glow,

The beams that from Golconda's diamonds
To form of Living Light, a radiant crown,
For him who made its dazzling wonders
known;

And to astonish'd Man, immers'd in shade,
The Prism's refulgent glories first display'd!
For him who mark'd the comet's bright
career;

Who, in his balance, weigh'd each rolling
Added fresh lustre to the solar rays,
And wide diffus'd the intellectual blaze!

Give me a spot in Nature's wide domain,
Of power, my mighty engines to sustain;
Give me that spot—and, by eternal Jove!
The solid earth, I'll from it's basis move.—
Thus with bold vaunt, exclaim'd the Gre-
cian Sage,

At Syracuse, who brav'd the Roman rage.
Nobler his praise, whose daring ken could
pierce

The laws that rule the boundless Universe!
Who op'd new worlds to our admiring eyes,
And all the latent glories of the skies!

On facts, not fiction, rests his tow'ring
fame, [frame;

Who spann'd the arch of Heaven's eternal
Divinely eloquent his precepts roll,
And warm, whilst they convince, th' ex-
panding soul.

No fine-spun theories his works disgrace,
Whose axioms roll on Truth's eternal base:
Great Nature's laws his guide, and Nature's
God,

Sublime the burning Galaxy he trod;
Those Laws that to their mighty orbits
chain [main;

The circling spheres, and bound the raging
And while that Galaxy its beams shall
shed, [spread.

His name shall flourish, and his glory
Such NEWTON was — and does the por-
trait fire

No kindred soul, like NEWTON, to aspire
Like him beyond this dark terrene to soar,
And Nature in her trackless wilds explore,
Measure the spheres, their shining orbits
trace, [space?

And roam delighted through the wilds of
Yes, at his name, which Heaven's wide
arch resounds, [bounds;

Each philosophic breast with transport
Around this board — this banquet of the
mind, [join'd,

Where SCIENCE reigns, with social VIRTUE
And, with the treasur'd lore of antient
times,

The President* the rich repast sublimes—
Full many an embryo Newton meets my
sight,

Whose labours shall a distant age delight:
Full many a youth inflam'd with noble rage,
Drinks Inspiration from his classic page—
With him Earth's bounded scenes they
boldly spurn, [burn.

Mount with his wing, and with his ardour
Various in Genius, Man's expansive mind
No dangers can appal, no fetters bind;
No heights so steep, no depths so sunk in
night,

Where Science cannot urge her eagle flight:
Climates in vain her dauntless sons oppose,
The Tropic heats they brave, and Zembla's
snows.

While these a NEWTON'S HEAV'n-born fires
inflamm,

Others aspire to BOYLE'S immortal fame;

And, borne excursive through the realms of
AIR, [glare,
'Mid rolling thunders, and the Meteor's
Th' electric fluid's brilliant track pursue,
And pour its blazing wonders on our view:
Or, darting downward, the deep mine ex-
plore,

Where in rich strata lies the glowing ore;
Where, stored against that great, that awful
day,

That shall this ravag'd globe in ruins lay,
O'er beds of sulphur seas of Naphtha flow,
And subterranean fires for ever glow!
Not least admir'd, in Nature's vast survey,
Others the Magnet's wondrous pow'rs dis-
play; [to guide

But chief that power, by Heav'n ordain'd
The bounding vessel through the billowy
tide—

By whose directive force, in safety led,
Britannia's Navies plough the wat'ry bed;
Bow hostile nations to her strong controul,
And with her thunder shake the distant pole:
Others their daring course still deeper bend,
And down that Ocean's gloomy path de-
scend;

The secrets of the dark abyss to spy,
And range through depths unpierc'd by
human eye:

Safe in the wondrous CELL their genius
plann'd, [strand,
Remote from day they press the dang'rous
And while above them beat the raging
waves, [caves,

Traverse the lonely vaults, and dusky
Where groves of branching coral spread
around, [found.

And radiant pearls light up the dread pro-
While thus a portion of our letter'd
train [main;

Explore the wonders of the earth, and
A learned few more tranquil themes en-
gage, [rage.

Than volley'd thunders, and the Tempest's
With philosophic eyes intent they scan
That greatest wonder of Creation—MAX.

His mind with all the fires of genius warm,
The beauteous symmetry that decks his
form; [command;

The eye that speaks, the voice that gives
When in the field embattled armies stand:
The pulse that bounds at Music's rapturous
strains,

And the rich flood that revels in his veins.

From MAX to MORALS then, our view
they raise, [praise;
And paint in glowing terms fair Virtue's
What solid joy her high behests impart,
What virtue passions gnaw the guilty
heart!

How far his gains Potosi's wealth transcend,
Who gain the treasure of a virtuous friend.
How high beyond all joys Intemperance
knows, [flows;

The social transport round this board that
Where, as of old, in academic bowers,
WISDOM and VIRTUE rule the classic hour.

While

* Dr. Lettsom.

While their bright, *blended* beams your labours cheer,
In your great work, undaunted, persevere—
Thus Genius shall expand with bolder wing,
And every rolling year fresh laurels bring.
The tree you planted shall diffusive spread,
And o'er a distant race its umbrage shed.
A race who, raptur'd, shall your praise proclaim,
Toil with your zeal, and glow with rival

"*Tulare nostram,*" *Urbane,* "*puer'liam.*"

SOFTLY blow the Ev'ning breezes,
Wafting sweets from ev'ry tree;
Softly flows the stream, that pleases
All, that hear its sound, but me.

Here the woodbine spreads its flower,
Ting'd with many a blended hue,
Taught to form a circling bower,
Shelter from the silver dew.

Here in native colours glowing,
Smiles the softly-blushing rose,
While the Zephyrs faintly blowing
Close its leaves in soft repose.

'Tis silence all—the parting beams declare
The closing period of the course they've told;

Night, clad in gloom, bestrides the dusky air,
While Ev'ning fades, and melts away in gold.

Soft thro' the air descends the silver dew,
And glides, or seems to glide, upon the green.

Reflection calls, and hails the glimmering
That darkens, but to dignify the scene.

Written on the Banks of the *Z***.*
Wharfe, in Yorkshire, Sept. 1, 1810.

Lines written at Cambridge; occasioned by hearing the Rev. Mr. SIMON preach, in company with a Friend who had recently recovered from Illness.

LET Davy's art to Simeon's power give way:

One cured by slow degrees the tainted clay;
In a short hour, the other's heavenly grace,
His holy precepts in a hallow'd place,
His mien majestic, and his reverend form,
Dispell'd the darkness of the mental storm;
Restor'd to virtue, and the ways of God,
Him who in Error's path unheeding trod;
Who now converted by a saint from Heav'n,
Believes each crime forgotten and forgiv'n.
Thrice happy they, to whom is granted here,
In yonder fane to pour Contrition's tear;
To feel the mercy of a dying God, [trod;
And contemplate the mournful path he
To learn from Simeon all that mortals can,
And view in Simeon all that's great in man!

May his example in our breasts preside,
Each thought enlighten, and each action guide;

Teach us that best of truths for man to know,
Religion is our rest, our Heaven below!
Immortal blessings in her train advance,
And in her eye celestial pleasures dance.

O may we love the musick of her voice,
And in the glory of her form rejoice.
Be ours the path her favour'd souls have trod;

The path by her prescrib'd must lead to
She bids thee not, to shake the world with arms;

To deck the Bride of Christ in all her charms,
Is all her lips command: the joys of Heav'n
To those who own her rule are freely giv'n.
Explore her ways; her secret haunts disclose:

Her smile is peace; her bosom is repose.
The sculptur'd tomb that dignifies the dead,
The crown that glitters on the Victor's head;
The fire of Warriors, and the pride of Kings,
All perish in the wreck of earthly things:
Vain is the Miser's wealth, the Poet's rhyme;

Religion, still the same, survives the death
If while I linger in this scene of strife,
Toss'd on the dark and stormy waves of life,
Thy spotless shade should wing its glorious flight

From earthly darkness to the fount of light;
From golden plains by kindred seraphs trod,
Dispense around the high behests of God,
And aid the frail inhabitants of Earth,
While marshall'd Angels wonder at thy worth;

O deign to guide me with thy sacred arm,
Preserve my soul from guilt, my steps from harm:

Control my wayward thoughts; thy blessing shed,

Mild as the ev'ning dew-drop, o'er my Present thy bright exemplar to my eyes,
That I like thee may live, with thee may rise.
H. S. BOYD.

SELECT EPITAPHS:

Written by GREGORY NAZIANZEN, and translated from the Greek by H. S. BOYD.
On his MOTHER.

HERE Nonna sleeps: in yonder fane she died:

In Pray'r her knees were bent: to Heav'n
In honour'd age she drew her parting breath:
Oh! happy life, and oh! most holy death.

On the same.

The flaming Chariot cleft the air,
Elijah soar'd to realms of day:
And Nonna, as she breath'd her Prayer,
The mighty Spirit snatch'd away.—

On his Brother CESARIUS.—The first four Lines are supposed to be spoken by his aged Father, the last four by some one in Reply.

Stern, ruthless Tomb! Oh could I'er suppose

On him, my youngest child, thy gates would
And leave the Parent? yet thy walls contain
The youthful, while the aged here remain!
Heap not reproaches on the guiltless tomb;
'Twas Envy's hand that scal'd his mortal doom:

'Twas Envy laid him low: she could not bear
A youth excelling age, above compare.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE, 1814.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

Reports addressed to Vice-adm. Sir Alex. Cochrane by Rear-adm. Cockburn, continued from p. 380.

July 21. THE Rear-Admiral reports, that the Enemy having collected some Virginia militia, at a place called Nominny-ferry, in Virginia, a considerable way up Nominny-river, he proceeded thither with the boats and marines (the latter commanded by Captain Robyns, during the illness of Major Lewis). The Enemy's position was on a very commanding eminence, projecting into the water; but some marines being landed on its flank, and seen getting up the craggy side of the mountain, while the main body landed at the ferry, the Enemy fell back, and, though pursued several miles till the approach of night, escaped with the loss of a few prisoners. They had withdrawn their field-artillery, and hid it in the woods; fearing that, if they kept it to use against the British, they would not be able to retreat with it quick enough to save it from capture. After taking on board all the tobacco, and other stores found in the place, with a quantity of cattle, and destroying all the storehouses and buildings, the Rear-Admiral re-embarked; and dropping down to another point of the Nominny river, he observed some movements on shore, upon which he again landed with marines. The Enemy fired a volley at them, but, on the advance of the marines, fled into the woods. Every thing in the neighbourhood was therefore also destroyed or brought off; and after visiting the country in several other directions, covering the escape of the negroes who were anxious to join him, he quitted the river, and returned to the ships with 155 refugee negroes, two captured schooners, a large quantity of tobacco, dry goods, and cattle, and a few prisoners.

July 24.—The Rear Admiral gives an account of his having gone up St. Clement's Creek, in St. Mary's county, with the boats and marines, to examine the country. The militia shewed themselves occasionally, but always retreated when pursued; and the boats returned to the ships without any casualty, having captured four schooners and destroyed one. The inhabitants having remained peaceable in their houses, the Rear Admiral did not suffer any injury to be done to them, excepting at one farm, from which two musket-shots were fired at the Admiral's gig, and where the property was therefore destroyed.

July 31.—The Rear Admiral reports, that, having on the 26th proceeded to the

head of the Machodick river, in Virginia, where he burnt six schooners, whilst the marines marched, without opposition, over the country, on the banks of that river, and there not remaining any other place on the Virginia or St. Mary's side of his last anchorage that he had not visited, he, on the 28th, caused the ships to move above Blackstone's Island, and on the 29th proceeded with the boats and marines up the Wicomoco river; he landed at Hamburgh and Chespio, from which latter place he shipped a considerable quantity of tobacco, and visited several houses in different parts of the country, the owners of which living quietly with their families, and seeming to consider themselves and the neighbourhood at his disposal, he caused no farther inconvenience to them, than obliging them to furnish supplies of cattle and stock for the use of his forces.

Aug. 4.—The Rear Admiral states, that on the 2d, the squadron dropped down the Potowmack, near to the entrance of the Yocomoco river, which he entered the following day with the boats and marines, and landed with the latter. The Enemy had here collected in great force, and made more resistance than usual, but the ardour and determination of the Rear Admiral's gallant little band carried all before them; and after forcing the Enemy to give way, they followed him 10 miles up the country, captured a field-piece, and burnt several houses which had been converted into depôts for militia arms, &c. Learning afterwards that General Hungerford had rallied his men at Kinsale, the Rear Admiral proceeded thither: and, though the Enemy's position was extremely strong, he had only time to give the British an ineffectual volley, before they gained the height, when he again retired with precipitation, and did not re-appear. The stores found at Kinsale were then shipped without molestation; and having burnt the storehouses and other places, with two old schooners, and destroyed two batteries, the Rear Admiral re-embarked, bringing away five prize schooners, a large quantity of tobacco, flour, &c. a field-piece, and a few prisoners. The American General, Taylor, was wounded and unhorsed, and escaped only through the thickness of the wood and bushes, into which he ran. The British had three men killed, and as many wounded. The conduct of the officers and men on this occasion calls for the Rear Admiral's particular commendation: with 500 men they penetrated ten miles into the Enemy's country, and skirmished

mished back, surrounded by woods, in the face of the whole collected militia of Virginia, under Generals Hungerford and Taylor; and after this long march carried the heights of Kinsale in the most gallant manner.

Aug. 8.—The Rear Admiral states, that Coan River, a few miles below Yocomoco, being the only inlet on the Virginia side of the Potowmack that he had not visited, he proceeded on the 7th to attack it with the boats and marines: after a tolerably quick fire on the boats, the Enemy went off precipitately with the guns; the battery was destroyed, and the river ascended, in which three schooners were captured, and some tobacco brought off.

Aug. 13.—The Rear Admiral gives an account of his having, on the 12th, proceeded up St. Mary's Creek, and landed in various parts of the country about that extensive inlet, but without seeing a single armed person, though militia had formerly been stationed at St. Mary's Factory for its defence; the inhabitants of the state appearing to consider it wiser to submit than to attempt opposition.

Aug. 15.—The Rear Admiral reports his having again on that day landed within St. Mary's Creek, but found on the different parts of the country, the same quiet and submissive conduct on the part of the inhabitants, as in the places visited on the 12th. Throughout the whole of these operations, Rear-Adm. Cockburn repeats the highest encomiums on all the officers and men of the ships and marines under his orders. Although from the nature of the country, and the excessive heat of the climate, these services must have been more harassing, they were carried on with greater cheerfulness and perseverance. The Captains of his Majesty's ships, on all occasions, volunteered to accompany the Rear-Admiral, To Lieut.-col. Malcolm and Major Lewis, of the Royal Marines, he expresses his obligations, as well as to the other officers of that corps. The conduct of the men was also deserving of the greatest praise; and though the re-embarkations frequently took place in the night, yet during the whole of the operations neither a sailor nor a marine was reported missing.

In transmitting the reports of these services, which come down to the period of the arrival of Sir Alexander Cochrane in the Chesapeake, the Vice-Admiral expresses the very high sense he entertains of the arrangement, zeal, and activity which have on all occasions been shewn by Rear-Adm. Cockburn during the time he has commanded in the Chesapeake under the Vice Admiral's orders.

Vice Adm. Sir Alexander Cochrane has transmitted a letter from Rear Adm. Ho-

tham, inclosing one from Capt. Sir T. Hardy, of the *Ramilies*, dated off Stonington, Aug. 12, giving an account of an attack made upon that place by the said ship, with the *Pactolus*, Dispatch brig, and Terror bomb. The Dispatch, Aug. 9, anchored within pistol shot of the battery; but the *Pactolus* not being able to approach the shore near enough to support her, the brig was recalled, having had 2 men killed and 12 wounded. On the 11th, after the Terror had thrown in some shells and carcasses, the *Ramilies* and *Pactolus* anchored as near as the shallowness of the water would allow, and fired several broadsides into the town, from which it suffered great damage. At the commencement of the fire the Enemy withdrew the guns from the battery to the outside of the town, where they had assembled 3000 militia. The town of Stonington had been conspicuous in preparing and harbouring torpedoes, and giving assistance to the Enemy's attempts at the destruction of his Majesty's ships off New London.

Sir A. Cochrane has also transmitted a report from Sir Thomas Hardy, of the occupation of the islands in Passamaquaddy bay, the account of which, as transmitted by Lieut.-gen. Sir John Sberbrooke from Lieut.-col. Pilkington, appeared in the Gazette of the 13th of August.

The unmentioned letters have been transmitted by Vice Admiral Sir A. Cochrane; &c.

From Capt. Burdett, of his Majesty's ship *Maidstone*, dated off New London, the 21st of May, stating that the boats of that ship and the *Syph* sloop, assisted by the Liverpool packet British privateer, chased into the Black Point River, the packet between New York and New London, and burnt the vessel, as well as a bridge over the river, against which she had run.

From Capt. in Senhouse, of his Majesty's sloop *Martin*, dated at Sea, the 30th of June, giving an account of his having, on that day, captured the *Sospdragon* American private armed schooner, of 6 guns and 80 men.

From Capt. Sir George Collier, of his Majesty's ship *Leander*, dated the 17th of July, giving an account of his having captured, after a chase of some hours, the American sloop of war *Rattlesnake*, pierced for 20 guns (thrown overboard), and having on board 131 men.—From Capt. Pym, of his Majesty's ship *Niemen*, dated at sea, 14th of July, reporting his having captured, after a chase of 14 hours, the fleshy *Gilder* American privateer, of 12 guns, and 50 men.—From Capt. Skene, of his Majesty's ship *Asia*, dated in the Chesapeake, the 20th of July, stating that her boat, under the orders of Lieutenant Foster, had
destroyed

destroyed a deep-laden schooner in Cherry-stone Creek, under a fire from field-pieces and small arms; from which service they returned without sustaining any loss.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Downing-street, Oct. 9. Dispatch from Lieut.-gen. Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, brought by Major Addison.

Castine, at the entrance of the Penobscot, Sept. 18.

My Lord—I have now the honour to inform your Lordship, that after closing my dispatch on the 25th ultimo, in which I mentioned my intentions of proceeding to the Penobscot, Rear-adm. Griffith and myself lost no time in sailing from Halifax, with such a naval force as he deemed necessary, and the troops as per margin*, to accomplish the object we had in view. Very early in the morning of the 30th, we fell in with the Rifleman sloop of war, when Capt. Pearse informed us, that the United States frigate, the Adams, had got into the Penobscot; but, from the apprehension of being attacked by our cruisers if she remained at the entrance of the river, she had ran up as high as Hamden, where she had landed her guns, and mounted them on shore for her protection. On leaving Halifax, it was my original intention to have taken possession of Machias, on our way hither; but, on receiving this intelligence, the Admiral and myself were of opinion that no time should be lost in proceeding to our destination, and we arrived here very early on the morning of the 1st instant. The fort of Castine, which is situated upon a peninsula of the Eastern side of the Penobscot, near the entrance of that river, was summoned a little after sunrise, but the American officer refused to surrender it, and immediately opened a fire from four twenty-four pounders upon a small schooner that had been sent with Lieut.-colonel Nicolls (commanding Royal Engineers) to reconnoitre the work. Arrangements were immediately made for disembarking the troops; but, before a landing could be effected, the Enemy blew up his magazine, and escaped up the Majetaquados River, carrying off in the boats with them two field-pieces. As we had no means of ascertaining what force the Americans had on this peninsula, I landed a detachment of royal artillery, with two rifle companies of the 60th and 98th regiments, under Colonel Douglas, in the rear of it, with orders to secure the isthmus, and to take possession of the heights which command the town; but I soon learned that

there were no regulars at Castine, except the party which had blown up the magazine, and escaped, and that the militia which were assembled there had dispersed immediately on our landing. Rear-Adm. Griffith and myself next turned our attention to obtaining possession of the Adams, or, if that could not be done, to destroying her. The arrangement for this service having been made, the Rear-admiral entrusted the execution of it to Capt. Barrie, Royal Navy; and as the co-operation of a land force was necessary, I directed Lieut.-colonel John, with a detachment of artillery, the flank companies of the 29th, 62d, and 98th regiments, and one rifle company of the 60th, to accompany and co-operate with Capt. Barrie on this occasion; but, as Hamden is twenty-seven miles above Castine, it appeared to me a necessary measure of precaution first to occupy a post on the Western bank, which might afford support if necessary to the force going up the river, and at the same time prevent the armed population, which is very numerous to the Southward and Westward, from annoying the British in their operations against the Adams. Upon inquiry I found that Belfast, which is upon the high road leading from Hamden to Boston, and which perfectly commands the bridge, was likely to answer both these purposes; and I consequently directed Major-gen. Gusselin to occupy that place with the 29th regiment, and to maintain it till further orders. As soon as this was accomplished and the tide served, Rear-Admiral Griffith directed Capt. Barrie to proceed to his destination, and the remainder of the troops were landed that evening at Castine. Understanding that a strong party of militia from the neighbouring township had assembled at about four miles from Castine on the road leading to Blue Hill, I sent out a strong patrol on the morning of the second, before day-break. On arriving at the place, I was informed that the militia of the county had assembled there on the alarm-guns being fired at the Fort at Castine upon our first appearance, but that the main body had since dispersed and returned to their respective homes. Some stragglers were, however, left, who fired upon our advanced guard, and then took to the woods; a few of whom were made prisoners. No intelligence having reached us from Capt. Barrie on Saturday night, I marched with about seven hundred men and two light field-pieces upon Buckston at three o'clock on Sunday morning the 4th instant, for the purpose of learning what progress he had made, and of affording him assistance if required. This place is about eighteen miles higher up the Penobscot than Castine, and on the Eastern bank of the river. Rear-adm. Griffith

* First company royal artillery, two rifle companies of the 7th battalion 60th regiment, 29th, 62d, and 98th regiments.