

**The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review, 29 Sept 1821, containing a review of Assistant Surgeon John Davy's An account of the Interior of Ceylon and of its inhabitants. With travels in that island**

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321

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# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

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### Review of New Books.

*An Account of the Interior of Ceylon and of its Inhabitants. With Travels in that Island.* By John Davy, M. D., F. R. S. 4to. pp. 530. London, 1821.

Few works of the present day can lay so strong a claim to originality as the one before us, for, with the exception of the 'Historical Relation of the Island of Ceylon,' by Robert Knox, an English seaman, who was wrecked on the coast in 1660, and suffered twenty years' captivity, there is not a single volume in existence on the subject. Knox's history has always been popular, on account of its simplicity of style and narrative, and the good sense and good feelings of the author; but his sphere of observation was necessarily limited, and the period of one hundred and forty years, which has elapsed since its publication, and the vast interest which the subject has acquired since Ceylon has become a British province, have rendered an account of it one of the most acceptable works that could be offered to the public.

The subject has fallen into excellent hands, and Ceylon has found, in Dr. Davy, an historian, who has made ample amends for the neglect which it has hitherto experienced. The work is compiled from original materials, collected in Ceylon during a four years' residence of the author, who was on the medical staff of the army. He has received the assistance of every one who was capable of aiding him in the information, and hence the work is enriched by many valuable contributions. It gives a full account of the history, geography, and geology of the island; its population, laws, language, and religion; the state of the arts and sciences, the domestic habits and manners of the inhabitants, &c. A work of this nature, written with the ability which Dr. Davy has displayed, cannot fail of exciting great interest, and therefore we propose making our readers somewhat extensively acquainted with its contents.

Vol. III.

The Island of Ceylon is in the tropic of Cancer, situated nearly between the parallel of 6° and 10° north latitude, and between 80° and 82° east longitude; that is at the western entrance of the Bay of Bengal, and off the coast of Coromandel. It is almost two thirds of the size of Ireland, containing altogether a surface of 27,770 square miles, and a population of about 800,000 souls, which is in the proportion of about thirty-eight only to a square mile. The old kingdom of Kandy, now called the Kandyan Provinces, occupies the whole middle of the island, and a great portion of the southern extremity; their superficial contents are estimated at 12,360 square miles. The character of the interior, as to surface, greatly varies, and may be divided into flat country, hilly, and mountainous; the latter district, in perpendicular elevation above the sea, varies from eight hundred to three thousand, and even to four and five thousand feet. There are no lakes, not even a single stagnant pool among the mountains. Uniformity of formation is the most remarkable feature in the geological character of Ceylon, the whole of which, with very few exceptions, consists of primitive rock, the prevailing species of which is granite or gneiss.

The mineralogy of Ceylon is singular and curious; it is remarkable for its richness in gems, and its poverty in the useful metals. It is remarkable, too, for the number of rare minerals that it affords, and for the small variety of the ordinary species; thus, in its mineralogical character, quite oriental, better fitted for show than utility—for pomp than profit. The principal gems found in Ceylon are the ruby, garnet, topaz, amethyst, sapphire, and rock crystal.

The soil of the island is generally poor, but it abounds in rivers and springs; the proportion of rain that falls in it is very great, exceeding what falls in England three or four times. In respect to heat or temperature, no tropical country is, perhaps, more favoured than Ceylon; its hottest wea-

ther being temperate in comparison with the summer heats of most parts of the continent of India; and, generally speaking, the climate is salubrious.

Although Dr. Davy does not give any account of the plants of Ceylon, and treats very briefly of its animals, (which do not differ from those on the adjoining continent of India,) yet he has paid particular attention to the snakes of the island, which are neither so numerous nor so dangerous as they have been represented. Our author collected twenty different species of snakes, of which sixteen were harmless. Of those that are poisonous, the pimberah is the most remarkable. It is characterised by its great size, and by a couple of horny probosces, in form and curvature not unlike the spurs of the common fowl; the base of the spur is attached to a small bone, with a minute head, which is received into the glenoid cavity of a thin long bone, that terminates in a tapering cartilaginous process. These horny spurs are useful in enabling the snake to climb trees and hold fast its prey:—

This snake is the largest species in Ceylon; and, indeed, is the only one that grows to a great size. I have seen a specimen of it about seventeen feet long, and proportionably thick. It is said by the natives to attain a much greater magnitude, and to be found occasionally twenty-five and thirty feet long, and of the thickness of a common-sized man. The colour of different specimens that I have seen has varied a little: it is generally a mixture of brown and yellow; the back and sides are strongly and rather handsomely marked with irregular patches of dark brown, with dark margins. The jaws are powerful, and capable of great dilatation; and they are armed with large strong sharp teeth, reclining backwards. As the muscular strength of this snake is immense, and its activity and courage considerable, it may be credited that it will occasionally attack man; there can be no doubt that it overpowers deer, and swallows them entire.

The natives have many ridiculous stories respecting this snake. They say, that when young, it is a polonga, and provided with poisonous fangs; and that when of a certain age and size it loses these fangs, acquires spurs, and becomes a pim-

Q Q—39

berah. They suppose its spurs are poisonous, and that the animal uses them in striking and killing its prey. They imagine that parturition is always fatal to the female, owing to the abdomen bursting on the occasion; and that the males, aware of this circumstance, out of regard for the females of their species, avoid them, and choose for their mates female noyas.

The most common of the poisonous snakes of Ceylon, is the noya or hooded snake of the English, and coluber naja of Linnæus. The natives rather venerate this snake than dread it, and will not even kill it when found in their houses:—

‘Frequent exhibitions are made of this snake in Ceylon, as well as on the continent of India, by men called snake-charmers. The exhibition is rather a curious one, and not a little amusing to those that can calmly contemplate it. The charmer irritates the snake by striking it, and by rapid threatening motions of his hand; and appeases it by his voice, by gentle circular movements of his hand, and by stroking it gently. He avoids, with great agility, the attacks of the animal when enraged, and plays with it and handles it only when pacified, when he will bring the mouth of the animal in contact with his forehead, and draw it over his face. The ignorant and vulgar believe that these men really possess a charm by which they thus play without dread and with impunity without danger. The more enlightened, laughing at this idea, consider the men impostors, and that in playing their tricks there is no danger to be avoided, it being removed by the extraction of the poison-fangs. The enlightened in this instance are mistaken, and the vulgar are nearer the truth in their opinion. I have examined the snakes I have seen exhibited, and have found the poison-fangs in and uninjured. These men do possess a charm, though not a supernatural one, viz. that of confidence and courage; acquainted with the habits and disposition of the snake, they know how averse it is to use the fatal weapon nature has given it for its defence in extreme danger, and that it never bites without much preparatory threatening. Any one possessing the confidence and agility of these men, may irritate them, and I have made the trial more than once. They will play their tricks with any hooded snake, whether just taken or long in confinement, but with no other kind of poisonous snake.’

Dr. Davy made several experiments on the poison of the snakes, whence he infers, that there are only two snakes at Ceylon, the hooded snake and the tic-polonga, whose bite is likely to prove fatal to man. There is another animal in Ceylon, less dreaded but much more troublesome, and the cause

of the loss of more lives than the snakes. This is the Ceylon leech:—

‘This animal varies much in its dimensions; the largest are seldom more than half an inch long, in a state of rest; the smallest are minute indeed. It is broadest behind, and tapers towards the forepart; above, it is roundish; below, flat. Its colour varies from brown to light brown; it is more generally the latter, and rarely dark brown. It is marked with three longitudinal light yellow lines, extending from one extremity to the other; one dorsal and central, two others lateral. The substance of the animal is nearly semi-transparent, and, in consequence, its internal structure may be seen pretty distinctly. A canal appears to extend centrally the whole length of the body, arising from a crucial mouth at the smaller extremity, and terminating in a small circular anus at the broader extremity, on each side of which are two light spots.

‘This leech is a very active animal; it moves with considerable rapidity; and it is said occasionally to spring. Its powers of contraction and extension are very great; when fully extended, it is like a fine cord, and its point is so sharp, that it readily makes its way through very small openings. It is supposed to have an acute sense of smelling, for no sooner does a person stop where leeches abound, than they appear to crowd eagerly to the spot from all quarters.

‘This animal is peculiar to those parts of Ceylon which are subject to frequent showers; and, consequently, it is unknown in those districts that have a long dry season. It is most abundant among the mountains,—not on the highest ranges, where the temperature appears to be too low for it, but on those not exceeding two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It delights in shady damp places, and is to be seen on moist leaves and stones more frequently than in water. In dry weather it retires into the close damp jungle, and only in rainy weather quits its cover, and infests the pathways and roads, and open parts of the country.

‘Whether it is found in any other country than Ceylon is not quite certain; perhaps the leech of the mountainous parts of Sumatra, noticed in Mr. Marsden’s history of that island, is similar to it; and it is not unlikely, that it occurs amongst the damp and wooded hills of the south of India. Those who have had no experience of these animals,—of their immense numbers in their favourite haunts,—of their activity, keen appetite, and love of blood, can have no idea of the kind and extent of annoyance they are to travellers in the interior, of which they may be truly said to be the plague. In rainy weather, it is almost shocking to see the legs of men on a long march, thickly beset with them gorged with blood, and the blood trickling down in streams. It might be supposed that there would be little difficulty in keeping them off; this is a very mistaken notion, for they crowd to the at-

tack, and fasten on, quicker than they can be removed. I do not exaggerate when I say, that I have occasionally seen at least fifty on a person at a time. Their bites, too, are much more troublesome than could be imagined, being very apt to fester and become sores; and, in persons of a bad habit of body, to degenerate into extensive ulcers, that in too many instances have occasioned the loss of limb, and even of life.’

We have already stated the population of Ceylon; it is divided into two great classes,—the aborigines of the country and foreigners naturalized; the former are the Singalese, and the latter chiefly Malabars and Moors. The Singalese are completely Indians in person, language, manners, customs, religion, and government. Their average height is five feet four or five inches, and they are well made; the colour of their skin varies, from light brown to black:—

‘The Singalese women are generally well made and well looking, and often handsome. Their countrymen, who are great connoisseurs of the charms of the sex, and who have books on the subject, and rules to aid the judgment, would not allow a woman to be a perfect belle, unless of the following character, the particulars of which I shall give in detail, as they were enumerated to me by a Kandyan courtier, well versed and deeply read in such matters:—‘Her hair should be voluminous, like the tail of the peacock; long, reaching to the knees, and terminating in graceful curls; her eyebrows should resemble the rainbow; her eyes, the blue sapphire and the petals of the blue manilla flower. Her nose should be like the bill of the hawk; her lips should be bright and red, like coral on the young leaf of the iron-tree. Her teeth should be small, regular, and closely set, and like jessamine buds. Her neck should be large and round, resembling the berrigodea. Her chest should be capacious; her breasts, firm and conical, like the yellow cocoa-nut, and her waist small—almost small enough to be clasped by the hand. Her hips should be wide; her limbs tapering; the soles of her feet without any hollow, and the surface of her body in general soft, delicate, smooth, and rounded, without the asperities of projecting bones and sinews.’

The remarkable feature of Indian society, distinction of castes, prevails among the Singalese, as well as the Hindoos, though to a less extent and with less effect on the minds of the people. The principal caste is the Geowanse, a privileged people, who monopolize all the honours of church and state, and possess all the hereditary rank in the country:—

‘The common dress of these people, and which may be considered as the na-

tional dress, is extremely simple, and not unbecoming. The dress of the men consists of a handkerchief about the head like a turban, leaving the top of the head exposed; and of a long cloth of two breadths, called *topetty*, wrapped about the loins, and reaching as low as the ankles. The material of the women's dress is very similar; they leave the head uncovered, and wear a long cloth, of a single breadth, called *hala*, wrapped round their loins, and thrown over their left shoulder. On occasions of ceremony, when full dressed, the men cover the body with a short jacket, and those who have the privilege lay aside the handkerchief for a cap, and decorate themselves with gold chains and girdles.

To this caste belong that singular and savage people, the Weddahs, who inhabit the extensive forests on the south-eastern side of the island. They are divided into the village Weddahs and the forest Weddahs. The village Weddahs live in huts, made of the bark of trees; their food is the flesh of deer, elk, the wild hog, and the inguana, with a little Indian corn, the wild yam and the roots of some water lilies:—

Few traces of even incipient civilization can be observed amongst them. Though living together, they seem to be ignorant of all social rites, and strangers to almost every circumstance that ennobles man and distinguishes him from the brute. To procure a wife, the Weddah does not commence a process of courtship; but goes immediately to the parents, asks their consent to have their single daughter, and if the first to ask is never refused. They appear to be without names. A Weddah interrogated on the subject, said, "I am called a man; when young I was called a little man; and when old, I shall be called the old man." It could hardly be expected that such a people would have any burial rites; they do not even bury their dead; but as soon as the body has expired, throw it into the jungle. They appear to be ignorant of every art, excepting such as hardly deserve the name, and without which they could not exist, such as making a bow, an arrow, a cord from tough fibrous plants, scratching the ground and sowing a few seeds, and so forth. The bit of cloth they wear, and the iron heads of their arrows, they obtain by barter, receiving them in exchange for their dried venison, the skins of deer, or for honey and wax.

They have hardly any knowledge of numbers, and cannot count above five; they have no knowledge of medicinal plants; and only the grossest and simplest superstitious notions. They believe in the existence of evil demons, and make offerings to them when labouring under sickness or any great misfortune. They have no idea of a supreme and beneficent God, or of a state of future exist-

ence, or of a system of rewards and punishments.

There is one caste, or rather out-caste, the Rhodées, who are considered as the vilest of the vile, and live in the most wretched state of degradation:—

They are not allowed to live in houses of the common construction, but only in the merest sheds, commonly opened on one side. In carrying a pingo\*, they are permitted to load it at one end only; and they are not only shunned by, but are required to avoid others. When a Rhodia sees a Geowanse, he must salute him with hands uplifted and joined, and must move out of the way; or if the path be narrow, not affording room for both to pass at a distance, he must go back. But it is not true, as has been asserted, that on such an occasion he must prostrate himself for the Geowanse to walk over his body; indeed, such a practice would be incompatible with the notion of impurity attached to their touch, and which is so firmly impressed on the minds of the Singalese, that they have been known to refuse to obey the orders of our government, to make prisoners certain Rhodées, suspected of a murder, saying, "they could not pollute themselves by seizing them, but they would willingly shoot them at a distance." Wretched as is the condition of the Rhodées, they are said to be a robust race, and their women particularly handsome. On account of the beauty of the latter, and the art of fortune-telling which they possess, they are less shunned than the men. When rambling about the country, practising their idle art, to attract attention they balance a brass plate on a finger, and holding it on high, twirl it round with surprising dexterity. The analogy between these people and the gypsies, in many points, is obvious; but, in all probability, it is merely incidental.

The Singalese have no notion of any species of government, excepting the pure monarchical; and they say that a king is so essential, that without him there would be neither harmony nor order, but confusion and dissension, which would soon prove fatal to society. The throne was strictly hereditary, and the rights and functions of the king were of the highest and most extensive nature; yet he was not perfectly absolute and without check. On ascending the throne, he had to consider himself under certain restrictions; he was expected to follow the example of good princes, observe the customs of the country, and attend to the written rules handed down for the direction of kings. Of these rules, the following are the principal: they are

\* A pingo is an elastic stick, about five feet long; loaded at both ends and poised on the shoulder; it is generally used in Ceylon for carrying burdens.

translated from the Pali, in which they are expressed in verse:—

*Sattara sangraha wastoo.*

1. Be willingly charitable to the deserving.

2. Be mild of speech.

3. Let your conduct and actions be such as to conduce to the good of your people.

4. Let the love of your people equal the love of yourself.

*Sattara agati.*

1. Favour no one to the injury of another.

2. Injure no one to benefit another.

3. Let not fear prevent your doing justice.

4. Avoid doing evil through ignorance, or the want of correct information.

*Dasa rajah dharma.*

1. Be munificent.

2. Strictly follow the rules of your religion.

3. Remunerate the deserving.

4. Let your conduct be upright.

5. Let your conduct be mild.

6. Be patient.

7. Be without malice.

8. Inflict not torture.

9. Be merciful.

10. Attend to good counsel.

We thank Dr. Davy for giving us these excellent maxims for a king. We would have them translated into every living language, made the basis of every prince's education, and so familiar to every monarch in Christendom, that he should 'wear them in his heart's core, ay, in his heart of heart,' Dr. Davy adds,—

Should a king act directly contrary to these rules, contrary to the example of good princes, and in opposition to the customs of the country, he would be reckoned a tyrant, and the people would consider themselves justified in opposing him, and in rising up in mass and de-throning him; nor are there wanting instances in extreme cases of oppression, of their acting on this principle, and successfully redressing their wrongs.

In no court, perhaps, was there ever a greater display of pomp, or greater respect shown to a monarch, than in the court of Kandy, before it was overturned by the British:—

The royal throne was of plated gold, ornamented with precious stones. When the king appeared on state occasions, he was either dressed in the most magnificent robes, loaded with a profusion of jewellery, or in complete armour of gold, ornamented with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. To make the scene more impressive, and add to its solemnity, night was the favourite time for giving audience and transacting business.

The marks of respect required and shown to the Kandyan monarch were so unbounded, that one would suppose they

were intended rather for a god than a man. The chiefs never approached the king without prostrating before him; and, in addressing him, Dewo (God) was an expression that they commonly used. His own proclamations were very characteristic:—"The most wealthy, the protector of religion, whose fame is infinite and universally spread, and of surpassing excellence, exceeding the moon, the unexpanded jessamine-buds, the heavenly river, the white chanks, and the stars;—whose feet are as fragrant to the noses of other kings as flowers to bees;—our most noble patron and god by custom,—like Sakreea, who subdued the Assooriabs, sitting on the precious throne of the magnificent and prosperous city of Sengadagalla, that possesses the beauty and wealth of all kingdoms, and is like the heavenly kingdom of Sakreea.—Ordered, &c."

Thus commenced a deed of gift of the late king, in which he assigned certain confiscated lands to one of his ministers, as a reward for his fidelity and good conduct; and, as we can scarcely finish better, here we leave off for the present.

(To be continued.)

*St. George and St. Denys; a Dialogue.* By Hugh Melros. 8vo. pp. 113. London, 1821.

THIS is one of those productions on which it is difficult to offer a decided opinion. Its merits are certainly 'too low for a high praise, too small for a great praise;' but if it affords little to praise, it contains nothing to condemn. The author, with the feeling of Goldsmith, whom he considers as possessing 'more practical policy than a whole privy council of men merely versed in the routine of office,' laments, in terms somewhat lachrymose, the decline of the peasantry, and the rise of speculators and monopolists. The following extract, contrasting present and former times, is one of the best passages in the poem:—

'Our foolish fathers sowed and planted  
Trees, which they never used nor wanted,  
In hope, with them when all was dark,  
Their children's children here might breathe;  
Carve future Sylvias on their bark,  
Quaff future vintages beneath;  
With billets from their giant boughs,  
Might cheer their halls coeval too,  
Or shape them into future ploughs,  
To cut the valleys where they grew.  
And haply philosophic pride  
Might muse where centuries broke their rage,  
And rosy infants run and hide  
Beneath their hollows, scooped by age.  
But we, their sons, a wiser race,  
Bequeath to those who take our place,  
Nor tree, nor branch, nor trunk, nor root,  
Nor seed, nor sapling, graff, nor shoot,  
Enjoying still—we fill our dish  
With blades before they swell to corn,

With spawn, before it grows to fish,  
With eggs unhatch'd, with calves unborn;  
Devour, with gusto, glee, and laughter,  
The present, past, and coming fruits,—  
Bequeathing, to the times hereafter,  
Our empty casks and faded suits.  
These games and gambols, past believing,  
Our dull and sombre souls call "thieving."  
But we, who play these jovial pranks,  
(Praise to our fertile wit, and thanks!)  
To hush complaint and stifle groans,  
Refine them down to "raising loans."

In a note of considerable length, the author pursues the subject, and projects (for what is an author without a project!), a plan of relief for the distressed peasantry. He proposes that all the waste lands, when inclosed and brought into cultivation, should be divided among those who possess nothing, in parcels of from four to five acres for each family. The advantages arising from this plan, he says, would be that,—

'Besides the amelioration of character to the man, the land would pass from the rudest agriculture into a state of horticulture in its minutest detail. Instead of curious instruments and refinements, manual labour would force the soil to do its duty.

'Were a considerable proportion of the labourers proprietors, the price of labour could not be fixed by the party whose interest it is to undervalue it. The concurrence of the employed would be necessary to sanction the terms proposed by the employer.—Again, the occasional avocation of the peasant to cultivate his own estate would enhance the value of his services; he would gradually be accessible to a feeling of pride; and when once that feeling was awakened in him, his advance in decency and honesty would be rapid.

'I have heard some persons approve of a little plot of land to employ the labourer after his working hours, in what they are pleased to call his spare time. His working hours, I reply, are already too many for his strength; and his return from them should be greeted by a nutritive meat supper, the conversation of his family; and rest. A mere garden (fastidiously cultivated, as the peasants usually keep their gardens) is yet totally inadequate to giving them any importance, or securing to them those comforts, without which human nature sinks and is undone.'

There is a good deal of benevolence in the author's project, and it would certainly do much good, but it would not be a panacea to heal all the real and imaginary evils which he, with microscopic eye, sees overwhelming poor old England. Something, however, might certainly be done to ameliorate the condition of the peasantry, and we know nothing so likely to facilitate this object as giving them small farms or plots of ground for individual cultivation.

### *The History of Madeira.*

(Concluded from p. 593.)

THE portion of this beautifully embellished work which we have reserved for our present notice, has an immediate reference to the engravings, which are, both in point of design and colouring, of a very superior description; they give a very striking and familiar view of the 'costume, manners, and occupations of the inhabitants;' and, with the aid of the letter-press, render the natives of Madeira and their varied pursuits almost as familiar to us as our fellow countrymen. From the description the author gives of the several classes of the inhabitants and their peculiarities, we shall make a few extracts; and, first, of the 'country's pride,' the peasantry:—

'The cottages in Madeira, the habitations of the labouring peasantry, are built of stone, with roofs composed of thatch, which are annually thickened with the same material, in order to render them more impervious to the heavy rains of the winter season. They consist, generally, of one room, which is subservient to every domestic purpose. Here the victuals are cooked, and the household occupations pursued during the day; while, at night, it is divided by a curtain or straw mat, to answer the purpose of sleep. Their culinary furniture seems to be confined to a very few articles. The principal of these is a large iron pot, in which their food is prepared, which does not offer any abundant variety, as it consists chiefly of a kind of porridge, composed of rice and Indian corn. Sometimes, indeed, though it is considered as a luxury, not being often seen on the cottage table, the rural people enjoy a meal of salt pork or salted fish.

'Religious duties occupy much, if not the greater part, of the leisure that labour can spare them. The picture of their tutelary saint is seen in a conspicuous part of their dwelling, and to gain whose protecting favour their prayers are seldom omitted, when the opportunity offers to repeat them. The rosary is also a constant associate of their intervals from labour, and the more public exercises, as demanded by the church, are constant objects of habitual devotion.'

There is a beautiful engraving, entitled 'Rural Toil.' It represents an old woman sitting under a banana-tree, winding thread from a reel, while a young woman near her, is engaged in spinning from the distaff, which is usually employed in warm countries, as it is not confined, like the spinning wheel, to a sedentary situation, but may be exercised either standing or walking.

One of the singularities in the toil of the Madeira peasant, consists in his

carrying every thing on his head, without the least assistance from the shoulders. The unequal surface that prevails through the island, renders the use of the plough impracticable, as it equally forbids the use of animal labour; cultivation is, therefore, principally produced by manual labour. Spades are not in use, but the instrument employed in breaking up the ground is a kind

The inhabitants of Madeira are generally stout, but more particularly so the dignitaries of the Romish church, who appear to fatten abundantly on the good things of this island. One engraving represents a prior of the order of St. Francis, with that kind of bulk which monastic fasting and prayer does not always discourage.

but moderate revenues; and the poorer ones are maintained by the ingenious industry of their inhabitants in making artificial flowers, which they do with great taste and imitative power. They also excel in preserving fruits, and various branches of confectionery.

The Portuguese ladies of Madeira very seldom walk out but to attend their devotions: when they visit one

er, it is usually in a palanquin. ly furniture is a cushion, with a chintz curtain. But,—

re palanquin, which is the common ance of the town, is too weighty to ried with equal ease over the rug- equal roads, that form the commu- n from one part of the country to er. For this purpose a hammock loyed, made of strong net-work, d at each end to a considerable of bamboo, which is capable of g such a weight as the design in- o express. In this way the count- ies are formed; nor is sleep re- n the passage, to which the posture iliarly inviting; the gentlemen e- quently prefer it to riding. Por- low the hammocks with the neces- s- gage.

e travelling bearers of these ma- possess not only the strength ade- o the load, but display all the agi- ich the unequal surface of the roads s, as well as a curious expertne- ing the bamboo from one shoulder- other, in order to relieve them- without any risk to the persons- they carry, or causing the least- ension for their security. Indeed,- its of any kind are altogether un- f in this mode of travelling.

what we have already said in of this work, we shall add no- further than recommending it- cessary and elegant appendage y good library.

plement to the Pharmacopœia; g a Treatise on Pharmacology in- ral: including not only the- gs and Compounds which are- by Practitioners of Medicine, also those which are sold by- nists, Druggists, &c. for other- uses. Together with a Collec- of the most useful Medical For- ; an Explanation of the Con- tions used by Physicians, &c. &c.

A New and Improved Edition,- derably enlarged. By Samuel- erick Gray, Lecturer on the- ria Medica, &c. 8vo. pp. 480.

ion, 1821.  
ork, though under the modest- t 'Supplement' to the Pharmaco- is of more general and exten-

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12<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1957

Dear General Barnsley,

Some years ago I was able to hand over some papers relating to Dr. Lindsay about his service in the Greek islands.

I have moved to our Head Office from Cox's and Kings Branch but I have come across a copy of an old magazine, which I thought might find interesting and would like to keep.

This copy of "The Literary Chronicle" has an article on a book by a

indulge in it to excess.

The independent nunneries here have more utility than the Pharmacopœia it-

Watford 4820

321  
~~452~~

89 Woodland Drive  
Watford  
Herts.

12<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1957

Dear General Barnley,

Some years ago I was able to hand over some papers relating to D.W. Lindsay about his service in the Greek islands.

I have moved to our Head Office from Cosic and Kings Branch but I have come across a copy of an old magazine which I thought might find interesting and would like to keep.

This copy of "The Literary Chronicle" has an article on a book by a

medical officer, John Davy,  
dated 1821.

Perhaps you will  
be able to trace him in  
the R.A.M.C. records.

With kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

K. R. Jones.



were intended rather for a god than a man. The chiefs never approached the king without prostrating before him; and, in addressing him, Dewo (God) was an expression that they commonly used. His own proclamations were very characteristic;—"The most wealthy, the protector of religion, whose fame is infinite and universally spread, and of surpassing excellence, exceeding the moon, the unexpanded jessamine-buds, the heavenly river, the white chanks whose feet are as fragrant as flowers to other kings as flowers to noble patron and god Sakreea, who subdues sitting on the precious throne, the magnificent and prosperous galla, that possesses the of all kingdoms, and is kingdom of Sakreea.—"

Thus commenced the late king, in which certain confiscated land ministers, as a reward and good conduct; scarcely finish better, for the present.

(To be continued)

*St. George and St. George.* By Hugh M. 113. London, 182

THIS is one of those which it is difficult to opinion. Its merits are low for a high praise, great praise; but if it praise, it contains nothing. The author, with the smith, whom he considers 'more practical policy privy council of men the routine of office,' is somewhat lachrymose, the peasantry, and the tors and monopolists. extract, contrasting pre times, is one of the best the poem:—

'Our foolish fathers sowed :  
Trees, which they never use  
In hope, with them when a  
Their children's children  
Carve future Sylvias on their  
Quaff future vintages ben  
With billets from their giant  
Might cheer their halls or  
Or shape them into future p  
To cut the valleys where  
And haply philosophic pride  
Might muse where centuri  
And rosy infants run and hi  
Beneath their hollows, see  
But we, their sons, a wiser r  
Bequeath to those who take  
Nor tree, nor branch, nor tru  
Nor seed, nor sapling, graft, n  
Enjoying still!—we fill our d

With blades before they swell to corn,

With spawn, before it grows to fish,  
With eggs unhatch'd, with calves unborn;  
Devour, with gusto, glee, and laughter,  
The present, past, and coming fruits,—  
Bequeathing, to the times hereafter,  
Our empty casks and faded suits.  
These games and gambols, past believing,  
Our dull and sombre souls call "thieving."  
But we, who play these jovial pranks,  
(Praise to our fertile wit, and thanks!)  
To hush complaint and stifle groans,

*The History of Madeira.*

(Concluded from p. 593.)

THE portion of this beautifully embellished work which we have reserved for our present notice, has an immediate reference to the engravings, which are, both in point of design and colouring, of a very superior description;

Medical officer, John Davy,  
dated 1821.

Perhaps you will  
be able to trace him in  
the R.A.M.C. records.

With kind regards.

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subject as giving them small farms or  
plots of ground for individual cultivation.

One of the singularities in the toil of  
the Madeira peasant, consists in his

carrying every thing on his head, without the least assistance from the shoulders. The unequal surface that prevails through the island, renders the use of the plough impracticable, as it equally forbids the use of animal labour; cultivation is, therefore, principally produced by manual labour. Spades are not in use, but the instrument employed in breaking up the ground is a kind of long pointed hoe. Indian corn is ground by a stone in the open air, principally by women. Of the costumes of the natives, we are told that,

'There is a manifest difference between the southern and western natives of the island of Madeira. It is not necessary to attempt a philosophical inquiry into the causes of this variety. It is sufficient for these pages merely to state its existence. Those of the western side lay claim to, as they indeed possess, a decided superiority over those of the southern part of the island. Their manners and habits are more simple and natural; their figures present a more regular proportion, and their skin a finer complexion. They are described, also, as remarkable for the brightness of their eyes, the growth of their hair, and the beauty of their teeth. They frequently go barefoot; but when their feet are clad, they wear boots made of goat-skins, which are light and durable, and being white, have a pretty appearance. The whole dress of both sexes has a picturesque character, both as to shape and variety of colours. For its materials, the wearers are solely indebted to their own domestic manufacture, in which the female hands are more particularly employed.'

Itinerant musicians are common in Madeira:—

'It may be naturally expected, in a country where the love of music and the practice of it is so universal, from rank and opulence to the lowest classes of every denomination, that there would be such a profession as that which the plate so characteristically displays. These itinerant musicians assist at the religious festivals and the private entertainments of the capital, while they entertain the more humble audience of the village. Indeed, as they travel from one end of the island to the other, they may be considered as occasionally enlivening and delighting the whole of it. To the song and the instrument they add the dance. They excel also in extemporaneous compositions. Their music is suited to the occasion; and their dancing is not devoid of grace, but slow in its movements. Their occupation is to afford pleasure to others; but, as they are in continual motion, and never stationary, their's is a life of no common labour. They are represented as sleeping little, and eating less; but, though they support their fatigue chiefly by drinking, they are never seen to indulge in it to excess.'

The inhabitants of Madeira are generally stout, but more particularly so the dignitaries of the Romish church, who appear to fatten abundantly on the good things of this island. One engraving represents a prior of the order of St. Francis, with that kind of bulk which monastic fasting and prayer does not always discourage. He is as jolly as Falstaff, and forms a striking contrast to the lean and lugubrious lay brother by the side of him. In another engraving there is a brother of the same order, (not a lay brother, but one fat enough to be a prior,) collecting donations for his convent. He appears surrounded with luxuries, and is receiving a loaf from a beautiful female who is kneeling. The friar looks very amorous, and is patting the cheek of the fair damsel. All the orders of St. Francis are mendicant; that is, they are not allowed to possess any property beyond the walls of their cloister:—

'The community, which is numerous, is entirely supported by charitable contributions. There are three branches of the principal institution at Funchal, which are settled in different parts of the island, to collect support from the country people, particularly at the time of the vintage. The charity thus obtained consists generally of a loaf of bread, or other article of sustenance, with some small piece of money, for which the mendicant friar returns his holy benediction. No place escapes their solicitation, which assumes a different form, according to the character of those to whom the eleemosynary applicant addresses himself. Places of refreshment are very numerous in different parts of the town as well as of the country, where stalls present bread, fruit, and wine for sale, as represented in the plate. These never escape the friar's application, and as seldom fail of adding to the contents of the conventual sack.'

The nunneries of the island of Madeira are confined to Funchal, and consist of four conventual establishments for females:—

'One of them is formed upon the same system as that of La Trappe, in Normandy, as it existed previous to the French revolution. Among other rigorous and unsocial regulations, these cloistered ladies are not only forbidden the use of speech themselves, but even of hearing that of others. All conversation, therefore, is prohibited when the gates of this silent mansion are once closed upon them. It is presumed, that there never was another institution of this character for the female religious, under any regulation, or in any jurisdiction of the church of Rome.

'The independent nunneries here have

but moderate revenues; and the poorer ones are maintained by the ingenious industry of their inhabitants in making artificial flowers, which they do with great taste and imitative power. They also excel in preserving fruits, and various branches of confectionery.'

The Portuguese ladies of Madeira very seldom walk out but to attend their devotions: when they visit one another, it is usually in a palanquin. Its only furniture is a cushion, with a silk or chintz curtain. But,—

'The palanquin, which is the common conveyance of the town, is too weighty to be carried with equal ease over the rugged unequal roads, that form the communication from one part of the country to the other. For this purpose a hammock is employed, made of strong net-work, fastened at each end to a considerable length of bamboo, which is capable of bearing such a weight as the design intends to express. In this way the country parties are formed; nor is sleep refused in the passage, to which the posture is peculiarly inviting; the gentlemen also frequently prefer it to riding. Porters follow the hammocks with the necessary baggage.

'The travelling bearers of these machines possess not only the strength adequate to the load, but display all the agility which the unequal surface of the roads requires, as well as a curious expertise in shifting the bamboo from one shoulder to the other, in order to relieve themselves, without any risk to the persons whom they carry, or causing the least apprehension for their security. Indeed, accidents of any kind are altogether unheard of in this mode of travelling.'

To what we have already said in praise of this work, we shall add nothing further than recommending it as a necessary and elegant appendage to every good library.

*A Supplement to the Pharmacopœia; being a Treatise on Pharmacology in general: including not only the Drugs and Compounds which are used by Practitioners of Medicine, but also those which are sold by Chemists, Druggists, &c. for other purposes. Together with a Collection of the most useful Medical Formule; an Explanation of the Contractions used by Physicians, &c. &c. &c. A New and Improved Edition, considerably enlarged. By Samuel Frederick Gray, Lecturer on the Materia Medica, &c. 8vo. pp. 480. London, 1821.*

This work, though under the modest title of a 'Supplement' to the Pharmacopœias, is of more general and extensive utility than the Pharmacopœia it-

self. Its object, says Mr. Gray in his preface, 'is to give a concise account of the actual state of our knowledge of drugs in general, using that term in its most extensive signification, as including not only those natural substances and compounds which are employed by physicians or private practitioners in the practice of medicine, but those other substances and compounds which, from their analogy to these, are usually sold by the same retailers as sell medicines for the purpose of being used as dyes, paints, perfumes, cosmetics, liqueurs, &c.; and upon this account the work appears under the title of 'Supplement to the Pharmacopœias,' as that book contains only the medicines which are at present most generally used by the physicians of London and its environs. Still, however, the medicines form the greater bulk of the work.'

We shall not follow the author in his division of medicines into euporista, officinals, and nostrums; but on this point shall merely observe, that the subjects of the volume are all systematically and scientifically arranged, and so accompanied with explanations as to render them easily understood by those who are out of the profession; and though no medical student should be without this supplement, yet Mr. Gray contemplated a more extensive field of usefulness than merely writing for the initiated.

In addition to the many thousand recipes which the work contains, including almost every species of compound, infusions, decoctions, emulsions, syrups, varnishes, tinctures, powders, pills, plaisters, patent medicines, &c. &c. there is a variety of other useful information, 'too tedious to mention.' The last branch of the work is by no means the least interesting: it contains an account of apparatus and materials for a medicine chest; a list of the contractions used by physicians and druggists; the college list of medicines, with the usual doses in which they are administered; and a list of native British plants, arranged according to the uses to which they are applied.—From a volume which embraces a field so ample, we shall content ourselves with one extract, for the benefit of our botanical readers. It is directions for preparing dried plants for a *hortus siccus*:—

'The plants being laid down in their natural position as far as possible, upon some sheets of blotting paper, are then to be covered with two or more sheets of the

same, and a board being laid upon the whole, to prevent the leaves, &c. from curling up, weights are put upon the board, and the whole exposed to the air in a dry place. If the stalks or other parts of the plants are very thick, the lower part may be pared, so as to lay the whole as flat as possible. The paper should be changed every two or three days, and the weights increased until the plants are thoroughly dry. A number of plants may be submitted to the same press at once, placed one upon another, with two or three sheets of blotting paper between them.

'A still better way is to have a box the size of a sheet of paper, and about nine inches or a foot deep, then strew some sand about an inch thick at the bottom, over which place a sheet of blotting paper, and upon this, as many of the plants as will conveniently lie upon it, carefully expanding and smoothing them; then put a sheet of blotting paper over them, and the thickness of about half an inch of sand, upon which another sheet of paper, another layer of plants, paper, and sand may be placed, thus continuing till the stock of plants is exhausted, or the box filled, observing to have a layer of sand at the top; the box is then to be put into a dry airy place, or near a common fire, till the drying is complete; when the plants are dried, they may either be pasted down on sheets of paper, or otherwise fastened by thread, or slips of paper pasted through slits in the sheet.

'Instead of flattening the plants for the purpose of placing them in books, they are sometimes dried in their natural form, by suspending them in a tin-box of sufficient depth, then carefully filling the box with sand, and placing it in a warm dry place for a few days; after which the sand is to be taken out carefully, and the dry plants may be either made into nosegays and covered with a glass case, or stuck in pots, and scented with a few drops of a proper essential oil; even mushrooms may be dried under sand in a similar manner. The sand should be rather coarse, that the moisture may breathe out the more freely.'

Mr. Gray's preface, which is by no means the least interesting part of his work, contains a retrospective view of the medical profession, with some judicious reflections on the inutility of the late Apothecaries' Act. With a strong feeling in favour of the profession, he points out the fatality of attempting to protect or even assist it by severe enactments, which do not prevent empiricism, and often oppress deserving individuals. On this subject we perfectly agree with him in the following remarks:—

'But in respect to the cant, for no other name can be given to it, of the danger of permitting home-bred and even unlearned empirics to practise medicine, it may

be remarked, that as the higher classes of society require their usual medical adviser to possess their manners, so do the lowest; and although the poor may accept of the advice and medicines given them by practitioners who rank above them in society, yet they do it with a latent suspicion that they are made the subjects of experiments, and never cordially bestow their confidence but upon those of their own rank; nor is this peculiar to the poor in civil life, for Hamilton, in his *Regimental Surgeon*, mentions the reluctance with which soldiers report themselves sick, and accept the proffered aid of their medical officers, choosing rather to purchase medicines out of their scanty allowance, and follow empirical advice, until overpowered by disease, and no longer able to conceal it.

'As to the power of suppressing home-bred or even unlearned empirics altogether, the trouble and expenses of a lawsuit, and the obloquy that attends those who attempt to deprive a man of the fruits of his industry and skill through the want of technical formalities, are so great, that it is only the strongest stimulus of personal enmity, or a feeling that their own interest is deeply involved in getting rid of a more popular neighbour, that would originate a prosecution; hence, while the grossest ignorance and real unskillfulness would escape, by being clothed in the garb of poverty, especially considering the facility with which the poor slip from the fangs of the law by changing their residence, as it would never be worth while in such a case to hunt them out, even if it were possible, it is only the active and intelligent practitioner, like Sutton the inoculator, that would be prosecuted, because by his neighbourhood alone could prosecutors be injured, or from him alone could they look for a reimbursement of any portion of the expenses that must be incurred; and here the prosecutors would, as in Sutton's case, have to encounter every discouragement that could be put upon the affair, and have to fight their way through all the mazes and intricacies that the law could interpose, with a court and jury decidedly hostile to their claim, and requiring the most positive enactments and evidence in their favour; and the want of success in any one lawsuit, or even the expenses of three or four, if so many were required, although they were successful, would outweigh any possible injury that could arise from letting the matter rest as it was.

Moreover, as to the real justice of attempting the forcible suppression of empirics, however mortifying it must be to the pride of the philosopher or the intense labours of the scholar, truth will oblige the historian of the practice of medicine to confess, with a sigh over the vanity of human learning, that our choicest remedies; and our most approved modes of cure, are generally, if not universally, derived from empirics, and those the most unlearned; and that, however the metho-

edics have laboured to explain the modes of action, and the reasons for the effects produced, they have done little or nothing towards the improvement of the practice.'

Again,—

'The real enemies of the fair practitioner, whether empiric or methodic, are those persons generally educated in what is called the regular method, who, disdain the slow and gradual progress of industry and attention to business, endeavour to trample down their brethren, and thrust themselves forward to public notice in advertisements, under real or fictitious names and titles, and thus make a great noise in the world, although, from the heavy expense of advertising, it is doubtful whether they really get as much money as they might obtain by pursuing the usual course; and still more those persons who, impelled by a commercial rather than a philosophic spirit, become nostrum-mongers, and frequently, in defiance of their better knowledge, recommend, in pompous terms, some inert or dangerous medicine to the notice of the sick, and thus encourage them to practise upon themselves. The most hazardous of all experiments, to which the rashest trials of the most ignorant village empiric, who derives the whole of his book-learning from a well-thumbed copy of some old black-letter hebal, are comparatively safe; since, in the latter case, there is some chance that his experience may enable him to perceive his error in time to retrieve it, and at the worst a salutary caution would be inculcated, and a repetition of the trial avoided.

'The true method of combating this is not by soliciting harsh penal laws against practitioners who have not studied at certain schools, or who have not been devoted to medicine by their parents. For as the sick, disregarding the existing differences between the several ranks of the medical profession, will solicit the advice of those persons in whose knowledge they place confidence, the attempt only leads both practitioners and patients to invent modes of evasion, and widens the breach between the different branches of the profession. It would be better to throw the portals of the college and the medical schools wider open, and by rendering instruction cheap, invite the poorest descendant of Apollo and Æsculapius to join the aids of science to his long-cherished secrets, and seat himself among his more fortunate brethren. Unless this be done, the only method is to let things take their own course, and rest content with simply securing their proper distinctions to those who have gone through the trouble of obtaining them, and, on the other hand, bestowing these distinctions only on those who merit them, leaving the sick and their friends perfectly at liberty to search for relief wherever they think it most likely to be found; thus creating an honourable competition and rivalry, instead of that continual bickering which at present per-

vades the different branches of the medical profession, as they may be well assured that the mass of mankind are not so blind as to be incapable of judging in a matter that so nearly concerns them as their health, or so inattentive to their own interest, as not to prefer those practitioners whose success in practice shall attest their skill.'

We shall say nothing further in praise of this work, to what we stated at the commencement of our review; the rapidity with which the first edition was sold, is a proof that our opinion respecting its merits is that of the public; it is, however, but justice to observe, that the second edition has been considerably improved.

### Original Communications.

#### CRITIQUE ON

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S REMARKS  
ON NOVELISTS AND DRAMATISTS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

THERE is a phenomenon, which has long been observed to take place in our literary system, and the observation has been so repeatedly confirmed by experience, that we are fully justified in accounting it an effect of the pre-established order of things, rather than an occurrence of a casual nature. It is this: the failure of the novelist in the drama. Though I had frequently observed this in the course of my reading, yet I never considered it in the light of a general law of our nature, till I saw it proposed as such by an eminent author, in an extract taken from his edition of the *Novelist's Library*, which appeared in No. 121 of the *Literary Chronicle*. To account for this phenomenon, i. e. to show, why from the condition and nature of the human mind, a novelist should most probably fail in drama, is an undertaking which may afford both instruction and amusement, as it introduces speculative philosophy into an agreeable subject. I would, therefore, beg the assistance of any correspondent whose taste may lie in such investigations, if he thinks he can either point out or correct any error in what I shall propose to his examination, or throw any new light on it by way of illustration or addition. I would gladly, by proposing such questions to the consideration of young essayists, induce them to give a little of their attention to such speculations, so that they might learn to combine reflection with imagination, to be more solicitous about their thoughts than is the custom of the present race of polite

authors, who are such thorough Dellacrusians in the choice of their language, that they have engaged the whole nation in the same pursuit, and diverted our minds from the search of knowledge; for we have come to pay such a slavish obedience to the equipage of a glittering phraseology, though containing no real authority within, that we are rather servants of a verbal despotism, than freemen of an intellectual commonwealth; and while we follow the pageantry of the former, desert the advancements of the latter. But to return to our subject.

It will first be necessary, as the account given of this phenomenon by the above author might seem to render this investigation superfluous, to state my objections to his solution. The editor of the *Novelist's Library* is an author and a critic so justly celebrated, that it is with some diffidence I venture, even in the cause of truth, to dissent from his opinions; but in such a cause, we are recommended even to confront the devil to his beard, and, therefore, (not meaning any particular similitude) why not face a mortal? My first objection, then, is that he has treated this subject poetically, and not philosophically, as it demanded.

I am always sorry when I see a philosophical question treated poetically, and that for two reasons; first, because there is little doubt, but that if the author chose to exert what he has of reasoning faculty (and some, I contend; he must have to be a *real poet*) in the investigation of the true answer, without incumbering and obscuring it with the technical imagery and phrase of his profession, he would find it out at the last; and, secondly, because by the same means he not only deceives himself, but his readers also; who, receiving his *dicta* as if they flowed from an inspired tongue, though all the time they may be little better than so many lying oracles, are convinced by a specious reasoning, though without any satisfactory perception of its conclusiveness; and when they quit the subject, (if, indeed, they have any notion at all of what they were engaged in,) it is either totally erroneous, or vague and indeterminate at best.

The solution given of the above question, by the editor of the *Novelist's Library*, is an instance of this. His reasoning is so enveloped in poetical language, and his arguments so disjointed, and scattered in such graceful negligence over the face of his pages, so mingled and metaphorical, that I

defy him to be satisfied of their conclusiveness himself, much less to conceive them satisfactory to others. I am no enemy to the application of poetical language to abstract subjects under proper regulations,—nay, I think the combination of poetical language and strict argument, such as is seen in the works of my Lord Verulam, necessary to the perfect consummation of philosophy; but not in the way it is here attempted, where the investigation of the question is made a mere stalking-horse for the display of the splendid trappings of written rhetoric. I am not so dry a school-man either, that I can relish nothing but rigorous argumentation; let the subject run the poet's gauntlet through all the flowers and confusion of images he chooses, but if it be a philosophical one, let him treat it also in philosophical language, that our reason may be satisfied, as well as our fancy titillated; he is an impotent trifler else.

However, let us extract his arguments as well as we can from the confusion in which they lie, and examine both them and the theory founded upon them. The editor had, most probably, a vague notion of the true solution of the question, and has accordingly made use of two or three expressions, which seem to touch upon it, but all the arguments I can collect, which he lays any stress upon, are three; which, stripped of the imposing vestures in which he has clothed them, and exhibited in their naked strength, are, in substance, as follows:—The powers of description and narration are essential to a novelist; therefore, unfit him for the drama. The chief talent of a novelist lies in addressing the imagination, therefore he is unfit for the drama. The dramatist is copartner with the actor in the production of his work, the novelist stands alone, therefore the latter is unfit for the drama. These include, as far as I can see, the whole of the editor's arguments upon the subject, and I assure my reader, however he may have felt when he perused the original from whence they are taken, what with my own stupidity and their obscurity, I found not a little difficulty in making out even these; it was like a blind man in a labyrinth, who has not only the intricacies of the place to contend with in finding the proper clues, but his own incapacity. However, now we have them, let us see what they are.

The most unfortunate predicament in which an argument can stand is,

1st, when it is false; 2nd, when, though true, it is nothing to the purpose for which it was intended; and, 3rd, when it not only proves nothing to the purpose, but proves the very opposite to that which it was brought to prove. This is certainly the most lamentable predicament which the perverse influence of the stars could possibly invent to hamper an argumentator; a man who has fallen into a dilemma, may be likened to one in a company of *sweaters*, but a man bringing an argument to defeat himself, commits nothing short of a logical suicide.

Now, in such a predicament do I conceive the above three arguments to stand, precisely. I think a little consideration will show us that they are every one of them false, either in their premises or their conclusion; that they are inconclusive, and nothing to the question in hand; and, moreover, that they are contra-conclusive, if I may use that word to express a mode of reasoning, which proves the very opposite to that which was intended by it. If I can do this, I shall look upon myself as having performed a real service to the cause of polite literature, for it will show us the necessity of introducing a little more accuracy into our reasonings upon this species of writing, when we see a man of such genius and abilities as the editor fall into these egregious mistakes through neglect of it.

1st. They are false. It by no means follows, that because the powers of description and narration are essential to a novelist, they unfit him for the drama. This would be to say, that to be a dramatist, you must want these faculties; which, few who have read Shakspeare, will be ready to admit; Dover cliff and Othello's defence are instances of description and narration, not to speak of numberless others in that immortal author, which are set in the very gap of such an admission. Few who have read *Ivanhoe*, with all their reverence for the author, will allow descriptive and narrative powers to be incompatible with dramatical; look at the *Tournament*, *Rebecca's account of the Siege*, and the dramatical dialogues of the *Outlaws*, scarcely inferior to those of divine Shakspeare, and who will dare to say, the eloquent editor is not himself the overthrow of his own assertion? no one will attempt thus to unfix the triple crown, whereby he is stamped the present sovereign of our literary dominions, which yet must be done if we allow this critical argument

of his to be conclusive. We must, positively, either unlure him or convict him of a false argument; many voices would be required to effect the former; for the latter, I am satisfied with his own. The truth is, there is nothing in the descriptive faculty, taken generally, repulsive of the dramatical; and, unless this can be shewn, it is no argument because the novelist possesses one more faculty than is absolutely requisite to fit him for a dramatist, that he is therefore unfit; and in like manner of the narrative power. But it will be said, the editor does not assert that the *power of description* is incompatible with the dramatical; it is the perpetual *tendency towards description* which is essential to a novelist, that he asserts to be injurious to the dramatist.

The answer to this objection is contained in the proof of the falsity of his second argument, which, if it means any thing different from the first, means this: a novelist's chief talent lies in addressing the imagination, or, in other words, a perpetual use of description and narration are essential to a novelist, and, therefore, unfit him for the execution of a work where little of either is admissible. Now, in order to see whether this argument be true or false, let us first understand the precise meaning of the words contained in it; and first of description. Does he mean *scenic description* or *description of acts*? If the former, I take it upon myself to prove, that his assertion of this kind of description being essential to a novel, is, in matter of fact, not true. Of the six great novelists, *Fielding*, *Richardson*, *Smollet*, *Le Sage*, *Cervantes*, and *Scott*, the four first are not at all remarkable for their skill in scenic description, or their tendency to address the imagination by it; if the latter, I do not see how the ability to imagine acts and describe them for a novel, can be brought to prove the inability to imagine acts and develop them for the stage. So that thus far his argument appears to me to be false, either in its premise or its conclusion, according as he means scenic description or description of acts.

We must now distinguish narration from description. Narration is the telling *what*, description, the telling *how*, things were seen or done. Narration, in both these provinces, is certainly essential to a novel, and is mostly out of place in a drama; whether the conclusion drawn from these premises by the editor, viz. that the habit

of narrating renders a novelist unfit for the drama, be true or not, remains to be considered. Now, so far from the habit of narrating having this effect, in my opinion, it has just the opposite tendency. For, the narrator must have a complete idea of, and acquaintance with, his personages, and the things seen and done by them, before he can tell of them; hence one would be apt to conclude that this perfect knowledge must assist him greatly, if he chose to introduce them on the stage, performing what he can describe so well. In order that a habit of doing one thing should render the doing another difficult, these two things must be of the same kind; thus, as the editor says, the artist who has dedicated himself to the use of water-colours in painting, renders the attainment of excellence in oils more difficult than it would otherwise have been; but, as poetry and shoe-making, for instance, have little in common, there is no reason but that a poet might make a very tolerable shoe-maker if it had first come in his way. But if together, with being of the same kind, the qualities requisite to effect the one, are all to be found in those necessary for the other, the habit of doing the latter, can cause no difficulty in the former, unless the super-numerary qualities forbid it, which the editor has failed in shewing to be the case in the writing of a novel and a drama. In fact, it requires some ingenuity to show how, from the vivacity of a novelist's imagination, whereby he is able so clearly to portray his characters, that they shall be conceived by his readers without the help of any material representative, he becomes unfitted to exhibit them when he has this assistance.

The editor's third argument is drawn from the copartnery of the dramatist and the actor. The dramatist has 'to fit his sentiments, actions, &c. to real persons, not to ideal, as the novelist;' this is his third foundation for concluding a novelist to be unfit for the drama. First let us examine this foundation; and then see how the conclusion bottoms itself upon it. And here the learned editor seems to me to mislead himself by the words 'real and ideal.' To make his assertion, that a dramatist has to fit his sentiments, &c. to real persons; true, a real person must mean a character which is possible to be or to exist in some real capacity, and cannot at all mean what the editor supposes it to mean, viz. Kemble or Siddons. So that it is here evident he

mistakes *real* for *living*. In a very few instances, and with a very few characters, a dramatist may have written expressly for a particular actor, but I cannot persuade myself to believe that any one ever consulted the muster-roll of the green-room, and adapted his sentiments, &c. to all the performers, from the king to the foot-boy. This being understood, it follows that the dramatist is limited to put together such ideas as might be conceived really to exist *in rerum natura*; whilst the novelist is not specifically so restrained; but who could ever conclude from this, that a novelist cannot write a drama? it is a new kind of logic which proves that, because one object may be more difficult to be obtained than another, the former is, therefore, unattainable by him who has attained the latter. I would ask the editor also, what does this argument of the difficulty of suiting sentiments to real persons, even supposing that real means some particular living persons, put in the way of a novelist, more than of any other literary profession? How does it exclude a novelist from the drama, more than a parliament orator or a poetical parson? Here I am again met with the old answer of habit: but the habit of drawing ideal characters can have nothing to do with increasing the difficulty of drawing real ones, unless the former be all chimerical, and merely fantastical; if they be not wholly out of nature, this practice, instead of increasing, must diminish the difficulty. Were it shewn that the drawing of real characters and ideal, required opposite and repulsive qualifications, there indeed would the argument be conclusive, but till that be done, it is puerile and nugatory, and no more proves a novelist no dramatist, than it does a crocodile no hypocrite.

2nd. These arguments, even supposing them true, are nothing to the purpose. For they all go to prove that a novelist cannot write an *acting* drama. Now, this has nothing at all to do with the question under consideration. The true question is the phenomenon of a novelist's failure in the composition of a *reading* dramatical.—Fielding's, Smollet's, Le Sage's plays are all bad in the closet, and this is the phenomenon to be accounted for. It is no more a phenomenon that Fielding wrote a bad acting play, than that Milton did, but it is a phenomenon that a novelist, who possesses so many qualifications for the drama, should, at the same time, be the author of an ex-

cellent novel, and an utterly bad play, without a single trace that would lead us to suppose the existence of such qualifications in a writer we yet know to possess them. Milton possessed as many qualifications for the drama as ever Fielding did, and yet his *Comus* or *Sampson* is no phenomenon, though not tolerable in the performance; and why? simply because they are inspired, though more faintly, by the same breath that blew such tremendous blasts through the vaults of hell; that filled such a clangorous tribe in the battle of the Angels, whose echoes were nursed to that terrible might in the grottoes of *Sabrina*, and whose thunder began its roll even at the gates of *Gaza*. Had Fielding written a good reading play, had it been ever so full of description and narration, so as they partook of the same excellence we see in his *Jones* or his *Andrews*, their inaptitude for the stage would never have caused any surprise, nor have given this occasion to the editor, of sending his philosophy a-begging to his poetry. And that this is the true question, further appears from the editor's own expressions when proposing it, where he speaks of 'the dulness which pervades Fielding's plays, &c.' plainly alluding to the reading, and not to the acting of them. Moreover, a good acting play depends on a certain choice of effective points and attitudes, beside an adaptation to the humour of the audience, in which it is no more a phenomenon that a novelist should fail, than a preacher-monkey in the conversion of a Jew; the choice of such circumstances being as much out of the line of the former, as salvation is out of the power of the latter, at least of such of them as have tails, and no casocs to hide them. It is more than probable that *Sophocles* himself would not please an English audience; *Racine* or *Voltaire* certainly would not; hence, then, there is nothing strange in Fielding's or Smollet's failure; as certainly neither of them had more of what we call abstract dramatical genius, than the three above-mentioned.

3rd. I am to prove these three arguments contra-conclusive, that is, that the conclusion rightly following from their premises, is the very opposite to that which the editor proposed to draw from them. And here I cannot help noticing my surprise, that the learned editor did not see that he was, all the time the pseudo-philosophizing fit was on him, labouring to prove the *converse* of the question only, and not the ques-

tion itself; by heaping up all those difficulties on the side of a novel, instead of proving that a novelist would probably fail in the drama, he proves only that a dramatist would fail in a novel. For, the whole scope of his argument lies in showing that there are certain faculties, descriptive and imaginative, which are essential to a novelist, and a certain freedom and boundlessness in the draughts of his pencil much beyond the laborious and artificial touching requisite for a true copy of original life, the drama being, according to him, a mere mimicry of the acts of real persons. From all these, the only conclusion which can be fairly drawn is, that a person may write a very good play, and yet fail in a novel. Yet they do not even this completely, but contingently; for this founding conclusion can be drawn only when the dramatist happens to want these faculties, which I have shewn, is by no means a matter of necessity, or when, by a habit of contracting his powers to the delineation of real persons, he has cramped or clipped the wings of his fancy.

But this is not all; these arguments not only prove the converse, but the reverse, the very opposite of what they were brought to uphold. For they prove that a novelist must possess all the qualities of a dramatist at least, whatever he may have of his own, over and above. The novelist, to describe and narrate, must have a full and perfect knowledge of his characters, and unless they are mere chimeras, must have frequent practice in drawing after life; all which are so many proofs, of what the editor would as soon see them prove, as an Athanasian would see his reason proving that three was not one, viz. the very contrary to what he believes.

CALAMUS.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TYTLER'S  
ELEMENTS OF GENERAL HISTORY.  
MARSHAL BRUNE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Wishing a young friend, who has but little patience or application, to be acquainted with the outlines of general history, I procured for her Mr. Tytler's 'Elements of General History,' on the merits of which the public has stamped the seal of approbation; its popularity is merited in many respects, and I dare say the first edition runs free from many errors to be found in the seventh. I do not know in what year the first appeared, but cer-

tain it is, that the fate of Europe has undergone considerable changes since, without the publishers giving themselves any trouble to make the necessary alterations to exhibit the present state of either political or social Europe, save in a chronological table, full of inaccuracies. I will point out the most important, because it is connected with an event, or rather a series of events, which will probably influence the future destinies of France. It is stated, anno 1815, 'Marshal Brune shot himself, at Avignon.' It is presenting falsehood in its most cruel shape, to accuse a man of suicide in a work destined for posterity, who was basely assassinated by an infuriate mob of royalists, his body hacked in pieces, dragged through the streets amidst the triumphant yells of those demons, and then thrown into the Rhone; these facts, Sir, are known to all Europe, save the editor of the seventh edition of Tytler's Elements of General History.

The marshal's widow has sued in vain for justice on the known assassins of her husband, but their protectors are too near the throne for them to fear punishment. What was the crime of Marshal Brune? he had defeated the Duke of York at the Helder; he had always served his country with glory, but, alas, he was weak enough and wicked enough to admire the Emperor Napoleon! hence his fate\*.

I am, &c. Z.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHARISEES

'This is the excellent foppery of the world!'  
LEAR.

THROUGH all the various periods of history, no persons have made themselves so injurious yet so successful in society, as the Pharisees; as if hypocrisy were as essential to existence as the vital air, and ceremonial rites equal to the true devotion of the heart. There were, in ancient days, seven sorts of Pharisees, and, at this enlightened time, they might be increased, without deviating from truth, to seventy! But as this calculation would be more tedious than instructive, let a few instances be sufficient for the present purpose and opinion, formed from individual contrast. The first sort of the ancient Pharisees was *Pharisaus Sichemeta*: he turned Pharisee for gain, and was, therefore, like the Sichemites, more eligible to derive ceremonial advan-

\* For an authentic account of the murder of Marshal Brune, see *Literary Chronicle*, No. 66.—Ed.

tages from a compliance with the Jewish law. This Pharisee has descended legitimately through every generation, and 'increased and multiplied' a thousand fold. He is to be found as the main pillar of the church, chapel, and meeting-house; and his principle being formed to gain, he always finds his interest increase in proportion to the apparent substance of his principle. He sacrifices every other object to promote his interest, seeing 'that in godliness there is great gain.'

The second was called *Pharisaus Truncatus*, as if he had no feet, because he would scarcely lift them from the ground when he walked, to cause the greater opinion of his meditation. How frequently this character is recognized under a clerical hat, a broad-brim, a silk bonnet, and even the nodding plume. He is often present at the grave of a rich relative, and, like Richard, the Duke of Gloster, with the Bible in his hands, on the eve of a destructive enterprize. When the eye of observation is turned towards him, his external deportment is strikingly expressive of what ought to be his real meditation.

The third is *Pharisaus Impingens*, because he would shut his eyes when he walked abroad, to avoid the sight of women, inasmuch, that he dashed his head against the walls, that the blood gushed out!! I know of none who represent this modestly unnatural sticism so well as the immaculate scholars of Brazen-nose College. And yet there is a great deal of dashing of brainless puppies and unmeaning loggerheads, against the populous walls, but, principally, to avoid their wives and mothers-in-law.

The fourth, *Pharisaus quid debeo facere, et facium illud*; for he was used to say, 'What ought I to do? and I will do it.' The man in the gospel seems to have been identified here, who came to Christ, saying, 'Good master! what shall I do?' and at last replied, 'All these have I done from my youth up.' It may be observed, that too many ask with their lips what they ought to do, when on the sickly couch or overwhelmed in woe; but the performance of their good deeds seldom or never comes. And how many christian professors walk in the courts of religion year after year, even till their dying day, yet never exercise the virtues of christianity, nor disseminate one iota of that benevolence and reward, of which they have partaken so large a share.

The fifth, *Phariseus Mortarius*—he was so called, because he wore a hat something like a deep mortar, such as is used to pound spice in, insomuch that he could not look up, nor on either side, only downward on the ground, and straight forward. What sublime rejection of the world, and its beauties and deformities! What an admirable character for a godfather! He was, surely, the highest of the pharisaical coterie. Let us imagine a dozen such as this mortar-headed christian, occupying their wonted space in Broad Street or the Mall, in a sunny afternoon; see what crowds of the contrasted votaries of pleasure would surround them. This antique novelty would certainly give life to a new race in the haut-ton. *Qy.* But are not the various of the dandy exquisites, of the mortar order?

The sixth, *Phariseus ex amore*, such a one as obeyed the law for the love of *virtue*. Of this class our country can most unequivocally boast; and our kings, queens, princes, dukes, prelates, and advocates, have been prime ornaments of their lineal descent; not to select particularly those for whom we are bound in our sanctuaries to pray.

The seventh, *Phariseus ex timore*—because he obeyed the law for fear of punishment. He that conformed for fear, had respect chiefly to the *negative* commandments; but he that conformed for love, especially respected the *affirmative*. Most of the Pharisees of this country conform to what is called *law*, and are so apprehensive of punishment, that they contribute annually to the supporting of military idlers, merely to shoulder arms and fix bayonets now and then, to keep their *own* turbulent spirits in order; for John Bull's enthusiasm is so strong in the support of *liberty*, that he is ever talking of her name, and comparatively never enjoying her society. CANTAB.

#### THE SHAH NEMEH OF FERDOSI. To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—In answer to one of the inquiries made by a correspondent in your last number, I beg to state for his information, that the Persian *Iliad*, the Shah Nemei of Ferdosi, has been translated into English verse. It was published in the year 1790, by Cadell, under the title of 'Poems by Ferdosi, translated from the Persian, by Joseph Champion, Esq.' It is now many years since I read the work, but, so far

as my recollection assists me, its merits were not such as to render a new translation, if executed with spirit, unacceptable to the public.

Sept. 23. I am, &c. &c. X.

#### COOKE'S FOLLY.

ON the summit of St. Vincent's rocks, in the neighbourhood of Clifton, looking on the Avon, as it rolls its lazy course towards the Bristol Channel, stands an edifice, known by the name of 'Cooke's Folly.' It consists of a single round tower, and appears at a distance rather as the remnant of some extensive building than a complete and perfect edifice, as it now exists. It was built more than two centuries ago, by a man named Maurice Cooke—not indeed as a strong hold from the arms of a mortal enemy, but as a refuge from the evils of destiny. He was the proprietor of extensive estates in the neighbourhood; and while his lady was pregnant with her first child, as she was one evening walking in their domain, she encountered a strange-looking gipsy, who, pestering her for alms, received but a small sum. The man turned over the coin in his hand, and implored a larger gift. 'That,' said the lady, 'will buy you food for the present.'

'Lady,' said the man, 'it is not food for this wretched body I require; the herbs of the field and the waters of the ditch are good enough for that. I asked your alms for higher purposes. Do not distrust me if my bearing be prouder than my garments; do not doubt the strength of my sunken eye, when I tell you that I can read the skies as they relate the fates of men. Not more familiar is his horn-book to the scholar than are the heavens to my knowledge.'

'What, thou art an astrologer?' 'Aye, lady! my fathers were so before me, even in the times when our people had a home amidst the pyramids of the mighty—in the times when you are told the mightier prophets of the Israelites put the soothsayers of Egypt to confusion; idle tales! but if true, all reckless now. Judah's scattered sons are now destitute as ourselves; but they bend and bow to the laws and ways of other lands—we remain in the stern stedfastness of our own.'—'If, then, I give thee more money, how will it be applied?'—'That is not a courteous question, but I'll answer it. The most cunning craftsman cannot work without his tools, and some of mine are broken, which I seek to re-

pair—another crown will be enough.' The lady put the required sum in his hand, and, at the same time, intimated her desire of having a specimen of his art. 'Oh! to what purpose should that be? Why, why seek to know the course of futurity?—Destiny runs on in a sweeping and resistless tide. Inquire not what rocks await your bark: the knowledge cannot avail you, for caution is useless against stern necessity.'—'Truly, you are not likely to get rich by your trade, if you thus deter customers.'—'It is not for wealth I labour. I am alone on earth, and have none to love. I will not mix with the world, lest I should learn to hate. This present is nothing to me. It is in communion with the spirits who have lived in the times that are past, and with the stars, those historians of the times to come, that I feel aught of joy. Fools sometimes demand the exertions of my powers, and sometimes I gratify their childish curiosity.'—'Notwithstanding I lie under the imputation of folly, I beg that you will predict unto me the fate of the child which I shall bear.'—'Well, you have obliged me, and I will comply. Note the precise moment at which it enters the world, and soon after you shall see me again.' Within a week the birth of an heir awoke the clamorous joy of the vassals, and summoned the strange gipsy to ascertain the necessary points. These learnt, he returned home; and the next day presented Sir Maurice, with a scroll, containing the following words:—

'Twenty times shall Avon's tide  
In chains of glistening ice be tied—  
Twenty times the woods of Leigh  
Shall wave their branches merrily,  
In spring burst forth in mantle gay,  
And dance in summer's scorching ray;  
Twenty times shall Autumn's frown  
Wither all their green to brown—  
And still the child of yesterday  
Shall laugh the happy hours away.  
That period past, another sun  
Shall not his annual journey run,  
Before a secret silent foe  
Shall strike that boy a deadly blow.  
Such and sure his fate shall be:  
Seek not to change his destiny.'

The knight read it; and in that age, when astrology was considered a science as unerring as holy prophecies, it would have been little less than infidelity to have doubted the truth of the prediction. Sir Maurice, however, was wise enough to withhold the paper from his lady, and in answer to her inquiries, continually asserted that the gipsy was an impostor, and that the object of his assuming the character of



an astrologer was merely to increase her aims. The child grew in health and beauty; and as we are most usually the more strongly attached to pleasures in proportion to the brevity of their continuance, so did the melancholy fate of his son more firmly fix him in the heart of Sir Maurice. Often did the wondering lady observe the countenance of her husband with surprise, as watching the endearing sportiveness of the boy, his countenance, at first brightened by the smile of paternal love, gradually darkened to the deepest grief, till, unable to suppress his tears, he would cover the child with caresses, and rush from the room. To all inquiries Sir Maurice was silent, or returned evasive answers. We shall pass over the infancy of young Walter, and resume the narrative at the period in which he entered into his twentieth year. His mother was now dead, and had left two other children, both girls, who, however, shared little of their father's love, which was almost exclusively fixed on Walter, and appeared to increase in strength as the fatal time grew near.

It is not to be supposed that he took no precautions against the predicted event. Sometimes hope suggested that a mistake might have been made in the horoscope, or that the astrologer might have overlooked some sign which made the circumstance conditional; and in unison with the latter idea he determined to erect a strong building, where, during the year in which his doom was to be consummated, Walter might remain in solitude. He accordingly gave directions for raising a single tower, peculiarly formed, to prevent ingress, except by permission of its inhabitants.—The purpose of this strange building, however, he kept secret; and his neighbours, after numerous vain conjectures, gave it the name of 'Cooke's Folly.' Walter himself was kept entirely ignorant on the subject, and all his inquiries were answered with tears. At length, the tower was completed, and furnished with all things necessary for comfort and convenience; and on the eve of Walter's completing his twentieth year, Sir Maurice shewed him the gipsy's scroll, and intreated him to make use of the retreat prepared for him till the year expired. Walter at first treated the matter lightly, laughed at the prophecy, and declared he would not lose a year's liberty if all the astrologers in the world were to croak their ridiculous prophecies against him. See-

ing, however, his father so earnestly bent on the matter, his resolution began to give way, and at length he consented to the arrangement. At six, the following morning, therefore, Walter entered the tower, which he fastened within as strongly as iron bars would admit, and which was secured outside in a manner equally firm. He took possession of his voluntary prison with melancholy feelings, rather occasioned by the loss of present pleasure than the fear of future pain. He sighed as he looked upon the wide domain before him, and thought how sad would it be to hear the joyous horn summoning his companions to the chase, and find himself prevented from attending it—to hear the winter wind howling round his tower, and rushing between the rocks beneath him, and miss the cheerful song and merry jest, which were wont to make even the blast a pleasant sound. Certainly his time past as pleasantly as circumstances permitted. He drew up in a basket, at his meal-hours, every luxury which the season produced. His father and sisters daily conversed with him from below, for a considerable time; and the morris dancers often raised his laughter by their grotesque movements. Weeks and months thus passed, and Walter still was well and cheerful. His own and his sister's hopes grew more lively, but Sir Maurice's anxiety increased. The day drew near which was to restore his son to his arms in confident security, or to fulfil the prediction which left him without an heir to his name and honours. On the preceding afternoon Walter continually endeavoured to cheer his parent, by speaking of what he would do on the morrow—desired his sisters to send round to all their friends, that he might stretch his limbs once more in the merry dance—and continued to talk of the future with such confidence, that even Sir Maurice caught a spark of hope from the fiery spirits of the youth. As the night drew on, and his sisters were about to leave him, promising to wake him at six by a song, in answer to their usual inquiry if he wanted any thing more that night, 'nothing,' said he, 'and yet the night feels chilly, and I have little fuel left—send me one more fagot.' This was sent him, and, as he drew it up, 'this,' said he, 'is the last time I shall have to dip for my wants, like old women for their water: thank God! for it's wearisome work to the arm.' Sir Maurice still lingered under the window in con-

versation with his son, who, at length, complained of being cold and drowsy.—'Mark!' said he, as he closed the window,—'mark, father, Mars, the star of my fate, looks smilingly to-night,—all will be well.' Sir Maurice looked up—a dark cloud-spot suddenly crossed the planet, and he shuddered at the omen.

The anxious father could not leave the spot. Sleep he knew it was in vain to court, and he therefore determined to remain where he was. The reflections that occupied his mind continually varied:—at one time he painted to himself the proud career of his high-spirited boy, known and admired among the mighty of his time; a moment after he saw the prediction verified, and the child of his love lying in the tomb. Who can conceive his feelings as hour dragged after hour, while he walked to and fro, watching the blaze of the fire in the tower as it brightened and sunk again—now pacing the court with hasty steps, and now praying fervently for the preservation of his son!—The hour came. The cathedral-bell struck heavy on the father's heart, which was not to be lightened by the cheerful voices of his daughters, who came running full of hope to the foot of the tower. They looked up, but Walter was not there;—they called his name—he answered not.—'Nay,' said the youngest, 'this is only a jest; he thinks to frighten us, but I know he is safe.' A servant had brought a ladder, which he ascended, and looked in at the window. Sir Maurice stood immovable and silent—he looked up, and the man answered the anxious expression of his eyes. 'He is asleep,' said he. 'He is dead!' murmured the father.

The servant broke a pane of the window, and opening the casement, entered the room. The father, changing his gloomy steadfastness for frenzied anxiety, rushed up the ladder. The servant had thrown aside the curtains and the clothes, and displayed to the eyes of Sir Maurice his son lying dead—a serpent twined round his arm—and his throat covered with blood. The reptile had crept from the fagot last sent him, and fulfilled the prophecy.

### Original Poetry.

#### SONNET,

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

DEAR SIR,—The following 'Sonnet,' (if worthy to be so called,) was brought forth in an attempt to produce fourteen lines uniform in their terminations; and, although some of the

rhymes will not bear close examination, you may, perhaps, deem the attempt sufficiently curious for insertion in the *Literary Chronicle*.

Your obliged servant, Y. F.

Queen Street, 13th Sept. 1821.

MANY, I guess thy malady is love,  
For oft I find thy gaze is fix'd above,  
On twinkling stars, and clouds that idly rove  
In changeful beauty thro' heaven's blue alcove!  
And oft I find thee in the lonely grove,  
Pensive and sad as mateless turtle-dove,  
Clothing in melody sweet thoughts, that prove  
Some untold passion must thy bosom move!  
Oft, too, thou dost the gentle moon reprove,  
Praying she will the veil from him remove,  
Who blindly round thy heart the snare hath  
wove;

Yet still thy gaunt'led lies unclaim'd.—By Jove!  
'Tis I, perchance, should seize the golden glove!  
Am I awake? I am; thy speaking eyes approve.

#### THE RECONCILIATION.

By J. D. NEWMAN.

EMMA, brush away that tear,  
On thy cheek it shall not linger,  
Trace of it must not appear,  
Crush the trembler with thy finger;  
Let us not occasion woe,  
Let us not allay with sorrow,  
But that pleasure only know  
We can from each other borrow.  
Come, my Emma, smooth thy brow,  
We perchance are both in error:  
On my life it must be so,  
When discord holds its court of terror;  
Come, my love, and fondly rest  
Where affection true is beating,  
On that faithful tender breast  
Which can thro' at every meeting.  
Let us then no more dispute,  
Let thy lip no more be pouting,  
Trifling quarrels are the root  
Of louder discord—greater doubting!  
But for ever let us bow  
To the wishes of each other;  
On us then will pleasure flow,  
O'er us then will gladness hover.

#### TO —

No kiss! no dear embrace  
Till war's alarm is o'er;  
Yet grieve not, soon in holy place  
We'll kneel the priest before  
Fair Adelaide shall thy sister be,  
So playful, kind, and true,—  
Her love shall seem as mine to thee,  
Her soft eyes beaming through;  
Her voice so soothing—innocent—  
Shall seem my inmost vow  
To thee, from battle-havoc sent,  
As rank on rank I mow.  
Her song shall haunt thy dreams,  
As some heaven breathing air,  
Till scarce the ravish'd spirit seems  
A portioner of care.  
When, o'er the foe victorious,  
Along the road I see,  
With wreaths and garlands glorious,  
The maidens all in glee,—  
To deck with fame's applauding  
The victor's throbbing brow;  
Full many a bosom gladdening  
With joy unknown till now.  
Ah! then, while sad and far away,  
Where war's red terror low'rs,  
To grace our happy meeting day  
Keep fresh the sweetest flowers!

No kiss, no dear embrace,  
Till war's alarm is o'er;  
Yet grieve not, soon in holy place,  
We'll kneel the priest before. MAC.

#### THE DEATH OF AGUIRRE\*.

DESERTED by the partners of his crimes,  
The dark adherents of more prosperous times,  
Aguirre the blood-stain'd stands!—befitting  
fate!

'Tis just that he should be thus desolate,  
Whose only aim, while triumph could be  
found,

Was to spread desolating death around!  
Rapine his end, and massacre his means,  
The tyrant-planner of terrific scenes;  
Even now, although the arm of power is fled,  
And the stern heart has long lain with the  
dead,

Even now, as old tradition wildly tells,  
Where the form wander'd the freed spirit dwells,  
Shrieks in the cave, or thunders in the wood,  
Or hovers darkly o'er some ancient flood  
Which erst it tinctured with the victim's  
blood!

Girt by strong foes, and left by guilty friends  
Who served him but to forward selfish ends,  
Aguirre the murderer stands; and one alone  
Of all his band—one faithful Marañone,  
Shares in the savage terrors of that hour,  
When lawless might must crouch to loftier  
power:

Bold in his crimes, but in his friendship true,  
He dares to die with the sole lord he knew.  
Too faithful villain! deep immersed in guilt,  
Whose hands are purpled with the blood  
they've spilt;

Led by an instinct I may not controul,  
Must I admire thy loftiness of soul,  
Must this one virtue make me half forget  
Dark deeds *New Andalusia* curses yet?

'Llamosa,' said the chief, 'why art thou here,  
Where there is naught to gain, and all to  
fear?—

Thy craven-comrades crouch them to the  
king—  
Bend thy proud crest—the deed will pardon  
bring.'

—'And leave thee singly to endure the scathe  
Of changeful fortune and thy foe-man's wrath!  
No! I was true in life, and will in death  
Not shrink to yield with thine my latest  
breath!'

Aguirre feels not, or does not seem to feel  
Llamosa's love and self devoted zeal,  
But from him turns and goes straight way to  
seek

His daughter, who, with terror pale and weak,  
Awaits the coming of a phrenzied sire,  
Who dooms his child to death, but not in ire.  
'Say thy prayers, child, for I must see thee  
die!'

She looks, and, scarcely conscious, mutters  
'why?—

'Because thou may'st not live to be revil'd,  
And scorn'd hereafter as a traitor's child!'

Vain was the pleading of her eyes,  
Vain her bent knee and her imploring sighs:  
Paternal tenderness was wholly gone,—  
There stood Aguirre the murderer alone!  
The feelings of the father were forgot,  
He thought of pride and of her future lot,—  
He kill'd the maiden—look'd on her—and rose  
To meet the ready weapons of his foes  
With breast as willing; never martyr

\* See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 122.

Went with calmer eye or spirit more unbent,  
To brave an undeserved but glorious punish-  
ment!

All hope was gone, and all resistance vain,  
Yet did the chieftain's pride its sway maintain:  
He would not yield himself, save to the hands  
Of one allowed to issue high commands;  
And when the conquerors glorying in their  
prize,  
Exclaimed, 'behold, Aguirre our captive lies!'  
His soul spoke through his eyes of untamed  
pride,

While haughtily and briefly he replied,  
'Aguirre bows not to slaves so vile as ye,  
Though chance for once gives you the mas-  
tery!—

Then came his death-blow!—and the felon-  
arm

Then rear'd to work the warrior's latest harm;—  
A few hours back, and it had wrought his will,  
However stern, with eager strength and skill!  
But now it seems to lack the steady power.

That used to guide it in the battle hour;  
And the first shot scarce wounds the destin'd  
one,

Who calmly whispers, 'that was badly done!'  
The second fire, more deadly, aim'd more true,  
Reaches his heart, 'but this,' he cries, 'will  
do!'

And, sinking on the earth, no more remain'd  
Of Andalusia's scourge, Aguirre the murder-  
stain'd!

J. W. DALBY.

Sept. 17th, 1821.

#### Fine Arts.

His Majesty, immediately after his coronation, commissioned Sir T. Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, to paint a new portrait of him in his coronation robes, and seated in St. Edward's chair, with the crown of England upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand, as he appeared enthroned in the Abbey. The picture, which is of great magnitude to admit the various concomitants, is already far advanced, and probably will be the most successful from the pencil of the president. It promises far to excel in magnificence and splendour the famous picture of the pope, by the same artist, belonging to his Majesty. When finished, it is the intention of his Majesty to present duplicates of it to various corporation halls in the united kingdom.

It is well known that pictures of any considerable interest are not to be bought, except by mere chance, and at enormous prices. A hundred years ago, the little Coreggio, at Dresden, a picture not twelve inches square, was sold for 13,000 gold ducats; and when a certain powerful monarch told the Duke of Tuscany that he would give him 8000 crowns for the *Madonna della Seggiola*, at Florence, the duke replied, that for another such picture, he would give his majesty 80,000. The

small picture of Acteon, belonging to the late Mr. West, and ascribed to Titian, sold for 2000l., while Mr. West refused 10,000l. for his own last picture but one.

It is reported that the Royal Academicians have liberally determined to form a collection of the finest works of the old masters, which are to be placed in the painting-room of the Royal Academy, for the improvement of the students.

The Royal Irish Institution has offered a premium of five hundred guineas for the best picture of the landing of his Majesty in Ireland.

The celebrated painting of Moses touching the Rock, by Murillo, which is placed in one of the hospitals in Seville, is likely to be transferred to this country; the enormous sum of four thousand guineas having been offered for it by a noble amateur, which, it is thought, will be accepted.

M. Stefano Barezzi, of Milan, has discovered a process for transposing paintings in fresco from one wall to another without injuring them. He covers the picture with a prepared canvass, which detaches the whole of the painting from the wall. The canvass is then applied to another wall, to which the picture attaches without the least trait being lost. M. Barezzi is now engaged in removing a large picture of Marco d'Oggione, in the Church della Pace, at Rome, and it is hoped that by this process he will be able to rescue from the ravages of time the beautiful remains of the Cæna of Leonardo da Vinci.—*Paris paper.*

### The Drama.

**DRURY LANE.**—The new farce of *Monsieur Tonson*, which is from the pen of Mr. Moncrief, having undergone some judicious curtailments, continues to be played every evening with applause. The monotony, however, which reigns at this theatre, cannot last long, unless the manager prefers empty benches, with a trifling expenditure, to active exertions and good houses. It was, we believe, intended that the *Coronation* should not have been exhibited after Monday last, but it still continues; Mr. Elliston probably thinking it as attractive as any thing he has at present to offer in its stead. We trust that the parsimonious system on which the management of this theatre is conducted, will not be continued much longer; if it is, there

can be no difficulty in foretelling the consequences—a degraded theatre and an empty treasury.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—The opening of the winter theatres used formerly to be considered as an interesting epoch in the annals of fashion; and even now, when the recess is so comparatively short, and the 'great lessee' has had no recess at all, the commencement of the season at this theatre was not a little gratifying to the public. The short period that has elapsed since the season closed, has been well employed;—the interior of the house has been repainted, and the gilding new burnished, which gives it a chaste and harmonious effect. The play selected for the opening was the tragedy of *Hamlet*; and the great attraction of the evening was the appearance of Mr. Young, as the royal Dane, after an absence of three years. In the present state of the stage, the loss of a gentleman of Mr. Young's talents from the metropolis, could not but be felt with regret; he has now, however, returned to fill that station which has remained void ever since he quitted it. The character of Hamlet is one peculiarly suited to the powers of Mr. Young, and he is the only person on the stage who plays it with effect. It was in this character that he first made his great impression on the public, many years since, at the Haymarket; and it was also in Hamlet that he took leave of the London stage three seasons ago. His re-appearance on Monday night, must have been highly gratifying to him. His entrance called forth the warmest transports of joy; the acclamations, loud and long, continued from all parts of the house, and the pit simultaneously rose, waving hats and handkerchiefs in congratulations of his return. Mr. Young, we are happy to say, looks extremely well, and though it was scarcely to be expected that he should have improved, yet we do not think his powers have suffered any diminution during his absence. He displayed all that energy, acuteness, and discrimination, which so peculiarly mark his portrait of Hamlet; in the soliloquies he displayed his declamatory talents to great advantage; and in many parts, particularly the closet scene, he was powerfully effective. Mr. Young is a very equal performer; he does not startle his audience by sudden bursts, but wins their applause by his chasteness of style and judicious conception of his author. There was nothing new in the other parts of the play; it was well cast,

and afforded a rich treat to a very crowded and elegant audience.

On Wednesday night, Mr. Young appeared in another of his favourite characters—Rolla, in *Pizarro*. This play has been one of the most successful of its kind ever produced on the stage; there were, however, many circumstances which tended to give it popularity when first produced, the most important of which were the political situations in which the country was placed, and which the dramatist turned to very good advantage in the sentiments which he conveyed through the play. With the exception of John Kemble, the Peruvian hero never had a better representative than in Mr. Young, and he sustained it on Wednesday with as much effect as we ever witnessed. In his scenes with Cora and Elvira, he was particularly happy, and in the last act, the manly indignation which he felt at the perfidy of the Spanish commander, his noble efforts to save the child, and the manner in which he restored it to Cora, elicited the loudest acclamations. Mrs. Faucit as Elvira, and Miss Foote as Cora, gave much interest to their characters; and the Alonzo of Abbott, the Las Casas of Yates, and the Blind-man of Blanchard, were all highly respectable.

In the farce of the *Irish Widow*, (not played for the last twenty years), which followed, a young lady made her first appearance, on any stage, in the character of the Widow Brady. This young lady is a neat *petite* figure, with an agreeable and animated countenance. Her voice is rather too feeble for so large a house; and we suspect she would be more at home in a less bustling character. She was, however, well received, and the farce, with the aid of Farren in Kecksey; Emery in Whittle; and Connor in Sir Patrick, went off with much applause.

Among the new engagements at this theatre, we find the name of Mr. Drinkwater Meadows, who is a comic performer of considerable promise, and of great provincial celebrity.

**HAYMARKET.**—The success of Mr. Kenney's new comedy of *Match-breaking* (for it is decidedly successful) appears to us quite a phenomenon in the history of the drama. We stated our objections to it in our last, which have not been removed, in witnessing the comedy a second and a third time. With an improbable story, trite sentiments, party feelings, and a total absence of wit, this comedy, by a sort of harmony in its incidents, keeps the in-

terest of the audience on the alert to the end, although the *denouement* may be foretold in the first act. The character of Solomon, so admirably sustained by Jones, has now devolved on Oxberry. Any performer succeeding to the character after so able a representative as it at first boasted, must appear to disadvantage; but, although Oxberry was rather an unpolished courtier, yet he played with great spirit, and was much applauded.

The comedy was, on Wednesday night, preceded by *Tom Thumb*, in which J. Russell played the character of King Arthur, admirably; indeed, we have seldom seen this actor to more advantage. We cannot say much in praise of Tayleur's Lord Grizzle; there was too much buffoonery in it.

**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**—This house closed for the season on Thursday night. Although no manager ever presented more novelties in the time, every one of which were successful, yet we fear the season has been far from being a profitable one. The fever in which the town was kept in the early part of the season by the coronation, was unfavourable to the drama; and the production of the pageant at the two great theatres, one of which has been open all the time, presented a novelty too attractive for the chaste performances of the English Opera to cope with. We must, however, confess, that the neglect of this theatre is neither creditable to English taste nor to English feeling. The encroachments of the larger houses were alluded to in the farewell address, which was well delivered by Mr. Bartley. It is as follows:—

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.**—Our short season is this evening brought to a close. The aggressions of the larger establishments have this year reached their climax, since Drury Lane Theatre has continued open during the whole of the limited period allotted to our performances, and thereby deprived us even of the slender harvest which, on former occasions, we had been allowed to reap. How far the wisdom of government may deem it fit to allow of these gradual encroachments on the summer theatres, or may condescend to take an interest in those public amusements, is beyond our power at present to ascertain; though, under all the circumstances, we may be allowed to indulge a reasonable hope of speedy and effectual relief.

The proprietor, Ladies and Gentlemen, begs leave to offer, through me, his grateful acknowledgments for the share of patronage he has received. It has been far greater than, under the oppressive difficulties he has had to contend with, he could reasonably have hoped for; and it

will not, he trusts, be deemed an idle boast, when he reminds you of the great and flattering success which has attended every novelty, without exception, that has been brought forward for your entertainment. Our exertions, Ladies and Gentlemen, will be redoubled to ensure a continuance of your favour when we are permitted to meet again; and, in the mean time, in the name of the proprietor, and of all the performers, and in my own, I respectfully thank and bid you farewell.

### Literature and Science.

The alabaster sarcophagus, found in the newly discovered tomb, at Thebes, was deposited in the British Museum on Wednesday last, by order of Mr. Salt, his Majesty's Consul-General in Egypt.

**New Expeditions to Africa.**—His Majesty, who takes every opportunity of promoting the interests of science and of art, expressed his desire, a short time since, that an expedition should be formed to explore certain parts of Africa, which border upon Egypt. The idea was suggested in consequence of the successful researches of M. Belzoni in the latter country; but the object of the present expedition is of a different character from the pursuits of that gentleman, inasmuch as it is the discovery, not of the ponderous monuments of Egyptian labour, but of the remains of Greek and Roman edifices, which it is conjectured are scattered in different parts of Libya,—a country which those celebrated nations visited, and in which they established colonies at several different periods, but which it is supposed no Europeans have since explored.

The gentleman who has been chosen by government, with the approbation of his Majesty, to superintend this expedition, is Mr. Beechey, many years secretary to Mr. Salt, the English consul to Egypt, and the constant companion to M. Belzoni, in his late indefatigable researches. The lords of the Admiralty have also afforded every assistance in their power to advance the object of this expedition, by fitting out a small vessel with a complement of men, and entrusting the command to Lieutenant Hoppner, who was engaged under Captain Parry in the last northern expedition, and from whose drawings were executed the engravings that embellish the account of that voyage.

Libya, the country about to be explored by our adventurous countrymen, is that which in ancient times

contained the two countries of Cyrenai- ca and Marmorica. The former was called Pentapolis, from the five great cities which it contained; one of which was Berenice, or Hesperis, now Ber- nic, the spot where the celebrated gar- dens of the Hesperides are generally supposed to have existed. Not far distant was Barce or Baca, and Ptole- mais, now Tolometa. To the east of the extreme northern point of the coast, called Thycus Promontorium, now Cape Rasat, was Apollania, now Mar- za Susa, or Sosush, formerly the port of Cyrene, that city being situated on a little island; it was founded by Battus, who led thither a Lacedæmonian colony from Thera, one of the Cyclades; and the kingdom was afterwards be- queathed to the Romans by the last of the Ptolomies, surnamed Apton, and was formed by that nation into a pro- vince with Crete. The expedition will explore the vestiges of it, which are supposed still to remain under the name of Curin; to the east of this stood the fifth city of ancient Cyrenai- ca, called Darnie, now Derne.

South of Marmarica, (before men- tioned,) which our countrymen will visit, and in the midst of the sands of Libyan desert, was a small and beau- tiful spot, refreshed by streams and luxuriant with verdure, in which stood the temple, so celebrated in antiquity, of Jupiter Ammon, said to have been founded by Bacchus, in gratitude to his father Jupiter, who appeared to him, when perishing with thirst, in the form of a ram, and shewed him a foun- tain. Here was the Fons Solis, whose waters were cold at noon and hot at night. Here also the celebrated an- cient Oracle, so difficult of access through the Libyan Deserts, and which was consulted by Alexander the Great after a memorable and dan- gerous journey, the token of which, transmitted to posterity, is the ram's horn upon the head of that conqueror, on numerous medals.

The expedition will, in all probabi- lity, be engaged three or four years.

Another expedition is about to pro- ceed to the interior of Africa, on that hitherto fatal enterprize, the discovery of the course and termination of the River Niger. It consists of Dr. Woodney, Lieut. Clapperton, of the royal navy, and Lieut. Denman, of the army. They will proceed from Tripoli to Mourzook, and thence en- deavour to reach Tombuctoo or Bor- nou.

**Discoveries in Egypt.**—A young

Englishman of the name of Waddington, who has lately arrived in Rome, has penetrated upwards of six hundred leagues above the level of the second cataract, in following the army of the Pacha of Egypt. In the whole of the way he fell in with only a few small Egyptian monuments, in isolated situations, and of no very remote date; but on his arrival at Schayni, where the Pacha encamped, he discovered thirty-five pyramids, of from fifty to one hundred and twenty feet in height, but in a very ruinous state. He also saw seven or eight temples, of which one, (upwards of three hundred feet in length,) was covered with hieroglyphics. It is probably in the neighbourhood of these ruins that search should be made for Nabatha, and not the Meroe of the ancients. This traveller has copied some very curious Greek inscriptions. He assures us that he has seen nothing in his travels comparable to the monuments of Nubia, and that he considers that province as the cradle of the arts in Egypt.

### The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia linant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIUS

It is said that Bonaparte died worth three hundred millions of francs, which is 12,500,000*l.*

*Chant*—of divers kinds. 1. *Chant Ambrosian*, established by St. Ambrose; 2. *Chant Gregorian*, introduced by Pope IX. the Great, who established schools of chanters, and corrected the church music. This, at first, was called the *Roman* song; afterwards the *plain* song; as the choir and people sing in unison.

Immediately after the execution of Louis XVI. a Venetian democrat, on hearing that Monsieur had assumed the title of Louis XVIII. waited on his majesty, and commenced his address of *congratulation* in the following couplet:—

*'Thou unhappy King of no land,  
More wretched than the King of Poland.'*

The admirers of fine writing, and particularly of that new species of beauty called Alliteration, now so much used by orators, will be pleased with the following character of a young lady, from an old *Newcastle Journal*:—Died in the flower of her age, Miss Mary Harrison, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Harrison, of Wheldon Bridge House.—If boundless benevolence be the basis of beatitude, and harmless humility the harbinger of a

hallowed heart; these Christian concomitants composed her characteristic, and conciliated the esteem of her contemporary acquaintances, who mean to model their manners by the mould of their meritorious monitor.—There are but two instances, at least, in our present recollection, which approach near to the above: the one is, 'Henry Hallam, hatter, hosier, and haberdasher, at Holborn Bridge, Hatton Garden;' the other, 'Benjamin Bell, brown bread and biscuit baker, near Battersea Bridge.'

Dr. Donne was allowed to be one of the most witty and eloquent divines of his day. Whether, as Chaucer says, of selfish priests—

*'He sette his benefice to hire,  
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,  
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,  
To seken him a chanterie for soules,'*

or not, I do not pretend to say. But the following anecdote is not a little singular:—The deanery of St. Paul's becoming vacant, King James sent for the doctor, and ordered him to attend him the next day at dinner. When his majesty was sat down, before he had ate any meat, he said, 'Doctor Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; for, knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of St. Paul's; and, when I have dined, do you take your beloved dish home to your study; say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you.'

*To a Snuff taker.*

*If so weak to suppose  
I'll be 'twitche'd by the nose,  
By your 'blackguard,' you're silly enough;  
I'll not 'sniff' a grain,  
To tempt me is vain,  
Friend 'snuffy.' I am your's,  
'Up to Snuff'*

*Maxims of George I.*—Never to forsake a friend; to endeavour to do justice to every person; and not to fear any one.

A whimsical couplet from the writer of it to a Welsh squire, who had promised a hare:—

*'Tell me, thou son of great Cadwallader!  
Hast sent the hare? or hast thou swallowed her.'*

As a whimsical couplet, this can be equalled only by the following, from the 'poem of a young tradesman':—

*'No more will I endure love's pleasing pain,  
Or round my heart's leg tie his galling chain.'*

Lord North, during a severe illness, said to his physician, 'Doctor, I am obliged to you for introducing me to some old acquaintance that I have not

met with for many years!'—'Who are these, my lord?' said the doctor, 'My ribs,' replied his lordship, 'which I have not felt for many years until now.'

A Frenchman very gravely observed, that if Adam had had the good sense to have purchased the office of king's secretary, we should all have been nobles.

### Taxing Costs.

Clients, in days of yore, as sage men say, Were proud an honest lawyer's bill to pay; (But now, alas, as knaves and rogues grow fatter,  
Each lawyer's bill must see the taxing master.)  
In those blest times, a farmer came to town  
To pay his bill of costs in *specie* down;  
But first he wished to have some explanation,  
And thus, in country style, made this objection:—

*'I'm coom, you zee, to pay your small account,  
Coom write out a receipt for the amount;  
But, zur, I zee that you have charged me here  
For an attendance in the Borough, where  
No lands or bus'ness o' mine e'er luid,  
Or cash o' mine was e'er received or paid;  
I, therefore, hope ye will not take't amiss,  
If I, friend Latitat, inquire as to this.'—  
'How this small charge arose I'll quickly tell,'  
Replied the honest man: 'You know full well  
At Christmas time you never fail to send  
A turkey or a goose, my worthy friend;  
This six and eight-pence, therefore, is here  
charged,*

*(Tis customary, and should be enlarged,)  
For trouble in attending to receive  
What you, my friend, so liberally give.  
Long time with anxious eye the coach I  
watch'd—*

*The turkey got—a finer ne'er was hatch'd.'*

J. P.

In the times of Queen Elizabeth, when persons demanded passports with the design of travelling on the Continent, they were usually questioned respecting their object by Lord Burleigh or his secretaries. If business or health called them away, passports were for those reasons given them; but if it was a mere curiosity to see the world, as it is called, that moved them, a desire of becoming acquainted with the manners, customs, arts, and antiquities of our neighbours, they were strictly questioned respecting their knowledge of those things in their own country, and if found ignorant, they were told to travel first at home, there being as much to be known in England as elsewhere, and it being disgraceful to the nation that persons unacquainted with their native country should expose themselves in foreign nations.

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