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The Mirror

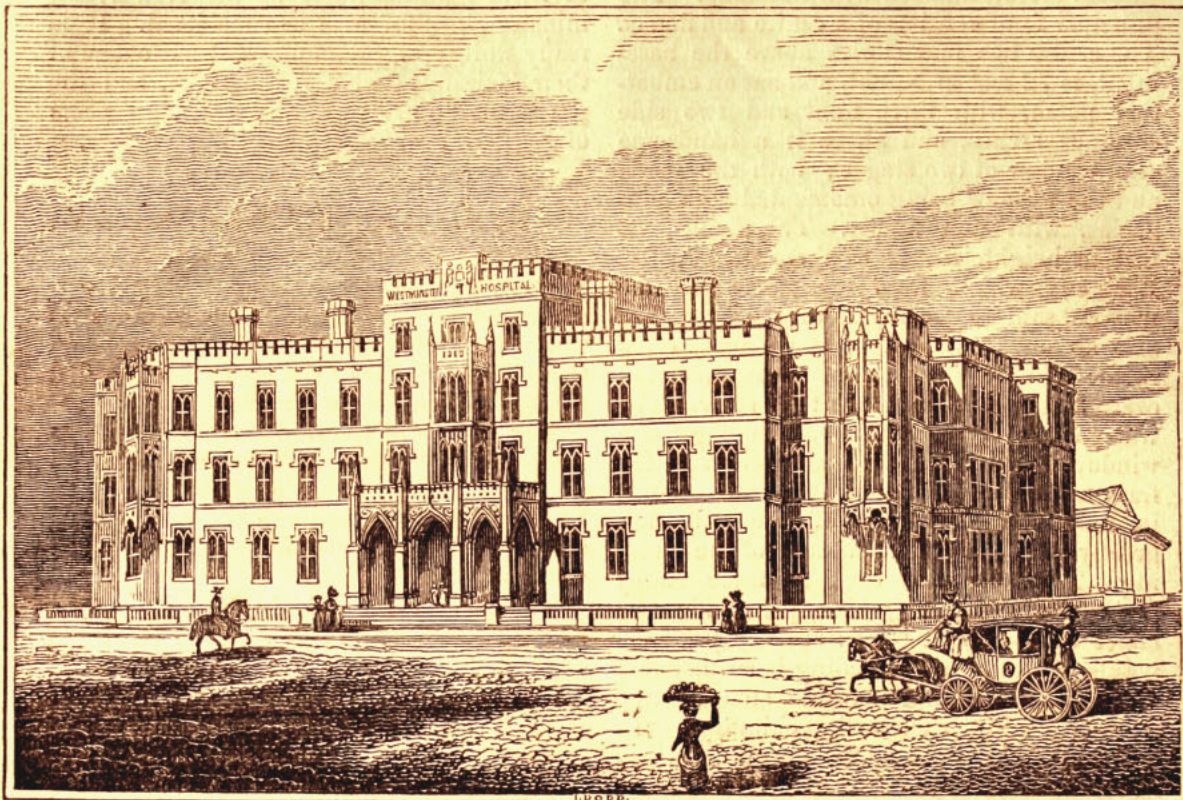
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 618.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE WESTMINSTER (NEW) HOSPITAL.

THE Westminster Hospital was founded in the year 1719, "for the relief of the sick and needy from all parts," and is the oldest hospital, supported by subscription, in the metropolis. It is a plain brick building, in James-street, near Buckingham Gate; but, unsightly as it may be, and little as it may be known beyond its neighbourhood, it has been a place of succour to afflicted thousands for more than a century past; and the recollection of this fact on viewing the old hospital will give rise to more grateful feelings than a visit to the proudest palace in its vicinity.

Sufficient as had been the original hospital for the early demands upon the Institution, as the neighbourhood thickened, the building was found inconveniently small; and, consequently, in the year 1819, exactly a century after the charity had been established, a subscription was commenced for the purpose of erecting a new Hospital. When this fund had increased to a sum exceeding 19,000*l.*, the trustees, in the year 1831, purchased of his Majesty's government, for 6,000*l.*, a vacant spot of ground near Westminster Abbey, for the site of the new building. Upon this spot, on the north side of the Abbey, was the *Sanctuary* of Westminster; the church

belonging to it was in the form of a cross and double, the one being built over the other. Dr. Stukely, who died in 1765, remembered it standing: he says it was of great strength, and is supposed to have been the work of Edward the Confessor. Westminster Market rose on the site of this ancient fabric; and this being long disused, was removed to make room for the new Guildhall for the city and liberty of Westminster. This building does not, however, occupy the whole plot of ground; since, upon the remainder, with additions, has been built an extensive Mews, and immediately adjoining is the new Hospital, as shown in the Engraving; a portion of the Mews being seen in the distance.

The new Hospital is now in course of erection, from the design of Messrs. William and Charles Inwood, we believe, the architects of St. Pancras New Church. The builder is Mr. Barron. The foundation was a work of great difficulty: the site for some depth consisted of loose earth which had but recently been removed there; it was therefore found necessary to make, as it were, an artificial foundation, which was done by digging out the unstable earth, and filling up the space with a cementitious liquid, to the depth of

For the hour will come, or soon or late,
When thou must leave this scene;
When all that is to thee shall be
As if 't had never been.

Sir Eustace was a *goodly* youth,
As beautiful as brave;
He sleeps the long, long sleep of death,
But rests not in his grave;

For though this blind world call'd him good,
And worshipped his nod,
He was a most unholy man—
He did not know his God!

'Tis true, he murdered not, nor stole;
He gave much alms away;
But he gave not to his God the praise,
Nor bowed beneath his sway.

He loved his lady better far
Than all the heavens contain;
And oft the saintly Edith tried
To enlighten him in vain.

He only smiled, and laughing said,
"I do the best I can;
Your God is just, my Edith, and
Will ask no more from man."

"But 'tis because my God is just,
He asks much more from thee;
Oh! lean on him, my Eustace, and
His love and mercy see."

He would not listen to that voice,
Though sweet it was, and dear;
And Edith breath'd a prayer for him,
And crush'd a rising tear.

Sir Eustace rode to hunt one day,
But came not back at night;
Fair Edith laid her broidery down,
And fear'd all was not right.

For he was faithful to his word,
And never gave her pain,
And when he said he would return,
Was sure to come again.

She wander'd through her splendid hall,
The moon shone bright and clear,
Its beams fell on a cloister'd wall,
Which rose in an angle near;

And from out that cloister'd wall arose
A quiet vesper lay;
It rose mid the stillness soft and clear,
Then died in peace away.

The lady listen'd, and she felt
Her spirit soothed thereby;
"Thou wilt protect," she said, and gazed
Upon the tranquil sky.

She turned, and paced again the hall,
No sound broke on her ear;
Why starts she as she gazes on
A picture hanging near?

A moonbeam fell upon the spot,
And lighted up that face;
It was her Eustace as he stood
In the pride of manly grace.

But there was something sad and pale
In that loved face to-night,
Seen by the flitting, flick'ring beams
Of a pensive moon's light—

Which made the Lady Edith start
And gaze with anxious fear;
"Oh, Eustace! if thou shouldst be pale
And ill, and I not near!"

"Thou hast no comforter besides;
Thou knowest not thy God.
Save him, ye Heavens! oh, spare him still!
And stay thy chastening rod!"

A Holy Father stood beside,
"Lady," he said, "thy pray'r
Has come too late, thy lord is ill,
I come thee to prepare—

"Thee to prepare, who in the strength
Of another's might can stand,
And drink the cup, however keen,
When sent by His high hand."

The lady bowed before the priest,
Then raised her gentle brow—
A tear had gather'd in her eye,
She did not let it flow.

"Father," she said, "I am prepared
That high hand to obey,
Unmurm'ringly—resignedly—
Where is my Eustace?—say."

"Thy Eustace, lady, has arrived,
Is now within these walls,
And ev'ry time his speech returns,
It is for thee he calls."

"Then let us hasten to him now,
Nor longer useless stand;
My Father, thou wilt lead the way"—
And she took his aged hand.

They reached the room where Eustace lay,
The Beautiful! the Brave!
And on that noble brow there slept
The shadows of the Grave.

And Edith knelt beside his couch,
And kissed his dark'ning brow;
The Father stanch'd his bleeding wounds,
Though vain he knew it now.

His sense returned, he open'd his eyes,
And saw his Edith there,
Patient and pale as the humble flower
Which scents the dark night air.

"Edith, my Edith!" were the words,
The first dear words he said;
"Thou wilt not leave me now, I know,
I have no other aid."

"My hour is come—I feel it is,
With thee I may not stay;
O teach me, Edith! even now,
Teach me the way to pray!"

"But vain is my request—vain, vain—
Nay, shake not that dear head,
You moon shall not have sunk to rest,
Ere I am with the dead."

"And he who's spent his summer-time,
Ungrateful to that Power,
Who made it summer, cannot hope
For peace in his dying hour."

"Eustace, you do not know how great,
How powerful to save,
Is He who died for us, then rose
Victorious o'er the grave."

"Have faith, my Eustace, have but faith,
And He will give thee peace—
Peace to be perfected in Heaven,
Where sin and suffering cease."

She stopped, but in her speaking eyes,
Her serious, earnest air,
Sir Eustace fancied that he read
The very soul of prayer.

Fondly he gazed upon that face,
Then sadly turned away,
And faintly his dying lips breathed forth—
"It is too late to pray."

Blackwood's Magazine.

VIOLATION OF MILTON'S TOMB.

(Extracted from *General Murray's Diary*—Unpublished.)

24th Aug. 1790.—I dined yesterday at Sir Gilbert's. As soon as the cloth was removed, Mr. Thornton gave the company an account of the violation of Milton's tomb, a circumstance which created in our minds a feeling of horror and disgust. He had been one of the visitors to the hallowed spot, and obtained his information from a person who had been a witness to the whole sacrilegious transaction. He related the event nearly in the following manner:—The church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, being in a somewhat dilapidated state, the parish resolved to commence repairing it, and this was deemed a favourable opportunity to raise a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of our immortal bard Milton, who, it was known, had been buried in this church. The parish register book bore the following entry: "12 November, 1674. John Milton, gentleman, consump^con, cancell." Mr. Ascough, whose grandfather died in 1759, aged 84, had often been heard to say, that Milton was buried under the desk in the chancel. Messrs. Strong, Cole, and other parishioners, determined to search for the remains, and orders were given to the workmen on the 1st of this month to dig for the coffin. On the 3rd, in the afternoon, it was discovered; the soil in which it had been deposited was of a calcareous nature, and it rested upon another coffin, which there can be no doubt was that of Milton's father, report having stated that the poet was buried at his request near the remains of his parent; and the same register book contained the entry, "John Milton, gentleman, 15 March, 1646." No other coffin being found in the chancel, which was entirely dug over, there can be no uncertainty as to their identity. Messrs. Strong and Cole having carefully cleansed the coffin with a brush and wet sponge, they ascertained that the exterior wooden case, in which the leaden one had been inclosed, was entirely mouldered away, and the leaden coffin contained no inscription or date. At the period when Milton died it was customary to paint the name, age, &c. of the deceased on the wooden covering, no plates or inscription being then in use; but all had long since crumbled into dust. The leaden coffin was much corroded; its length was five feet ten inches, and its width in the broadest part one foot four inches. The above gentlemen, satisfied as to the identity of the precious remains, and having drawn up a statement to that effect, gave orders on Tuesday, the 3rd, to the workmen to fill up the grave; but they neglected to do so, intending to perform that labour on the Saturday following. On the next day, the 4th, a party of parishioners,

Messrs. Cole, Laming, Taylor, and Holmes, having met to dine at the residence of Mr. Fountain, the overseer, the discovery of Milton's remains became the subject of conversation, and it was agreed upon that they should dis-inter the body, and examine it more minutely. At eight o'clock at night, heated with drink, and accompanied by a man named Hawkesworth who carried a flambeau, they sallied forth, and proceeded to the church—

"when Night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flushed with insolence and wine."

MILTON.

The sacrilegious work now commences. The coffin is dragged from its gloomy resting-place: Holmes made use of a mallet and chisel, and cut open the coffin slant-ways from the head to the breast. The lead being doubled up, the corpse became visible: it was enveloped in a thick white shroud; the ribs were standing up regularly, but the instant the shroud was removed they fell. The features of the countenance could not be traced; but the hair was in an astonishingly perfect state: its colour a light brown; its length six inches and a half, and although somewhat clotted, it appeared, after having been well washed, as strong as the hair of a living being. The short locks growing towards the forehead, and the long ones flowing from the same place down the sides of the face, it became obvious that these were most certainly the remains of Milton. The quarto print of the poet, by Faithorne, taken from life in 1670, four years before he died, represents him as wearing his hair exactly in the above manner. Fountain said he was determined to have two of the teeth, but as they resisted the pressure of his fingers, he struck the jaw with a paving-stone, and several teeth then fell out. There were only five in the upper jaw, and these were taken by Fountain; the four that were in the lower jaw were seized upon by Taylor, Hawkesworth, and the sexton's man. The hair, which had been carefully combed and tied together before interment, was forcibly pulled off the skull by Taylor and another; but Ellis, the player, who had now joined the party, told the former, that being a good hair-worker, if he would let him have it he would pay a guinea bowl of punch, adding, that such a relic would be of great service by bringing his name into notice. Ellis, therefore, became possessed of all the hair; he likewise took a part of the shroud and a bit of the skin of the skull; indeed he was only prevented carrying off the head by the sextons, Hoppy and Grant, who said that they intended to exhibit the remains, which was afterwards done, each person paying sixpence to view the body. These fellows, I am told, gained nearly one hundred pounds by the exhibition. Laming put one of the leg-bones

in his pocket. My informant assured me, continued Mr. Thornton, that while the work of profanation was proceeding, the gibes and jokes of these vulgar fellows made his heart sick, and he retreated from the scene, feeling as if he had witnessed the repast of a vampire. Viscount C., who sat near me, said to Sir G. "This reminds me of the words of one of the fathers of the church, 'And little boys have played with the bones of great kings!'"—*Monthly Mag.*

THE PIGGERY INVADED.

(From Tom Cringle's Log, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

WE embarked on board of a large canoe that I had provided; and, having shipped a beautiful little mule also, of which I had made a purchase at Panama, we proceeded down the river to the village of Gorgona, where we slept. My apartment was rather a primitive concern: it was simply a roof, or shed, thatched with palm-tree leaves, about twelve feet long by eight broad, and supported on four upright posts at the corners, the eaves being about six feet high. Under this I slung my grass hammock transversely from corner to corner, tricing it well up to the rafters, so that it hung about five feet from the ground; while beneath, Mangrove, (my trusty man-at-arms), lit a fire, for the twofold purposes, as it struck me, of driving off the mosquitoes, and converting his majesty's officer into ham or hung beef; and after having made *mulo* fast to one of the posts, with a bundle of *malojo*, or the green stems of Indian corn or maize, under his nose, he borrowed a plank from a neighbouring hut, and laid himself down on it at full length, covered up with a blanket, as if he had been a corpse, and soon fell fast asleep. As for Sneezer, he lay with his black muzzle resting on his fore paws, that were thrust out straight before him, until they stirred up the white embers of the fire—with his eyes shut, as if he slept, but from the constant nervous twitchings and pricking up of his ears, and his haunches being gathered up well under him, and a small, quick switch of his tail now and then, it was evident he was broad awake, and considered himself on duty. All was quiet, however, except the rushing of the river hard by, in our bivouac until midnight, when I was awakened by the shaking of the shed from the violent struggles of *mulo* to break loose, his strong trembling thrilling to my neck along the taught cord that held him, as he drew himself in the intervals of his struggles as far back as he could, proving that the poor brute suffered under a paroxysm of fear. "What noise is that?" I roused myself. It was repeated. It was a wild cry, or rather a loud shrill *mew*, gradually sinking into a deep growl. "What the deuce is that, Sneezer?" said I. The dog made no

answer, but merely wagged his tail once, as if he had said, "Wait a bit now, master, you shall see how well I shall acquit myself, for *this* is in my way." Ten yards from the shed under which I slept, there was a pigsty, surrounded by a sort of small stockade, a fathom high, made of split cane, wove into a kind of wicker-work between upright rails sunk into the ground; and by the clear moonlight I could, as I lay in my hammock, see an animal larger than an English bulldog, but with the stealthy pace of the cat, crawl on in a crouching attitude until within ten feet of the sty, when it drew itself back, and made a scrambling jump against the cane defence, hooking on to the top of it by its fore-paws, while the claws of its hind-feet made a scratching, rasping noise against the dry cane splits, until it had gathered its legs into a bunch, like the aforesaid puss, on the top of the inclosure; from which elevation the creature seemed to be reconnoitering the unclean beasts within. I grasped my pistols. Mangrove was still sound asleep. The struggles of *mulo* increased; I could hear the sweat raining off him; but Sneezer, to my great surprise, remained motionless as before. We now heard the alarmed grunts, and occasionally a sharp squeak, from the piggery, as if the beauties had at length become aware of the vicinity of their dangerous neighbour, who, having apparently made his selection, suddenly dropped down amongst them; when *mulo* burst from his fastenings with a yell enough to frighten the devil, tearing away the upright to which the lanyard of my hammock was made fast, whereby I was pitched like a shot right down on Mangrove's corpus, while a volley of grunting and squeaking split the sky, such as I never heard before. And now, in the very nick, Sneezer, starting from his lair with a loud bark, sprang at a bound into the inclosure, which he topped like a first-rate hunter; and Peter Mangrove, awakening all of a heap from my falling on him, jumped upon his feet as noisy as the rest. "Gara-mighty in a tap—wurra all dis—my tomach bruise home to my back-bone like one pancake;" and, while the short, fierce bark of the noble dog was blended with the agonized cry of the *gatto del monte*, the shrill treble of the poor porkers rose high above both; and the *mulo* was galloping through the village, with the post after him, like a dog with a pan at his tail, making the most unearthly noises, for it was neither bray nor neigh. The villagers ran out of their huts, headed by the *Padre Cura*, and all was commotion and uproar. Lights were procured. The noise in the sty continued; and Mangrove, the warm-hearted creature, unsheathing his knife, clambered over the fence to the rescue of his four-footed ally, and disappeared, shouting, "Sneezer often fight for Peter, so

Peter now will fight for he ;” and soon began to blend his shouts with the cries of the enraged beasts within. At length the mania spread to me, upon hearing the poor fellow shout, “Tiger here, captain—tiger here—tiger too many for we—Lud-a-mercy—tiger too many for we, sir—if you no help we, we shall be torn in piece.” Then a violent struggle, and a renewal of the uproar, and of the barking, and yelling, and squeaking. It was now no joke ; the life of a fellow-creature was at stake ; so I scrambled up after the pilot to the top of the fence, with a loaded pistol in my hand, a young active Spaniard following, with a large brown wax candle, that burned like a torch ; and looking down on the *mélée* below, there Sneezer lay, with the throat of the leopard in his jaws, evidently much exhausted, but still giving the creature a cruel shake now and then, while Mangrove was endeavouring to throttle the brute with his bare hands. As for the poor pigs, they were all huddled together, squeaking and grunting most melodiously in the corner. I held down the light. “Now, Peter, cut his throat, man—cut his throat.” And Mangrove, the moment he saw where he was, drew his knife across the leopard’s *weasand*, and killed him on the spot. The glorious dog, the very instant he felt he had a dead antagonist in his fangs, let go his hold, and, making a jump with all his remaining strength, for he was bleeding much, and terribly torn, I caught him by the nape of the neck, and, in my attempt to lift him over and place him on the outside, down I went, dog and all, amongst the pigs, and upon the bloody carcass ; out of which mess I was gathered by the *Cura* and the standers-by, in a very beautiful condition ; for, what between the filth of the sty and blood of the leopard, and so forth, I was not altogether a fit subject for a side-box at the Opera.

This same tiger or leopard had committed great depredations in the neighbourhood for months before, but he had always escaped, although he had been repeatedly wounded ; so Peter and I became as great men for the two hours longer we sojourned in Gorgona, as if we had killed the dragon of Wantley. Our quarry was indeed a noble animal, nearly seven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail ; so at daydawn I purchased his skin for three dollars, and shoved off, and, on the 25th at five in the evening, having had a strong current with us the whole way down, we arrived at Chagres once more. I found, in consequence of my letters, a boat from the Wave waiting for me ; and to prevent unnecessary delay, I resolved to proceed with the canoe, along the coast to Porto Bello, as there was a strong weather current running, and no wind ; and, accordingly, we proceeded next morning, with the conoe in tow. * *

New Books.

CHRONOLOGY OF HISTORY.

[This is the 44th volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and a valuable handbook to that series, and to every library. It has been drawn up by Sir Harris Nicolas, one of the most distinguished antiquarian scholars of his day, and consequently well fitted for such a task. The laborious result is thus explained in the Preface:]

The plan and contents of this volume may be described in a few words. Every historical and antiquarian writer and student must have felt the want of a book of reference, which, in the last century, would have obtained the appropriate name of a “Companion” or “Vade Mecum,” from its containing such information as was constantly and indispensably necessary for their pursuits. Besides explanations and Tables for calculating the different eras and the dates which are to be found in writers of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, a full explanation is given of the old and new style ; a subject which it is no exaggeration to say is so little understood, as often to render the manner of writing the years according to both styles, thus, 167 $\frac{2}{3}$, 168 $\frac{4}{5}$, or 1672-3, 1684-5, &c. productive of embarrassment in persons of the profoundest and most elegant attainments. The various modes in different countries, and, indeed, in the same country, and in the same century, of commencing the year, from Christmas, from the 1st of January, from the 25th of March, or from Easter, often causes perplexity, and, like mistakes in the regnal years, if not carefully attended to, become sources of error to the extent of one entire year in computation. The Calendars of Religious Sects are frequently required ; whilst the Calendar invented during the French Revolution, and which was used in France for fourteen years, must be in the hands of those who refer to any letters or public documents written in that period ; for “the 4th Germinal in the year of the Republic 9” is as little likely to be generally comprehended by the next generation as the date of an edict of the emperor of China. The Glossary of Terms used by ecclesiastics in the middle ages, who describe a day by the “introit,” or commencement of the service appointed by the church to be performed thereon, and an explanation of the Canonical Hours, Watches, &c. will frequently be found useful. From the constant allusion by historians to the Councils, and the great influence which the Pontiffs exercised over the affairs of Europe, Chronological and Alphabetical lists of both were very desirable in a work of this nature. Tables of the Succession of the Saxon and Scottish Kings, and of Contem-

porary Sovereigns; of the commencement and termination of the Law Terms, which varied in different centuries; and of the three great Pestilences, which formed epochs for dating instruments in the reign of Edward III., seemed also to be among the most common subjects of historical reference.

[From the apparently dry details of the volume we are enabled to make a few eventful selections.]

Commencement of the Year.

In England, in the seventh, and so late as the thirteenth century, the year was reckoned from Christmas-day; but in the twelfth century, the Anglican church began the year on the 25th of March; which practice was also adopted by civilians in the fourteenth century. This style continued until the reformation of the calendar by stat. 24 Geo. II. c. 23; by which the legal year was ordered to commence on the 1st of January, in 1753. It appears, therefore, that two calculations have generally existed in England for the commencement of the year; viz.:

1. The Historical year, which has, for a very long period, begun on the 1st of January.

2. The Civil, Ecclesiastical,* and Legal year, which was used by the church, and in all public instruments, which began at Christmas until the end of the thirteenth century: after that time it commenced on the 25th of March, and so continued until the 1st of January, 1753.

The confusion which arose from there being two modes of computing dates in one kingdom must be sufficiently apparent; for the legislature, the church, and civilians, referred every event which happened between the 1st of January and the 25th of March to a different year from historians.†

Remarkable examples of the confusion produced by this practice are afforded by two of the most celebrated events in English history. King Charles I. is said, by most authorities, to have been beheaded on the 30th of January, 1648; whilst others, with equal correctness, assign that event to the 30th of January, 1646. The revolution which drove James II. from the throne is stated by some writers to have taken place in February, 1688; whilst, according to others, it happened in February, 1689: these discrepancies arise from some historians using the *civil*, and *legal*, and others the *historical* year, though both would have assigned any circumstance after the 25th of

* According to some authorities, the *Ecclesiastical* year was reckoned from the first Sunday in Advent; but this custom does not appear to have been sufficiently general to require a more particular notice.

† The absurdity of retaining the 25th of March as the beginning of the year, not because it was the 25th of March, but because it was the time of the vernal equinox, which, in the 18th century, had receded so far back as from the 25th to about the 10th of March, was forcibly urged by Wilson, in 1735.

March to the same years, namely, 1649 and 1689.

To avoid, as far as possible, the mistakes which this custom produced, it was usual to add the date of the *historical* to that of the *legal* year, when speaking of any day between the 1st of January and the 25th of March; thus:

Jan. 30, 164 $\frac{8}{9}$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} i.e. \text{ the Civil and Legal year,} \\ i.e. \text{ the Historical year;} \end{array} \right.$

or, thus:

January 30, 1648-9.

This practice, common as it has long been, is nevertheless frequently misunderstood, and even intelligent persons are sometimes perplexed by dates being so written. The explanation is, however, perfectly simple, for the *lower* or *last figure* always indicates the year according to our present computation.

Averaged number of Years of each of five European monarch's reign.

England. From the accession of William I., 1066, to the death of George IV., 1830, a period of 764 years, there have been 33 kings, who reigned, on the average, a little more than 23 years each.

Scotland. From the accession of Malcolm I., in 938, to the death of James VI. (or I. of England) in 1625, a period of 687 years, there were 33 kings, who reigned, on the average, nearly 21 years each.

France. From Hugh Capet, 987, to the death of Louis XVI., in 1793, a period of 806 years, there were 32 kings, who reigned 20 years each.

Spain. From Ferdinand the Great, 1027, to the abdication of Charles IV., in 1808, a period of 781 years, there were 33 kings, who reigned, on the average, nearly 24 years each.

Germany. From Charlemagne, 800, to the death of Leopold I. in 1792, a period of 992 years, there were 55 emperors, who reigned, on the average, 18 years each.

If the years 1066 to 1830 be fixed upon as the epochs from which to reckon the number of sovereigns of England, Scotland,‡ France, Spain, and Germany, it will appear that in a period of 764 years there were 172 sovereigns, being, on the average, 34 in each of those countries, who reigned about 22½ years each.

Regnal Years of the Kings of England.

The importance of extreme accuracy respecting the Regnal§ years of the Kings of

‡ In this calculation, all the kings of England, since James I. of England (or VI. of Scotland), are included among the kings of Scotland; and the kings of France have been reckoned as if the house of Bourbon had always been, *de facto*, kings since 1793.

§ The necessity of a word to express the sentence—"years of a king's reign"—might almost justify the creation of one for the purpose; but though the admirable word *regnal* does not occur in any dic-

England is at once proved by the facts that in most instances after the reign of Henry II. no other date of a year occurs either in public or private instruments than the year of the reign of the existing monarch; and that an error respecting the exact day from which the regnal year is calculated may produce a *mistake of one entire year* in reducing such date to the year of the Incarnation. Every year of a king's reign is in two years of our Lord: thus, the first year of the reign of our present sovereign commenced on the 26th June, 1830, and terminated on the 25th June, 1831. If, therefore, the beginning of his Majesty's reign be erroneously calculated; for example, from the 28th instead of from the 26th of June, 1830, every document dated on the 26th and 27th of June, 1 William IV. would be assigned to the year 1831 instead of the year 1830, and a similar mistake would occur on each of those days in every year of the same reign. The effect of an error of even a few days, much less of one entire year, in the date of historical events, must be evident, and a correct Table of the Regnal years of the Kings of England is consequently a *sine quâ non* to the historian.

The value of accurate Tables of the Regnal Years of English sovereigns having, it is presumed, been established, some surprise will be felt, when it is stated, that *no Table of this nature has ever been printed which is not full of errors*; not in one or two reigns only, but in the reigns of nearly all our early monarchs. These mistakes have originated in assuming, on the dictum of legal authorities, that at all periods of English history, as at present, in contemplation of the law, "the king never dies;" that there is no inchoate or incomplete right in the next heir, but that he succeeds *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, the instant his predecessor expires; and that the reign of each English monarch has always begun on and was calculated from the day of the death of the preceding sovereign: whereas it will be proved that, from the reign of John to that of Edward VI., the reign of each monarch did not commence until some act of sovereignty was performed by him, generally the "proclamation of his peace," or until he was publicly recognised by his subjects; and that, in the instances of the first eight kings after the Conquest, their reigns did not begin until the solemnization of that important compact between a monarch and his people—his coronation.

[English writers have strangely allowed themselves to be outstripped by their neighbours in the researches necessary for the correction of these errors.]

Whilst, however, *English* writers generally have appeared, until very lately, ignorant of so interesting a fact, those of *France* were not. In the *Red Book of the Exchequer*, there are early authorities for its use in the sense in which it is employed in the text.

fully aware of the circumstance, and have expressly noticed it in one of the most popular and valuable works on history ever published, "*L'Art de vérifier les Dates*;" the editors of which derived the information, not from a manuscript in some obscure provincial library in France, but actually from a well-known record in the Exchequer Office at Westminster, called "*The Red Book of the Exchequer*." The editors of "*L'Art de vérifier les Dates*" were not, however, the only French authors who have noticed the circumstance; for Vilaine adverted to it in his "*Dictionnaire Raisonné de Diplomatique*," published in 1774. Thus, a point of the highest historical importance, on which the accuracy of the date of numerous documents, of all periods, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, depends,—which, to some extent, involves a constitutional question of great moment, and which has been known to French historians and antiquaries for more than half a century, has recently been brought forward as a *new discovery*;* and the memoranda in the *Red Book of the Exchequer* have just been printed, under the idea that the information which they contain was hitherto unknown.†

* Quarterly Review for June, 1826. No. lviii. p. 297.

† Cooper on Records, vol. ii. p. 324, in which work much valuable information on the public records will be found.

The Gatherer.

Washingtoniana.—When George Washington was about six years of age, some one made him the present of a hatchet; of which being, like most children, immoderately fond, he went about chopping every thing that came in his way, and straying into the garden, he unluckily tried its edge on an English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly as to leave very little hopes of its recovery. The next morning his father saw the tree, which was a great favourite, in that condition, and inquired who had done the mischief, declaring he would not have taken five guineas for the tree; but nobody could inform him. Presently after, however, George came, with the hatchet in his hand, into the place where his father was, who immediately suspected him to be the culprit. "George," said the old gentleman, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then nobly replied—"I can't tell a lie, pa'; you know I can't tell a lie; I did cut it with my hatchet."—"Run to my arms, my boy!" exclaimed his father: "run to my arms! Glad am I, George, that you killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousand fold! Such an act of heroism in my son is of more worth than a thousand cherry-

trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of gold!"

It has been observed, that Washington seldom smiled, and never laughed. This, however, is not correct. An American gentleman stated, a short time since, that he had seen Washington nearly convulsed with laughter. One instance he mentioned with a great degree of *sang froid*:—At the time the American troops were encamped at Cambridge, information was received at head-quarters that the English were about leaving Boston, to give them battle. All was bustle and confusion; the soldiers were strolling over the town, and the officers were but ill prepared for the approaching rencounter; some of the generals were calling for their horses, and others for their arms, and among the rest was General Green, at the bottom of the stairs, bawling to the barber for his wig: "Bring my wig, you rascal, bring my wig!" General Lee diverted himself and the company at the expense of Green. "Your wig is behind the looking-glass, sir." At which Green, raising his eyes, perceived by the mirror, that his wig was where it should be—on his head. Washington, in a fit of laughter, threw himself on the floor; and the whole group presented rather a ludicrous spectacle.

During the time that Washington was engaged in the army in the American war, and from home, he had a plasterer from Baltimore, to plaster a room for him; and the apartment was measured, and the plasterer's demand paid by the steward. When Washington returned home, he measured the room, and found the work to come to less, by 15s., than the man had received. Some time after the plasterer died; and the widow married another man, who advertised in the newspapers to receive all and pay all, due to or by her former husband. Washington, seeing the paper, made a demand of the 15s., and received the money.

General Stone, travelling with his family in his carriage across the country, arrived at a ferry belonging to Washington. He offered the ferryman a moidore. The man said, "I cannot take it." The general asked, "Why, John?" He replied, "I am only a servant of General Washington; I have no weights to weigh it with: and the general will weigh it; and if it should not be weight, he will not only make me the loser, but he will be angry with me." "Well, John," said the general, "you must take it, and I will lose threepence in its value." The ferryman did so; and on the Saturday night following he carried the moidore to Washington, who weighed it, and found it wanted three halfpence, which sum Washington carefully wrapped up in paper, and directed to General Stone, who received it from the ferryman on his return.

W. G. C.

Patents.—Amongst the injurious effects of the present very imperfect state of the laws relative to patents for inventions, the following are stated on the authority of Mr. John Farey:—Dr. Wollaston practised a method of preparing malleable platina, which he only disclosed on his death, and that, it is supposed, very imperfectly.—Mr. Watt, who died in 1819, invented a machine for executing sculptures, the mode of working by which he never explained.—Mr. Gilpin, an ingenious mechanic of Sheffield, invented a machine for cutting the teeth of cog-wheels, and another for making hard steel spindles for cotton-spinning. He kept his invention secret.—A superior process for refining the raw sulphur that comes from abroad is now practised in a single manufactory in London; and it is a secret with the proprietors.—Sir Francis Desanges received from his father the secret of a black dye for silk, which is only known to himself. FERNANDO.

Marshal Villars.—It was customary, as the French general, in command of the Italian army, passed through Lyons to join his army, for that town to offer him a purse of gold. Marshal Villars, on being thus complimented by the head magistrate, the latter concluded his speech by observing, that Turenne, who was the last commander of the Italian army, that had honoured the town with his presence, had taken the purse, but returned the gold. "Ah," replied Villars, putting both the purse and the money into his pocket, "I have always thought Turenne to be *inimitable*!"

Chinese Jest.—Dr. Morrison, in his *Chinese Dialogues*, gives the following Chinese tale, or anecdote, as an illustration:—A physician, who was about to remove, said to his neighbours, "I have given you much trouble, and now have nothing at parting to present you, in token of regard: accept a packet of medicine." The neighbours excused themselves, saying they had no complaint. The doctor replied, "Only take my physic, and I warrant you will soon be sick enough."

Hungry Squabble.—The late Lord Pembroke, who kept a number of hogs, at his seat at Wilton, was one morning looking into the styes, and perceived a silver spoon thrown among their victuals. The hogs making more noise than usual, brought out one of the servants, who endeavoured to silence them; and not perceiving Lord Pembroke, cried in a passion, "Plague on the pigs, what a noise they make." To which his lordship replied, "Ay, well they may, when they have only one silver spoon among them all."

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six feet, which, on becoming concrete, equalled the hardest stone.

The building is, for the most part, in the style usually termed Elizabethan; but the principal windows partake of the time of Henry VII. It is substantially built with white Suffolk brick, finished with freestone. The principal front consists of a centre and flanks. The centre has four stories above the basement, is 72 feet in height, and has an embattled porch, with three front and two side entrance arches, and above it a handsome oriel window of two stages; both the porch and the window being ornamented with pinnacles, with rich finials. The flanks, 58 feet in height, consist of three stories only. Each end, which, from its peculiar position, may be said to form part of the front, has also an oriel window, of two stages, ornamented similarly to the central window, but overhanging the area and first story. The whole extent of the frontage, including these windows, is 200 feet. The porch, and the framework of the three oriel windows, 40 feet in height, are entirely of freestone, and greatly contribute to the beauty of the building. The sides are each in three boldly projecting portions, which plan aids the effect of the whole pile, from the principal points of view. The building is surmounted throughout with a handsome stone battlemented coping, as are the chimneys. In the centre, above the fourth story is inscribed Westminster Hospital; an emblematic sculptured group being intended for the centre, as shown in our Engraving, but not yet completed. The projecting stonework, beneath the embattled parapet of the front, is enriched with bosses of the Westminster (portcullis) arms, and more florid embellishments. The total number of windows throughout the building is 260.

The excellent arrangement of the interior could only be explained by a ground plan. The wards are 19 in number, each being 42 feet long, by 23 feet wide, and will hold upwards of 200 beds. The building may be generally described as consisting of a front and two sides inclosing a spacious area, in the centre of which we witnessed the artificial foundation preparing for a circular theatre for lectures, &c. The disposition of the roof of the hospital will be very judicious: it is flat, and covered with lead, and will be appropriated as an airing walk for the patients; its extent is nearly half an acre.

The Westminster (New) Hospital will, we augur, be considered as one of the handsomest structures of the metropolis, and must add to the fame of the architects. The cost of its erection, per contract, will be 27,500*l.*, which the Committee have reason to believe will be augmented to, at least, 30,000*l.*, for interior fittings and furniture. They are anxious to finish the Hospital without en-

croaching on the general funds of the Charity; and to effect this object, some further aid from the patrons of the Charity and the public will be requisite: need we add that money cannot be better appropriated than in contributing to so noble a monument of British philanthropy as the New Westminster Hospital must be considered. It is really worthy of the munificent patronage of their Majesties and a Royal Duke, and the presidentship of one of the wealthiest peers of England; which the Institution enjoys.

CURIOUS FACTS AND CALCULATIONS.

It is calculated, by suitably informed persons, that no less than 14,000,000,000 silkworms die every year—victims to the production of the amount of silk which is consumed for one year in England alone.

The threads of the minutest spiders are so fine, that 4,000,000 of them would be required to make up a single hair of the human head. The compound or common thread of the spider is made up of about 40,000 smaller threads.

The velocity with which the light of the sun travels to the earth may be estimated from the fact, that it passes, in the eighth part of a second, through a space which the swiftest bird could not traverse in three weeks.

A saw-mill is now at work in New South Wales, the teeth of which move through 8,200 feet per minute, or at the rate of 96 miles per hour. No similar instance of rapid motion, as produced by animal power, is, we believe, known.

The gas-lamps of London alone consume not less than 38,000 chaldrons of coals in the year. The gas-pipes of the metropolis were, in 1830, of the total length of upwards of 1,000 miles.

The oldest monument of an English king, which Great Britain contains, is that of King John, in Worcester Cathedral. This tomb was opened some years ago, when the skeleton was found in good preservation, and in precisely the same dress as that represented in the statue.

According to Dr. Hahnemann's System, (the Homœopathic System,) now much in vogue in Germany, the seven-millionth part of a grain of colocynth may sometimes be too powerful a dose for an adult.

The length of the *paved* streets and roads in England and Wales, is calculated at 20,000 miles; that of the roads which are not paved is about 100,000 miles. The extent of the turnpike-roads, as appears by parliamentary documents, was, in the year 1823, 24,531 miles.

From a register of fires kept for one year in London, it appears that there were 360 alarms of fire attended with very little da-

mage, 31 serious fires, and 127 fires occasioned by chimneys being on fire: amounting, altogether, to 548 accidents.

The chapel of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, is the first edifice for Christian worship built in this country since the Christian era, which has not its pulpit facing the west. The deviation was introduced by the Puritans;—of which community, Sir Walter Mildmay, the founder of the chapel, was a member.

One of the severest penalties to which criminals in Holland were in ancient times condemned, was, to be deprived of the use of salt.

A distinguished German entomologist has calculated that a single square inch of the wing of a peacock-butterfly, as seen through a powerful microscope, contains no less than 100,735 scales.

Taking the number of theatres which have been built in Europe and America, and the number which have been destroyed by fire, &c., it appears that the average duration of the existence of a theatre is not more than 40 years.

Seneca appears to have been the most opulent literary man on record; he was possessed, when he died, of two millions and a half sterling.

In one branch of trade alone—the cotton trade—some spindles, which, before the new improvements were projected, used to revolve only fifty times in a minute, now perform six, seven, and in some cases eight, thousand revolutions, in the same short space of time. In one establishment at Manchester there are 136,000 spindles kept in incessant motion by steam-power, by which they are enabled to spin 1,200,000 miles (not yards) of cotton-thread per week. The weekly produce of this article, when the machines are in full work, is about 400,000,000 of miles, or enough to encompass the earth 160 times.

There are individuals, remarkable for great learning and good sense, who firmly believe that plants can feel—insomuch, that they will not walk in fields or pull flowers, lest they should inflict pain upon the innocent creatures. It is said that the late Sir James Edward Smith was strongly inclined to this doctrine.

FERNANDO.

THE LAMBTONS AND THE HILTONS OF DURHAM.

(To the Editor.)

A CORRESPONDENT (H. J.) in your last number having made an inquiry respecting a tradition connected with the name of the Lambtons, I have much pleasure in communicating the following particulars in reply, from the second volume of *Surtees's History of Durham*. Whether the alleged prophecy, that no chief of that family should die in his

bed for a number of generations, was verified, I have no means of ascertaining; but I believe I may confidently assert that both the father and the grandfather of the present lord died in their beds, so that, I presume, the period embraced in the supposed prediction must have long since expired. The present lord never had a brother who was killed in hunting, as your Correspondent mentions.

“The heir of Lambton, fishing, as was his profane custom, in the Wear, on a Sunday, hooked a small worm or eel, which he carelessly threw into a well, and thought no more of the adventure. The worm (at first neglected) grew till it was too large for its first habitation, and issuing forth from the *Worm Well*, betook itself to the river, where it usually lay a part of the day coiled up round a crag in the middle of the water; it also frequented a green mound near the well, (the *Worm Hill*,) where it lapped itself nine times round, leaving vermicular traces, of which grave living witnesses depose that they have seen the vestiges. It now became the terror of the country, and, amongst other enormities, levied a daily contribution of nine cows' milk, which was always placed for it at the *Green Hill*, and in default of which, it devoured man and beast. Young Lambton had, it seems, meanwhile, totally repented him of his former life and conversation, had bathed himself in a bath of holy water, taken the sign of the Cross, and joined the Crusaders. On his return home, he was extremely shocked at witnessing the effects of his youthful imprudences, and immediately undertook the adventure. After several fierce combats, in which the crusader was foiled by his enemy's *power of self-union*, he found it expedient to add policy to courage, and not possessing much of the former quality, he went to consult a witch, or wise woman. By her judicious advice, he armed himself in a coat of mail, studded with razor blades, and thus prepared, placed himself on the crag in the river, and waited the monster's arrival. At the usual time the worm came to the rock, and wound himself with great fury round the armed knight, who had the satisfaction to see his enemy cut in pieces by his own efforts, whilst the stream washing away the severed parts, prevented the possibility of a re-union. There is still a sequel to the story:—The witch had promised Lambton success only on one condition, that he should slay the first living thing that met his sight after the victory. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, Lambton had directed his father, that as soon as he had heard him sound three blasts on his bugle, in token of achievement performed, he should release his favourite greyhound, which would immediately fly to the sound of the horn, and was destined to be the sacrifice. On hearing his

son's bugle, however, the old chief was so overjoyed, that he forgot the injunctions, and ran himself with open arms to meet his son. Instead of committing a parricide, the conqueror again repaired to his adviser, who pronounced as the alternative of disobeying the original instructions, that no chief of the Lambtons should die in his bed for seven (or, as some accounts say, for nine) generations—a commutation which, to a martial spirit, had nothing probably very terrible, and which was willingly complied with."

The county of Durham is remarkable for the remote antiquity of several of its present and former principal families. The Lambtons trace their genealogy almost to the Conquest; and the origin of the Hiltons, Barons of Hilton, is lost in the remoteness of time. This family, once so opulent and powerful, is now extinct; at least, its former patrimonial possessions and honours have passed from the present inheritors of the name. The decline of its fortunes is curious. The following particulars are taken from the same valuable work as the preceding extract:

"In 1332 and 1335, Alexander de Hilton had summons to Parliament, which was never repeated to any of his descendants. After a series of twenty descents, stretching through five centuries, the family was nearly ruined by the improvident posthumous generosity of Henry Hilton, Esq. who appears to have been so much under the influence both of vanity and melancholy, as might in these days of *equity* have occasioned serious doubts as to the sanity of his disposing mind. This gentleman had, several years before, on some disgust, deserted the seat of his ancestors, and lived in obscure retirement, first at the house of a remote kinsman, at Billingham, in Sussex, and afterwards at Mitchell Grove, where he died. By will, dated February 26, 1640-1, he devised the whole of his paternal estate for ninety-nine years, to the Lord Mayor and four senior Aldermen of the City of London, on trust to pay, during the same term, 24*l.* yearly, to each of thirty-eight several parishes or townships in Durham, Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; 28*l.* per annum to the mayor of Durham, and 50*l.* per annum to the vicar of Monk Wearmouth: he then leaves an annuity of 100*l.* to his next brother Robert Hilton, and to his heirs; and 50*l.* per annum to his brother John Hilton, which last sum is to cease, if he succeed to the larger annuity as heir of Robert; all the residue and increase of his rents he gives to the city of London, charging them to bind out yearly five children of his own kindred to some honest trade; and further, he desires them to raise 4,000*l.* out of the rents, to remain in the City Chamber during ninety-nine years, and the interest to be applied in binding out orphan

children born on the manors of Ford, Biddick, and Barmston. After the expiration of that term, he devises the whole of his estates, with the increased rents, and also the same 4,000*l.* to his heir at law, *provided* he be not such a one as shall claim to be the issue of the testator's own body. He then gives several legacies to his servants, and to the family of Shelley, of Mitchell Grove; declares that he has 3,000*l.* on good bonds in London; appoints the lady Jane Shelley to be his executrix, and desires burial in St. Paul's Cathedral, 'under a fair tumbe like in fashion to the tumbe of Dr. Dunne,' for which purpose he leaves 1,000*l.* to his executrix, who never complied with the injunction."

This extraordinary will produced, as was most likely, litigations and Chancery suits in abundance; and under all these circumstances, the estate, or rather the shadow of the estate, vested in John Hilton, the seventh and sole surviving brother of Henry. The civil wars burst out in the same year, 1641, and John Hilton perilled the relics of his inheritance in the royal cause. Himself and his son bore the commissions of Colonel and Captain in the Marquis of Newcastle's army. The estate of Hilton, placed exactly between the Royal army and the Scots under Lesley, was plundered and wasted by both parties; and on the final ruin of the Royal cause, the Hiltons, included in the list of malignants, were totally disabled from struggling at law or equity, either with the rebel city of London, or with the two knights who had espoused the worse, then the better side."

After the Restoration, an amicable decree was pronounced, by which the city of London resigned the contest which had been till then carried on, in favour of the heir; but the remnant of the estate was burthened with so many incumbrances, that its possessors from this time gradually descended into the quiet ranks of private gentry. "The last Baron," says Mr. Surtees, "a man of mild and generous disposition, though of reserved habits, is still remembered with a mingled sentiment of personal respect and of that popular feeling, which even ill conduct can scarcely extinguish, towards the last representative of a long and honourable line, unstained by gross vice, and unsullied by dishonour."

Mr. Hilton was one of the last gentlemen in England who, among other baronial appendages, kept a domestic fool. The baron on one occasion, on his return from London, quitted his carriage at the Ferry, and amused himself with a homeward saunter through his own woods and meadows; at Hiltonfoot Bridge he encountered his faithful fool, who, staring on the gaudy laced suit of his patron, made by some false suthron tailor, exclaimed, "Wha's fule now?"

DUNELM.

MAGIC.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF MAGIC AMONG
THE EASTERN NATIONS.

By H. W. Dewhurst, Esq. F. W. S. &c.

1. *The Chaldeans.*

THE origin of almost all our knowledge may be traced to the earliest periods of antiquity. This is peculiarly the case with respect to the arts we denominate as magical. There were few of the ancient nations, however uncivilized they were, which could not furnish many individuals to whose spells and enchantments the powers of nature and the immaterial world were supposed to be subjected. The Chaldeans, the Egyptians, and indeed all the Oriental nations, were accustomed to refer all natural effects for which they could not account, to the direct agency of demons. These were believed to preside over herbs, trees, rivers, mountains, and animals; every member of the human body was under their power, and all corporeal diseases were produced by their malignity. Thus, if any person was afflicted with a fever, but little anxiety was manifested to discover its cause, or to adopt rational measures for its cure; conceiving that it must, no doubt, have been occasioned by some evil spirit resident in the body, or influencing, in some mysterious way, the fortunes of the sufferer. That influence could be counteracted only by certain magical rites; hence the observance of those rites soon obtained a permanent establishment in the East. Even in the present day, many uncivilized nations hold that all nature is filled with genii, of which some exercise a beneficent, and others a destructive, power. All the evils with which man is afflicted are considered the work of these imaginary beings, whose favour must be propitiated by sacrifices, incantations, prayers, or songs. If the East Greenlander is unsuccessful in fishing; the Huron Indian in fishing, or in war; if even the scarcely half reasoning Hottentot finds that everything is not right in his mind, body, or fortunes; no time is to be lost before the evil spirit is invoked.

After the removal of some present evil, the next strongest desire in the human mind, is the attainment of some future good. The good is frequently beyond the power, and still oftener beyond the inclination, of man to bestow; it must, therefore, be sought from beings supposed to possess considerable influence over human affairs, and who, being elevated above the baser passions of our nature, were thought worthy of being endowed with peculiar knowledge, by all who acknowledged their power or invoked their assistance; hence the numberless rites and ceremonies, which have, in all ages, been observed in consulting superior intelligences, and the equally numerous modes in which

their pleasure has been communicated to mortals.

The Chaldeans were more celebrated for their skill in astrology than in magic; of the former they were doubtless the inventors; so famous did they become in divining from the aspects, positions, and influences of the stars, that all astrologers were termed *Chaldeans*, both by the Jews and Romans. Of all species of idolatry, the worship of the heavenly bodies appears to have been the most ancient. The Babylonians soon perceived that these bodies changed their places; that some of them moved in regular orbits; they, therefore, concluded that this regularity of motion must necessarily imply some designing cause—something superior to inert matter. But the primeval notion of one Supreme Being, presiding over the universe, was almost extinct, from a period little subsequent to the deluge, to the vocation of Abraham. Hence, arose the belief that the stars were genii, of which some were the friends, and others the enemies, of mankind; that they possessed an uncontrollable power over human affairs, and that to their dominion were subjected, not only the vicissitudes of the seasons, and the productions of the earth, but likewise of the dispositions of mortals. The greatest attention was paid to the influence of the starry bodies, inasmuch as they were, and are supposed, even by modern astrologers, to possess great power over the minds of men, and particularly as respected their destinies, as the following lines in a modern work will exemplify:

“ I tell thee,
There's not a pulse beats in the human frame,
That is not *governed by the stars above* :
The blood that fills our veins in all its ebb
And flow, is swayed by them as certainly
As are the restless tides of the salt sea,
By the resplendent moon : and at thy birth
Thy mother's eye gazed not more stedfastly
On thee, than did the star, that *rules thy fate* !
Showering upon thy head an *influence*
Malignant or benign.”

The governing spirits were supposed to delight in sacrifices and prayers. Hence a species of worship was established in their honour, subordinate to that of the gods. It was believed, that no event could take place or be foreknown, and no magical operation be performed, without their aid; and that they conferred extraordinary powers on all who sought their favour. Men, eminent for their wisdom or authority, were thought to be incorporated with the gods, or, at least, with the race of genii, after their decease. There is little doubt but that the *Baal* of the Scriptures, is the same with the *Belus* of profane historians. Like Atlas, king of Mauritania, he excelled in astronomical knowledge; but superstition and tradition have assigned to the celebrated founder of the Babylonian monarchy, a greater dignity than to the western rival: the former was long wor-

shipped by the Assyrians as one of their chief gods; whilst to the latter was committed the laborious and no very enviable task of supporting the earth upon his shoulders. Indeed, all the successors of Baal, or Belus, enjoyed the rare felicity of being honoured both living and dead. On leaving the globe, their souls, being transformed into genii, were distributed through the vast immensity of space, to superintend the nations, and to direct the influences of the heavenly orbits.

The Chaldean magic was chiefly founded on astrology, and was conversant with certain animals, metals, and plants, which were employed in all their incantations, and the virtue of which was derived from stellar influence. Great was the attention paid to the positions and configurations presented by the celestial sphere; and that it was only at favourable seasons that the solemn rites were celebrated. These ceremonies were accompanied during their celebration by many ridiculous, fantastic, and peculiar gestures; by leaping, clapping of hands, loud cries, prostrations, and, not unfrequently, unintelligible exclamations; burnt offerings and sacrifices, were used to propitiate superior powers. But our knowledge of the magical rites exercised by the ancient Oriental nations, (with the exception of the Jews,) is extremely limited. All the books professedly written upon this art, have been swept away by the torrent of time,—many also were destroyed by the first followers of Christianity, as being repugnant to the divine will. We learn, however, that the professors of magic, among the Chaldeans, were generally divided into the four following classes:

First, the *Ascapim*, or *charm*ers; whose office it was to remove present, or prevent future evils, &c.

Secondly, the *Mecaschephim*, or *magicians*, properly so called, who were conversant with the occult powers of nature, and the supernatural world.

Thirdly, the *Chasdun*, or *astrologers*, who constituted by far the most numerous and respectable class.

Fourthly, the *Oneirocritici*, or *interpreters* of dreams, a species of diviners, indeed, to which almost every nation of antiquity gave birth. They were denominated the Wise Men, and were sent for by Pharaoh,* Nebuchadnezzar,† and Belshazzar,‡ to interpret their extraordinary dreams, and the signs they witnessed.

The *talisman*, is probably an invention of the Chaldeans. It was generally a small image of stone, or of some metallic substance, of various forms and shapes. On it were several mysterious characters, cut under a

certain configuration of the planets; and some were believed to be powerfully efficacious, not only in averting evils, but in unfolding the dark and distant picture. Some learned men have lately expressed their doubts of the existence of the talisman, and have even contended that it is no older than the Egyptian amulet, which was probably an invention previous to the Christian era; but we have the authority of the sacred writings for asserting that the seraph, which, according to the Jewish doctors, gave oracular answers, greatly resembled the talisman, and was known at a very early period. There is no slight reason for concluding that the latter is either an imitation of the former, or that both are one and the same device.

(To be continued.)

Select Biography.

SADI,

Or Saadi, the celebrated Persian poet, was a native of Shiraz, the chief boast of which is its being his birthplace, and that of Hafiz. Sadi was born in 1175: he studied in Bagdad, and adopted a religious life; and is said to have made forty pilgrimages on foot to Mekka. His biographers state, that he passed thirty years of his life in study, thirty years in travelling, and thirty years more in retirement and devotion—so that he attained a patriarchal age. He fulfilled the common duty of the Moslems in combating the infidels, and carried arms in India and Asia Minor. He was made prisoner by the crusaders in Syria, and employed in digging the trenches at the siege of Tripoli. A rich merchant of Aleppo ransomed him, and gave him his daughter in marriage; but, according to the testimony of the poet, her conduct was such as to make him regret the slavery from which he had been rescued. Towards the close of his life, he built a hermitage near the walls of Shiraz, where he passed his time in devotional exercises. He died in 1296; and his sovereign, Kerim Khan, built a tomb over the site of the poet's hermitage. Mr. Morier visited this tomb, which he thus describes:

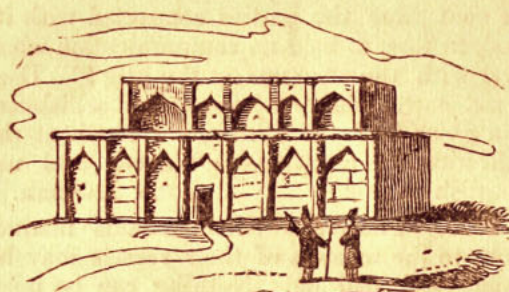
"It is situated in a recess of the mountains, about two miles to the N.E. of Shiraz. Nothing can be more unpicturesque than the approaches to it: not a speck of verdure is to be seen near it; and the hills that form an amphitheatre around are of a sterility that inspires horror. The tomb, which is a square, oblong stone, carved with inscriptions and ornaments, has been so abused and shattered, that on reflecting that it was erected to the memory of him whose genius still forms the delight of Asia, one retires from it disgusted with its state, and with the people who suffered it. It stands in the corner of a quadrangular building, that is attributed to Kerim Khan;

* Vide Genesis, chap. xli. v. 8.

† Daniel, chap. ii. v. 1, 10, and chap. iv. v. 7.

‡ Ibid. chap. v.

but whatever might have been its original endowment, it is at present the abode of misery, for a poor solitary dervish now occupies the building, who, besides the tomb, exhibits a copy of the poet's works, for which exhibition he gets whatever his visitors may choose to give him. The taste for poetry, so common to the Persians, may be remarked in the many lines scribbled on the white-washed walls of the room that incloses the tomb,—a propensity which they exhibit on all places which are the resort of the idle and the curious.”*



(Tomb of Saadi.)

The works of Sadi have been translated into French and English, and are familiar to the lovers of Oriental literature. Their character and merits are thus summed up by an eminent writer :

“Like all eastern nations, the Persians delight in tales, fables, and parables; for where liberty is unknown and power unlimited, knowledge must be veiled. The ear of a despot would be wounded by direct truths; and genius must condescend to appear in the only form in which it would be tolerated.

“The Persians boast of the great good which their most eminent moralist, Sadée, has produced, by his rare union of fancy, learning, urbanity, and virtue: his tales, which are appropriate to almost every conceivable event, convey the most useful lessons; and his maxims have acquired an authority almost equal to laws. His great object was to recommend good deeds to men, and justice and clemency to their rulers. In one of his admonitory odes to the former, he beautifully exclaims—

“Haif bur ân keruft ou kâr nâ sâkht :
Kous-e râhillet zud ou bâr uâ sâkht.”

“Alas! for him who is gone and has done no good deed:

The trumpet of march has sounded, and his load is not bound on.”

In his lessons to monarchs he has the following impressive stanza :

“Rahim koon ou be fouj der tuskheer bâsh.
Dilhâee aullum gheer ou Shâhe Aullumgheer bash.”

“Be merciful, and you will gain victories without an army.

Seize the hearts of mankind, and become the conqueror of the world.”†

We hear much of the respect paid to genius

* Second Journey, 4to, p. 63.

† Sir John Malcolm's Hist. Persia, vol. ii. p. 387.

by men of cultivated minds; but, the founder of Sadi's tomb had received no education. Though sovereign of Persia, it is stated that he could not even write. He was the son of a petty chief in a barbarous tribe, and in his youth, only valued such attainments as were suited to his condition of life: in these, he excelled; but, though unlearned himself, he valued and encouraged learning in others. His court was the resort of men of liberal knowledge, and his pious act of building Sadi's tomb, while it marked his regard for genius, gained him great popularity.

Spirit of Discovery.

MR. RICHARD LANDER'S EXPEDITION.

[In the *Literary Gazette* of last Saturday, we find the following summary of “all that is known at present of the expedition to the Niger,” communicated to the Editor by the brother of the praiseworthy adventurer:]

You are already apprized of the decease of Captain Harris of the *Qôwara*, and of the arrival of both steamers at the Eboe country. You are also aware that the sailing brig *Columbine* was to remain at the mouth of the Nun River to await their return. By a letter received from a medical gentleman at Old Calabar, dated April 19, I learn that “as a vessel called the *Martha* of this port was passing the Nun, on her destination to the Old Calabar River, she was hailed by a boat's crew from the *Columbine*. When received on board, the men stated that the captain of their vessel had died three weeks previously; that they had been reduced to great distress from the refusal of the natives to sell them provisions, from which extremity they were relieved by an American vessel which had happily just entered the river; and that they had themselves ventured over the bar to crave further assistance from the *Martha*. When questioned about the steamboats, they declared they had received no intelligence whatsoever respecting them, though five months had elapsed from the period of their departure.”

In allusion to this letter, I would venture to observe, that the people inhabiting the banks of the Nun River are exceedingly poor and destitute, being themselves very frequently in want of the necessaries of life. Their alleged refusal to assist the crew of the *Columbine* must have arisen from their utter inability to do so, rather than from any display of heartless indifference to the sufferings of our countrymen, though, Heaven knows, the poor wretches are bad enough at times. In regard to the non-arrival of information from the steamers in the interior, a thousand conjectures might be hazarded. For my own part, I see no great reason to wonder at this delay, chiefly because I am convinced no intercourse is, or can, under

existing circumstances, be established between any part of the interior and the coast. This would be at variance with the barbarous policy of the barbarous tribes inhabiting the country in the vicinity of the sea. They would not suffer a messenger from the interior to escape their vigilance. Were any one to attempt the journey, he would infallibly be captured and sold; therefore, unless our countrymen were themselves to descend the Niger, and be the bearers of their own despatches, I see no possibility of any communication being carried on between the steamers in the interior and the sailing brig on the coast.

A letter has just been received by a gentleman at this port from a young friend in the Bonny river; it is dated May 17. Adverting to the expedition, the writer says, "When we passed the river Nun, the Columbine was lying there, but nothing had been heard of the steamers that went up the country. I was told this by the captain of the Curlew sloop-of-war, who was on board the Columbine about a month ago. I gave him all the letters I had for the expedition, as he said he would return to the Brass River at the end of two or three weeks: a great many have died on board the brig."

Still more recent accounts, which I have been able to collect from individuals who have within these few days arrived from Bonny, confirm the accuracy of these statements, and give a still higher colouring to the distresses of the crew of the Columbine. One of them states, that the acting master and a boy, were the only survivors on board; and that these solitary individuals had sent to Bonny for assistance. However, I am disposed to doubt the truth of this report, simply because it was brought to Bonny by a native trader, whose steadiness and veracity could not be depended on. An intelligent young gentleman informed me yesterday,

that about the latter end of May a rumour prevailed very generally from Accra to Badagry, that "the white men in the *walking canoes* were in good health, and were trading a long way back in the bush."

I cannot close this letter without apprizing you of a fact, which will appear incredible to you. Can you believe me when I assert, on the most unquestionable authority, that there are merchants here so heartless and inhuman as to instruct the masters of their vessels who trade to the African coast, to "refuse any assistance to the expedition, of which it may stand in need; to reject all letters that may be sent from the parties connected with it; and, in fine, to hold no communication whatever with the steamers or the brig!" Does it not startle you, that jealousy and selfishness can go so far? Believe me, I blush at the reflection of a crime so hideous and un-English as this.

JOHN LANDER.

N.B.—The fact of the merchants' instructions to the masters of their vessels may be safely depended on. Nothing can be more true. They have gone even farther than I have ventured to hint. They have taken measures to prejudice the minds of the natives against the expedition.

Manners and Customs.

PERSIAN PECULIARITIES.

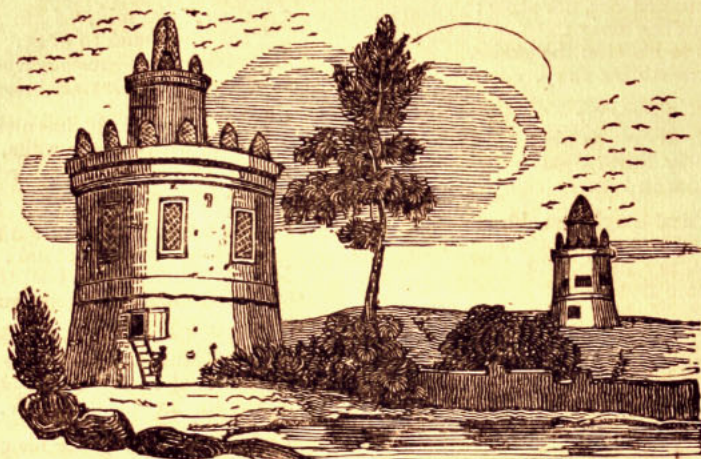
IN Persia, in the summer season, at night, all sleep on the tops of their houses, their beds being spread upon terraces, with the vault of heaven for a curtain or canopy. The poor seldom have a screen to keep them from the gaze of passengers. Mr. Morier, who generally rode out on horseback at an early hour, perceived on the tops of houses, people either in bed, or just getting up, and he observes, "certainly no sight was ever stranger." The women, (as in the cut copied



(Sleeping on the House tops.)

from Mr. Morier's Travels,) appear to be always up the first, whilst the men are frequently seen lounging in bed, "falsely luxurious," long after sunrise. This practice of sleeping on the housetop, speaks much in favour of the climate of Persia. That it was a Jewish custom, Mr. Morier thinks may be inferred from the passage where it is said that "in an evening tide, David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house."—2 Sam. xi. 2.

Keeping Pigeons is an important business in Persia; something more than a fancy, as with us. Thus, Mr. Morier says: "In the environs of Ispahan are many pigeon-houses, erected at a distance from habitations, for the sole purpose of collecting pigeons' dung for manure. They are large, round towers, rather broader at the bottom than the top, and crowned by conical spiracles through which the pigeons descend. Their interior resembles a honeycomb, pierced with a thousand



(Pigeon Houses.)

holes, each of which forms a snug retreat for a nest. More care appears to have been bestowed upon their outside, than upon that of the generality of the dwelling-houses, for they are painted and ornamented. The extraordinary flights of pigeons which I have seen alight upon one of these buildings, afford, perhaps, a good illustration for the passage in Isaiah, *Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?* lx. 8. Their great numbers and the compactness of their mass, literally look like a cloud at a distance, and obscure the sun in their passage. The dung of pigeons is the dearest manure that the Persians use: and as they apply it almost entirely for the rearing of melons, it is probable on that account that the melons of Ispahan are so much finer than those of other cities. The revenue of a pigeon-house is about 100 tomauns *per annum*; and the great value of this dung, which rears a fruit that is indispensable to the existence of the natives during the great heats of Summer, will probably throw some light upon that passage in Scripture, when in the famine of Samaria, *the fourth part of a cab of doves' dung was sold for five pieces of silver.* 2 Kings, vi. 25."

Catching Quails is a very curious but successful pursuit. Mr. Morier says: "They stick two poles in their girdle, upon which they place either their outer coat, or a pair of trousers, and these, at a distance, are intended to look like the horns of an animal. They then with a hand net prowl about the fields, and the quail seeing a form, more like a

beast than a man, permits it to approach so near as to allow the hunter to throw his net over it. The rapidity with which the Persians caught quails in this manner was astonishing, and we had daily brought to us cages full of them, which we bought for a trifle. In one of my rambles with a gun, I met a shepherd boy, who laughing at the few birds I had killed, immediately erected his horns, and soon caught more alive than I had killed."



(Catching Quails.)

The Public Journals.

SIR EUSTACE.

By the Hon. Augusta Norton.

CHILD of the dust! whose number'd hours
Are stealing fast away,
Whose sins are unrepented of,
Go shrive thee quick and pray!