

may fail in many things, and in the present fire engine, which are but just out of their cradle, and which took their principles from the *Attila*.

These indications of nature, with the good fortune of knowing how to execute with my own hands, have afforded me the pleasure of making a great number of experiments, and some improvements on engines, but especially in one I made for the *Dix de Charente*, which worked without the least condensation from cold water, to cause a vacuum which formed itself, and - greasy but - printed me the full time I saw such an effect.

These discoveries I hope to have the pleasure of publishing in my *Academical Works*, if I live a few years longer, as well as my improved corn-mill, with its fire-engine, which, I believe, is brought to the simplest state nature will allow me to do, by making the beats, which run out of the oven for baking, give steam enough for working an engine which will grind as much corn as the oven can bake in bread.

Mr. URBAN,

May 15.

SINCE your Magazine is often employed in reviving the memory of our deceased poets, it seems to me a proper regard to the curiosity of future generations to throw together a few circumstances now known, but which may be otherwise in future forgotten, of those now living. All the present merits, therefore, to which this list will lay claim, will be that of *post-mortem*; and aiding the memory in comprehending at some view the names, situations, and principal poems, of our modern poetical writers. In doing this, I have endeavored to avoid every thing of too private a nature; every thing improperly minute; and every thing of nature in my citations, which are there laid out purely superficial. Nor have I had the patience to act as a compiler; I have been too lazy to turn over books from my memory, and may therefore perhaps, incur the censure of being frequently too general.

A List of Living English Poets, with Biographical Notes regarding them.

Dr. Joseph Warton, Head Master of Winchester School (elder brother of the late Laureat), is son of the Rev. Thomas Warton, B. D. formerly of Magdalen

College, Oxford, and Professor of Poetry in that University, and afterwards master of a school at Balafriske in Hamt, who was himself a poet of some merit, as appears by a volume of his compositions, published by subscription after his death in 1745, by this son. He was educated first, I believe, with his father, but afterwards at Winchester, from which he removed in 1749, at the same time with his unfortunate friend (Collier) to Oriel College, Oxford, and there, when A. B. first published in a quarto pamphlet his *Poems*, most of which were afterwards inserted in *Delia*, though the *Ode to Fanny*, the most popular of them, has received numerous alterations in the various publications in which it has had a place since its first appearance there. His "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope," the most elegant dissertation on poetry, in our own, and, perhaps, in any language, very early established its fame.

William Mayne, A. M. became very early in life distinguished. I believe he is a native of Hull, in Yorkshire, where his father resided as a clergyman. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, whence, being introduced to Gray, by means, I think, of his Mother-in-law, he was by his interest elected a Fellow of Pembroke Hall (of which illustrious seminary *Speiser* had formerly been a member), inheriting a good fortune (if I recollect from Archbop Hutton), and being preferred by his patron the late earl of Holderness, where he has built an excellent parsonage-house, and having a present independence the rural and quiet life a poet ought to lead, though there are those who have wished him rather to rove in the tendency of his political opinions. His *Character* and *Estimable*, his exquisite *Elkly* on Lady Coventry, his English Garden, his Translation of Pindar, &c. have gained him a general and deserved reputation.

James Esdaile, LL.D. a native of Scotland, the elegant author of that most exquisite poem *The Miser's*, published about 1767, a Collection of Poems, in which there appears to me few prospects of that delightful genius, which has since displayed itself, though the little elegant, plaintive, and popular song of *The Hermit* is among them, as well as

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The Rev. William Bagshaw Stovell, A. M. Head Master of the School at Ryepton, in Derbyshire, is a native of Abingdon, in Berkshire, and was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, of which he is still a member. He very early distinguished himself as Colledge by a publication, consisting of *Isidore Odier, and other Poems*, remarkable for the boldness of their fancy. About 1780, he published a Poem in blank verse, intitled, *Retirement*; to which were annexed three or four very elegant and rich Odes. His contributions very often adorn your Magazine.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Urban, April 29.
 PALLCO. In the second of Mr. Gilpin's elegant volumes, intitled, "Remarks on Forest Scenery," speaking of New Forest, in Hampshire, he says, "Very often the eagle himself is found in the forest. Mammivorous and rocky countries are his delight; but, where food becomes scarce in those desolate regions, he finds it convenient to make an excursion into the forest."

Q. What particular species of eagle does Mr. Gilpin allude to? and from what rocky country are the eagles which visit New Forest supposed to migrate?

A. In the years 1789 and 1790 owls were so remarkably abundant as to occasion a scarcity of pigeons, few were seen in the South of England escaping their ravages; and, what was more singular, they hooded much during broad daylight.

The *leucis callaris* does not appear in the list of birds seen by Mr. White at Selborne, in Hants; but Mr. Markwick has observed it at Castlefield, in Suffolk, where, he informs us, it breeds. (See Linnean Society's Transactions, vol. I.). In June, 1791, I observed James Jay, in mine own vicinity, a pair of these beautiful birds among some low blackthorn bushes, in which they probably had a nest. Albin's representations of both cock and hen are very exact.

The rufficks in these parts preferred to distinguish two varieties of the *seruus jaxa*, the one smaller than the other, and the former building in hedges, the other in trees. I cannot learn that any such distinction has been made by the writers in ornithology; but, as the observations of rufficks are always made from Nature, they often are just. I will acknowledge the pro-

perty of Mr. Gilpin's seeming jay, woodpecker, and kites, capital performers in the hand of *seruus chlorifrons*; if he will allow me to add the magic to the list, which, both as regard to voice and beauty, may fairly be considered as another advenitious addition to the majesty of forest scenery.

Pica. Mr. Pennant is mistaken (as the most accurate Naturalists cannot help sometimes being) in saying, that the *pica major* keeps altogether in the woods; "since a pair of these birds appeared for two or three days this spring in my orchard, which is two miles distant from any wood." Their chirp is short and strong, and they have, besides, a laughing, huffing note, like that of the *picus viridis*, only less shrill and loud.

Jays. The *Jays ferruginea* is remarkably prognosticates the near commencement of "the vagrant cuckoo's note," that it is generally known in this neighbourhood by the synonyma of the "cuckoo's messenger," or "cuckoo's mate"; by some, indeed, it is called the "summer-bird."

Cuckoo. Near London I have heard the *corax canorus* as late as the 9th of July; and I think I have heard it in that month in mine own neighbourhood. In the course of 16 years Mr. Markwick never heard it after the 16th of June.

Frazer. This under observations of Mr. Gilpin's (in the volume before quoted) coincide with the opinion I entertain of the *seruus callaris* being an aboriginal of England: "The partridge is not so fond of the wild fens of the forest as the pheasant. She is more the bird of cultivation. The pheasant has no objection to a field of corn; but he can procure his living without it; he can make a hearty meal of the wild berries of the woods, or content himself with a belly-full of acorns. To him, therefore, corn is a luxury; to the partridge it is a necessity." The blackcock, on the other hand, is more a *seruus rufus* than evenible pheasant."

Sparrows. C. Naturalists account why the *seruus vulgaris* affeets the company of crows? Such is the fact. If it is for the sake of catching insects, why do not they, like the *seruus alpinus*, attend hordes likewise? The circumstance is curious, and has never (as I know of) been investigated.

Hirundo. The hirundines come by degrees and go by degrees. I see them first about churches and *seruus* chimneys, and

and laid over meadows and running streams. *Cetrages* chimerae are occupied by the *seruus rufus* for some time before the gentlemen are, probably, because left expired. The *seruus rufus* either comes with a blight, or is tempted out by a blight, for I usually see them first on a blighting day. As the baseful haze, dominated blight, is an aggregate of insects, the circumstance is readily accounted for; and with the evil Nature kindly sends the remedy.

Motacilla. In congenial weather the fascinating *motacilla lugens* sings here all day and all night. Last summer the *motacilla phoeniceus* were uncommonly abundant, and many are here this I suspect (but never can have the satisfaction of ascertaining the fact) that the same pairs of this species profit themselves of the identical fame longings during their sojournment here one summer as they occupied the preceding; and that for the period of ten or twelve years, which perhaps may be the natural term of "their little lives." The violent bullie these alive withouts are in for a few days after their arrival, and before their departure, is highly entertaining to the mind in love with GOD and GOD's works. *Motacilla modularis* is yet more perplexing. *Motacilla ruficollis* seems equal to enduring the extremes of both cold and heat, since it has been observed, by Mr. White and Mr. Markwick, to have survived the cold of our severest winters, and is attracted, by Mr. Edwards, to be a native of the East Indies, as well as of England. *Motacilla alba*: Mr. Markwick's observations on these birds are such as have of an occurred to me. My opinion is, that one pair of the *motacilla alba* is stationary in every village or hamlet, and that the broods these produce are constantly expelled the district, as soon as they are able to cater for themselves, and are strong enough to take a distant flight. I take their retreat to be, from whence, I apprehend, they never return to the places of their nativity. During

winter, and in breeding-time, I have reason to think the old ones conceal themselves in old walls and decayed willow-trees; yet I never heard of them or their nests being discovered. They couple early in the year, yet bring their young out the hard of any birds I have seen till Michaelmas at soonest. Their particulars concern the *motacilla alba* only; for the *motacilla alba* and *motacilla cinerea* I see little of. *Motacilla hypoleuca* did the little bird, mentioned in Mr. White's charming "Natural History of Selborne," prove the Peary-chaps or not? A bird of similar description haunts my garden, but I cannot learn its name.

Larva. The broods of *larva pyrrhula* keep together all winter, and part of the spring.

Fringilla. The broods of *fringilla serripennis* do not part off till towards the end of April. *Fringilla colles* siffert sometimes in companies of all cocks and one hen, and at other times appear in flocks of all hens accompanied by one cock. In the spring they divide into pairs; and while the hen is sitting, the cock flies singly. *Fringilla spinax*; I have, for these two last seasons, observed a few of these birds among some pines and whiteth. Mr. Markwick says they do not breed in Suffolk; neither do they here; but, as its egg is figured by W. J. Lewin among other eggs of British birds, collected by the Dutchess of Portland, it should seem that her Grace was fully satisfied that it bred in Britain.

Emberiza. I think the *emberiza cristata* is the full bird that hatches in the South of England.

Like the *ardae karvella*, *ardae jenny*, &c. &c. the *ardae farrax*, *ardae cornix*, *colombus egnax*, *colombus palumbus*, *ardae cristata*, *colaptes gallinago*, *colaptes gallinula*, and *colaptes ruficollis*, all seem by degrees becoming rare in this kingdom, or totally extinct; and I do not find that any new species appear in the field of their already gone, except we may reckon the *colaptes bismantou* and *seruus glaucus* such. In my ninth letter to the Hon. Daines Barrington, Mr. White says, "At present I do not know any body near the sea-side that will take the trouble to remark at what time of the moon woodcock first come: if I lived near the sea myself, I would soon tell you more of the matter." By comparing Mr. Markwick's memorandum of the woodcock's arrivals, during

1792.]

Mr. Urban, *Magazine, June 18.*
By inferring the following oblique
coups you will vary much oblige,
Yours, &c.
L. T.

On Brouncker.
"There the King's writer abashed dwelling,
"Addid he nobis a colloquium."
— *part Cantos. l. 130.*

By most editors of *Chaucer*, this *Sir
Knyght* is supposed to have been *Sir Sa-
mund Lufk*, a colonel in the parliament
army; but, may I advance my
opinion, that it was *Colonel Pride*
(Thom Butler's another place *Ayle* *Sir
Pride*), and to support this I will make
use of this argument.

In *part I.*, *Canto IX.* Where "the
baites engage in fierce contests about
their carnal interests," and in the *later
end of the life* speech made in parlia-
ment, just before *Cromwell* (for reasons
best known to himself) WITH HIS
ARMY "saw'd 'em all out of dress," are
these lines:

Death they'd prov'd the deed author
Of th' execution, and to eke the danger
For when they dur'd a kin with the guile
Of all to a *Abd* that had been guile,
They'd set the man, he wrought of
In person, like his *Prison* or *Freedom*, &c.

Queen, what *Prison* or *Freedom* did *Sir
Prison* or *Freedom* work? It was like-
wise wrought in prison. Now this
Prison was a fountaining, made a colonel
and knight by *Cromwell*; *Freedom* was
an escaped the-maker, and likewise
made a colonel and knight by *Cromwell*.
To show up the whole as well as I can,
I will give your reader an extract from
an old book I have (printed 1660),
called "The Mystery of the Good Old
Cause." In relating the life, &c. of
Henry, it is thus: "He was thought
worthy to be one of the 53 honourable
persons of the Committee of Safety, that
were to manage all publick affairs of the
nation; and was consider'd upon a frame of
government to be established; but in the
week of that great work he was in all
bath, by his brethren of that committee,
sent to a cage in London, to *kill* and *kill*
that same day playing at foot ball in
the streets, much like his brother *Prison*,
who cruelly destroyed the *assassins* *Prison*,
&c. *Prison*, Mr. Urban, will not disac-
count for the effusion made by *Prison*
and *Freedom*? And is there not some
reality in *Prison's* killing the *Prison* of
which *Prison*, in his *Prison*, has given
Chambers's History, completed 1715.

to ample relation! And, if so, *Prison*
is certainly the hero of the poem; be-
ides, he will inherit Butler's *Delicacy*
— *part I. Canto II. Line 794.* It ap-
pears that *Prison* was a *Prison*. I should
be glad to know his real name; I be-
lieve *Sir Roger L'Estrange* mentions this
PERSON:

Let us that are imber and whole,
Fall on, and "say, men be, &c."
— *part I. Canto III. l. 638.*

Pray what's the meaning of the words
in italics?
part I. Canto III. l. 1106. Canonical
exeat of *Prison*, *Prison*, who, or what,
is understood by *Prison*? This again oc-
curs in *part II.*, *Canto II. l. 544.*
"At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
And flurly furiously on *Prison*."
— *part II. Canto II. l. 544.*

This is true Pre-bysterian spirit; for,
if they have no foreign enemies to fight
with, they will not fail to be discontent
and quarrel with their friends at home.
N. B. The selected head of *Chaucer*
(*Prison*) I believe it (though a hady per-
formance) to be a good likeness of that
eminent poet, and hope it will find a
place in your excellent Miscellany.

Mr. Urban,
THE mythology tell us, that, when
Jupiter found his wife barren, he
gave himself a blow on his forehead
through vexation, as some people do
when they have caught themselves in
a fit of stupidity. In about three months,
his godship felt an unusual commotion,
and some troublefome throes, in his
brain upon which he fear for Vulcan
to make an incision in the part affected.
The honest blacksmith, being no very
delicate operator, took a hatchet, and
split the skull of his patient; when, to
his astonishment, there leaped out, not
a tender, little, naked girl, but a bold
virago, in complete armour, who threw
him into such a panic, that he ran
away.

This fable is mentioned by *Horace*,
in his *Hymn to Pallas*; by *Apollonius*,
Rhodius, *l. IV. 1310*; by *Strebortus*,
who is quoted in the *Scholia* to *Apol-
lonius*; by *Ovid*, *Fal. l. III. 841*; by
Lucretius, in a Dialogue between *Jupiter*
and *Vulcan*; by *Apollodorus*, *l. I. c.*
III. and many others.

The gentleman who wished to know
what classical authority there is for this
ridiculous fable, and applied to *Dr.*
Hawwood

Hawwood for information, seems to
have had but a slight acquaintance with
the writers of antiquity. Possibly, *Mr.*
Urban, in this age of criticism, there
may be many superficial geniuses, who
may wish to know something more about
the genealogy of *Widdon*, than the
learned *Dr.* has communicated. You
will therefore, I hope, favour them with
the foregoing intelligence for their edifi-
cation; as they may not always be
so happy as to meet with "an elderly
man in a rusty black coat, and an old
white wig" who will condescend to
take hatchet, and open a skull, that is
almost impenetrable.

Yours, &c.
J. R.—N.

Mr. Urban, *For. Mag. 24.*
I was once in the possession of *Mis-
TON*, and is now the property of a re-
spectable clergyman in this county, are
federal notes in MS. which in the
course of the last summer I was in-
dulg'd with a fight w/; and now send
you a copy of some which appeared to
me the most remarkable.

On I. Macbeth. l. 19:
"When our fathers were led into Persia,
the priests that were then devout, took the
fire of the altar private, and hid it in a hol-
low piece of a pit without water, where they
kept it close, to that the place was unknown
to all men."
He observes,
"Perhaps the reason why the Persians
worship fire to this day."
On I. Macbeth. xiv. 6.
"Now when it was heard at Rome, and
24 far as Spain, that Jonathan was dead,
they were very sorry."
He observes,
"When that day of death shall come,
then shall mighty shades prevail:
Some shall love and mucke fallie,
Some the flesh turlie-tender shade,
shall flourish on my deeping shade."
Then follows a roughly-drawn
picture of himself, somewhat like the
very hairy *Bech* in *pl. III. fig. 51* at
top of which is written "J. Miltonius,
M. A. C. Coll." and at bottom, "My-
self, 1630."

On the opposite side is written the
following in a different hand:
"Mr. Harbottle to Mr. Milborne tenth
the 12 books of the Grecian volumes, and
is obliged to him—
Othob and
See p. 522.

In another part of the Bible there is
an earlier portrait of himself familiar to
the above, and prefixed in the following
manner:
"1639, at Cambridge City—
"J. Milton, son of J. Milton, born in
Oxford, Univ. of Christ College, Cambridge.
This part of very dearest acquaintance, and
I wene will send methinks signs of em-
phatick sps."
Then follows a fight sketch (sig-
naled like that in *fig. 51* with
"1639—J. Milton, A. M."

I shall not presume to make any con-
jecture on this subject, being now ad-
dressing myself to one who is so much
more able to do it than myself. I have
only to add, that from every appear-
ance, there is reason to believe them
genuine manuscripts of *Milton*.
Yours, &c.
H. B. PEACOCK.

Fig. 7. is a ring found near *Croyland*,
and now in the possession of *Mr. Jen-
nings*, ironmonger, of *Spalding*.
A Life of Living English Poets, with Bi-
ographical Notes regarding them.
(Continued from p. 504.)
THE Rev. *Richard Peverell*, of *Ken-
ton*, near *Exeter*, who, I presume,
is of an ancient Cornish family, is dis-
tinguished for his elegant fancy, his
great classical learning, and the vigour
of his acquisitions. He has translated
Theocritus; is author of *The English
Orator*, has written *Sonnets*, which he
published 1735, under the title of *Pic-
tures from Nature*, and has produced a
volume of Sermons, besides probably
other things. He has now undertaken
to write *The History of the County of De-
von*, and though, perhaps, his know-
ledge of that kind might not be, what
he engaged in is very copious, or in-
accurate; yet the application of minds
accomplished to such subjects is the only
thing that in any opinion can, thro' a
grace upon them; and there is no rea-
son to doubt, that, from his personal
talents and indelible application, he
will do the undertaking amply well.
William Cowper, Esq. of the *Windsor*
Temple, Barrister at Law (grandson of
Spencer Cowper, the Judge, brother of
the Chancellor), was educated at *Win-
chester*, *Exeter*, and *Worcester*. *Cam-
bridge*, and having some years
since retired from the study of the law,

London.

London.

London.

he probably unaccompanied with his train of mind, spent his time in the quiet of a country retirement, I believe, with his friend, Mr. Upton, since deceased, when, in 1793, "he borst" at once "into" a "flooded blaze" by the publication of his *7th*, a poem so beautiful, so true an exemplification of the force of that divine art, that all language fails now, when I attempt to do it justice. Admiration was the greater, because a volume of his poems, published a year or two before, though possessing merit of a different species, drew no traces of the fire, the rich fancy, the moral position of this latter production. Opinions differ about the new *Translation of Homer* by this true poet; but, as I am one of those who judge of a composition rather by its general fascination than an examination of its parts, and think a work excellent in proportion as it hurries me on by its powers of interest, I am delighted with Cooper, because I cannot take him up without wishing to read him through, whereas I could never, by any exertion, get through one Book of the *Translations of Homer*.

Henry James Esq. (the representative of an ancient family seated at Farnham in Berkshire, which county he long represented in Parliament, and which paternal seat he sold, in 1758, to Mr. Hallist of Cannons), has long been known for his poetical publications, and succeeded, in 1790, the late lamented Laurence, Tom Watson, in his office. His *Roxburghs Hill, Progress of Religion*, &c. are well known. Most amiable in private life, and universally beloved in his own country, it is generally lamented, that he should find it expedient to retire from the situation that himself and his ancestors had long held with such credit in Berkshire.

James Lawrence, LL.D., a native of Bristol, and now one of the Council for the Managers in the Impachment of Mr. Hastings, was, edgewood, first, I think, at Walsden-Abbey, and afterwards at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, of which he was a scholar, and distinguished there for his genius and his industry. He was one of the several authors of the *Galileo*, and wrote some *French Sermons*, &c. which are inserted anonymously in the *Album for the Year*.

John Robinson, Esq. Barrister at Law, author of the new and elegant *Comedy of the English*, was, I believe,

born, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and is supposed to be one of the contributors of antimaterial wit, who produced the *Galileo*, &c.

Thomas Taylor, Esq., as well as Mr. *Shelton*, ought to be mentioned among this list; but they have been so much talked of in this list, that few words are necessary regarding them. Political writers are too often the masters of a day.

Of John Hook, the translator of Tasso and Ariosto, a full account has lately been given in the *European Magazine*. His 100, the Rev. *Richard How*, LL.B. author of *The Corals*, a poem, and the *Remarks of Aristotle*, a poem, in several books, 1789, seems to be a more original writer.

Samuel Rogers Budge, Esq. a native of Kent, and educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, and the Middle Temple, published in March, 1785, at the age of 22, a Collection of *Sonnets and other Poems*, of which an account may be seen in your vol. LV.

The Rev. *James Herd*, create of *Barnwell*, in Suffolk, is the author of *The Pillager Corals*, *Astraea*, or *The First of June*, and other poems.

The Rev. *George Crabbe*, citizen of the late of Duke of Rutland, is author of the *Library*; the *Neophyte*, the *Pillager*, &c. all of the familiar kind, and all of peculiar excellence. He has also given a pleasing specimen of his prose, in the "Natural History of the Vale of Belvoir," which forms a part of Mr. Nichol's *Letcher's Collection*. Mr. Crabbe is now rector of Mignon in that county. (To be continued.)

Mr. URBAN, *Printer's Press, Westminster, July 4.*

THE list of publications relative to the Roman Catholics, p. 219, and the supplement to it, p. 494, induce me to request the favour of you, or some of your learned correspondents, to give an accurate list of the several publications upon the subject of the slave-trade, from the first starting the subject to this moment, when it seems nearly hushed down.

To an inquisitive and reflecting man, whom narrow circumstances, and frequently a distant residence from the metropolitan keeps far remote from the busy scenes of life, nothing can be more agreeable than to be informed where he may glean a little knowledge of what has been said of done by others upon occasions

occasions, which have somehow or other awakened his half-sleeping affections to society. Some very important occasions have lately awakened mine, and now, roused from the lethargy of unthinking indifference, I should like to know where to get the fullest list of publications respecting the revolutions in France, Poland, and the Low Countries; upon the question between the Established Church and the Dissenters so the repeal of the Test Act; and other subjects connected with it by the dissenters, though certainly distinct from it, most particularly upon the reform or alteration of our Liturgy. Such communications would render your Magazine most completely what it is in a very great measure, a valuable repository of curious, philosophical, and historical hints.

RUSKIN URBA.

TWO MONTHS TOUR IN SCOTLAND. (Continued from p. 513.)

GOWRIE HOUSE is now converted into barracks; the most interesting apartments, however, still remain their ancient form; and the very closet, a fire-place and shallow one, in a mean chamber, is shewn to strangers, where the tremendous man in armour stood concealed.

From a terrace behind the house, and bordering upon the Tay, is a commanding view of an elegant stone bridge, consisting of nine ample arches, there lately thrown across that river; beyond which, at about two miles distance, lies Seaton, of old the only legal place of refuge and coronation to the kings of Scotland.

From Perth, through the field of Loncarry, famous for the achievements of the gallant Ruffic Hay, and through a difficult exhibiting no defensible specimens of cultivation, the traveller advances towards the Highlands, now being unwillingly to rise before him. It was in vain that we cast many a desiring look towards Dunsmuir and, though it was pretended to be pointed out to us, it remains a doubt whether it could be discerned at all from any part of the track we were pursuing. Passing through a long plantation of Scotch fir, the face of the country assumes a ruder air, whilst the vast chain of the Grampian mountains, stretching far away towards the left, frown solemnly as they retire. Descending gradually down a narrow vale, a small village points out the spot

where Birmam wood once flourished. It describes no more; whilst a few birches, thinly spread along the hill-side, seem to tell the passenger, that it has not even yet recovered its exertions to confront the hopes "bove wisdom, grace and fear," and to render "thrifless the vaulting ambition" of the haughty and murderous Macbeth. All here was chaff ground; and we were almost equally forgotten and pleased to find the humblest inmate of the village qualified to enter into the spirit of our questions upon that subject, which, in such a situation, would be the most naturally and powerfully in possession of our minds.

And be it here allowed me to remark the admirable felicity and force of Shakspeare's genius, finding on the simple suggestion (as related by Buchanan) of a dream, to build on it that bold and most dramatic impertinification of the Weild Sibers, with all its appropriate machinery of spells and charms, to deduce Macbeth to their infernal purpose, by predictions of his advancement to the throne. An inferior mind, following the historic narrative, would have been content to have conveyed the occurrence to an audience through the medium of polished declamation. There is, however, most certainly, a time for all things; and it is hazardous perhaps but little to assert, that amidst the present almost general diffusion of letters, and the faithfulness of modern criticism, not even the genius of our immortal Bard would obtain for the wretched Bard of Macbeth a patient hearing, were they now for the first time to be produced upon the stage.

(To be continued.)

July 10.

Mr. URBAN,

THE following account of an improvement in the management of bees, which is strongly recommended by those who have put it in practice, may not be unacceptible to some of your readers.

The improvement is that of having *double* skeps, the one on the top of the other. When the lower skep is filled with honey, it is to be removed after the bees are admitted (through a passage which is made to be opened) into the upper skep; into this skep food must be put, and the bees will remain there, and go on with their work in it. When it is filled with honey, the former skep (with food in it) may be replaced, and the

If he be a freeman, having face and law, and his right to do as he pleases with his land, himself and all his lands are at the mercy of the King. Or if the freeman of any other land should fly away from any enemy whatsoever, and his lord should carry up any other man in his field, he that was summoned shall forfeit 40 shillings to his lord. If however, no one should go in his field, he nevertheless shall pay the 40 shillings for his lord; but his lord shall forfeit the whole of the money to the king.

In the city of Shrewsbury, in the time of King Edward the Confessor, there were 133 houses, and all the burgesses who inhabited these houses paid 1s. 6d. 8d. per annum rent. Here King Edward had the following customs:

If any person wilfully broke the peace given under the King's own hand, he was outlawed; and whoever broke the King's peace given by the Sheriff was fined 100 shillings; and the like sum was paid by whomsoever committed Forfeiture, or Ham-fure. These three forfeitures King Edward had in demesne throughout all England, besides his rents.

When the King resided in this city he was waited on by 15 men from amongst the principal citizens; and, when the King went a-bunting there, the burgesses of both substance and who had horses, guarded the King with arms. But the Sheriff sent 30 men on foot to the field during the King's fly there. He was also to find 15 men for Marlesey Park for 8 days, according to custom.

When the Sheriff chose to go into Wales, whoever refused to obey his orders to accompany him forfeited 40 shillings.

A woman taking a man to husband, if a widow, she paid the King 10 shillings; if a maid, 10 shillings, and then the night money. Whoever should burn the house of a burgess, by any means, or in any case, or by negligence, forfeited 40 shillings to the King, and two shillings to each of his two nearest neighbours, by way of a relief.

When a burgess died who held of the King in demesne, the King had 10 shillings. If any burgess broke the term imposed upon him by the Sheriff, he was fined 10 shillings. Whoever drew blood forfeited 40 shillings.

On the King's departure from the city, the Sheriff Lemerde sent 24 horsemen with him, and the King took them with him as far as the first house in Staffordshire. The King had here three mist-madders, who afterwards jointly lifted coin in like manner as other mist-madders of the country. They each paid the King 40 shillings per day for fifteen days.

The whole that this city paid was 20l. per annum; of which the King had two parts, and the Sheriff one-third.

In the year preceding that description it paid 40l. to Earl Roger.

J. H.

A List of Living English Poets, with Biographical Notes regarding them.

(Continued from p. 486.)

THE Rev. W. L. Bowyer, M.A., I believe, a native of London, and was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, where he obtained the undergraduate prize from the University for the best Latin verses of his year. He has published several poems, as Sonnets; Verses to the Philanthropic Society; to the Memory of John Howard, a Monody, written at Mallock, &c.; in most of which there is a pathos, a fancy, a melancholy, and moral turn, that are highly pleasing; but throughout by far too much laxity and carelessness. His young friends, *Headly* (who, I believe, was educated under Dr. Parr) and *Ruggill*, a Wiltshams, both of very promising poetical talents, died in the flower of their age, and are, if I recollect right, celebrated by him. The original poems of the former (not his selections from our old bard, a book which I cannot help thinking very imperfect) I have never seen, and should be glad to be informed where they are to be had.

Mr. *Rickards*, who lately won the prize at Oxford by his admirable poem *On the Aberrigial Britons* (vol. L.XI. p. 67) is son of the Rev. Mr. Rickards, who resides at his living of *Ranham*, in Kent, to which he lately removed out of *Newfield*. I ought not to have omitted the illustrious *Peter Pinder* (Dr. Walker), of a whole serious writings. I have seen some such elegant specimens, that I must ever regret his wasting his excellent talents in fatires and personalities, which will die with the subjects who caused them. The author is a Cornish man, and principally resides in that country; from whence he brought the celebrated painter *Opis* from the lowest obscurity.

Mr. *Merry*, better known by the signature of *Dilla Crayfa*, was, though of a mercantile family, well-known on coming into life in fashionable circles; from whence he retired to Italy, and was a member of a literary society there, which consisted of Mr. Poyez, Mr. Barrie Greathead, Mr. Parsons, &c. On his return to England, he communi- cated to the news-papers, called *The World*, most of those poems signed *Dilla Crayfa*, which, however timely and un- chaste, have gained him a popular reputation. He married some time since the celebrated Adress *Miss Brewster*.

They were published by Mr. Dilly. EDITOR.

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Berrie Greathead, esq. of *Gery's Cliff*, near Warwick, is the son of Samuel Greathead, esq. of the same place, by a sister of the present Duke of Ancaster. He is a great patron of Mrs. Siddons, and has produced a tragedy, &c.

John Hampster, a younger brother of Sir Charles Warwick Bampfylde, bart. was educated at Cambridge, and produced about 1778, a collection of Green Sonnets, in which there appears to me much peculiar and original merit. *Thomas Marwick*, LL.B. a Cornish man, has published some Sonnets and other poems.

The Rev. Mr. *Pattor*, who resides upon his living in Norfolk, is the ingenious translator of *Æschylus*, *Æræstides*, and *Sophocles*; and the author of several original poems, published in Doodley's Collection, and separately in face.

Of Mr. *Cumbersland*, whose paternal grandfather was a well learned bishop, and whose maternal was the immortal Dr. Bentley, I have said nothing, because he has seemed to rest his fame on his prose rather than his poetry. *Richard Owen Cambridge*, esq. the author who published three or four poems when at *Kings' College*, Cambridge; Dr. *Dredg*, who resides at *Lewes*, in Sussex; and Mr. *Capel Luff*, who was educated at Peter-house (and now seems, at his retirement in *Suffolk*, to employ himself in support of the principles of Diligence and Uniformity); all seem long since to have become feeders at least from the Muses; as does Mr. *John Pateras*, whose ingenious reflections are now turned towards Antiquity, though he was formerly an enthusiast in poetry, as is testified by his *Rhymers*, his *Fables in Verse*, and his *Dubyrachic Odes*.

Hugh Downman, M.D. a physician of Exeter, is author of a didactic poem on *Injunct*, &c. The ingenious Dr. *Akers*, M.D. now of Yarmouth, in Norfolk (brother to Mrs. Barbauld), has lately published a small volume of miscellaneous poems. The Rev. Dr. *Cramer* is author of a poem, intitled, *The Village of Aurora*, in imitation of Goldsmith. Mr. *Parri* (formerly known by the signature of *Curriey Melmoth*) is author of *Sympathy*, a poem which has gained him considerable reputation. The Rev. Mr. *Taylor* is well known for his translations of *Pedar*, &c. *Eylis Jansen*, esq. (who was formerly, I think, surgeon to a regiment in the East In-

dies), published some years since some *Oriental Elegies*, which were much admired. Dr. *Seyers* is author of *Odes on the Gothic Mythology*.

Of *Barnis*, the Airshire ploughman, the poems, selected to attract the notice of the publick, were certainly eminently beautiful; but an examination of the other compositions in his book does not confirm the same degree of admiration. Captain *Sudley*, lately of Southampton, published, last year, a volume of poems, which, I am told, are deserving of high praise (for I have not seen them). Capt. *James* has also published a collection of his compositions; and I forgot to mention Mr. *Woodhall*, the rival translator of *Æschylus*.

In apology for the defects of this list, I may be allowed not only to be unacquainted with many modern writers, however great their merit, but, through a momentary want of recollection, to have omitted several very familiar to me; as I have in fact found to be the case with me as to some of great eminence, when I discovered my deficiency too late to insert them in their proper places; for which reason I must be contented that catalogue may not be considered as attempting any order.

If this is approved, the list of *Post-offis* shall follow it. K. Z.

ANECDOTES OF PROFESSOR BJORNSTAH.

THIS gentleman, who was professor of the Oriental and Greek languages at the university of Lund, in Sweden, left Constantinople in January, 1779, and arrived, early in February, at Volo, in Thessaly, where the bad weather detained him until the 17th of March, when he quitted that place, accompanied only by a janissary, intending to visit the famous Greek convent upon Mount Athos, and to go from thence to Athens. No intelligence concerning him having been received at Constantinople during several months, his friends there thought that he had perished in some untimely manner; and this melancholy idea was corroborated by the accounts of the troubles which had at that period commenced in the Greek provinces. At length an express arrived at Constantinople, towards the close of July, with an account that this indefatigable and learned Professor had been seized with a dysentery at Lymbori, a small village at the foot of Olympus, some miles from Salonica; that, advised

1904 Mr. Milner and St. George.—Mr. Blakely on Pindarus. [New

Mr. Urban, Nov. 17. The favourable report which your Constant Reader, P. 843, and your Reviewer, p. 913, have been pleased to make of the issue of a controversy, which was first set on foot in your latter *Palimpsest*, does not permit me to defer any longer giving answers to the queries put to me by the former, with respect to certain points I have mentioned in the course of it. By way of explaining the emblematical design, which always accompanies the figure of St. George, I entered at large into the origin of these emblems in general, and, speaking of St. Lucy, or Lucia, a Christian martyr of Sicily, in the persecution of Dioclesian, I said that the painters and sculptors had made an allusion to her name, which is derived from *lux*, or *light*, in the emblem they have attributed to her, which, I said, was a kind of *dioptric glass*; but, I ought to have added, was sometimes the representation of human eyes on a disk. Your correspondent desired to be informed where the figure in question is to be met with; and I could find none at present, able to satisfy him; and of the pictures and statues of saints having been destroyed at the Reformation. However, this gentleman may be convinced that I have not invented the emblem in question, in order to help out the theory I have laid down upon this subject, by referring to the late celebrated hagiographer, Alban Butler, *Saints Lives for December* 31, whose erudition Mr. Gibson himself, in his History, highly recommends; and to the learned Paquotius, in his Notes on Molanus, p. 394. In this particular reference to the work of the last-mentioned author, whom I quoted in my Enquiry, I have answered the second question of your Constant Reader.

Yours, &c. J. MILNER.

Mr. Urban, Nov. 4. I BEG leave to present my compliments to your correspondent, the learned clergyman, whose name should be known to all lovers of arts and sciences; I desire you would let him know, that I sent to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, Mr. Jaquet's improvement

on pendulums; and that the Society answered me as follows:—

To Mr. B. L. A. K. E. Y.

London, January 15, 1781. I have the honour to acknowledge the letter, in the name of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, &c. to thank you for the communication of the method of correcting the errors, heat and cold cause to pendulums, by Mr. Jaquet; and likewise your letter on ancient timepiece. I am ordered to say, that the Society will be much obliged to you for the continuation of your correspondence. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, SAMUEL MOORE.

From this you see, Mr. Urban, that the Society has received the information. Besides my report on the effects of the pendulum, I sent a drawing of the watch, with the lens painted in yellow, and the rest in Indian ink. Pray, Sir, let this polite clergyman know, that I am going to publish my correspondence with the Society, in which Mr. Jaquet's improvement will be explained *raison-du-long*, as I have the original sketch by me, and all my materials in order.

I cannot think what *little impiety* there could be in an ingenious gentleman letting the world know his name; and I cannot conceive how the study of arts and sciences in theory and practice can be detrimental to any one. I am persuaded that the exercise of such pursuits as mechanics and natural philosophy can produce are a thousand times more useful than the most far-fetched futilities, which is to much *à-la-mode* at present.

I suppose there is something in our English distaste and pride, in those who think themselves superior to men of sense, which makes their list be open their guard of appearing more understanding than their ignorant countrymen; which seldom is very different in France, where I have seen secular and regular clergy fill up their *chairs-houes* in the practice of mechanical and philosophical arts, and who were more efficient in doing by their superiors, and the public in general, than if they had kept themselves in idleness, or spending their times at cards and play-houses.

All the Carthusians worked at different arts. The Regent Duke of Orleans was a proficient in all sorts of arts, and protected them to the utmost of his power, as may be seen by the different manufactures

he set up, Louis XV. was taught to turn wood, ivory, and different metals, by *Madeisselle Moax Bidé*; he was very desirous in that art. Numbers of nobles did the same. The Duke of Choiseul, father and son, had laboratories for clock and watch making as well as for machinery. These *établissements*, the French name them, were as fine and complete for the choice of tools as it was possible to find in Europe; and in which laborers those gentlemen showed their plans and instructions with all the liberality of the most polite gentlemen, much above our mad fox-hunters, or our conceited planters, who take care to keep their golden farming-candles under the bush, as the French say, for fear of being discovered, and that their neighbours should not be benefited from the glimpse of their obscure luminary.

Yours, &c. W. BLAKELY.

Mr. Urban, Nov. 10. I WAS a little surprised to read in your last Magazine, p. 576, an account on the *Life of James English Poet* for some mistakes in the account of Mr. Cobbe, which I could not recollect having altered, and which were to unlike the care with which I relished to avoid personalities of an offensive nature, that I inquired impatiently to the mention of him in p. 618; when I could find nothing there that bore the least resemblance to the censured passages. I then looked over the *Censures* of your preceding numbers with some solicitude, but could meet with no notice of *je*. At length, however, after having tirelessly turned over your pages two or three times, I discovered the condemned sketch in p. 795, at the latter part of a letter to a correspondent, whose signature is W. V. P. 1, and which is to palpably by a different person from the original Memoir, to which it is an address, that B. H. must have been grossly misapprehension; in confounding them together. On this ground S. H. asserts to throw a contempt on what he calls their "petty biographical sketches," and to condemn their errors. But how falls a reason for censuring them thus is, the whole statement will prove. Nor that I think the paragraph, which so highly exteers S. H.'s anger, deserves his peculiar reprehension; much less, if they were a pair of the Memoirs, to which he assigns them to belong, could they justify his depreciation of the whole. To the additions and corrections of your intelligent correspondent W. V. P. I shall ever be obliged; nor can I for the mighty offence of the trifling mistake about which S. H. seems so anxiously fine; nor feel that the literary reputation of a poet could be affected in the assertion, that the merit of his writings alone attracted the notice and patronage of BURKE.

A rainy-day, though it depresses my spirits, gives me an opportunity, by confining me to the fire-side, of some-thing prolonging my letter. The *Life of Living Poets* (for such only, recalled, and not their *hears*, it pretended to be, has no claim (I am as ready as S. H. to allow) to any degree of merit. It was carefully and thoughtfully put together at a moment of vacancy, when my long and familiar correspondence with you, Mr. Urban, induced me in that manner to sport with my pen. To its impartiality, therefore, and impartiality, I am most willing to agree. But the grounds of S. H.'s objections to it I cannot admit. If there be any want of candour, if there be improper menace and personal offence to the subject of them; if private anecdotes be taken up, or any of that *giddy ground*, to which your Editor alludes, be trod on throughout the whole communication; then indeed do I yield it up entirely to the utmost severity of S. H.'s pen. But the most careful perusal will enable him to find nothing more there than a catalogue of names, with just to much of their connections, education, and residence, added to the titles of their principal poems, as to identify their persons, and aid the memory in peculiarizing their characters. That *fish lists*, *je suis done*, are both useful and entertaining, in assisting the recollection, in directing the wandering, to elegant amusements, and the audience, to standards of taste, there is no shadow of doubt, in defiance of S. H.'s contemptuous designation of them as "petty biographical sketches;" in farther disregard of whom I shall add the accounts of another favourite poet, whom I cannot conceive by what inadvertence I omitted. This is

The Rev. *Yigbald Holden Poet* (son of the late eminent surgeon), who published, when at St. John's College, Cambridge, some pleasant "Poems," of which a new edition, with the date of 1780, printed for T. Baskett, now lies

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The *Life of James English Poet continued.*

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Just before me. The second Ode, "To the Evening Star," which begins with the following beautiful lines,

"Sweet is the dewy shade of day:
The hour of pleasure therefore is come:
O, farewell! Light! no more delay
Thy mild approach, but dart thy ray
Along the gathering gloom!"

appears to me peculiarly chaste and beautiful. The fifth Ode, "To the Moon," that "For an Ajar of Venus," and that "To the Wind," all deserve very high praise. This excellent young man, who is now, I believe, archdeacon of St. Albans, very much to the credit of the late Lord Chancellor's patronage, was the author of one of the most truly excellent and original plays in the English language, which is to be found in the "Gilia Padria," and nourishing the romantic fancies and affections of young and amiable minds.

Among many other indifferences and omissions of my life, I forgot to mention Mr. Cumberland's long poem, printed, "Catalary," which came out during the last winter.

The Rev. Mr. Carrington, of Northampton (brother to Mr. John Carrington, whose violent Republican principles have rendered him conspicuous), is, I presume, still living. He was author of an admitted Legendary Tale, and other poems.

Mr. Urban, Nov. 13.

IN your Obituary, vol. LVII, p. 102, you quote the first and last words of the elegant Ode, addressed to his friend Mr. Thomas Herring on his marriage, by the late Dr. Jubb; and you enquire, if any where printed? On accidentally looking into vol. XLIV, I found it inserted in p. 233, and conclude it might have escaped a diligent search in consequence of its not being specified in the Index to the Poetry. But in a note there is a reference to p. 235, where in the article mentioning the death of Mr. Herring in April, 1774—

Mr. Styrlay, as I apprehend (see p. 230), might be a canon of the priory of the order of St. Austin, at Shilford, in Norfolk; and, as the impopularist registers and advowsons of the vicarages of Burton, Gedling, and Murkham, in that county, and of Derrington, alias Dodington, and of Welborough, in Lincolnshire, according to Thayer, No. 10. Monah, belonged to that religious

house, it is likely that he was vicar of one of those parishes. W. G. D.

Mr. Urban, Nov. 13.

THE following anecdote of the famous Swedenborg, may serve to confirm the opinions maintained by several of your correspondents, that he was disordered in his mind:

"A friend of his, walking with Baron Sweteborg along Chesapeake, in one part of the garden, in which the Baron had planted a very low do a man up, and asking what he was about, the Baron replied by asking him if he did not see Mide, p. 1. and told him that he had known to him."

This anecdote is related by Mr. Lindley, in a note to his second Address to the Youth of the two Universities, p. 178. Mr. L. received it from a person living, of great worth and credit, and he very properly remarks upon it, that a man who could see Mide walking along Chesapeake might see any thing.

Mr. Urban, Nov. 13.

SEND you the lines of which one of your late correspondents recollected were written by the Duke of Wharfedale. When York to Heaven shall lift up his arms And love his wife above adultery! When godhood to gain shall be preferred! When Packer shall pronounce upright decrees, And Hungerford shall be a noble peer! When Packer shall pronounce upright decrees, And Hungerford shall be a noble peer!

And Powis give a charge without a banner! And Farnborough defend another note! And that I care my charmer to adore, And think of love and palaces no more.

In mentioning the murder of Mr. Suleen, p. 153, at Paris, I rather wonder you omitted the very remarkable and horrible behaviour of the band, in a woman's dress, who caused his battery, and who was crowned with a civic crown by the barons of Paris. "Let us see," says the (who had been lashed by his funeral pail), "whether you can die as boldly as you can wiser to be sure it is mortifying to leave a face fortune, a young and handsome wife, and children, but the gentlemen below for you." I think the same person sited a murder in England a few years ago! Yours, &c. Q. X.

Two MONTHS TOUR IN SCOTLAND. (Continued from p. 911.)

ALTHOUGH the climate was evidently unpropitious to the growth of grain, year plantations of fir, and other forest trees, were thriving well under the auspices of his Grace of Athol, who thus encouraged his countrymen by his example to clothe and adorn a region standing confessedly in need of such improvements. The environs of Blair are sited most imperiously declivity and dreary; and, if the natives, as reported of them, do really still retain some of their ancient uncouth prejudices and superstitions, it is little to be wondered at in a situation so peculiarly calculated to forget and cherish them. Thicket and duds of fir of mountains, in the mean while, which might well enough inspire such gloomy notions, with the deep valleys and ravines, which fertilized, and he concealed amongst them, are nurseries and resorts for all the sorts of game to be met with in the wild moor, and desert hills, of Scotland, to such a degree, indeed, that the Duke, as we were told, was wild in pleasure to restrict his guests to the shooting only during brace of them a day.

From this place we went out to us, it about ten miles distance southward, the first snow-drip we as yet had seen, in appearance like a white handkerchief attached to a mountain's side. It was now the 23rd of July, and the season remarkably warm; the unexpectedness, therefore, as well as the novelty, of the fight fixed our attention to an object, which afterwards, becoming frequent, was farcely noticed by us.

Prom Blair, after the first two miles, the way to Dalnacroich lies through a region of a most inhospitable aspect, striking upon the Currie, which river, rushing with great force and tumult between the masses of mis-shapen rock, forms impetuous and obstruct its course, forming impetuous to arrive at the noise-making borders of Falcloch.

The whole of this stage was solitary and desolate; though very few villages, and those inconspicuously mean in their appearance; a diffident stroll of bare, which at a small distance formed only turf-haps, fenced with a low wall

of rugged stones, lookt spied upon each other. In many of them even this wall was wanting, and the whole fabric was but a rude frame of birch-wood, covered with such folds as, commonly, the spot produced; for, restrained by no other law than that of poverty, the habiters of these regions escape the poverty sufficient refinement.

—fortuitum sperare certamen, Hor. Lib. II. Ode 15. in the construction of their simple dwellings in which the luxuries of glassed windows, and of chimneys, is equally unknown; whilst, the fire being lighted in the middle of the room, along the sides of which banks of turf, a little raised, serve alike for seats and beds, the smoke finds its own way out, either through a hoop-hole left open for that purpose, or through the door, which is often only a kind of hurdle of interwoven twigs of birch. The bedding of this hardy people accords with the rest of their accommodations, being fiddens any other than a mattress made of bruno, cut up when young, and plaited over which, at night, is thrown that plaid, which had been almost all their evening, perhaps, by day. It may be useful to observe how much we are what habit makes us, and under how many deprivations human nature not only will subsist, but be content!

Puffing Dalnacroich, a single inn, and that a sorry one, the fence grew gradually worse and worse; the villages occurred more rarely, and the moors assumed a dusky hue, spread over with loote and moss-grown flowers of every size and figure.

We, still pursued the banks of Currie; when at length the valley contracting itself considerably, and the mountains on each hand springing higher, we seemed to be included between two barriers of rock, including us from all communication with the world without. Not a single hut could any where be seen; not a palisade, besides ourselves, was on the way; the day was dark and lowering; and whilst the river roared beneath our feet, projecting crags hung menacing above our heads, terminated above by eagles, which annually build their nests among them, and whose uncaring screams contributed to complete the melancholy of the scene. In short, it was a dismal forenoon, and when we caught a distant view of the inn, where