

Galen, Oribasius and Constantinus Porphyrogenetus. The Latins are Varro, Vitruvius, Plinius, Seneca, Aulus Gellius, and Vegetius.

Andronicus Cyrrhestes or Cyprestes, mentioned by Varro* and Vitruvius, † was the inventor of the weather-cock; he arranged the winds into a system, consisting of the four primary and four collaterals, thus, Apheliotes, Eurus, Notus, Libs, Zephyrus, Sciron, Boreas, Cæcias. "He built an octagonal tower of marble at Athens," says Vitruvius, "on each side of which was sculptured a characteristic figure of each of these eight winds; on the top was erected a small marble pyramid (meta), on the cone of which he placed a brazen Triton, holding a rod in his hand. The figure was so contrived as to be easily turned by the wind, and always stood opposite, and pointing with the rod as an index, to the image of the wind that was blowing." This tower bears evidence of having been in existence before the time of Alexander the Great from its retaining the ancient name *Boreas* for the north wind, which was afterwards replaced by *Aparctias*.

Vegetius the Tactician reckons twelve winds after Aristotle. ‡ Vitruvius loc. lit. divides them into twenty-four; Marcus Varro seems to have adopted the arrangement of Aristotle; but Seneca, who also enumerates twelve, would lead us to believe that Varro was the first who ordered them in this manner. *Hac arte Varro vir diligens ordinavit: nec sine causa. Non enim eodem semper sol oritur aut occidet.* || It is scarcely necessary to add that the moderns, for the convenience of navigation, have divided them into thirty-two, according to the rhumbs of the compass.

Hence, in perusing the works of Homer, Hesiod, and other poets of antiquity down to the era of the Stagirite, and even later, it will be well to remember that the four original cardinal winds were used by them in a very indefinite sense; for, in these four they comprehended, all their collaterals; so that the east wind of Homer, for example, will include every point of the compass, from N.E. to S.E.—the south, from S.E. to S.W.—the west, from S.W. to N.W.—the north, from N.W. to N.E.: and this will tend greatly to a more correct understanding of those authors.

* De Re Rust. lib. iii. cap. 5.

† De Architect. lib. i. cap. 5.

‡ De Re Militari Lib iv, cap. 38.

|| Nat. Quaest. lib. v. cap. 16.

* * * At the era of Aristotle, *Aparctias*, and *Boreas* were synonymous, also *Lihonotus* and *Libo-phænicias*, *Thracias* and *Caecias*, *Argestes*, *Olympias*, *Sciron*, and *Japyx*; but they are omitted in the accompanying scheme for the sake of simplicity.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE HONEYMOON.

BY A LADY.

It is delightful to submit implicitly to the will and dictates of a wife for the first week or so after marriage—then it has something of a charm in it, a gentle reliance that tells of love, devotion, and a great many very fine things in the catalogue of conjugal duties—but really, after one has been married almost a month, it is high time to shake it off, for then it becomes a positive calamity, and, like all other calamities, it is sure to increase.

Such were the reflections of the Hon. Henry Manners, as he sat one morning in his easy chair, listlessly admiring his nails, in presence of his young and beautiful wife, who was quietly sipping her coffee, and looking as prettily calm and domestic as any married beauty in the British isles.

“Well, well,” replied her husband, “this has been our first quarrel, and I hope it may be the last. You are a dear, good wife, Mary; and you are occasionally a little unreasonable, why——”

“Nay, Henry, it really was not I. Confess, now, were you not a little morose? But come, you must put on all your smiles, for I have set apart this forenoon for our making a few more calls together.”

“Calls! Mary,” said her husband, starting up; “I thought they were now all over; and, in honest truth, I’m heartily sick of lack-a-daisying it, and leaving cards tacked together with silver wire; and I’m sure, my dear, we spent two mortal days in doing little else.”

“Nay, love, but you know there are still the Countess of Casquetville, Sir John and Lady Ringdove, and my old friend, Mrs. Percy.”

“I have an engagement at the Carlton at one.”

“Engagement! Henry. You forget it is still our honeymoon; and will be for two days yet.”

“Reckoning by time, my dear,” replied the other, drily; “but now having returned to town, you know——”

“Pshaw, no! you must consent this one day.”

“Can’t, upon my honour. Besides, I don’t see any earthly occasion for it.”

“To oblige me, Henry.”

“I would do any thing but break my word; and that, you know, you should not ask me to do.”

“When do you return?”

“In time to dress. We go to Lord Dorrington’s at seven. And now, Mary, dear, good-by,” said her husband, approaching and kissing her cheek with the air of one who confers a favour.

“In time to dress,” repeated his wife, after he had quitted the room; “that will be full six hours—and this is still our honeymoon!”

“How much more pleasant it is to dine thus alone, than with the

crowd of people we met yesterday at Lord Dorrington's," observed the Hon. Mrs. Henry Manners to her husband the following day, as he sat sipping his wine. "This, Henry, is the first quiet dinner we have had together since our return to town."

"We had plenty of them at Broadland Park, my dear," replied her husband, looking contemplatively at his wine-glass.

"And were they not delightful. And then those sweet evening walks."

"Yes, and your bickerings with the gardener," suggested the other.

"Oh, that obstinate old man; what a paradise the garden might be made if he would only——"

"Nay, my dear, for heaven's sake don't renew the discussions. But how do you propose spending the evening, Mary. We shall be ennuied to death if we sit here alone."

"Henry!" said his wife, reproachfully.

"Nay, love, I did not mean that I should be ennuied, but I thought perhaps *you* might.

"Fear not—here is my work-box. Do you remember the sad havoc you once made with my reels of silk?" said the lady, looking archly.

But she might as well have looked archly at the Duke of York's monument—for Manners was fast becoming weary in spite of himself.

"I promised to meet Lord Sweepstakes at Crockford's to-night," he observed musingly.

His wife was piqued—for although no nation in the world can endure ennui like the English, there is certainly none at less pains to conceal it—and Manners at length was only kept from downright petulance by the appearance of an evening paper. This he listlessly took up, and placing the lights in the most convenient way for himself—to the total disregard of his companion—began to pore over the columns in the desperate hope of finding amusement.

But it were tedious to tell how a dull evening was spent, and we fear our readers would hardly thank us for such a narration. "Suffice it to say," as the journals have it, "that Henry Manners sat it out, not, however, without making the secret resolution, that so long as the gift of reason was continued to him, he would never submit to such an ordeal again."

"Did I hear you order your cab at one?" said Mrs. Manners to her husband, as he entered the breakfast parlour the following morning.

"Yes, my dear," replied the other, pouring out a cup of coffee.

"Where do you go to-day?"

"Really, my dear, that depends altogether upon circumstances."

"But, Henry, I had arranged that you and I were to accompany my sister, Lady Powderflask, to Squeelini's morning concert."

"Knowing how particularly fond I am of music," replied her husband.

"Nay, but then to accompany me. You know I cannot yet be seen in public without you."

"I declare, Mary, you are as full of whims as a superannuated lady patroness. What earthly harm can there be in your going to a morning concert without dragging me there, when you know my detestation of all concerts, and morning concerts in particular!"

"Dragging you!" cried his wife, thoroughly piqued. "I am astonished to hear you use a word like that."

"I know none more applicable," replied her husband quietly, "not content with my having remained at home all yesterday evening to oblige you."

"To oblige me!" cried the beautiful and once fascinating Mary Dudley, in unfeigned astonishment; and putting back her chair with a domestic tragedy start, "Oh, this is past all enduring—it is mere, wanton——"

"My dear Mary, let us have no 'scenes,' for heaven's sake. Just employ your excellent (hem!) judgment for one moment, and you will see that it cannot be expected that I should continue every day, hour, and minute of my existence, in attendance on my wife. Much as I love you, Mary," continued he, (with his mouth full of buttered toast), "that, you know, is quite impossible."

A considerable pause succeeded, and Manners was beginning to congratulate himself upon the success of what he flattered himself was 'firmness,' when, to his utter amazement, his wife, towards whom he had not once ventured to look, now burst into a flood of tears.

Starting up, he rushed to her side, and made use of all his former terms of endearment, which were yet fresh in his memory, repeating them almost mechanically; but his wife's agitation only continued to increase, and dreading the usual finale of a fainting fit, he pulled the bell violently, and summoned her attendant, who instantly—as they always do—made matters worse, by exhibiting a little agitation of her own, out of sympathy to the "dreadful way" of her "dear mistress."

Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap.

"Confound it!" cried Manners, going to the window, here is Lady Powderflask. Oh! we shall have the whole family here by-and-by."

In bounced her ladyship, who instantly enlivened the scene by a new burst of sympathy. Fragrant essences, soothing expressions on all sides, and a great deal of whispering on one, were put in requisition to restore tranquillity; and in a short time Mrs. Manners permitted herself to be led to her own room, in a state, however, of extreme "nervous agitation."

Manners was left alone. Now, to go out was impossible—it would have been barbarous to have done so—the day, as if to add to his gloom, set in dull and drizzly, and taking up the newspaper, he threw himself into his chair, and began, with a melancholy interest, to read the "Coroner's inquests."

"Ah, Manners!" cried Lord Sweepstakes, entering the room about an hour after the events above mentioned, "What, still in your dressing-gown! Why, we shall be late!"

“My dear fellow, I really cannot accompany you to-day.”

“Why not; what’s the matter?”

“Oh, nothing—but the fact is—you know we are old friends; you must pardon a little weakness, eh?—but the fact is, this is the last day of our ‘honey-moon!’”

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

TARQUIN THE PROUD.

Tarquin the Proud, and other Poems. Printed and Published by Daniel Lovett Welch. Sydney, New South Wales: 1843.

THIS elegant little volume of Poems deserves a place upon every ladies’ drawing-room table: and we take this opportunity, before we enter upon its contents, of expressing our utmost satisfaction at the manner in which it has been got up, which is highly creditable to the Press of the colony. The Work consists of nearly a hundred pages, and contains fourteen different poems. It opens with “Thoughts on the Career of Napoleon,” from which we shall presently make a few extracts. Then follow a few short but elegant pieces; and then the Tragedy which gives name to the volume, of “Tarquin the Proud; or, the Downfall of Tyranny.”

We are indeed glad, very glad, to see, that notwithstanding the colony is but in its infancy, there is, nevertheless, a daily increasing taste for literature; and as the little Work before us is proof that there is much latent talent in the colony, which only requires the encouragement of the public, so the sale of it is proof that the public are not unwilling to afford that encouragement.

We give a few specimens, selected at random:—

And now NAPOLEON’s life
Is left to history’s too partial page;
Where nations’ animosity and strife
Augment and grow to fiercer, deadlier rage.
No, not one word men’s passions to assuage,
Or lull to rest the dormant stings of hate,
Is ever found;—such thoughts confound the sage—
He writes for fame, and so his toils create
That sought for boon he little recks for other’s fate.

Oh! could these scribes but lift the dreaded veil,
That hides futurity from mortal view;
Could they but listen to the widow’s wail,
Or hear the orphan’s cry as we now do;
Could they have view’d, on fatal Waterloo,
How liberty was drown’d in human gore
The tale they then would tell, so sad, so true,
Would blot historic page for evermore,
And ages yet unborn that victory would deplore.

Shew me the man of mean and lowly birth
 Who can by talents, unassisted, raise
 Himself to sovereignty and fame on earth ;
 A man whom envious, trembling monarchs praise ;
 Whose deeds in senate and in field amaze
 The proudest men who trust their names to fate ;
 Eclipsing all their fame in one vast blaze
 Of enviable renown,—whate'er his state,
 His birth, his parentage, I still would call him GREAT.

From the Tragedy of Tarquin we extract the following. The scene is in the Senate-house, and on the absence of Servius, Tarquin the Proud ascends the throne, and addresses the senators as king, and while two senators are disputing, Servius enters.

Servius. How now—how now, Senators ! how is this ?
 What ! brawling in the sacred Senate-house ?
 And you, proud Tarquin, how dare you presume,
 Whilst I in proper person am alive,
 Thus to convene those noble senators,
 Or sit upon the throne ? Speak, I demand.

Tarquin. The throne on which I sit belongs to me ;
 It did belong to Tarquin, my great sire,
 Who left it as a legacy to me.
 And who shall then prevent my filling it ?
 I tell thee, Servius, that thy insolence
 To those who are thy masters, thus has caus'd
 This seeming to revolt. Thou art slave—
 A wicked, haughty, and presumptuous slave,
 And shalt not be our king.

Servius. Is there not one in all this Senate-house,
 For love extended, or for favours shown,
 That dares to draw a sword on my behalf ?

1st Senator. Yes, here is one, my liege.

Collatinus. And here another.

Servius. Now, haughty Tarquin, I defy thy power.
 I am and will be king.

[*TARQUIN rushes from the throne—throws SERVIUS on the ground—stabs him, and places one foot upon him.*]

Tarquin. Why so thou art
 Thou'st died a king as well.

[*Enter, on one side, BRUTUS, who, on seeing the King murdered stands aghast. On the other side, TULLIA, who places one foot on the other side of the body of SERVIUS.*]

Tullia. My lord, my leige, my king !

Subsequently, when he is enraged with Turnus, he exclaims—

Tarquin. ——— “ My soul is bursting from my frame.
 Ye gods ! there was a time when I was free,
 From all pollution, crimes, and murd'rous stains ;
 But now they weigh me to the dust. There's nought
 Can blacken fame but I have done. My life
 Is one dark spot upon this glorious world's
 Creation : and all for nothing, less, less,
 Than nothing. To be a king—to wear a crown,
 And all reward is ours. Ambitious fools !
 We always love the thing we want ; but when

We've gain'd the long'd for prize, our love dispels—
 And like a vapour disappears: disgust
 Succeeds, which is our only true reward.
 But still I am a king; and who shall dare
 To beard me to my face? Ah! was I king
 When Turnus belch'd his filthy words on me
 And I did not revenge? And Brutus too!—
 But hold! I'll be myself. Two murders more
 Will free me from these dogs. What ho! there, boy.

Enter a PAGE.

Page. My liege.

Tarquin. Come hither boy. Two men will seek for me.
 I know them not; but on their angry brows
 You'll find the marks of discontent and hate.
 A surly frown—a dark and shaggy beard,
 Speak well the evil thoughts that reign within:
 Their lips, too, curl'd with scorn, as though their trade,
 Exalted rather than debased their minds.
 A loose and swaggering air; their voices rough,
 And harsh, and disagreeable. Such men I say,
 Will seek for me.

Page. My liege, they are without.

Tarquin. Then lead them hither, boy,
 I am resolved to free myself. Better
 Be deeper in this sea of blood than thus.
 I must and will command;—I will be fear'd
 Since lov'd I cannot be.

[*Exit PAGE.*

The fifth Act opens with a scene in Tarquin's palace—

Enter TARQUIN and PAGE.

Tarquin. By heaven this looks like treason.
 Did'st say I'm banish'd, boy?

Page. Aye, my dread liege: so it is publicly proclaimed.

Tarquin. The silly fools! Come forth my thirsty sword. (*Draws.*
 Now must thou prove thy master's friend, and bring
 These recreant Romans to their senses. But—

Enter one of the Queen's WOMEN.

How now; how is your mistress?

Woman. She's dead, my liege.

Tarquin. Dead!

Woman. Alas! my lord, it is too true.

Tarquin. Leave me. [*Exit PAGE and WOMAN.*
 Another guest at Pluto's fatal banquet!
 And this is life! But yesterday, and slaves
 Were watching to obey each small command;
 And now they fly, nor dare to cast one glance
 On what remains. To-day we live and move;
 To-morrow comes, and we are gone. Oh life!
 That tak'st possession of this mortal lump
 Of clay, but to deceive and mock our hopes,
 What, what art thou? for what wast thou design'd
 That we, just reaching, grasping our fond aims,
 Must summon'd be from hence!

Enter a SOLDIER.

How now! What say the Senators?

Soldier. My liege, that you are banish'd.

Tarquin. Now, may th' infernal furies seize them all.
Banished! And who has power to banish me?
Am I not king? Do I not wear the crown?
Do I not bear the sword? Banish'd, say you?

Soldier. Aye, my dread liege.

Tarquin. Unmanner'd dog: dar'st thou to tell me so
A second time?

Soldier. My liege, you—

Tarquin. Hold thy slavish speech! And on thy life, see none
But friends do enter here. Look to't. [Exit SOLDIER.

Why now I am resolv'd. I do not wish
To live. My life has lost its charm—content;
And therefore 'tis a heavy load, not worth
The bare enduring. Then throw it away.
Why so I will: but first I'll be revenged
On these damn'd Senators. They banish me?
Insolent dogs! But let them try to force
Their sentence on my life. The silly fools!
Why here I'll fortify myself against
Their weak assaults. Never shall Tarquin fly,
While Tarquin has the power to defy.

[Exit.

We shall close our quotations with the speech of Brutus over the
body of Lucretia, which is very touching.

The scene is

In the Senate-house, Rome. The SENATORS in council. Solemn music. Enter two ROMANS, bearing the body of LUCRETIA on a bier. They set it down in the centre of the Stage, and fall back.

Enter BRUTUS with the dagger, and COLLATINUS.

Brutus. Listen, oh! listen all ye men of Rome;
My heart is full of anguish. Oh! listen.
A few hours since and yon poor murder'd corse,
Which now so pale and lifeless you behold,
Shone forth the pride and glory of great Rome.
A flow'r she was surpassing beautiful:
The blighting hand of Time had pass'd it by
And scorn'd to blast such glorious loveliness.
Those eyes, though now conceal'd 'neath their cold lids,
Beam'd forth in all the majesty of truth;
That tongue, whose winning accents the poor slave
Was wont to hear speak words of charity;
Those hands, so ready to extend relief;—
All come, in death, to ask from you revenge.
Virtue had reared a monument in Rome—
A type and symbol of herself; and there
It lies all shiver'd at your feet, and pleads
Revenge. This dagger which I hold, now reeks
With injur'd blood, that cries for dire revenge.
Oh! men of Rome, your wives may share her fate.
No innocence can screen them from their doom.
Dost not remember her? Sextus, the Prince,
Did violate that form, and render life,
Through loss of chastity, unbearable.
And will ye not revenge her death? Oh! heav'ns
I saw her fall by her own hand; I wept,
That royal insolence and crime should mar
So sweet a form. 'Twas but a passing tear.

My angry soul began to rouse within ;
 I saw before me her still bleeding corse ;
 Her piteous tale still rung within my ears ;
 I thought of her that but a few hours since,
 Was seen array'd in nature's majesty ;
 I thought of him who'd dar'd to violate
 The ties of home ; and all within was fire.
 I seiz'd the dagger from her bleeding breast,
 And as I came along, the very air
 Did seem to spur me on to seek revenge.
 And now I'm come to you, my countrymen,
 And, in the name of Rome, I ask revenge ;
 Lucretia, too has come, all pale in death,
 To add a silent echo to Rome's pray'r,
 And spur you on to deep revenge.

The minor productions are various and frequently very beautiful—but we have said our say, and will only add, that we are rejoiced to be able to speak favourably of the work, and to recommend it strongly to the notice of our readers.

MERRY FREAKS IN TROUBLOUS TIMES.

A new historical operatic Drama, in two acts, written and composed in the colony, from the pen of Mr. Nagel, the music by Mr. Nathan.

WE have been favoured with a perusal of the Manuscript, and have also had an opportunity of hearing most of the music, and may be permitted to express our conviction of a favourable result to its representation.

The plot embraces the career of the volatile and merry monarch Charles 2nd, reckless and thoughtless amid serious trouble, from the era of his defeat at Worcester, accompanying him in his exile to the continent, and bringing him back again to England, to occupy the throne of the Stuarts.

During the whole piece, until the *denouement* in the last scene, of the second act, he appears under the assumed name of "Jacob Tomkins," and is accompanied, by Wilmot, afterwards Earl of Rochester, who figures as Peregrine Samson; under the above disguises they enact sundry "Merry Freaks," at the seat of Sir Henry Milford, a royalist, aided and abetted by a mischief loving page "Alfred," who is ignorant that it is his royal master he meets in the boon companion, Master Jacob Tomkins. A lapse of several years is supposed to intervene between the 1st and 2nd Acts.

The contrasted character of the royalist and puritan of the age, is cleverly and humourously depicted, and calculated to produce a good dramatic effect.

The piece opens with a splendid chorus of boozing cavaliers, who give utterance to their loyalty in the hostelry of Boniface, an enthusiastic royalist landlord. The songs interspersed throughout are classically typical of the age. In particular we would name the

Prior's Song, "Oh for the olden time," and the compulsory puritan strain, "I once did chance to rove," as possessing considerable merit. But the *chef d'œuvre* of the music, in our opinion is the grand concluding Finale, "Though storms and perils linger near us."

It is indeed an admirable composition, and most musically expressive of the influence of both hope and trouble on the minds of mortals.

We give the following extracts:—

Scene 2.—ACT I.

A chamber in Milford Hall. LADY MILFORD and ALFRED.

Enter a Servant.

SER. Two officers of the parliamentary army demand audience.

LADY MIL. Let them approach (*exit Servant.*) Now, Alfred, be cautious. We must be civil to these persons, for our own sakes.

ALF. Fear not, I shall be on my good behaviour.

Enter LONGSHANKS and MARROWBONES.

LONG. At length have we reached the stronghold of iniquity.

MAR. Yea! verily, yea!

LONG. And where abideth the master of the stronghold?

MAR. Yea, where lingereth he?

LONG. Peace; praise—God—Marrowbones.

MAR. I am mute.

LADY MIL. My husband, Sir, is—

ALF. Sir Henry Milford is at present absent on a mission to Old Noll;—I beg pardon—I mean the Protector.

LONG. Verily, it passeth strange.

MAR. Yea, verily, it passeth strange.

LONG. Peace, Praise—God—Marrowbones.

MAR. I am mute.

LONG. (*Taking a paper from his pocket.*) Lo! here have I authority, under the Protector's sign manual, to arrest all malignant and disaffected persons. The man of wrath, Milford, cometh under this denomination.

MAR. Yea, verily, he cometh.

LONG. Peace; praise—God—Marrowbones.

MAR. I am mute.

ALF. May I be permitted to look at the order?

LONG. Lo! here it is (*hands him a paper.*)

ALF. (*Looks it over.*) This order makes mention of no accused party in particular, but strictly enjoins all persons, whether civil or military, to assist its bearer in apprehending such suspicious parties as he may point out, and otherwise afford him every aid.

LONG. So runneth it (*returns the paper to his pocket.*)

MAR. Yea, so runneth it.

LONG. Peace; praise—God—Marrowbones.

MAR. I am mute.

LADY MIL. Sir Henry is surely not an object of your suspicion?

LONG. Yea, verily, is he known to be allied to the cause of the man Charles Stuart.