

LITERATURE.

GEOLOGIA.

From the crude records which mysterious Time
Hath printed on the mountains and the shores,
And in the rocky bowels of the Earth
We learn that she, at dateless intervals,
Hath been the plastic and predestined mould
Of awful changes. Beings, unto which
The monstrous serpent of the Indian waste
Were but a mimic, in her miry breast
Have wallowed sporting in the unwieldy joy
Of life enormous: but to perish when
Her hardening surface grew the meet abode
For things of greater beauty. Lastly, Man
And all the world of Creatures over which
He claims dominion, with far subtler powers
To nicer ends adapted, gave her orb
That heightened loveliness we now behold.
But can we say this awful Law of Change,
From good to better still, hath here an end?
That Earth is theirs for ever? No: the Hours
Which shall behold it the prepared abode
Of new successions in the scheme of Life,
May even now, like a long flight of storks
Yet seaward, from Eternity be winging
Their dim but destined way. But whence, 'tis asked,
Might spring these novel Orders? Whence, but from
Our mother Earth's prolific womb, wherein,
Even from the first, their causes shall have slept
In pregnant preparation, waiting but
The evoking word of God: or rather, they
Were but progressive changes in the form
Of that divine Idea, whereof her bulk,
With all its bodily populations, is
The outward shape in manifold reflection:
Just as a human Thought (if finite may
With infinite compare)—as knowledge grows
Before it, and combines all relative things—
A necessary progress undergoes
In its integral unity with Truth.
But come what changes may, yet is man's Soul
"Secure in her existence." She, unlike
Organic agencies, remains intact
A spiritual Entity, and thence
Immortal:—yea, a permeating spark
From God's internal brightness, given forth
Thence to facilitate her endless life
In all the fertile beauty of the Earth,
And other such reflected semblances
Of his divine conceptions. Here we rest.

CHARLES HARPUR.

The Fortunes of Colonel Torlogh O'Brien: a Tale of the Wars of King James. With Illustrations by Halbot K. Browne. Dublin: M'Glashan.

It is one of the oldest aphorisms in political philosophy, that the condition of a country cannot be understood without a careful study of the circumstances by which its social state was formed. The perplexities which Ireland has caused to English statesmen are owing in no small degree to the misrepresentation of English historians, who, in this instance, have been more anxious to establish a case than to discover truth. The clever tale before us brings under notice the concluding scene of the great historical drama which established the Cromwellian settlement and Protestant ascendancy in Ireland; and a brief survey of the preceding parts of the performance is desirable before we glance at the finale.

The settlement of Ulster by James I. was the result of an act of proscription utterly indefensible. Under pretext of a conspiracy never established by trial or investigation, six entire counties were forfeited to the Crown; and the rights of the inferior tenants, who were not even accused of sharing in the alleged treason of the superior lords, were included in the confiscation. James conferred those estates on English and Scotch settlers; who treated the native Irish as aliens and enemies—compelling them to seek refuge from the tyranny of their masters in the bogs and forests. In the reign of Charles I., Strafford made an attempt by fictions of law, to effect a similar confiscation in Connaught; and he would in all probability have succeeded had not the invasion of the north of England by the Scots compelled the King to recall his unscrupulous minister. Charles capitulated to his Scottish subjects, and gave them securities for the maintenance of their properties and their religion. The Irish, who had more grievous wrongs to redress, resolved to imitate the example of the Scotch; and took up arms in Ulster to recover the lands from which they had been driven. Thus commenced the great struggle of 1641—which was partly a civil war and partly a *Jacquerie*. It combined the horrors of both. Cruel massacres were perpetrated on both sides; and it is now hardly possible to determine which may the more justly plead the miserable excuse of retaliation. The Protestant historians of the period record and exaggerate the violent deeds of the Catholic insurgents—but say nothing of those perpetrated by their own party; and the Catholic historians similarly exaggerate Protestant massacres of the peasantry, and similarly disguise all circumstances of provocation and retaliation. Thus, in England the massacres of 1651, are universally understood to be the slaughter of unoffending Protestants by infuriated Catholics—while, on the Continent, the Catholics are as universally described as the victims and the Protestants as the unprovoked murderers.

The Civil War exhibited a strange variety of parties in Ireland. There were the native Irish eager to recover the lands of their ancestors; the Catholic Lords of the Pale, descended from the Anglo-Norman invaders, and retaining their hereditary suspicions of the conquered race; the Protestant Lords of the Pale, who had sought favor with the Court by supporting the Reformed Episcopal Church; a small Papal party anxious to restore the sovereignty of the Pope over Ireland—which had been recognised by every English monarch up to the time of Henry VIII.; the Puritan-Royalists, descended from the mixture of cavaliers and buccanniers to whom Elizabeth had ceded the vast forfeitures of the Desmond; and last, and least of all, was a Puritan party attached to the cause of the English Parliament. But this last party held its

existence by the jealousies, the mistrusts and the adverse interests which prevented any union between the others; and being joined by Cromwell, it finally prevailed.

The army which Cromwell led to Ireland was composed of the wildest fanatics in the Parliamentary forces—men who would have baffled all his projects had they remained in England. They were at first unwilling to embark; but their enthusiasm was roused by the crafty declaration that they were, like the Hebrews, a chosen race, destined to extirpate idolatry, and that Ireland was their appointed Canaan. They accepted the precedent, and acted faithfully up to the model. They conquered—butchered until they became weary of slaughter—and made those whom they spared "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

The Royalist Puritans and the Cromwellian conquerors had too much in common not to be drawn together when the latter had been settled on the Irish estates with which they were rewarded. They saw the weakness of Richard Cromwell; and before the Protectorate of England was overthrown tendered their conditional allegiance to Charles II. His restoration was, however, effected by other means, and he had scarcely ascended the throne when he was perplexed by the claims of the Irish nobles and gentry, who had been deprived of their estates for loyalty to his father—while he was bound by previous engagements, by what his ministers believed to be true policy, and by the avowed determination of the English Parliament, to preserve the Cromwellian settlement as intact as possible. The Acts of Settlement and Explanation slightly modified, but fully confirmed, Cromwell's confiscations and grants; which are thus the origin of the tenure of landed property in the greater part of the south and west of Ireland.

From the very first, the new proprietors felt that their titles were insecure; and they therefore lived in constant preparation for a new struggle. Neither did those who were deprived of their lands lose hope. Prophecies were circulated, in prose and verse, that the old race and the old religion should be restored; and such aspirations furnished the theme of Irish songs, which—their meaning being hidden by the language—were sung in the very halls and castles of the Cromwellians. The author of the tale before us gives a very accurate description of the general nature of these compositions:—

"Tell me, nurse—do, dear nurse, tell me, what is there in the song to move you thus?" asked the lady, at the same time drawing her stool closer to the old woman's feet, and coaxingly looking up into her face. "It's a song, darlin'," answered the nurse, "that was made in the ould times, by the O'Brien's, before they lost this castle an' all the lands, the last time in Cromwell's wars, as I often told you; it was med near a hundred years ago, when the Willoughby's first got the court—the time the monks was turned out of Glindarragh abbey, as I often heard my grandmother tellin'—God rest her—an' it's all full iv promises how the O'Brien's is to come back, and to hold the castle and the lands again in spite of the world; and it's well I can think iv the time before your grandfather's father—the saints receive him—it's well I remember him, though I was no more nor a siip iv a girl, an' he an ould man—was killed in the troubles on the bridge there below, ripped up and backed to pieces with their skeins, like an ould horse they'd be tearing up in pieces for the dogs, and tumbled over the battlements, that you would not know him from a big sack of blood, if it wasn't for the long grey hair he wore—God rest him—into the river that was rollin' and foam' bank high, and roarin' like a mill-slucue under every arch, that blessed day. It's well I can remember how we used to hear them in the long nights before that, singin' the same song in the wood opposite the castle; and thrue enough, the O'Brien's *did* get in, an' had it to themselves, as I told you for eight long years, until Cromwell's war come, and your grandfather—God rest him—got it back; and Cromwell druv them all out of the country, and left them not a sod, nor a stick, nor a stone belonging to them; an' they were great men of courage in Spain—generals and the likes, as was reported here—an' was always promis' how they'd come home some day, and win back the ould castle, and the twelve town-lands, and the three estates, and the wood of Glindarragh, an' all the rest; an' latterly there was talks of Torlogh Dhuv—a young boy of the O'Brien's—as it was reported here, the greatest and the wickedest of them all, a terrible man of war and blood; and it's said, moreover—the Lord guard and save us all—that he swore himself, on the altar, before the blessed and holy Pope, as I'm told, in furrin parts, never to rest until he had revenge on them that took the lands and the blood of his family.

The accession of James II. gave fresh encouragement to the Irish Catholics. It is true that while his seat on the English throne seemed firm, he refused to alter the Act of Settlement—because, in the phrase of the day, he was resolved "not to weaken the English interest in Ireland;" but as his security diminished, he began to court the Irish Catholics—and may be said virtually to have declared in their favour when he appointed Tyrconnell his Lord Lieutenant. The alarms of one party and the hopes of the other, excited to the highest pitch, would have led to civil war even if the Prince of Orange had never landed at Torbay. The whole framework of society was disorganised: and the Protestant proprietors in the south were by no means certain whether they ought to support James or declare for William. They quarrelled on the point—and intrigued against each other; while the native Irish regarded them with feelings thus faithfully expressed:—

"Let them fall out, the blacker the better; let them be plundherin' an' murderin' aich-other, an' caed mille fallha; they robbed an' slaughtered us long enough, an' now, like the wild dogs, when there's no more left for them to tear an' devour, they only turn an one another." She sat down on the bank by the road side, and continued, in a changed tone, "Oh! Shamus, ma-vourneen, did I ever forget you?—don't think it, my darlin', I'm your own Peggy still—your own Peggy bawn, that you married an' loved—that was your young wife for two years, my darlin'. Did I ever love you Shamus, all the time you wor on your keepin'?—wasn't Peggy beside you in the woods of Aherloe, *ma bouchal dias*, an' didn't you sleep with your head in her lap on the side of Galty More—oh! cushla machree, an' didn't we dar' the storms together, my darlin'? an' the hunger an' could, for Peggy was your first love an' your last; an' when they killed you—killed you, my beautiful undaunted boy, didn't Peggy—your own Peggy bawn—hould your head on her could knees for a day and a night, the way she used when you were sleepin' in the wild glins an' the mountains, Shamus *laudher ma bohul bra*, with no one but herself to guard you—until the sinces left me, and the neighbours carried me God knows where, away from my darlin'—for, living or dead, I'd cling to you, Shamus; and after your head was laid in the clay—then, when our first child was born, the poor innocent—oh! wasn't my heart, hoping I might die in the pains? that I might be with my darlin' again. Oh! Shamus,

my husband!—my darlin' thru-e-hearted boy! sure I'm thinkin' of you every minute that goes, an' promis' an' prayin' *my bouchal bragh*, that the time will come round yet, when I'll see your murderers hunted an' harried from the hills to the woods, an' from the woods to the glins, an' back again—with no other shelter from the winter's wind but the mountain carrigs an' the brakes by the bog side; it's comin' yet—it's comin'—I see it comin'!"

James arrived in Dublin, and was inclined to show as little mercy to those whom he suspected of favouring the Prince of Orange as he had in other days shown to the supporters of Monmouth. The following imagined reply of the monarch to a daughter asking for the pardon of her father is, we fear, a truthful exposition of character:—

"We have read the petition, young lady," he said with cold gravity, "which you have given into our hand, praying that we would extend our royal clemency to your unhappy father, Sir Hugh Willoughby; it is a bold prayer, considering, alike, the straits and troubles of these times, and the nature of the crime of which he stands convicted; and yet, so far from wishing him, or any other of our subjects ill—there lives not that soul, even among the greatest and most unnatural of our enemies, against whom we harbour, so God be our stead, the least malice or revenge; and were we merely to consult the promptings of our own heart, we would, indeed, rather say to all our rebellious subjects (and God wot they are many), live and repent, than die in your iniquity; but alas! it is not with governors and rulers as with other men; the safety of the body politic, and the discipline of the national manners, good government, law, subordination, peace, and prosperity, all hang upon the acts and words of kings; and what might be gentleness and mercy in common men, would be but weakness, nay, criminality in them; and, as the king is the anointed of God Almighty, and, by him, consecrated to his high office, it besseems him, as God's chief magistrate on earth, in distributing his judgments, to have a strict regard to that spirit in which the Almighty administers his own, namely, for a warning and prevention; by the terrors of occasional punishment, to coerce the ill-disposed into the ways of peace and honesty; this is as much the duty of the king, as to forgive. Wherefore, and considering all the attending circumstances, we are obliged to refuse this prayer, and, in your father's case, to suffer the law to take its usual course."

History records that James lost Ireland by his merciless rejection of the terms of capitulation granted to the garrison of Derry.—We pass over the rest of the war, and turn to what may be termed its catastrophe—the circumstances that led to the overthrow of the Irish at Aughrim.—

Now, indeed the fate of the day seemed well-nigh settled, and many an Irish soldier grasped the hand of his comrade in the enthusiasm of anticipated victory, as they watched the heroic exploits of their resolute brethren in the van. Fortune, however, on a sudden declared for the English. A fatal blunder was too late discovered. The regiment who occupied the castle and its enclosures, whose fire must have exterminated the cavalry, in their difficult, nay desperate advance, found cannon ball, instead of bullets, in the casks with which they were supplied. Messenger after messenger was despatched in furious haste, to repair this ruinous error—but in vain. The enemy's cavalry was now advancing almost under the walls of the Castle. Pebbles, buttons—everything that the moment could supply—was in requisition; but shot with such missiles, their fire was ineffectual. Under this shower of gravel, and ramrods, and buttons, the cavalry, but partially disturbed, pressed onward, passed the castle, and formed upon the left flank of the Irish infantry. At the same moment, by a misapprehension of St. Ruth's orders, two columns from the front, instead of the rear, of the Irish line of infantry, began to march—from the flank now most severely pressed—towards Urrachree. The English infantry, seeing their support thus withdrawn from the musketeers who had hitherto effectually held them in check, now boldly recrossed the bog; and a cry of treachery began to spread along the Irish line. The cavalry whom St. Ruth had ordered in advance were, however, now formed upon the hill-side. The general, confident of their resolution, and having seen their prowess proved already, in full assurance of sweeping the English horse, with ease, from their present lodgment, rode to the head of the magnificent column who awaited his orders. "They are beaten," said he, with stern exultation, "let us beat them to the purpose." Everything depended on the promptitude of the movement; and at this critical moment, when the fortunes of kings and kingdoms hung trembling in the scale, a round shot from one of the English batteries shattered the head of St. Ruth to atoms. The white plumed hat rolled down the hill before the breeze. Wildly plunged the maddened charger. The lifeless body swayed for a minute in the deep saddle with all its resplendent trappings, and tumbled to the ground. The cavalry halted; some of the French guard dismounted, and threw a cloak over the headless trunk, which was thus carried to the rear. The guard themselves followed; and now a general panic began to spread throughout the Irish army. The cavalry, thus left without orders or general, fell back in uncertainty. The infantry, first at the left flank, then at the centre, and finally at the right, began to give ground, at first slowly, and soon in confusion, running pell-mell toward the camp. The Irish cavalry, abandoned by the foot, retreated by the road to Loughrea; and in one huge mob, the now routed infantry ran toward the bog which extended in the rear. Among this broken and wide-spread mass the infuriated English cavalry plunged and hewed, and trampled with merciless slaughter—a giddy, frightful scene of rage and terror, confusion and butchery on every side. Instead of the stern huzzas which had filled the air not half an hour before, now rose wild and appalling, one fearful chorus of wailing, terror, and despair.

Irish history has been so often treated as a tale, that we trust to be excused for treating an Irish tale as a history. The author possesses much graphic power; and he has introduced into his story one of the best comic legends that we have ever seen from "the land of the West." It is too long for extract;—but its moral conclusion is too good to be lost:—

An' so, Mither Goslin, you see to a monstheration, he the mains iv this story, that it's oftentimes there's a power iv good fright goes for nothin'—and a dale more holy wather scattered than there's quite occasion for; an' take warnin' by Larry the miller, an' don't be frightened out iv your fun, nor runnin' blindfould into dacency an' religion, before you know the reason why.

For the legend itself the reader will find it worth while to refer to the volume.

The Odes of Horace, literally translated into English Verse.
By HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON. Loughman. 1844—6.

We commend these translations to the favor of the unlearned, who need extraneous evidence of their general fidelity to the letter, and spirit of the originals. To the learned they will carry with them their own sufficient recommendation, and by

such persons, we doubt not, they will be cordially appreciated. It is a mistake to suppose that poetical translations are of no use to any but those who can but imperfectly read the originals, or not at all. The more thoroughly a man enjoys the beauties of a writer in a foreign or a dead language, the more pleasure will he feel in seeing them skilfully reproduced through another medium. All men delight in imitation, and that in a degree proportioned to the excellence of the thing imitated and the difficulty of reconstructing its image. There probably never existed within the four seas of Britain a scholar, who, if he possessed in any degree the faculty of rhyme and rhythm, did not more than once try his hand on a metrical version of an ode of Horace. The success of such attempts bears an infinitesimal proportion to their number; it is therefore high praise of Mr. Robinson's efforts to say that all his translations are respectable and some of them very nearly, if not altogether, equal to the very best we have seen. As a specimen of his powers we will give his version of the ode to Barine, perhaps the most exquisite piece of playful, remonstrant gallantry ever penned:—

CARMEN VIII.

AD BARINEN.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pena, Barine, nocuisset unquam:
Dente si nigro fereres, vel uno
Turpior ungui:
Crederem.

Sed tu, simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pelehrior multo, juvenamque prodis
Publica cura.

Expedit matris cineres opertos
Fallere, et toto taciturna noctis
Signa cum celo, gelidæque Divos
Morte carentes.

Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa: rident
Simplices Nymphæ, ferus et Cupido,
Semper ardentes acens sagittas
Cote cruentâ.

Adde quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
Servitus crescit nova; nec priores
Impia tectam dominæ relinquunt,
Sæpe minati.

Te suis matres metuant juvenentis,
Te senes parci, miserique nuper
Virgines nuptæ, tua ne retardet
Aura maritos.

The general accuracy, grace, and spirit of this translation will be readily admitted, although its beauty is blemished by something like a "black nail" and a "black tooth." The confused use of *thou* and *you* is very objectionable; and the phrase "you have designed" in the second stanza, is introduced for the sake of the rhyme alone, but obviously to the damage of the sense.—*Atlas*.

DISEASES OF THE CHEST.—CONSUMPTION.

In our last number, we pointed out the necessity of giving strength to the patient and correcting and modifying the constitutional disorder, or *consumptive cachexia*, by means of diet, air, and exercise. We have now to consider medicinal auxiliaries that will promote this intention.

The *vegetable tonics*, that unite a bitter with an astringent principle, are those on which we must mainly depend. The infusions of gentian, cascarilla bark, and quassia, may be taken daily, independent of other remedies which may be administered to check the peculiar symptoms of the disease. The grateful aromatic bitters of gentian, when combined, as it is in the infusion of the London Pharmacopœia, with orange-peel, is an agreeable and refreshing draught for the invalid, and affords an innocent stimulus to the system; without the risk of producing over-excitement or irritation; a wineglassful may be taken two or three times during the day. Cascarella is well adapted to cases in which the function of the stomach is disordered. Quassia is a more powerful bitter, and energetic tonic; the powder, or decoction of cinchona, or "bark," seldom agrees with consumptive patients; whilst its active principle, quinine, is free from all objection in cases in which this vegetable is indicated. Bark, some years since, was considered the restorative for debility and lack of energy, from whatever cause it might result; but it is now entirely superseded by quinine. Several of the mosses, especially the Iceland moss (*Cetraria islandica*), are held, and deservedly so, in the highest estimation; for with an aliment of considerable nutrition, they possess a tonic power by their bitterness; yet, power that, so far from increasing vascular action, seems rather to quiet it. This bitter principle of Iceland moss, closely resembles the medicinal qualities of the hop, which is both sedative and tonic. When it is determined to employ the *Cetraria*, it is an excellent plan to boil it for five or ten minutes in water; the water is then to be poured off. The moss is, by this means, deprived of a portion of its bitterness, and rendered, of course, much more palatable; it may then be boiled in a fresh portion of water for a sufficient time to form a mucilage. Two ounces of the moss require about a pint of water, imperial measure.

The vegetable tonics we have now named may be used in every stage of the disorder, *except* when there is inflammation of the lungs or pleura. The mineral tonics, as iron, copper, &c., should be prescribed with much caution, as they are apt to produce too great excitement, and add to any degree of fever that may be present. The elegant preparation of the *citrate of iron* is the best mode in which ferruginous medicines may be administered; the compound iron mixture of the London College, which contains as well myrrh and nutmeg, is far less objectionable than the popular *tincture of steel*, which is the ordinary panacea of amateur prescribers.

We place considerable faith in the virtues of *acids*, which may be regarded in the joint character of sedatives, refrigerants, and astringent tonics. The mineral have been most commonly in use; but, from their erosive quality, they cannot be thrown in sufficient abundance into the circulating fluids; and, on this account, the vegetable are to be preferred; and of the vegetable, the fermented acids, which, though somewhat less grateful than the native acids, seem to be more effectual as tonics. The acetous acid was employed freely by Galen, diluted with water, who regarded it as the best refrigerant we can select. M. Orhan relates a case in which a patient drank, in the course of every twenty-four hours, seven

fluid ounces, intermixed with seven times as much rain-water, and sweetened with sugar. Dr. Roberts has also testified to its utility. One of his cases was of a very unpromising aspect, that of a young gentleman seventeen years of age, whose elder brother had died of phthisis. The cough, which in the morning was very considerable, was attended with expectoration sometimes streaked with blood; a confirmed hectic preyed upon him, and the night-sweat was so profuse, that his hair was drenched with it. "My patient," says Dr. Roberts, "was at once relieved by the use of the acid." The acetic and the acetous acid (common distilled vinegar) have been employed indiscriminately; citric acid has been tried but does not seem to possess the same curative properties. The acetous acid may be given in doses of two, three, or four drachms, with an ounce of infusion of cascarilla and a little simple syrup, repeated three or four times a day. We have, in many instances, been enabled to trace increased energy in the system, and a cessation of the night sweats, to the employment of the above prescription. From these facts, as well as from a host of others of the same kind that might be adduced, the acetous acid appears to be a powerful sedative. It diminishes action generally, checks night sweats, restrains hæmoptysis (spitting of blood), retards the pulse, but produces costiveness. In hæmoptysis it may be employed in still larger doses with manifest and unmixed advantage. From these remarks in advocacy of acids, we do not wish to be considered as encouraging the bad practice common amongst many persons in health, especially young females, of drinking excessive quantities of vinegar for no other purpose than to gratify a morbid taste; in moderate quantity, it is a wholesome and useful article of the table—its abuse is hurtful.

The *elixir of vitriol*, or diluted sulphuric acid, is a favourite tonic in domestic medicine; and one which may be employed with safety. We should never slightly pass over those simple remedies which have acquired fame amongst the people; for we may be assured that their popularity has been gained by their proved utility.

We must not, in the list of tonics, omit water; the frequent abluion of the body is one of the best prophylactics of disease that beneficent Nature has provided for us; and, in the malady now under consideration, when judiciously employed, it is of considerable utility. The cold bath, however, should seldom be resorted to, as we cannot ensure that reaction, "glow," which follows its use in perfect health: a tepid bath, at about 76 or 80 degrees, will frequently tranquillise the system, and procure for the patient a good night's rest, when all other means fail. When a general heat cannot be procured conveniently, the invalid should dash—not wash—his chest every morning and evening with tepid water, so that the "dashing" produces some slight shock; after this, the breast should be carefully dried with a tolerably coarse towel, so as to produce some slight degree of friction.

The next object in "the general management of Consumption," is to allay the nervous irritation and unnatural excitement of the whole system; this is frequently attained by the means we have just detailed, namely, a mild nutritive diet, and fresh air; in fact, the improvement in the general health which we may confidently anticipate from this treatment, as a necessity, insures a diminution, if not the entire cessation, of that irritation which is capable of urging on the progress of the tuberculous deposits, and, by preventing the patient from taking proper nourishment, induces the wasting fever peculiar to this disease. To soothe this nervous irritability, should it outlast the nutritive and tonic treatment, it will be necessary to have recourse to the class of medicines distinguished by their *sedative* properties, as aconite, henbane, morphia, hops, lettuce, prussic acid, &c. Of all these, the extract of lettuce is the safest and the best, as it exerts a balmy influence over the whole frame, allays the cough, and does not produce that loathing of food common to more active sedatives and narcotics. Hyosciamus is a valuable remedy for the same purpose, but is apt to create some disturbance in the stomach and bowels; when hyosciamus is employed, the *tincture* is the preferable preparation, as its strength is generally uniform; whereas the *extract* cannot be depended on, as scarcely two chemists prepare it in the same manner. It should be given in alterative doses of ten or fifteen drops, twice or three times during the day, in either of the bitter infusions before named, and followed at night by a full dose of thirty drops. Opium, and the preparations of opium as the acetate and muriate of morphia, should not be used until all other sedatives have failed; opium, by itself, is improper, as it may induce congestion, and invariably produces headache and some degree of fever. Prussic acid, or the *acidum hydrocyanicum dilutum*, has long been used in phthisis under the form of distilled laurel water. We are indebted to Dr. Granville for its introduction into our country as an useful remedy in this disease; unfortunately, it has recently gained a disreputable notoriety, of which it is not deserving, when prescribed with caution. It should only be administered in the earliest stages of the disease. The more simple and natural the means by which we acquire our end, is, in the treatment of disease, as in every pursuit in life, the best; the early morning air will allay excitement, and prevent the exhaustion of nervous energy. How much better it is to depend on this, or, at all events, to try it, before we fly to opium or prussic acid!

T. H. YEOMAN, M. D.

Memoranda of Men and Things.

DEATH OF SIR DAVIDGE GOULD.

It is with great regret we announce the death of the senior Admiral of the Red, Sir Davidge Gould, G.C.B., Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom, without a struggle and without pain, at his seat in Herts, on Friday, the 22nd of April. He was in his 90th year, upwards of 70 years of which had been spent in the service of his country. This distinguished officer served under and was the friend and messmate of Nelson, Rodney, Hood, Hotham, Hyde Parker, &c. His late Majesty, William IV., with whom he had the honor of serving, was ever the most kind and gracious friend of his old companion and messmate. For some years past he has been the last surviving captain who commanded a line-of-battle ship at the glorious battle of the Nile. By his decease the post and place of Senior Admiral of the Red Flag, the Vice-Admiralship of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and a Grand Cross of the Bath, are vacant, and also a good service pension of £300 per annum. The gallant Admiral was not only "the last of the Nile," but the last male descendant of the ancient and honorable knightly Somersetshire family of Gould, of Sharpsham-park. Besides enumerating among its members two distinguished judges and other persons of eminence, the mother of the celebrated author of "Tom Jones" was Sarah, daughter of Sir Henry Gould, of Sharpsham-park, where the author was born, 1707. She was the wife of General Fielding, nephew of William, third Earl of Denbigh. Sir Davidge's commission as a Lieutenant is dated 7th May, 1775; Commander, June, 1782; Captain, March, 1789; and Rear-Admiral, October, 1807. He became Vice-Admiral, July, 1810, and Admiral, May, 1825. He became Senior Admiral of the Red in November last. As a midshipman he served in the *Phoenix*, in the first American war, and as a lieutenant served

in the *Conqueror*, in Rodney's action in April, 1782. As Captain he commanded the *Bedford* in Hotham's action off Genoa, in March, 1795, and in Frejus Bay in July of that year. At the Nile he commanded the *Audacious*, and also at the blockade at Malta, and subsequently had the proud satisfaction of commanding the *Genereux*, which ship, when a French vessel, effected her escape from the Nile, and was recaptured some time after she and her consort had pounced upon the *Leander*. The deceased Admiral married Harriett, eldest daughter of the late Archdeacon Willes, son of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and nephew of the Lord Chief Justice Sir John Willes, but by whom he leaves no issue. Her ladyship survives him.

SUICIDE OF SIR HENRY WEBSTER.

We regret to announce the decease of the above gentleman. Sir Henry died at midnight on Monday, at his residence, 31, Upper Brook-street, from the effects of injuries inflicted on himself at an early hour in the morning of the same day.

The unfortunate gentleman had only recently returned, in company with Lady Webster, from the Continent, where he had been travelling for the benefit of his health. It appears that within the last few weeks his malady had increased rather than otherwise. On Sunday night he was left by his servant in bed, nothing particular being observed in his demeanour. Next morning at seven his servant knocked at the door, in order to ascertain whether his master had taken some medicine left with him for that purpose the previous night, but on Sir Henry making an observation which witness understood to be a desire that he should not be then disturbed, the man retired. He returned some time afterwards and knocked, but on receiving no reply, again went away. At half-past eight he knocked a third time, and finding that his master still remained silent, became alarmed, and informed Lady Webster of the circumstance. Her ladyship immediately suggested that the door should be broken open, and this object having been accomplished, the man entered the room, and found his master lying on the floor at the foot of the bed, in a senseless state, there being a severe wound on the left side of the throat, from which blood was copiously flowing. The servant forthwith left the room for the purpose of obtaining surgical aid, and by a fortunate presence of mind, spared Lady Webster the pain of witnessing the melancholy sight, as her ladyship was in the act of entering the apartment just as he was retiring from it. No time was lost, and ere many minutes had elapsed several medical gentlemen were in attendance, and rendered all the assistance in their power. The unfortunate gentleman, according to the position in which he was discovered, must have got up from his bed to commit the rash act. From the moment of the medical gentlemen being called in Sir Henry gradually lingered up to 12 on Monday, when he breathed his last.

Sir Henry Webster's untimely end will be regretted by a numerous circle, as well as by many of the military profession, of which, for years, he was a distinguished member, indeed one who so nobly braved the storms and dangers of Portugal, Spain, Holland, Belgium, France, and Waterloo, deserved a better fate. He was born in 1790, being the second son of the late Sir Godfrey Vassal, and brother to the present holder of that title. His mother was the late Lady Holland. She was the daughter and heiress of Richard Vassal, Esq., of Jamaica, and married Sir Godfrey in 1786. The marriage was dissolved in 1799, by act of parliament, and the same year she married Lord Holland. Sir Henry entered the army in 1810, being then twenty years of age. In 1831 he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-colonel, but since he attained his majority in 1826, was on the unattached list. In 1815 he was nominated a Knight of Wilhem of the Netherlands. This honor was conferred in consideration of the services he rendered as Aide-de-Camp to the Prince of Orange at Waterloo. In 1832 he was nominated a Knight of the Tower and Sword of Portugal, and in 1835 received the orders of St. Bento d'Avis. In 1843 he received the title of Knight Bachelor by patent. He was decorated with a medal for Waterloo. The deceased married some years since, the only daughter and heiress of the late Samuel Boddington, Esq.

PRICE OF RARE BOOKS.

Believing the greater portion of our readers have little conception of the extraordinary sums that old rare books realise in England, even in these days of dear money and low prices, we have taken pains to select a few lots from the catalogue of rare books, belonging to John Wilks, Esq., M.P., for Boston, sold in London, at auction, by Mr. Leigh Sotheby, in March last.

'Roxburghe Revels' sold for £22 10s.; the original MS. of Scott's 'Rob Roy' for £82; and the first folio edition of 'Shakespeare' for £155—the largest sum ever given at an auction for a copy of the book. For the 'Rob Roy,' when the Waverley MSS. were sold, Mr. Wilks gave £50; and for the Shakespeare at Hibbert's sale, £85 ls. The Shakespeare is fine and sound, but rather cropped. 'Jason—The Boke of the hooly Lyf of Jason,' by Raoul Le Fevre, William Caxton, without date, but supposed to have been printed by him about 1475, £121. 'Christine of Pise, the Fayttes of Armes and of Chyvalrye,' printed by Caxton in 1489, £54. 'Cato,' the booke called Cato, printed by Caxton in 1483, £23 15s. 'Exornatorium Curatorum,' a tract of sixteen leaves, printed in 1519 by Julian Notary, £14 5s.—nearly £1 per leaf. 'Dives and the Pauper, the Rich and Pore, Fructuously Treatyng upon the X. Commandments,' printed by Richard Pynson in 1493, £50. 'Grafton's Abridgment of the Chronicles of England,' a present from Thomas Duke of Norfolk to his Godson shortly before his execution, with a manuscript note addressed to the young man in the unfortunate Duke's autograph; date, 1571, £24. 'The Festyvall,' printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1528, £40. 'Henrici VIII. Assertio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Martinum Lutherum,' Archbishop Cranmer's copy, with his autograph upon the title. 'Thomas Cantuarien.,' printed by Richard Pynson in 1521, £36 10s. 'Heures a Lounge de la Vierge Marie selon l'Usage de Rome,' printed upon vellum at Paris, in 1525, by Geoffroy de Tory, £62. 'A Devoute Treatyse in Englishe, called the Pilgrimage of Perfeccyon, very Proffytable for all Christen People to rede, and Exposition of the Ave and the Crede, with diverse other Thynges,' printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1531, £21 5s. 'Ciceronis (M. Tullii) Officia Paradoxa,' &c., the first classical author ever printed upon vellum, printed by Fust at Mentz in 1465, and containing the earliest specimen of Greek printing in the quotations, £300. 'The Raoul le Fevre Recuyell of the Histories of Troye,' first edition of this ancient romance, and believed to be the earliest production of the Caxton press, 1471. Only two perfect copies of it are known; one in the British Museum and the other in the Marquis of Bute's Library. This copy, although imperfect in ten leaves, sold for £165. 'Romant de la Rose,' par G. de Lorris et Jean de Meun, printed upon vellum by Verrard in 1496, £101. 'Rycharde Cœur de Lyon,' an English metrical romance, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1528, £47. 'Sarum Misdale ad usum Tuisignis Ecclesie,' 30 guineas. 'The Prymer in Englysshe and Latin, sette out alonge after the Use of Sarum,' £23. Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' first edition, William Ponsonby, 1590-96, £18. 'A Collection of State Papers, consisting of Draughts and Prèsis of Despatches from the British Government to Sir G. Macartney, Sir A. Mitchell, &c.,