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same object. The uniform experience, for a series of years, of the prisons of England and the United States, where sanguinary penal codes, after having been for ages in operation, have yielded in practice to the more rational and humane substitution of hard labour, restricted diet, solitary confinement, and judicious classification, furnishes unquestionable practical evidence that the energies of the law in the suppression of crime, are most potent and efficient when directed with a constant view to the moral faculties of our nature, and when imbued with that spirit which seeks to restore, in order that it may safely forgive. The great object of the institution of civil government is to advance the prosperity and to increase the happiness of its subjects. The agents of government, from the captain-general down to a turnkey of a prison, should be the fathers of the people; and it may surely be ranked among the duties incident to this paternal care, not only that those who are guilty of crime should receive the punishment due to their offences, but that no pains should be spared to remove the causes of offences, and to diminish, as far as possible, every source of temptation and corruption. This is precisely what I would bring under the view of government, by demonstrating the condition of the men condemned to the presidios of Puerto Rico; a class whose increasing numbers and deplorable moral and physical situation loudly call for the effective moral co-operation of every individual interested in the welfare of his country; for all are, I assert, collectively and individually interested in the question."—p. 291.

We must now leave off any further consideration of Colonel Flintner's Puerto Rico, satisfied that he is an amiable man, endowed with warm feelings, strongly attached to a nation and government to which he has become closely allied, and above wilfully perverting facts; though we suspect that not unfrequently his friendship has considerably affected his clear perception of all the bearings of particular questions, where history should have preserved him from mistake and error.

ART. XII.

I.—*The Landscape Annual for 1835.—The Tourist in Spain—Granada.*

By THOMAS ROSCOE. Illustrated from Drawings by DAVID ROBERTS.
London: Jennings and Co. 1834.

II.—*The Oriental Annual for 1835, or Scenes in India.* By the Rev.

HOBART CAUNTER, B.D. London: Churton. 1834.

WHEN the first Annuals appeared, every one felt that the title, the period of their publication, and the nature of their contents, on account of the variety of hands engaged in them, were happy conceptions, quite distinct from what might be their intrinsic merits. Like all striking and lucky ideas, they soon came to be hackneyed to a degree and extent to make even what is really good in some measure tasteless. So that when we hear of anything in the shape of a new Annual, the mind naturally sets down the speculator as such a common-place man—as such a banking-clerk sort of

literateur, as operates considerably to the disparagement of his talents. This presumption no doubt is strengthened and enforced by the general style and merits of the literature to be found in these yearly visitors, of which, to say the best, *prettiness* is the characteristic: or sweetness, the sweetness of sugar, without those admixtures that communicate a finer and higher relish to the fare. Indeed, their figure, the binding, the embellishments, are exactly suited to their literature, and descriptive of their value.

It is at the same time true, that our ablest and most popular writers contribute to this family of works; and out of the variety of departments to which these belong, it might be held impossible for them to be destitute of every species of excellence. But be it remembered, that the embellishments are the primary object, and that the literature wedded to them, is necessarily of a confined and corresponding character. The limited field allowed each author admits not of surpassing efforts; whilst in the mere circumstance of appointed topics, which of course are frequently presented to the contributors, there is a circumscribed and deteriorating influence. These are such apparent truths and facts that it is unnecessary to do more than name them. But what concerns us as guardians of the public taste, and historians of cotemporary literature, is to mark the influence which any one department has upon the surrounding fields, at the same time that we measure its own precise dimensions. And here we must declare that the Annuals have had directly and indirectly a tendency to lower the tone, and neutralize the originality of their writers, whilst they have diluted the taste of their readers. Independently of the reasons above assigned for the inferior contributions of celebrated authors, these works have opened a receptacle for every person, old and young, who could prettily wield a pen. The Annuals are, therefore, essentially boarding-school literature, to the exclusion, to a certain extent, of more worthy volumes. In the ordinary history of books, it is only those that are very good and far above mediocrity that live, or even obtain the binder's, much less the painter's and engraver's embellishments. Writers of mediocrity generally are allowed to die without having done much harm, or wasted the time of many readers. The Annuals, however, are uniformly possessed of many decorations, and are never destitute of some meritorious papers; which circumstance, together with the varied character of their contents, arising from the variety of contributors, gives them a popularity that leads and keeps the taste of their multitudinous readers in an inferior school. Besides the Annuals, penny publications and cheap libraries have figured greatly within these few years. But the latter have for their object the *utile* instead of the *dulce*;—knowledge rather than entertainment is their field. These two departments are affected very differently by handling. Knowledge, the more that it is spread and cultivated, uniformly grows: it gathers health and vigour by diffusion; the more plain that it is

made, the more is its beauty perceived. But sentiment sickens by fine spinning, and instead of acquiring fresh beauty, presents the yellow hue of dying nature. The Annuals are devoted to this most delicate field; and whilst at their very commencement they were exposed to all the evils named already by us, they have every year been necessarily liable to the accruing weaknesses of continued handling. Accordingly, we must say for 1835, though possessing all their family features, still they are more than ever weakly and consumptive. Even the pictorial embellishments are generally less striking, as if the artists were in some degree exhausted. And no wonder; for the style that has become fashionable throughout the Annuals, is like what we should say become a generation of little men. The two which follow are exceptions in plan and execution.

We have witnessed, with pleasure, the encouragement which the author of the "Landscape Annual" received from the public, in his entertaining tour through France and Italy. In the present volume, he conducts us through the romantic regions of Spain. In tracing these Annuals, Mr. Roscoe has done justice to his readers and to himself. We too frequently find works of this nature, written without animation or spirit. Mr. Roscoe appears not to have been satisfied with a plain, nerveless, insipid, geographical description of the beautiful scenes which he delineates: he has launched forth into a nobler strain, and has suffered himself to be transported by the natural warmth and vigour which the nobleness of the theme inspired. He has dressed truth in the garb of fiction. But, although he has interwoven fiction in his development of the history and character of the Moors, he has opened an abundant source of authenticated information for those who condemn fiction as the flimsy production of a distempered imagination, and who seek at once to arrive at the pure fountain of truth. But in the estimation of general readers, our opinion is, that the fiction adopted by the author will be thought calculated to relieve the dryness of history, and to render the whole doubly interesting. Annuals of this description are, perhaps, among the most pleasant productions which appear before the public. In them we find sources of intelligence, both as regards historical accounts and local scenery. If we have never travelled from our own country, we become conversant with others; we are made acquainted with the peculiar manners and customs of every nation; we peruse the historical annals of every people; we see portrayed before us every mountainous and picturesque spot which adorns the face of the globe; in fine, we have a general view of whatever is notable or magnificent, throughout every state and kingdom in the four quarters of the universe. A book which is the means of conveying thus a fund of knowledge, is useful as well as pleasant. In this light we view with approval the encouragement which those before us have hitherto met with from the public, and which doubtless will be continued. For instance, a descriptive tour through Granada, in the manner of

Mr. Roscoe, is highly worthy of public notice. We now proceed to present our readers with a general view of the entertaining contents of his volume.

The scene opens in Granada, in the evening of "that eventful day when the Moorish monarch beheld the Christian captives of the fallen Zaharah, led in triumph through the gates of Granada." Aben Kassim, the ablest counsellor of the reigning monarch, who had ever been his companion in times of festivity and peril, is represented walking in the delightful gardens of the Alhambra, absorbed in meditation. He enters the groves of cypress and myrtle, where the vast edifice of the Alhambra occasionally presents itself to view, through the sequestered shades visible by the light of the pale moon, which illumined its lofty minarets. In the midst of his reverie, he at length arrives at the magnificent area of the Alhambra called the Court of Lions. He proceeds, till his attention is arrested by one of those inscriptions emblazoned on the halls and temples of the sons of Mahommed, "teaching how kingdoms were to be won, and how, when conquered, they were to be maintained." "A sigh escaped him, as he turned away from the admonitory wisdom of the past—that sole despised heritage of our sires; and he proceeded with more hurried step and clouded brow, to the palace residence of the king."

Aben Kassim found the monarch, Muley Ibn Hassan, seated in one of the luxurious retreats of the Alhambra, with a sullen and dejected brow, which but ill contrasted with the placid beauty and magnificence of the place.

Muley Ibn Hassan is described "as being long past the meridian of life. His stately strong-knit frame had begun to bend and rock under the united force of time, enervating indulgence, and the stormy passions of the breast. Still, his countenance was more strongly ploughed by anxiety than age. His swarthy brow bore traces of the most violent tempests that can shake the human soul. Not deficient in the light of intelligence, the mental characteristics of his face were themselves but interpreters of the pride—the terrible self-will which ruled all the thoughts and avenues of his being."

Aben Kassim saluted his monarch, and proceeded to discuss with him the affairs of the falling kingdom of Granada. He remonstrates with the king, that though he had manifested the resoluteness and fearlessness of his noble spirit, in denying the tribute to the Christian king of Spain, he had not acted with the prudence and deliberation which were required to cicatrize the disasters of the sinking state. He opens the eyes of the monarch to the secret machinations of Ferdinand, who had gained over to his interest the Moorish tribes of Zegris and Gomelez. But as the king had openly defied the envoy of Spain, the worthy minister strenuously exhorted him to persevere in his obstinacy and determination to deny the tribute which Ferdinand demanded. This colloquy is admirably supported by the reckless impetuosity of the monarch, and the more calm deliberation of the statesman.

“ ‘Oh, Aben Kassim,’ replied Muley Ibn Hassan, kindling with noble rage, ‘and couldst *thou* have heard that vain presuming knight remind thee of thy vassal lot, and call aloud for tribute before the assembled emirs and elders of the empire, seated amid thy symbols of sway, robed in thy royal koftan on thy imperial divan, a throne won for thee by the sword of judgment, wielded by the prophet? Had he sent to challenge us to open tourney, at the tilt of reeds, or to place the destiny of the empire on lance with lance, more pleasing to me had been the sight of that malapert envoy in our lists. But his idle, vaunting embassy, told in so lofty a tone, made me tremble with rage to smite him, spite of his sacred badge, even where he stood. And, methinks, he ought to thank thee that he does not now look down from our battlements, in place of bearing our sharp-edged missive to the wily monarchs of Arragon and Castile. By Allah! it will rouse their chill, stagnant blood, when they hear that all Granada’s kings, who once gave tribute-money to Castile, are dead and gone—that our royal mint coins nothing now but blades of swords and heads of javelins. Yet it irks me that we let him wag his pert and impious tongue, when the flash of many a weapon told him that justice was near at hand, ready to sprinkle the mouths of our lion-founts with his impetuous blood.’ ”

The king and his minister part in mutual resolves to conquer by the shrine of their Prophet, or perish in defence of their country and religion.

“ Then Allah speed us ! ” are the words of Aben Kassim; “ let us join the grand divan ; and next, oh king, summon we to the sacred mosque our imauns and elders,—yea, the hajees, every pious follower of their revered priests, even our faquirs and santous, to offer up their prayers for Granada. Thence let them proclaim through her cities, from end to end, the greatest of our holy wars ; thence unfurl our prophet’s sacred banner, and hurl back the infidel from the soil of our beloved country.”

The author next entertains us with a lively and beautiful description of the city of Granada. We shall give this description in the words of Mr. Roscoe.

“ In the dewy twilight of morning, breathing the soft spirit of its southern sea, mingled with the pure breezy freshness of its snowy sienna ; in the radiance of the noon-day sun, in the solemn shades of evening, Granada burst upon his (the Moslem’s) sight with a splendour unknown to any other city in the world. Loved with a species of idolatry, without parallel, perhaps, except in the glory of the Syrian Damascus, or the marble Tadmor in the palmy days of its famed queen, far around her swelled the mountains which appear to have been raised by nature for her lordly barrier, their snow-bound crests emulating in whiteness the crystal of the moon-beams—their deep, dark woods bending in bold contrast to the glistening clothing of the summits, and the not less exquisite

splendour of the golden roofs of palaces and mosques that shone on the plains below. Wide spreading along the sunny sides of the delicious site of this queen of cities, the murmur of its golden river, the bloom of gardens and orchards, vied with the luxury of an eastern Eden. Immediately on the skirts of those pleasure-grounds which appeared only lavishly adorned to skreen, in their sylvan recesses, the most lovely of women from the too ardent rays of the sun, extended yellow corn-fields and purple vineyards far as the eye could reach, over fertile lands, richly peopled with busy hamlets, strong thriving towns, with innumerable castles and fortresses in the distance.

“ In the midst of this spacious glowing scene of fertility, enriched with all the gems of art, lay Granada like some proud beauty, calm and stately, seated secure in her own spangled halls. From the two hills which she crowned with her numerous sumptuous edifices, the Darro and the Xenil were seen mingling their limpid waters, in which the peasant not unfrequently gathered the purest grains of gold and silver. The most conspicuous objects in the direction of the Darro, flowing through the valley of the two hills and dividing the city, were the palæe of the Alhambra and the Vermilion Towers—the former venerable in the eyes of the Moor, as the grand citadel of his country’s glory; the latter, as one of those monuments which seem to defy the calculations of time, still glowing midst the surrounding ruins of a fallen empire. To the northward of the river, rose the stern, rude-looking towers of the Albaycin and of Alcazaba; while the broad intervening plain was covered with the light, airy, and variously adorned dwellings of the wealthy population.”

Granada is supposed to have been founded by a colony of Phenicians; from them it came into the possession of the Romans; from the Romans it descended to the Goths. “ But it was reserved for the Saracens to invest it with all the strength and magnificence which it was naturally so well fitted to receive.” In the beginning of the eighth century, it gradually arose to a city of wealth and population under the victorious Omniades. Towards the end of the thirteenth century Muley Mohammed Abdallah first conceived the idea of erecting the Alhambra, which was so magnificently completed by his successors.

The expense of the erection of the stupendous palace of the Alhambra was defrayed by money levied on the Jews and Christians. Subsequent to this period the history of Granada contains little else than the records of bloodshed, tyranny, and civil discord. In 1340, Alphonso, availing himself of the factious divisions existing in Granada, obtained the ascendancy over the Moors. From this time Granada became involved in those fatal wars with the kings of Castile, which terminated in the destruction of the city, and the expulsion of the Moors from Europe. In 1453, Ismael, having effected all that valour and prudence could achieve, was finally com-

pelled to purchase peace at the expense of an annual tribute of 600 Christian captives or as many Moors, when the Christians were exhausted, besides the fine of 12,000 ducats.

But Muley Ibn Hassan, as we have shown in the commencement of our narrative, scorning to be beholden for his regal rights to the powers of Spain, threw off his allegiance and refused the tribute granted by his predecessor.

This refusal renewed the quarrel between Spain and Granada, and was finally the cause that the proud city of Granada succumbed to the overwhelming force of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The next scene which the author introduces lies in the palace of the Generalife or the Mansion of Pleasure. The personages represented are Ibn Hammed, a magnanimous prince of the renowned house of the Abencerages, and the soft and gentle Zelinda, his betrothed. Few spots could be better adapted for a love-scene than the one chosen by our author. "It was one of those rich deep glowing evenings of an Andalusian summer, when nature in all her luxuriant splendour fills earth, and air, and sky, with a radiant beauty unknown to other lands. Every object seemed imbued with a glory, an elasticity of existence, irresistibly inspiring, and enchanting to the eye. Each flower, and shrub, and tree, shone with their own peculiarly ripe and dazzling hues. The myrtle, the citron, the camellia, and the rose, over-arched by stately palm and cypress, and fed from the pure sparkling waters and breezy incense of the hills, shed an ineffable sweetness through the clear, mild heaven, reflecting its deep purple light upon tower and stream; while the nightingale from her favourite tree filled the garden-bowers with a thrill of passionate delight, in perfect unison with the hour and scene." In this delightful spot, while Ibn Hammed is endeavouring to dispel the apprehensions of Zelinda, in the ensuing wars, and while, trembling with rage, he denounces vengeance against his rival Aba Abdallah, better known by the name of Boabdil, and surnamed El Zagoybi the Unhappy, the prince of the reigning monarch, "wild sounds came, borne upon the night-winds, of mingled fury and lamentation. Gathering fresh strength as they rose into general tumult, which fell portentously upon the ear, he clasped the weeping beauty in his arms, and bearing her to the nearest saloon, consigned her to the care of her maidens, and rushed eagerly to learn the source of so fierce an outcry at the dead hour of night. As he hurried down the shady avenues of the Alhambra, he saw approaching a vast concourse of people directing their rage against the palace of Muley Hassan, and filling the air with deep universal lament." "Alhama! woe is me, Alhama; accursed be Muley Hassan! How long shall he betray the faithful into the hands of the Christian spoiler. Alhama is no more!" were the wild cries of the insurgents. The nobles proceeded to the palace, and were calling on Muley to pay the tribute to the Castilian monarch, or surrender the crown, when the noble Abencerage made

his appearance. The insurrection was finally pacified by the eloquence of Aben Kassim.

When Alhama had yielded to the power of the victorious Spaniards, the first efforts of Muley were directed to dispossess Ferdinand of his newly acquired strong-hold in the territory of Granada. It was the misfortune of the Moors, at this eventful period, that, while their country was threatened by a foreign enemy without, the state itself should be harassed by internal factions and dissensions. At the period when the children of Mohammed should have been united in the common cause of their beloved country, Granada represented the mournful and desolate picture of a nation torn asunder by the worse species of party-spirit.

While Muley was pressing the siege of Alhama with unremitting vigour, his son Abn Abdallah and the Sultana Aixa were plotting to deprive him of his crown. Alhama was on the point of surrendering to the Moors, when the monarch was informed of the treacherous proceedings of his wife and son. Abn Abdallah and his accomplice were apprehended and confined for a short time in the Tower of Couards. But they speedily effected their escape—and from this attempt of the ambitious Abn Abdallah must be dated those dreadful wars between two competitors for the crown, which deluged Granada in the richest blood of her heroes. Abn Abdallah had ingratiated himself with the lower classes of the people, who acknowledged him as king; Muley was supported in his rightful claim by the nobility; and hence arose those dreadful contentions which were the principal cause of the destruction of the kingdom. The usurper, however, increased in his popularity, and acquired more extensive sway by inviting Ferdinand to his assistance. This suited the policy of Ferdinand, who, whilst he aided one party, he was directing his own views to the destruction of the Moors. But though the late unfortunate monarch was finally rendered unable to offer further opposition to his ambitious son, Abn Abdallah was not destined to enjoy his crown in peace. He met another formidable rival in the brother to the late king, El Zagal, who now aspired to the royal honours, which had been unjustly usurped by his nephew. It is impossible for us to detail the numerous and various engagements of the rival kings, or the inroads which the Spanish invaders continued to make into the country of the Moors during these violent commotions. The reversion of fortune which attended either party is generally known to our readers. The result of these civil disturbances was, the success which finally attended the victorious arms of Spain. "Thus closed," we may say with our author, "in the twofold darkness of a religious and political doom, the eventful career of this high spirited and remarkable people. Distinguished above all of eastern or even European descent by their religions, their brilliant valour, their unrivalled ingenuity, and their renown in arts and learning,—the influence they exercised on the mind of Europe, roused her from her torpor and barbarism of ages, to an energy, a

spirit and glory of enterprise which we attribute too little to its primary source. But the poet still bewails their fall, because in the days of their prosperity they were great and heroic; the philosopher contemplates it as the result of necessary causes; the Christian, better and more truly, as one of the acts in the mighty scheme of a divine, mysterious Providence." We must now advert to the more romantic part of Mr. Roscoe's History of Granada. We have previously shown that Abn Abdallah entertained a passionate regard for Zelinda, and, also, that Ali Atar the father of Zelinda had betrothed her to Ibn Hammed of the renowned house of the Abencerages. Abn Abdallah finding it impossible to obtain her consent by placing before her the alluring temptations of the splendour of a sultana's diadem, had recourse to more wily and intriguing measures. This wicked prince, having convoked a general assembly of the chiefs and elders in the *Gate of Justice*, solemnly consented to the proposed union of Zelinda and Ibn Hammed, on condition that the celebrated Abencerage should first redeem his pledge, by his exploits against the infidels of Arragon and Castile. Ibn Hammed consented to obey, or to forfeit honour and love! After having signaled himself in every field where the glory of his country was disputed, fortune seemed to have deserted his cause on the plains of Lucena. Borne on the shields of his friends from that memorable encounter, he had the horror of at once beholding the glory of his country eclipsed, and the desolation of his fondest hopes. When opening his eyes to returning consciousness, he saw the form of her he loved bending over him in the agony of her sorrow, the full extent of his misfortunes rushed darkly across his spirit. The dreaded penalty of his rash vow pierced, with the sharpness of the barbed shaft, to his inmost heart. He had lost; and in the impulse of his despair would have torn the bandages from his wounds, alike inaccessible to the consolations of his friends, and the sad appeal and prayers of his beloved. In the civil broils which shook the ill fated empire of Granada, after the resignation of Muley, he had espoused the cause of El Zagal, and now lay in the hands of his merciless and hated enemy the usurping prince Abn Abdallah. The prince seemed to have attained the summit of his desires. He appears before the constant Zelinda, and demands her consent to their union, and on her refusing, vows by Allah that she shall behold her long loved Abencerage die before her.

"Oh God! then he must die!" she exclaimed. "Would I had the soul of Hammed, or Heaven's lightning to strike thee dead! Ah go not yet—only give me time."

"Not a moment! insisted the relentless monarch," as he drew her towards a balcony which looked upon one of the courts of the tower of the seven vaults. "See where the sword of judgment hangs suspended by *thy* hand over the head of yon noble chief; and thou shalt behold it fall!"

"Then for the first time, she yielded to the terrors of her soul; speechless, breathless, and as if dreading that the next moment

might come too late, she placed her hand within that of *Abn Abdallah*, her eyes still bent on that appalling sight, with a fascination of horror too intense for outward sign or expression. She resigned herself, like a statue of living woe, into the arms of the prince, and consented to become the bride of *Abdallah* the sultan of *Granada*."

From the specimens we have selected from *Mr. Roscoe's* romantic history of *Granada*, the reader may form an accurate judgment of the novelty of his plan, and the ability of its execution. We have not conducted our readers to the last scenes of the lovely *Zelinda*, and the valiant *Ibn Hammed*, but we have endeavoured to give our readers an idea of a work which contains history and romance so pleasingly and admirably combined.

The *Oriental Annual for 1835* appears to comprise every thing that could render it entertaining and useful. It contains history interspersed with the most interesting anecdotes. It gives a faithful view of the manners and customs of the countries it describes. In short, it includes a great deal worthy of observation in the *Indian scenes* which it represents.

The patronage afforded by the public to the proprietors of the *Oriental Annual* on a former occasion, has again induced them to leave nothing undone, which could render the present volume still more deserving of encouragement. We are given to understand that this valuable *Annual* will be continued in yearly volumes, every three forming a distinct series. Thus, the first series will contain descriptions of the three *English Presidencies*, *Madras*, *Calcutta*, and *Bombay*: the volume describing *Madras* has already appeared before the public, the present describes *Calcutta*, and the third volume, which will complete the first series, will describe *Bombay*.

In our review of this work we shall not confine ourselves to follow the author in his tour, but we shall select what appears to be illustrative of the scenery of the country, its curiosities, and the characteristic manners of the natives; which, we think, will contribute more to the interest and gratification of our readers.

Upon quitting *Hurdwar* our author directed his route towards the mountains. The first object which appears to have caught the attention of our traveller after again renewing his journey, was a remarkable *banyan tree*, near the banks of the *Ganges*. The tree was of an unusual dimension. The stem was excavated so as to form a spacious chamber, which was converted into a temple, dedicated to the *Hindoo Godhead*. This singular temple is visited by a number of pilgrims, who are supposed to acquire a mystical purification by entering on one side and passing out on the other. On entering the mountains by the *Coaduwar ghaut* our author and travelling companions received the disheartening information that the snow had begun to fall. "As we advanced, the sky appeared to be tinged with a deep dingy red, and upon suddenly emerging from a narrow glen, to our astonishment the distant mountains seemed to be in a blaze. The fire swept up their sides to the extent of several miles, undulating like the agitated waves of the ocean, when

reddened by the slanting beams of the setting sun. It was like an ignited sea, exhibiting an effect at once new and fearful." This striking phenomenon is not by any means uncommon, and is accounted for by the larger bamboos, as they are swayed by the wind, emitting fire from their hard glossy stems, through the violence of their friction, and thus spreading destruction through the mountain forest.

The following is the author's description of the sillenies or porters. "It is wonderful to see with what agility the sillenies scale the steep acclivities, where there often appears scarcely footing for a goat, with loads which would distress any person of ordinary strength, even upon level ground: they carry with them bamboos crossed at the top by a short transverse stick, in the form of the ancient Greek Γ , upon which they rest their loads when fatigued. They are generally small men, but their limbs are large, and the muscles strongly developed, from the severe exercise to which their laborious employment subjects them. Their legs are frequently disfigured by varicose veins, which dilate to the size of a man's little finger, appearing like cords twisted round their limbs, and causing in the spectator a somewhat painful feeling of apprehension, lest they should suddenly burst—a consequence that could not fail to be fatal."

As our travellers proceeded, the road began to be difficult and perilous. "The waters of the Coah Vullah dashed beneath our path over their narrow rocky bed, foaming and hissing on their way to the parent stream, of which they formed one of the numerous accessories. The channel is occasionally almost choked with huge masses of rock, which fall from the beetling precipices above, and so interrupt the course of the stream, that it boils and lashes over them with an uproar truly appalling, especially when the traveller casts his anxious eye upon it while crossing one of those frail bridges, over which he is so frequently obliged to pass in a journey through these mountains."

On the road to Serinagur, after descending the bleak sides of a mountain bared of vegetation by one of those conflagrations already noticed, they came to a valley overhung by the peaks of mountains, which seemed to support the firmament—the scene is thus described. "Here, on the bare and scarped sides of the precipice above, pine-trees blasted or riven by the lightning, rattled their seared trunks in the wind, which, moaning through them in low hollow gusts, seemed to a saddened spirit like the wailing of the dead. Looking at the sky from this dismal valley, as if from the interior of a huge funnel, the stars were visible as shining through a pall. The heavens appeared to be one uniform tint of the deepest purple, whilst the brilliancy with which the stars emitted their vivid fires, altogether baffles description; they shone intensely bright, and although it at least wanted two hours of sunset, night

seemed already to have established its supremacy. Nothing could exceed the splendour of the scene."

A violent thunder storm, which overtook the travellers on the third day after their departure from Coaduwardhaut, is thus magnificently described :—

"On the morning of this day we had observed that the motion of the clouds gradually increased, the fleecy masses occasionally meeting, and variously blending with the sun-beams, from which they reflected a great variety of beautiful tints, thus imparting an agreeable colouring to the surrounding landscape. The sky was bright above us, though the atmosphere was sultry and oppressive. The rays at length spread over the hills, skimming rapidly along their precipitous sides, and occasionally rolling in undulating volumes, deepening as it expanded upon their bare or shaggy tops, and assuming forms the most singular and fantastic. In the course of a few minutes after we had observed the hurried gathering of the clouds, without any further indication, the sky became suddenly overcast, involving us in a gloom so intense as to render every object within a few yards of us perfectly indistinct. The rain quickly poured down upon us in a deluge. The lightning streamed from the clouds as from a mighty reservoir, wrapping the whole mountain in flames, and literally, in the words of scripture 'ran along the ground.' The flashes were so quick in succession, that there was only the pause of a few seconds between them, while the peals of thunder which followed, were almost deafening. The loud and successive peals were multiplied to such a degree by the surrounding echoes, that there was one continued and tremendous crash of several minutes, and at the first pause, the silence was so intense as to be positively painful. The thunder was repeated from rock to rock, rolling along the valleys as if subverting the very bases of the hills, and finally pushing its portentous roar in those interminable glens, where the eye cannot penetrate, and even the contemplation of which, causes the brain to whirl."

At Serinagur Mr. Hobart Caunter had an opportunity of visiting the Rajah's stable, where there was an animal of the bovine species, called the Yak. This animal is five feet high, and bears some resemblance to an English bull. Fine glossy hair hangs from its flanks down to the hocks. Its food is chiefly milk. Its legs are short, its eyes large, and its forehead protrudes considerably; the nostrils are small but open, the neck is short and arched, between the shoulders there is a high hump covered with short curly hair. The hides are commonly converted into an outer garment for the herdsmen, the long hair is manufactured into a sort of tent cloth, and the yak's tail is indispensable in the costume of an eastern court.

Speaking of the Hill-Men or the Himalaya Mountaineers, Mr. Hobart Caunter gives a very entertaining account of this singular race of men. They are generally small of stature. Accustomed to

labour from their infancy, they are able to endure any severity of climate. A hillman will sometimes carry a burden from ninety to a hundred pounds to a distance of eighteen miles over the most ragged paths. In appearance they are cowardly and degraded, but in many respects they are an extraordinary race. Their diet is extremely temperate. Their houses are generally convenient, and sufficiently clean: they are two stories high, the rooms are floored with planks of pine, and the windows are merely apertures in the wall. The fireplace is in the centre of the room, consisting of a stone hearth. The family sleep together on one bed, which is merely a layer of soft grass spread in a corner of the room.

From Serinagar our travellers proceeded to Nujibabad and thence to Kerutpoor. Through Chandpore and Sumbul they arrived at the modern city of Delhi, the seat of the Mahomedan empire in Hindostan. This city was built by Shah Jehan in the seventeenth century. It is seven miles in circumference, and is situated on the Jumma. The once magnificent city is covered with splendid ruins. The gardens of Shobinar are now so completely in ruins, that hardly a vestige of their former magnificence remains. The plain is crowded with piles of fallen mosques, mausoleums, palaces, colleges, seraglios, and appears to be the gloomy sepulchre of ruined greatness. During his stay at Delhi, Mr. Hobart Caunter chanced to meet a Gossein standing with his back against a broken pillar. The Gossein had a thick iron rod passed through his cheeks rivetted at each end, from which a circular piece of iron depended, inclosing his chin. The iron rod did not affect his articulation, but Mr. Hobart Caunter having invited him into his tent, he became very communicative and entered into conversation upon the strange events of his life. He was a man rather advanced in years, and had never sat down for thirteen years. This penance he had voluntarily imposed on himself. He had made a vow to remain erect for the space of fifteen years. Besides this infliction, he had so bent the fingers of his left hand as to form an angle with the back of his hand: moreover he had been suspended from the branch of a tree, for a whole year, by a cord with a strong bamboo crossing the end, upon which he sat while a strap confined him to the rope and thus prevented his falling.

“Whilst we remained at Delhi, I could not help contrasting the wretched condition of the reigning emperor with that of its former sovereigns, who established the Mogul dominion upon the ruins of the Afghan or Patan dynasty and erected the standard of the crescent in almost every district of Hindostan. The late emperor Shah Allum the second exhibited in his establishment the sad decline into which the Mahomedan sovereignty had fallen.

“In 1788, Gholam Kaudir, a Rohilla chief, having obtained the confidence of the weak, but virtuous, Shah Allum, made a sudden attack upon the city of Delhi. He made himself master of the town, and imprisoned the monarch. Shah Allum was subjected to

the most atrocious indignities, and finally had his eyes torn out by this brutal monster. The Rohilla chief was in turn captured by Eahadajee Scindia, who marched with his army to the rescue of the fallen monarch of Delhi. After undergoing the most excruciating torments, Gholaum Kaudir was confined in an iron cage, suspended from a beam, in the front of the army. His nose, ears, hands, and feet were cut off, his eyes forced out of their sockets, and in this state he was ordered to be conducted on a lean camel unto the presence of Shah Allum. This punishment he bore with undaunted heroism, and expired on his way to Shah Allum, from extreme thirst. It had previously been ordered by his inexorable judge, that nothing should be given to him either to eat or drink; his death must, therefore, have been one of intense agony."

The following is the description of the seraglio of an Eastern emperor.—“In the seraglio are educated the Mogul princes, and the principal youth among the nobles, destined for posts of responsibility in the empire. It is generally separated from the palace, but so nearly contiguous as to be ready of access. None are admitted within its apartments but the emperor and those immediately attached to its several offices, the duties of which are performed by women. It is generally inclosed by lofty walls, and surrounded by spacious gardens, laid out with all the splendour of eastern magnificence, where every luxury is obtained which the appetite may demand, or money can procure. Those inmates who form the matrimonial confederacy of the Mogul potentate are among the most beautiful girls which the empire can furnish. These lovely captives are never permitted to appear abroad, except when the emperor travels, and then they are conveyed in litters closed by curtains, or in boats with small cabins, admitting the light and air only through narrow Venetian blinds.

“The apartments of the seraglio are splendid, always, however, of course, in proportion to the wealth of the prince; and the favourite object of his affection exhibits the dignity, and enjoys the privileges of a queen, though a queen in captivity. While her beauty lasts, she is frequently regarded with a feeling amounting to idolatry; but when that beauty passes away, the warmth of love subsides. The favourite, however, while she continues her ascendancy over the heart of her lord, is treated with sovereign respect throughout the harem. She smokes her golden-tubed hooka, the mouth-piece studded with gems, and enjoys the fresh morning breeze under a verandah that overlooks the gardens of the palace, attended by her damsels, only second to herself in attractions of person, and splendour of attire. Here she reclines in oblivious repose, upon a rich embroidered carpet from the most celebrated looms of Persia. Through an atmosphere of the richest incense, she breathes the choicest perfumes of Arabia, and has every thing round her that can administer to sensual delight; yet still she is generally an unhappy being. She dwells in the midst of splendid misery and

ungratifying profusion, while all within her is desolation and hopelessness. Her sympathies are either warped or stifled; her heart is blighted, and her mind degraded."

The author gives a very curious account of the celebrated Noor Jehan, the favourite empress of Jehangire. She was the daughter of Chaja Aiass, a native of Western Tartary. Chaja Aiass was descended of an ancient and noble race, but, owing to the vicissitudes of fortune, he was, previous to the birth of his daughter, in the extremity of distress. Hoping to repair the loss of his fortune, he quitted his country for Hindostan. Having become enamoured of a young woman, he married. His family were so indignant at the unequal match, that they discarded him. Chaja Aiass highly incensed, mounted his wife on an old horse, and walking by her side, proceeded to the capital of the renowned Akbad. They had not taken nourishment for three days, when, in addition to his misery, his wife was seized with the pains of labour. "Assisted only by her wretched husband, she gave birth to a daughter. They were in the midst of a vast desert, where the foot of man but seldom penetrated, and had no other prospect but of perishing with hunger or by wild beasts. Chaja Aiass having placed his wife upon the horse, as soon as he could do so with safety, found himself unable to follow with the infant. The mother was too weak to carry it, and there was but one alternative. The struggle of nature was a severe one; there was, however, no choice left between death and parental subjugations.

"It was agreed by the half-distracted parents, that the new-born pledge of their affection must be abandoned. They covered it with leaves, and left it in the path, to the mercy of that God who can protect the babe in the desert, as well as the sovereign on his throne. The miserable pair pursued their journey in silence, and in agony. After a short progress, the invincible yearnings of nature prevailed over the torments of hunger and thirst, and the bereaved mother called distractedly for her child. The husband retraced his steps, but was paralyzed with horror, on arriving at the spot where he had left his infant, to see a large black snake wreathed round it. In the paroxysm of desperation, he rushed forward, when the monster, gradually uncoiling itself, retired into the hollow of a tree. He snatched up the child, and bore it in ecstasy to the anxious mother. It had received no hurt, and whilst by their caresses they were expressing their exultation at its singular escape, some travellers overtook them, who supplied them with food, and enabled them to resume their journey. They advanced by easy stages till they reached Lahore."

In this town Chaja Aiass attracted the notice of the reigning emperor, and in process of time was created treasurer of the empire. In the meantime his daughter grew up, excelling all the loveliest women of the east, and surpassing all in vivacity of wit and vigour of understanding. The emperor's son Selim became

enamoured of her, and demanded her in marriage, but she had been long betrothed to a noble Turkoman, Shere Afkun, to whom she was finally married. On Selim's ascending the throne under the name of Jehangire, he became the bitter foe of his successful rival. Shere Afkun's life was aimed at in every direction; and after immortalizing his name by bravely resisting the repeated treacheries of Selim, Shere Afkun at length fell beneath the sword of a mercenary assassin. Noor Jehan on the death of her husband was immediately transported to Delhi, but the emperor, either from policy or remorse, refused to see her. While she thus lived unregarded in the emperor's seraglio, she employed her time in working tapestry and all kinds of embroidery, and in painting silks with the richest devices. In a short time the exquisite productions of her taste became the talk of the capital. The accomplishments of this singular woman were soon carried to the ears of the emperor, and he resolved to see her. At the sight of her unrivalled beauty, in the words of our author, "he was dazzled by the perfection of her form, the dignity of her mien, and the transcendent loveliness of her features. Advancing to where she stood in the plenitude of her beauty, he took her hand, declared his resolution to make her his empress, and immediately a proclamation was issued for the celebration of the royal nuptials with the lovely relict of the late Shere Afkun.

"One of the most striking objects in the modern city of Delhi, though by no means one of the most magnificent, is the tomb of Tufter Jung, a Mahommedan chieftain of some repute, who died about the middle of last century. This structure is ranked among the best architectural works of New Delhi. It is surrounded by a large garden, inclosed by a high wall, above which the dome and minor cupolas of the edifice appear with great effect, when beheld from the plain without. The body of the building is composed by light red stone tassellated with white marble, beautifully contrasting its pure light surface with the dull red of the mass which forms the monument. The dome is entirely of white marble rising majestically over the body of the edifice, and relieved against a clear blue sky, which seems to be its native element, as if it were the aerial abode of some guardian angel watching the slumbers of the dead, reduced to its primitive dust in a capacious sarcophagus below."

We must here reluctantly pass over in silence, the Rajpootni Bride and the Tea Dealer, two very interesting anecdotes, with which our author so pleasingly enlivens the descriptive details of his work, and continue to follow him in his journey through Juanpoor to the splendid City of Benares. On his way to Juanpoor, our author notices a degraded race of men, who are designated by the name of Pariahs. They are despised by every order of Hindoos, as beings not only despicable in this world, but aliens from the beatitudes of another. They are not allowed to associate with men of any other caste but their own; they are shunned and degraded

below the vilest of the brute creation. If even the shadow of a Pariah overcasts a person of superior rank, he is deemed polluted. If the article on which the shadow of a Pariah falls, be food, it is thrown away : if any thing of a frangible nature, it is destroyed ; and if a thing of value, it is only to be recovered from its contamination by the most rigorous purifications.

At length our author, after passing through Rhotas Gur, "one of the most romantic spots on the south of the Himalayan mountains," the Eckpouah, Gyah Patua, and Gour, arrived at Calcutta, called the City of Palaces. The modern town extends about six miles on the eastern bank of the Hoogley, and abounds in handsome and elegant buildings. Among the most striking edifices are the Government-house and the Custom-house. At Cheringhee, the fashionable part of the town, there is a line of magnificent houses, the residences of Europeans. The population of Calcutta amounts to about six hundred thousand souls.

We are unable to add more about Mr. Hobart Caunter's valuable Oriental Annual ; but it is one of the most useful books which could be put into the hands of a person wishing to obtain acquaintance with India. It is really a fertile source, full of information and amusement.