

Literature, &c.

REVIEW.

FROM THE SCOTTISH LITERARY GAZETTE.

CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.

Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XI. The History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, Vol. 2. London: Longman & Co.

OF Dr. Lardner's monthly volumes, that for October is devoted to the history of "Maritime and Inland Discovery." This is the second that has appeared on the subject, and it will be enough to say of it, that it maintains the character of the former. The narrative is pleasantly but briefly written. Embracing indeed such a variety of subjects, much space could not be devoted to each; yet all the important facts will be found perspicuously detailed; and in a manner which cannot fail to interest the reader.

The volume commences with the second voyage of Columbus; and contains the history of the discoveries and conquests made by the Spaniards in America—of the proceedings of the Portuguese—of the adventures of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, that liar of the first magnitude—of the voyages to the North, which may be compared with the same subject, as treated in the first number of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library—of the settlements in the east and in North America—of the establishments in Africa—of the voyage to the South Sea and in the Pacific—of the expeditions of the Buccaneers, Privateers, and others in the South Sea—and of the discoveries of the Russians. The field is extensive, and it has been cultivated, as it will appear from one or two extracts.

The capture of Inca Atahualpa by Pizarro is thus related—

As soon as the sun rose the Peruvian camp was all in motion. Atahualpa wished to dazzle the strangers by an imposing display of pomp and magnificence. Pizarro, on the other hand, keeping in his eye the success of Cortez and the fate of Montezuma, resolved to decide at once the destiny of Peru, by seizing the person of his monarch. A great part of the day was consumed by Atahualpa in preparations to heighten the splendour of his appearance. At length the procession was seen approaching by the Spaniards, when their patience was nearly exhausted by delay. Four harbingers, clothed in uniform, marched in front, to clear the way before the inca. Next came the prince himself, borne on a throne, and covered with plumes of feathers, and ornaments of gold and silver. Some of his chief courtiers followed in similar state. Bands of singers and dancers hovered round the royal train; while troops, amounting, it is said, to thirty thousand men, accompanied the pageant.

The Spaniards drawn up in order of battle, awaited in silence the approach of the Peruvian procession. When the inca was near enough to be addressed, father Valverde, the chaplain to the expedition, stepped forward and delivered a speech, in which the most mysterious doctrines of religion were mixed with the most unwarrantable assumptions of political powers, and in which he exhorted the Peruvian monarch to embrace the Christian faith, and to acknowledge himself the vassal of the king of Spain. This harangue, of which all that was not unintelligible, was highly offensive, drew from the inca, who appears not to have apprehended any danger from the handful of Spaniards whom he saw before him, a firm and contemptuous reply. The signal of attack was immediately given. Pizarro, with a chosen band, rushed forward to seize the inca; and notwithstanding the zeal with which the Peruvians sought to defend the person of their monarch; the unfortunate Atahualpa was carried off a prisoner. An immense booty was found on the field; and this single stroke of fortune seemed at once to justify the hopes of the most ardent imaginations.

Of the wanderings of Alvaro and his two companions among the barbarous Indians, we have the following account;

The three wanderers suffered severely at the outset of their journey; the first tribe they encountered was the most barbarous they ever met with. The wretched Spaniards were reduced to slavery, and compelled to subsist on worms, loathsome reptiles, fish bones, and even wood. The savages, their masters, were in that abject condition in which parental attachment is unequal to the care of rearing a family; and it was their practice to expose all their female offspring. When the summer arrived and the woods were load-

ed with fruits, Alvaro and his companions contrived to escape during the festivities in which the savages celebrated this season of temporary abundance. The Indian nation which he next arrived at offered him a better reception; and the respect shown to him as a stranger was very much increased when he began to display his medical skill: for he had learned on the coast that pretensions of this sort might be profitably united to the business of a merchant. But blowing on his patients, or muttering certain words, according to the nature of the case, he wrought many wonderful cures, and, as he relates, even raised a dead man to life; nor will this bold assertion shake our confidence in the general veracity of his narrative, when we consider how easy it is to work miracles among the ignorant, and how naturally we impute the most absurd persuasions, if they tend to raise us in our own esteem. The three Spaniards, now revered as the children of the sun, were escorted in their journey to the west by a troop of their admirers, who proclaimed as they went along their wondrous virtues and preternatural gifts; and this impulse once given to the superstitious admiration of the Indians, was easily propagated from tribe to tribe. Alvaro travelling westward, crossed a great river (the Mississippi) and then entered upon those deserts which separate the territories of Mexico from those of the United States. In answer to his inquiries respecting the Christians, he was informed that a wicked nation so named dwelt to the south-west; and was warned not to have any dealings with that mischievous and inhuman people. These accusations he found to be not quite groundless, for when he approached the Mexican frontiers, it was with difficulty he could prevent the Spaniards from reducing to slavery the Indians who accompanied him as guides; and when he remonstrated with them for their brutal conduct, he was himself made prisoner, and experienced greater severities from his own countrymen than from any of the savage tribes among whom he wandered. When he arrived in the interior of the country, however, where the manners of the colonists were less violent and licentious than on the borders, he was treated with abundant courtesy and respect, and liberally supplied with every thing he wanted. In the following year he embarked for Europe, and arrived at Lisbon in August 1537.

It would appear that something like steam navigation had been attempted so early as the days of Charles V.

In 1543 Blas de Garay, a captain of a ship, offered to the Emperor Charles V. to construct a machine capable of propelling large vessels, even in a calm, and without the aid of sails or oars. In spite of the opposition which his project met with, the emperor consented to witness the experiment; and it was made accordingly in the port of Barcelona, on the 17th of June 1543. Garay would not uncover his machinery or show it publicly; but it was evident that it consisted of a caldron of boiling water, and of two wheels set in motion by that means, and applied externally on each side of the vessel. The experiment was made on the Trinidad, a ship of 200 tons, laden with corn.

The persons commissioned by the emperor to report on the invention, in general approved of it, and praised, in particular, the readiness with which the vessel tacked about. The treasurer Ravago, however, was hostile to the plan, said that a ship with the proposed machinery might go at the rate of about two leagues in three hours; that the apparatus was complex and expensive, and, finally, that there was great danger of the boiler bursting. The other commissioners maintained, that a vessel so equipped might go at the rate of a league an hour and would tack about in half the time required by an ordinary ship. When the exhibition was over, Garay took away the apparatus from the Trinidad. The wood-work was deposited in the arsenal at Barcelona, the rest of the machinery he kept himself. Notwithstanding the objections raised by Ravago, the emperor affected to favour the project of Garay, but his attention at the time was engrossed by other matters. He promoted Garay, however, gave him a sum of money, besides paying the expenses of the experiment made at Barcelona, and showed him other favours.

These extracts will serve to show how the subject is treated and enable our readers to form some idea of the varied and interesting contents of the volume.

SUPERIORITY OF NATURE.—I only asked an Albanian woman why she did not use a fork in eating. She held up her hand's in answer, and said, "You have only one fork: I have ten!"—*Trant's Greece.*

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER.

THE FORGER.

From the Diary of a late Physician.

Concluded.

Transient and any thing but agreeable as had been my intimacy with this miserable young man, I could not read this intelligence with indifference. He whom I had so very lately seen surrounded with the life-bought luxuries of a man of wealth and fashion, was now shivering the few remaining hours of his life in the condemned cells of Newgate! The next day (Sunday) I entertained a party of friends at my house to dinner; to which I was just sitting down when one of the servants put a note into my hand, of which the following is a copy.—

The Chaplain of Newgate is earnestly requested by E. T. (the young man sentenced to suffer for forgery next Tuesday morning,) to present his humble respects to Dr. —, and solicit the favour of a visit from him in the course of to-morrow (Monday). The unhappy convict, Mr. — believes, has something on his mind, which he is anxious to communicate to Dr. —, Newgate, September 28th, 182—.

I felt it impossible, after perusing this note, to enjoy the company I had invited. What on earth could the culprit have to say to me?—what unreasonable request might he put me to the pain of refusing?—ought I to see him at all?—were questions which I incessantly proposed to myself during the evening, but felt unable to answer. I resolved, however, at last, to afford him the desired interview, and be at the cell of Newgate in the course of the next evening, unless my professional engagements prevented me. About six o'clock, therefore, on Monday, after fortifying myself with a few extra glasses of wine—for why should I hesitate to acknowledge that I apprehended much distress and agitation from witnessing so unusual a scene?—I drove to the Old Bailey, drew up opposite the Governor's house, and was received by him very politely. He dispatched a turnkey to lead me to the cell where my late patient, the *soi-disant* Mr. Gloucester, was immured in chilling expectancy of his fate.

Surely horror has appropriated these gloomy regions for her peculiar dwelling-place! Who that has passed through them once, can ever forget the long, narrow, lamp-lit passages,—the sepulchral silence, save where the ear is startled with the clangour of iron doors closing harshly before and behind,—the dimly-seen spectral figure of the prison-patrol gliding along with loaded blunderbuss,—and the chilling consciousness of being surrounded by so many fiends in human shape,—inhaling the foul atmosphere of all the concentrated crime and guilt of the metropolis! My heart leaped within me to listen even to my own echoing footfalls; and I felt several times inclined to return without fulfilling the purpose of my visit. My vicillation, however, was abruptly put an end to by my guide exclaiming, 'Here we are, sir.' While he was unbarring the cell-door I begged him to continue at the outside of the door during the few moments of my interview with the convict.

'Holla! young man, there—here's Dr. — come to see you!' said the turnkey, hoarsely, as he ushered me in. The cell was small and gloomy; and a little lamp lying on the table, barely sufficed to shew me the persons of the culprit, and an elderly, respectable-looking man, muffled in a drab greatcoat, and sitting gazing in stupid silence on the prisoner.—Great God, it was his FATHER! He did not seem conscious of my entrance; but his son rose and feebly asked me how I was, muttered a few words of thanks, sank again—apparently overpowered with his feelings—into his seat, and fixed his eyes on a page of the Bible, which was lying open before him. A long silence ensued; for none of us seemed either able or inclined to talk. I contemplated the two with feelings of lively interest. How altered was the young culprit before me from the gay 'Mr. Gloucester,' whom I had visited in Regent Street! His face had now a ghastly, cadaverous hue; his hair was matted, with perspiration, over his fallow forehead; his eyes were sunk and bloodshot, and seemed incapable of distinguishing the print to which they were directed. He was dressed in a plain suit of mourning, and wore a simple black stock round