

parliamentary influence, and the combinations of party, have, as he conceives, frequently transferred the executive power from the prince on the throne to the ministers whom he appoints; and these being responsible to the people, the public interest is thus promoted. Yet he admits that, in the reigns of George I. and II., when the ministerial power was at its height, and particularly during the last of these two reigns, the ministry were obliged to support the predominant wish of the prince. Thus Walpole, the two Pelhams, and even the sturdy Pitt, against their own judgment, were successively obliged to yield obedience to their sovereign's predilection for his German dominions. But these occasional ascendancies over a pliant prince, are mere incidents in the history, and form no part of the Constitution of England.

If our limits would permit, we should be tempted to prolong the present Article. There is abundance of curious matter collected by Mr. Hallam, from original sources, to which others have not applied. Although, as we before remarked, his style is not very graceful, and his composition is frequently far from being lucid, yet his meaning may always be perceived, and that meaning is almost always liberal and manly. He writes without party spirit; he labours to establish no particular point. He is always moderate; and with some very trifling exceptions, appears to us to be always accurate in point of fact. We have noticed some inconsistencies in argument; and we might have adverted to a few more discrepancies between this and his former work; but we will conclude with another trite quotation, to which we shall always endeavour to conform:—

— Ubi plura nitent in carmine,
Non ego paucis offendar maculis.

ART. III.—*A Voyage to the Moon: with some account of the Manners and Customs, Science and Philosophy, of the People of Morosofia and other Lunarians: By JOSEPH ATTERLEY. New-York: Elam Bliss, 1827. 12mo. pp. 264.*

IT is somewhat remarkable, that perhaps the *only* "Voyages to the Moon," which have been published in the English tongue, should have been the productions of English bishops:—the first forming a tract, re-published in the Harleian Miscellany, and said to have been written by Dr. Francis Goodwin, Bishop of Landaff, (who died in 1633,) and entitled "*The Man in the Moon, or the discourse of a voyage thither, by Domingo Gonsales,*"—and the second written in 1638, by Dr. John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, under the title of "*The Discovery of a New*

World, or a Discourse tending to prove, that 'tis probable there may be another habitable world in the Moon, with a discourse concerning the possibility of a passage thither." These two works differ in several essential particulars:—in Dr. Goodwin's, we have men of enormous stature and prodigious longevity, with a flying chariot, and some other slight points of resemblance to the Travels of Gulliver:—whilst Bishop Wilkins's is intended honestly and scientifically to prove, "that it is possible for some of our posterity to find out a conveyance to this other world; and, if there be inhabitants there, (which the Bishop, satisfactorily to himself, settles,) to have commerce with them!" From the first of these, Swift has derived many hints in his voyage to Laputa, and improved them into those humorous and instructive allusions, which have caused the reputation of the author of the "*Travels of Gulliver*" to be extended to every portion of the civilized globe. Since the appearance of this celebrated satire, no one sufficiently comprehensive to lash the follies of the age—the *quicquid agunt homines*—has made its appearance: we have had numerous ephemeral productions, inflicting severe castigations upon particular vices or absurdities; but the visionary conceits of the many, constantly promulgated in the progressive advancement of human knowledge, although legitimate objects of censure, have not, since the time of Swift, been embodied into one publication.

The evident aim of the author of the Satirical Romance before us, is to fulfil for the present age, what *Swift* so successfully accomplished for that which has passed by:—to attack, by the weapons of ridicule, those votaries of knowledge, who may have sought to avail themselves of the universal love of novelty amongst mankind, to acquire celebrity; or who may have been misled by their own ill-regulated imaginations, to obtrude upon the world their crude and imperfect theories and systems, to the manifest retardation of knowledge:—an effect, too, liable to be induced in a direct ratio with the degree of talent and ingenuity by which their views may have been supported. Several of these may always be more successfully attacked by ridicule than by reason; inasmuch as they are, in this way, more likely to become the subjects of popular animadversion; and many, who could withstand the serious arguments of their fraternity, cannot placidly endure their ridicule. Satire has, indeed, often done more service to the cause of religion and morality than a sermon, since the remedy is agreeable, whilst it at the same time communicates indignation or fear:—

"Of all the ways that wisest men could find,
To mend the age and mortify mankind,
Satire, well writ, has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd."

To produce, however, the full effect, satire must possess a certain degree of impartiality, and be levelled in all instances at the vices or follies, and not at the man. The first sketch of Gulliver's Travels occurs in the proposed Travels of Martinus Scriblerus, devised in that pleasing society where most of Swift's miscellanies were planned. Had the work, however, been executed under the same auspices, it would probably, as Sir Walter Scott has suggested, "have been occupied by that personal satire, upon obscure and unworthy contemporaries, to which Pope was but too much addicted. But when the Dean mused in solitude over the execution of his plan, it assumed at once a more grand and a darker complexion. The spirit of indignant hatred and contempt with which he regarded the mass of humanity; his quiet and powerful perception of their failings, errors, and crimes; his zeal for liberty and freedom of thought, tended at once to generalize, while it embittered, his satire, and to change traits of personal severity for that deep shade of censure which Gulliver's Travels throw upon mankind universally." Most of the sentiments which impressed Swift, seem also to have been felt by the unknown author of the work before us: it is not, however, free from personal allusions; but they are all conveyed in so good natured a manner, as to satisfy the reader that the author has been solicitous to animadvert only on the vices of the individual; and in no part of the work is there the slightest evidence of prejudice or venom.

The pseudo *Joseph Atterley*, the hero of the narrative, was born in Huntington, Long-Island, on the 11th of May, 1756. He was the son of a seafaring individual, who, by means of the portion he received by his wife, together with his own earnings, was enabled to quit that laborious occupation, and to enter into trade; and, after the death of his father-in-law, by whose will he received a handsome accession to his property, he sought, in the city of New-York, a theatre better adapted to his enlarged capital. "He here engaged in foreign trade, and partaking of the prosperity which then attended American commerce, gradually extended his business, and finally embarked in the then new branch of traffic to the East Indies and China; he was now generally respected both for his wealth and fair dealing; was several years a director in one of the insurance offices; was president of the society for relieving the widows and orphans of distressed seamen; and, it is said, might have been chosen alderman, if he had not refused, on the ground that he did not think himself qualified."

Our hero was, at an early age, put to a grammar school of good repute, in his native village, and, at seventeen, was sent to Prince-

* Scott's Swift, vol. xi. p. 4.

ton, to prepare himself for some profession; during his third year at that place, in one of his excursions to Philadelphia, he became enamoured "with one of those faces and forms, which, in a youth of twenty, to see, admire, and love, is one and the same thing;" and was united to the object of his affections, on the anniversary of his twenty-first year. This event gave him a distaste for serious study; and, long before this, he had felt a sentiment, bordering on contempt, for mercantile pursuits; he therefore prevailed upon his father to purchase him a neat country seat in the vicinity of Huntingdon. Here, seventeen happy years glided away swiftly and imperceptibly, when death, by depriving him of the partner of his felicity, prostrated all his hopes and enjoyments. For the purpose of seeking for that relief to the feelings, which variety can best afford, he now determined to make a voyage; and, as one of his father's vessels was about to sail for Canton, embarked on board of her, and left Sandyhook on the 5th day of June, 1822. From this period, until the 24th of October, their voyage was comparatively agreeable; but when off the mouths of the Ganges, one of those hurricanes, well known to the experienced navigators of the eastern seas, struck the ship, and rendered her so leaky, that the captain considered it advisable to make for the nearest port; the leak, however, increasing rapidly, and finding themselves off a coast, which the captain, by his charts, pronounced to be a part of the Burman empire, and in the neighbourhood of Mergui, on the Martaban coast, they hastily threw their clothes, papers, and eight casks of silver, into the long-boat; and, before they were fifty yards from the ship, had the melancholy satisfaction to see her go down.

"It was a little after mid-day when we reached the town, which is perched on a high bluff, overlooking the coasts, and contains about a thousand houses, built of bamboo, and covered with palm leaves. Our dress, appearance, language, and the manner of our arrival, excited great surprise among the natives, and the liveliest curiosity; but with these sentiments some evidently mingled no very friendly feelings. The Burmese were then on the eve of a rupture with the East India Company, a fact which we had not before known; and mistaking us for English, they supposed, or affected to suppose, that we belonged to a fleet which was about to invade them, and that our ship had been sunk before their eyes, by the tutelary divinity of the country. We were immediately carried before their governor, or chief magistrate, who ordered our baggage to be searched, and finding that it consisted principally of silver, he had no doubt of our hostile intentions. He therefore sent all of us, twenty-two in number, to prison, separating, however, each one from the rest. My companions were released the following spring, as I have since learnt, by the invading army of Great Britain; but it was my ill fortune (if, indeed, after what has since happened, I can so regard it) to be taken for an officer of high rank, and to be sent, the third day afterwards, far into the interior, that I might be more safely kept, and either used as a hostage or offered for ransom, as circumstances should render advantageous."

Our hero was transported very rapidly in a palanquin, for thirteen successive days, when he reached Mozaun, a small village delightfully situated in the mountainous district between the

Irawaddi and Saloon rivers, where he was placed under the care of an inferior magistrate, who there exercised the chief authority. By submissive and respectful behaviour, he succeeded in ingratiating himself so completely with his keeper, that he was regarded more as one of his family, than as a prisoner; and was allowed every indulgence, consistently with his safe custody. It had been one of his favourite recreations, to ascend a part of the western ridge of mountains, which rose in a cone, about a mile and a half from the village, for the purpose of enjoying the enchanting scenery that lay before him, and the evening breeze, which possesses so delicious a degree of freshness in tropical climates. Here he became acquainted with a personage, of whom, as he exerted an important influence over the future conduct of our hero, it is of consequence that the reader should acquire early information:—

"In a deep sequestered nook, formed by two spurs of this mountain, there lived a venerable Hindoo, whom the people of the village called the Holy Hermit. The favourable accounts I received of his character, as well as his odd course of life, made me very desirous of becoming acquainted with him; and, as he was often visited by the villagers, I found no difficulty in getting a conductor to his cell. His character for sanctity, together with a venerable beak, might have discouraged advances towards an acquaintance, if his lively piercing eye, a countenance expressive of great mildness and kindness of disposition, and his courteous manners, had not yet more strongly invited it. He was indeed not averse to society, though he had seemed thus to fly from it; and was so great a favourite with his neighbours, that his cell would have been thronged with visitors, but for the difficulty of the approach to it. As it was, it was seldom resorted to, except for the purpose of obtaining his opinion and counsel on all the serious concerns of his neighbours. He prescribed for the sick, and often provided the medicine they required—expounded the law—adjusted disputes—made all their little arithmetical calculations—gave them moral instruction—and, when he could not afford them relief in their difficulties, he taught them patience, and gave them consolation. He, in short, united, for the simple people by whom he was surrounded, the functions of lawyer, physician, schoolmaster, and divine, and richly merited the reverential respect in which they held him, as well as their little presents of eggs, fruit, and garden stuff.

"From the first evening that I joined the party which I saw clambering up the path that led to the Hermit's cell, I found myself strongly attached to this venerable man, and the more so, from the mystery which hung around his history. It was agreed that he was not a Burmese. None deemed to know certainly where he was born, or why he came thither. His own account was, that he had devoted himself to the service of God, and in his pilgrimage over the east, had selected this as a spot particularly favourable to the life of quiet and seclusion he wished to lead.

"There was one part of his story to which I could scarcely give credit. It was said that in the twelve or fifteen years he had resided in this place, he had been occasionally invisible for months together, and no one could tell why he disappeared, or whether he had gone. At these times his cell was closed; and although none ventured to force their way into it, those who were the most prying could bear no sound indicating that he was within. Various were the conjectures formed on the subject. Some supposed that he withdrew from the sight of men for the purpose of more fervent prayer and more holy meditation; that he visited his home, or some other distant country. The more superstitious believed that he had, by a kind of metempsychosis, taken a new shape, which, by some magical or supernatural power, he could assume and put off at

pleasure. This opinion was perhaps the most prevalent, as it gained a colour with these simple people, from the chemical and astronomical instruments he possessed. In these he evidently took great pleasure, and by their means he acquired some of the knowledge by which he so often excited their admiration.

“He soon distinguished me from the rest of his visitors, by addressing questions to me relative to my history and adventures; and I, in turn, was gratified to have met with one who took an interest in my concerns, and who alone, of all I had here met with, could either enter into my feelings or comprehend my opinions. Our conversations were carried on in English, which he spoke with facility and correctness. We soon found ourselves so much to each other’s taste, that there was seldom an evening that I did not make him a visit, and pass an hour or two in his company.

“I learned from him that he was born and bred at Benares, in Hindostan; that he had been intended for the priesthood, and had been well instructed in the literature of the east. That a course of untoward circumstances, upon which he seemed unwilling to dwell, had changed his destination, and made him a wanderer on the face of the earth. That in the neighbouring kingdom of Siam he had formed an intimacy with a learned French Jesuit, who had not only taught him his language, but imparted to him a knowledge of much of the science of Europe, its institutions and manners. That after the death of this friend, he had renewed his wanderings; and having been detained in this village by a fit of sickness for some weeks, he was warned that it was time to quit his rambling life. This place being recommended to him, both by its quiet seclusion, and the unostentatious manners of its inhabitants, he determined to pass the remnant of his days here, and, by devoting them to the purposes of piety, charity, and science, to discharge his duty to his Creator, his species, and himself; ‘for the love of knowledge,’ he added, ‘has long been my chief source of selfish enjoyment.’”

The acquaintance between Atterley and the Brahmin, ripened by degrees, into that close friendship, which a congeniality of tastes and sentiments, under proper opportunities, never fails to engender. Atterley’s visits to the hermitage, became more and more frequent, for upwards of three years; during which period, the Brahmin had occasionally thrown out obscure hints, that the time would come, when our hero should be restored to liberty; and that he had an important secret which he would one day communicate. About this period, one afternoon in the month of March, when Atterley repaired, as usual, to the hermitage, he found the Brahmin dangerously ill of a pleuritic affection, and apprehensive that the attack might prove fatal:—

“Sit down,” said he, “on that block, and listen to what I shall say to you. Though I shall quit this state of being for another and a better, I confess that I was alarmed at the thought of expiring, before I had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with you. I am the depository of a secret, that I believe is known to no other living mortal. I once determined that it should die with me; and had I not met with you, it certainly should. But from our first acquaintance, my heart has been strongly attracted towards you; and as soon as I found you possessed of qualities to inspire esteem as well as regard, I felt disposed to give you this proof of my confidence. Still I hesitated. I first wished to deliberate on the probable effects of my disclosure upon the condition of society. I saw that it might produce evil, as well as good; but on weighing the two together, I have satisfied myself that the good will preponderate, and have determined to act accordingly. Take this key, (stretching out his feverish hand,) and after waiting two hours, in which time the medicine I have taken will have either produced a good effect or put an end to my sufferings, you may then open that blue chest in the corner. It has a false bottom. On removing the paper which covers it, you will find the manuscript containing the important secret, together with some

gold pieces, which I have saved for the day of need—because—(and he smiled in spite of his sufferings)—because hoarding is one of the pleasures of old men. Take them both, and use them discreetly."

Atterley quitted the cell, and waited with feverish expectation for the termination of the allotted two hours; when, to his inexpressible delight, he found, on re-entering the cell, that not only did the Brahmin breathe, but that he slept soundly; and, in the course of an hour, he awoke, almost restored to health. This event, however, was the occasion of a more early disclosure of the Brahmin's important secret, but not until he had recovered his ordinary health and vigour:—

"I have already told you, my dear Atterley, that I was born and educated at Benares, and that science is there more thoroughly understood and taught than the people of the west are aware of. We have, for many thousands of years, been good astronomers, chymists, mathematicians, and philosophers. We had discovered the secret of gunpowder, the magnetic attraction, the properties of electricity, long before they were heard of in Europe. We know more than we have revealed; and much of our knowledge is deposited in the archives of the castle to which I belong; but, for want of language generally understood and easily learnt, (for these records are always written in the Sanscrit, that is no longer a spoken language,) and the diffusion which is given by the art of printing, these secrets of science are communicated only to a few, and sometimes even sleep with their authors, until a subsequent discovery, under more favourable circumstances, brings them again to light.

"It was at this seat of science that I learned, from one of our sages, the physical truth which I am now about to communicate, and which he discovered, partly by his researches into the writings of ancient Pundits, and partly by his own extraordinary sagacity. There is a principle of repulsion as well as gravitation in the earth. It causes fire to rise upwards. It is exhibited in electricity. It occasions water-spouts, volcanoes, and earthquakes. After much labour and research, this principle has been found embodied in a metallic substance, which is met with in the mountain in which we are, united with a very heavy earth; and this circumstance had great influence in inducing me to settle myself here.

"This metal, when separated and purified, has as great a tendency to fly off from the earth, as a piece of gold or lead has to approach it. After making a number of curious experiments with it, we bethought ourselves of putting it to some use, and soon contrived, with the aid of it, to make cars and ascend into the air. We were very secret in these operations; for our unhappy country having then recently fallen under the subjection of the British nation, we apprehended that if we divulged our arcanum, they would not only fly away with all our treasures, whether found in palace or pagoda, but also carry off the inhabitants, to make them slaves in their colonies, as their government had not then abolished the African slave trade.

"After various trials and many successive improvements, in which our desires increased with our success, we determined to penetrate the aerial void as far as we could, providing for that purpose an apparatus, with which you will become better acquainted hereafter. In the course of our experiments, we discovered that this same metal, which was repelled from the earth, was in the same degree attracted towards the moon; for in one of our excursions, still aiming to ascend higher than we had ever done before, we were actually carried to that satellite; and if we had not there fallen into a lake, and our machine had not been water-tight, we must have been dashed to pieces or drowned. You will find in this book," he added, presenting me with a small volume, bound in green parchment, and fastened with silver clasps, "a minute detail of the apparatus to be provided, and the directions to be pursued in making this wonderful voyage. I have written it since I satisfied my mind that my fears of British rapacity were unfounded, and that I should do more good than harm by publishing the secret.

But still I am not sure," he added, with one of his faint but significant smiles, "that I am not actuated by a wish to immortalize my name; for where is the mortal who would be indifferent to this object, if he thought he could attain it? Read the book at your leisure, and study it."

Here, by the way, we may remark, that the kind of vehicle best adapted for conveyance through the aerial void, has been a weighty stumbling block to authors, from the time of the eagle-mounted Ganymede, to that of Daniel O'Rourke; or of the wing furnished Dædalus and Icarus, to that of the flying Turk in Constantinople, referred to by Busbequius; or of the flying artist of the happy valley, in Rasselas. When Trygæus was desirous of reaching the Gods, he erected, we are told, a series of small ladders—*καλὰ κεντὰ ἀλυσσῖα*—but receiving a severe contusion on the head, from their downfall, he ingeniously had recourse to a scheme of flying through the air, on a colossal variety of those industrious but not over-delicate insects, the *Scarabæus Carnifex*—the only insect, notwithstanding, according to Æsop, privileged to ascend to the habitations of the gods—

μῶρος περὶ τῶν τῶν θεῶν ἀφυσσῖας.*

Most of the stories of Pegasi and Hippogriffs, and of flying chariots, from that of Phaeton downwards to Astolfo's,^{*} were evidently intended by their authors as mythical; not so, however, with Bishop Wilkins;—he boldly avers, for several reasons which he keeps to himself, and for others not very comprehensible to us, which he details "seriously and on good grounds," "that it is possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion unto it, as shall convey him through the air; and this perhaps might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their *viaticum*, and commodities for traffic." "It is not," lucidly continues the Bishop, "the bigness of any thing in this kind, that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork; and an eagle flies in the air, as well as a little gnat. This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle. I conceive it were no difficult matter, (if a man had leisure,) to show more particularly the means of composing it!"—which want of leisure in the credulous Bishop, our readers will regret with us, especially those inventive geniuses, who, like the projector in the reign of George I., published a scheme for manufacturing pine plank from pine saw-dust, or the still more ingenious undertaker of later times, who proposed to make *pine plank* out of *oak* saw-dust, by the mere addition of a little turpentine!

* Aristoph. in Pace. 130.

† Orlando furioso, Canto xxxiv. St. 68 and 69.

Again, Swift's flying Island of Laputa is a phenomenon so opposed to all scientific probability, and so directly at variance with natural laws, that it loses in interest in a direct ratio with the violence it does to our feelings. Nor is the mode of conveyance imagined by Voltaire less incongruous than that of Swift. When Micromégas, an inhabitant of Sirius, whose adventures were evidently suggested by those of Gulliver, accompanied by an inhabitant of Saturn, leaves the latter planet, they are, in the first place, made to leap upon the Ring of Saturn, which they find tolerably flat, "comme l'a fort bien deviné un illustre habitant de notre petit globe!" thence they go from moon to moon, and a comet passing close to one of these, they throw themselves upon it, with their attendants and instruments. In their course, they fall in with the satellites of Jupiter, and pass on to Jupiter itself, where they remain for a year; but what becomes of the comet in the mean time, we are not informed! Leaving Jupiter, they "coast" along the planet Mars, and finally reach the earth, where they resolve to disembark. Accordingly "ils passèrent sur la queue de la comète; et trouvant une aurore boréale toute prête, ils se mirent dedans, et arrivèrent à terre sur le bord septentrional de la Mer Baltique!"*

The vehicle, however, has not formed the sole obstacle to those projectors:—the *viaticum*, especially the food, has been a difficulty not readily got over. Before Bishop Wilkins alludes to his flying chariot, he remarks, that even if men could fly, the swiftest of them would probably be half a year in reaching the end of his journey; and hence a problem would arise, "how it were possible to tarry so long without sleep or diet?" Of the former obstacle, however, he quickly disposes,—“seeing we do not then spend ourselves in any labour, we shall not, it may be, need the refreshment of sleep: but if we do, we cannot desire a softer bed than the air, where we may repose ourselves firmly and safely as in our chambers”! Of the latter he finds somewhat more difficulty in disposing,—“and here it is considerable, that, since our bodies will then be devoid of gravity and other impediments of motion, we shall not at all spend ourselves in any labour, and so, consequently, not much need the reparation of diet, but may perhaps live altogether without it, as those creatures have done, who, by reason of their sleeping for many days together, have not spent any spirits, and so not wanted any food; which is commonly related of serpents, crocodiles, bears, cuckoos, swallows, and such like. To this purpose, Mendoca reckons up divers strange relations, as that of Epimenides, who is storied to have slept seventy-five years; and another of a rustic in Germany, who, being accidentally covered with a hay-riek, slept there for all the autumn and the winter following, without any

* Micromégas, Histoire Philosophique, chap. 3.

nourishment. Or, if we must needs feed upon something else, why may not smells nourish us? Plutarch, and Pliny, and divers other ancients, tell us of a nation in India, that lived only upon pleasing odours; and it is the common opinion of physicians, that these do strangely both strengthen and repair the spirits. Hence was it that Democritus was able, for divers days together, to feed himself with the mere smell of hot bread.* Or, if it be necessary that our stomachs must receive the food, why then it is not impossible that the purity of the ethereal air, being not mixed with any improper vapours, may be so agreeable to our bodies, as to yield us sufficient nourishment," with many other arguments of the like nature. The Bishop ultimately, however, severs the knot, by the suggestion of his flying chariot, which he makes large enough (for, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte!*) to carry not only food for the *viaticum* of the passengers, but also commodities for their traffic!

Infinitely more ingenuity did the great comic poet of antiquity display, when he selected the *Scarabæus*; as the food which had already served the purposes of digestion with the Rider, was still capable of affording nutrition to the animal:—

εἰς ἄρ' αὖ αὐτοῦ καταπαύετα στίβω.
 τούτου τοῦ αὐτοῦ τούτου χορτασά.†

Now all these schemes, ingenious as they may be, are objectionable for the same reasons as the flying Island of Laputa—their glaring violation of verisimilitude, and many of them of possibility. In these respects, that of the author of the work before us is liable to less objection: he only resorts to an extension of avowed physical principles; and if we could suppose a substance, which, instead of gravitating towards the earth, is repelled from it and attracted towards the moon, (certainly a difficult "*premier pas*,") the remainder of the machinery, for reaching that luminary, would not be inconsistent with probability or the known laws of physics.

But, to return to the narrative:—The Brahmin having given Atterley a description of some of the remarkable objects which he met with, in his voyage to the moon; expressed his anxiety

* Fuller, a learned contemporary of the Bishop, has given us an amusing case of litigation, originating from this nourishing character of odours:—

"A poor man, being very hungry, staid so long in a cook's shop, who was dishing up meat, that his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The choleric cook demanded of him to pay for his breakfast; the poor man denied having had any; and the controversy was referred to the deciding of the next man that should pass by, who chanced to be the most notorious idiot in the whole city: he, on the relation of the matter, determined that the poor man's money should be put betwixt two empty dishes, and the cook should be recompensed with the jingling of the poor man's money, as he was satisfied with the smell of the cook's meat."—*Fuller's Holy State*, lib. iii. c. 12.

† Aristophan. in page. 137.

to repeat it, for the purpose of ascertaining some facts about which he had been speculating, as well as of removing the incredulity with which, he could not but perceive, his story had impressed his hearer, notwithstanding his belief in the Hermit's integrity; when Atterley eagerly caught at the proposal. Their preparations, however, required time as well as considerable skill, not only for the construction of the vehicle, but also to avoid suspicion and interruption from the Governor of Mergui,—and the priesthood, who possessed the usual Oriental superstition and intolerance.

For the construction of their apparatus they had recourse to an ingenious artificer in copper and other metals, whose child the Brahmin had been instrumental in curing of a chronic disease, and in whose fidelity as well as good will they could securely rely.

"The coppersmith agreed to undertake the work we wanted done, for a moderate compensation; but we did not think it prudent to inform him of our object, which he supposed was to make some philosophical experiment. It was forthwith arranged that he should occasionally visit the Hermit, to receive instructions, as if for the purpose of asking medical advice. During this interval my mind was absorbed with our project; and when in company, I was so thoughtful and abstracted, that it has since seemed strange to me that Sing Fou's suspicions that I was planning my escape were not more excited. At length, by dint of great exertion, in about three months every thing was in readiness, and we determined on the following night to set out on our perilous expedition.

"The machine in which we proposed to embark, was a copper vessel, that would have been an exact cube of six feet, if the corners and edges had not been rounded off. It had an opening large enough to receive our bodies, which was closed by double sliding panels, with quilted cloth between them. When these were properly adjusted, the machine was perfectly air-tight, and strong enough, by means of iron bars running alternately inside and out, to resist the pressure of the atmosphere, when the machine should be exhausted of its air, as we took the precaution to prove by the aid of an air pump. On the top of the copper chest and on the outside, we had as much of the lunar metal (which I shall henceforth call *lanarium*) as we found by calculation and experiment, would overcome the weight of the machine, as well as its contents, and take us to the moon on the third day. As the air which the machine contained, would not be sufficient for our respiration more than about six hours, and the chief part of the space we were to pass through was a mere void, we provided ourselves with a sufficient supply, by condensing it in a small globular vessel, made partly of iron and partly of *lanarium*, to take off its weight. On my return, I gave Mr. Jacob Perkins, who is now in England, a hint of this plan of condensation, and it has there obtained him great celebrity. This fact I should not have thought it worth while to mention, had he not taken the sole merit of the invention to himself; at least I cannot hear that in his numerous public notices he has ever mentioned my name.

"But to return. A small circular window, made of a single piece of thick clear glass, was neatly fitted on each of the six sides. Several pieces of lead were securely fastened to screws which passed through the bottom of the machine as well as a thick plank. The screws were so contrived, that by turning them in one direction, the pieces of lead attached to them were immediately disengaged from the hooks with which they were connected. The pieces of *lanarium* were fastened in like manner to screws, which passed through the top of the machine; so that by turning them in one direction, those metallic pieces would fly into the air with the velocity of a rocket. The Brahmin took with him a thermometer,

two telescopes, one of which projected through the top of the machine, and the other through the bottom; a phosphoric lamp, pen, ink, and paper, and some light refreshments sufficient to supply us for some days.

"The moon was then in her third quarter, and near the zenith: it was, of course, a little after midnight, and when the coppersmith and his family were in their soundest sleep, that we entered the machine. In about an hour more we had the doors secured, and every thing arranged in its place, when, cutting the cords which fastened us to the ground, by means of small steel blades which worked in the ends of other screws, we rose from the earth with a whizzing sound, and a sensation at first of very rapid ascent: but after a short time, we were scarcely sensible of any motion in the machine, except when we changed our places."

After the apprehensions of Atterley, occasioned by the novelty and danger of his situation, had partly subsided, he was enabled, with mingled awe and admiration, to contemplate the magnificent spectacle beneath him. As the earth turned round its axis, during their ascent, every part of its surface came successively under view. At nine o'clock, the whole of India was to the west of them; its rivers resembling small filaments of silver, and the Red Sea a narrow plate of the same metal. The peninsula of India was of a dark, and Arabia of a light, grayish green, and the sun's rays striking on the Atlantic, emitted an effulgence dazzling to the eyes. On looking, some time afterwards, through the telescope, they observed the African Continent, at its northern edge; fringed, as it were, with green; "then a dull white belt marked the great Sahara or Desert, and then it exhibited a deep green to its most southern extremity." The Morea and Grecian Archipelago now fell under their telescope, and gradually the whole Mediterranean, and Arabian Gulf—the great media separating Africa from Europe and Asia; "the political divisions of these quarters of the world were of course undistinguishable, and few of the natural were discernible by the naked eye. The Alps were marked by a white streak, though less bright than the water." By the aid of the glass they could just discern the Danube, the Nile, and "a river which empties itself into the Gulf of Guinea," and which Atterley took to be the Niger; but the other streams were not perceptible. The most conspicuous object of the solid part of the globe was the great Desert; the whole of Africa, however, appeared of a brighter hue than either Asia or Europe.

"I was struck too, with the vast disproportion which the extent of the several countries of the earth bore to the part they had acted in history, and the influence they had exerted on human affairs. The British islands had diminished to a speck, and France was little larger; yet, a few years ago it seemed, at least to us in the United States, as if there were no other nations on the earth. The Brahmin, who was well read in European history, on my making a remark on this subject, reminded me that Athens and Sparta had once obtained almost equal celebrity, although they were so small as not now to be visible. As I slowly passed the telescope over the face of Europe, I pictured to myself the fat, plodding Hollander—the patient, contemplative German—the ingenious, sensual Italian—the temperate Swiss—the haughty, superstitious Spaniard—the sprightly

ly, self-complacent Frenchman—the sullen and reflecting Englishman—who monopolise nearly all the science and literature of the earth, to which they bear so small a proportion. As the Atlantic fell under our view, two faint circles on each side of the equator, were to be perceived by the naked eye. They were less bright than the rest of the ocean. The Brahmin suggested that they might be currents; which brought to my memory Dr. Franklin's conjecture on the subject, now completely verified by this circular line of vapour, as it had been previously rendered probable by the floating substances, which had been occasionally picked up, at great distances from the places where they had been thrown into the ocean. The circle was whiter and more distinct, where the Gulf Stream runs parallel to the American coast, and gradually grew fainter as it passed along the Banks of Newfoundland, to the coast of Europe, where, taking a southerly direction, the line of the circle was barely discernible. A similar circle of vapour, though less defined and complete, was perceived in the South Atlantic Ocean."

By degrees the travellers saw one half of the broad expanse of the Pacific, which glistened like quicksilver or polished steel, and subsequently the middle of the Pacific lay immediately beneath them; the irregular distribution of land and water on the globe, the expanse of Ocean here, being twice as large as in any other part, gives occasion to some amusing discussions on the various theories of cosmogony, to which we can only refer the reader; wearied, however, by these and other discussions, Atterley slept for six hours, and on awaking, found the Brahmin busy in calculating their progress; after which the latter lay down and soon fell into a tranquil sleep, having previously requested that he might be awakened at the expiration of three hours, or sooner if any thing of moment should occur. Atterley now looked down again through the telescope, and found the earth surprisingly diminished in its apparent dimensions, from the increased rapidity of their ascent; the eastern coasts of Asia were still full in view, as well as the whole figure of that extensive continent—of New-Holland, of Ceylon and of Borneo; but the smaller islands were invisible.

"I strained my eye to no purpose, to follow the indentations of the coast, according to the map before me; the great bays and promontories could alone be perceived. The Burman Empire, in one of the insignificant villages of which I had been confined for a few years, was now reduced to a speck. The agreeable hours I had passed with the Brahmin, with the little daughter of Sing Fou, and my rambling over the neighbouring heights, all returned to my mind, and I almost regretted the pleasures I had relinquished. I tried with more success to beguile the time by making notes in my journal; and after having devoted about an hour to this object, I returned to the telescope, and now took occasion to examine the figure of the earth near the Poles, with a view of discovering whether its form favoured Captain Symmes's theory of an aperture existing there; and I am convinced that that ingenious gentleman is mistaken. Time passed so heavily during these solitary occupations, that I looked at my watch every five minutes, and could scarcely be persuaded it was not out of order. I then took up my little Bible, (which had always been my travelling companion,) read a few chapters in St. Matthew, and found my feelings tranquilized, and my courage increased. The desired hour at length arrived; when, on waking the old man, he alertly raised himself up, and at the first view of the diminished appearance of the earth, observed that our journey was a third over, as to time, but not as to distance."

After having again composed himself to rest for about four hours, Atterley was awakened by the Brahmin, in whose arms he found himself, and, on looking around, discovered that he was lying on what had been the ceiling of the chamber, which still, however, felt like the bottom. The reason of this phenomenon was thus explained to him by the Brahmin—"we have, while you were asleep, passed the middle point between the earth's and the moon's attraction; and we now gravitate less towards our own planet than (to) her satellite. I took the precaution to move you, before you fell by your own gravity, from what was lately the bottom, to that which is now so, and to keep you in this place until you were retained in it by the moon's attraction; for though your fall would have been, at this point, like that of a feather, yet it would have given you some shock and alarm. The machine, therefore, has undergone no change in its position or course;—the change is altogether in our feelings."

The whole face of the moon, Atterley now found to be entirely changed, and on looking through the upper telescope, the earth presented an appearance not very dissimilar; but the outline of her continents and oceans was still perceptible in different shades, and capable of being readily recognised; the bright glare of the sun, however, made the surfaces of both bodies somewhat dim and pale.

"After a short interval, I again looked at the moon, and found not only its magnitude very greatly increased, but that it was beginning to present a more beautiful spectacle. The sun's rays fell obliquely on her disc, so that by a large part of its surface not reflecting the light, I saw every object on it, so far as I was enabled by the power of my telescope. Its mountains, lakes, seas, continents, and islands, were faintly, though not indistinctly, traced; and every moment brought forth something new to catch my eye, and awaken my curiosity. The whole face of the moon was of a silvery hue, relieved and varied by the softest and most delicate shades. No cloud nor speck of vapour intercepted my view. One of my exclamations of delight awakened the Brahmin, who quickly arose, and looking down on the resplendent orb below us, observed that we must soon begin to slacken the rapidity of our course, by throwing out ballast. The moon's dimensions now rapidly increased; the separate mountains, which formed the ridges and chains on her surface, began to be plainly visible through the telescope; whilst, on the shaded side, several volcanoes appeared upon her disc, like the flashes of our fire-fly, or rather like the twinkling of stars in a frosty night. He remarked, that the extraordinary clearness and brightness of the objects on the moon's surface, was owing to her having a less extensive and more transparent atmosphere than the earth: adding—"The difference is so great, that some of our astronomical observers have been induced to think she has none. If that, however, had been the case, our voyage would have been impracticable."

After gazing for some time on this magnificent spectacle, with admiration and delight, one of their balls of *lunarium* was let off for the purpose of checking their velocity. At this time the Brahmin supposed they were not more than four thousand miles from the nearest point of the moon's surface. In about four hours more, her apparent magnitude was so great, that they could see her by looking out of either of the side windows.

"Her disc had now lost its former silvery appearance, and began to look more like that of the earth, when seen at the same distance. It was a most gratifying spectacle to behold the objects successively rising to our view, and steadily enlarging in their dimensions. The rapidity with which we approached the moon, impressed me, in spite of myself, with the alarming sensation of falling; and I found myself alternately agitated with a sense of this danger, and with impatience to take a nearer view of the new objects that greeted my eyes. The Brahmin was wholly absorbed in calculations for the purpose of adjusting our velocity to the distance we had to go, his estimates of which, however, were in a great measure conjectural; and ever and anon he would let off a ball of the lunar metal.

"After a few hours, we were so near the moon that every object was seen in our glass, as distinctly as the shells or marine plants through a piece of shallow sea-water, though the eye could take in but a small part of her surface, and the horizon, which bounded our view, was rapidly contracting. On letting the air escape from our machine, it did not now rush out with the same violence as before, which showed that we were within the moon's atmosphere. This, as well as riding ourselves of the metal balls, aided in checking our progress. By and by we were within a few miles of the highest mountains, when we threw down so much of our ballast, that we soon appeared almost stationary. The Brahmin remarked, that he should avail himself of the currents of air we might meet with, to select a favourable place for landing, though we were necessarily attracted towards the same region, in consequence of the same half of the moon's surface being always turned towards the earth."

The Brahmin now pointed out the necessity of looking out for some cultivated field, in one of the valleys they were approaching, where they might rely on being not far distant from some human habitation, and on escaping the perils necessarily attendant on a descent amongst rocks, trees, and buildings. A gentle breeze now arising, as appeared by their horizontal motion, which wafted them at the rate of about ten miles an hour, over a ridge of mountains, a lake, a thick wood, &c. they at length reached a cultivated region, which the Brahmin recognised as the country of the Morosofs, the place they were anxious to visit. By now letting off two balls of lead to the *Earth*, they descended rapidly; and when they were sufficiently near the ground to observe that it was a fit place for landing, opened the door of their Balloon, and found the air of the moon inconceivably sweet and refreshing. They now let loose one of their lower balls, which somewhat retarded their descent; and in a few minutes more, being within twenty yards of the ground, they let go the largest ball of lunarium, which, having a cord attached to it, served in lieu of a grapnel; by this they drew themselves down, were disengaged from the machine in a twinkling, and landed "safe and sound" on, we presume, "*luna firma!*"

Having seen our travellers securely deposited in the moon, we may remark, that in the passage from the earth, various topics of an interesting and important character were canvassed by the Brahmin and his companion; one, *on the causes of national superiority*, suggested by the views of Africa, and a comparison between that benighted country and others more illuminated, is especially worthy of attention, as containing a condensed and phi-

losophical view of the subject; eloquently and perspicuously conveyed.

The view of America, suggests some remarks on the *political peculiarities of the United States*, with speculations on their future destiny.

A lively description of the contrast between the circumstances of the Kamtschadale—

“The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone,”

and the gay, voluptuous native of the Sandwich, and other isles within the tropics—the one passing his life in toil, privation, and care—the other in ease, abundance, and enjoyment—leads to a similar conclusion to that expressed by Goldsmith:—

“And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind.”

A disquisition also takes place—*whether India or Egypt were the parent of the Arts?*

This leads them to refer to the strange custom in the country of the Brahmin, which impels the widow to throw herself on the funeral pile, and be consumed with her husband:—

“I told him,” says Atterley, “that it had often been represented as compulsory—or, in other words, that it was said that every art and means were resorted to, for the purpose of working on the mind of the woman, by her relatives, aided by the priests, who would be naturally gratified by such signal triumphs of religion over the strongest feelings of nature. He admitted that these engines were sometimes put in operation, and that they impelled to the sacrifice, some who were wavering; but insisted, that in a majority of instances, the *Suffer* was voluntary.

“‘Women,’ said he, ‘are brought up from their infancy, to regard our sex as their superiors, and to believe that their greatest merit consists in entire devotion to their husbands. Under this feeling, and having, at the same time, their attention frequently turned to the chance of such a calamity, they are better prepared to meet it when it occurs. How few of the officers in your western armies, ever hesitate to march, at the head of their men, on a forlorn hope? and how many even court the danger for the sake of the glory? Nay, you tell me that, according to your code of honour, if one man insults another, he who gives the provocation, and he who receives it, rather than be disgraced in the eyes of their countrymen, will go out, and quietly shoot at each other with fire-arms, till one of them is killed or wounded; and this too, in many cases, when the injury has been merely nominal. If you show such a contempt of death, in deference to a custom founded in mere caprice, can it be wondered that a woman should show it, in the first paroxysms of her grief for the loss of him to whom was devoted every thought, word, and action of her life, and who, next to her God, was the object of her idolatry? My dear Atterley,’ he continued, with emotion, ‘you little know the strength of woman’s love!’”

Other topics of interest are also discussed with the like ingenuity.

After this episode, it is time for us to return to our travellers, whose feelings, the moment they touched the ground, repayed them for all they had endured. Atterley looked around with the most intense curiosity; but nothing he saw, “surprised him so

much, as to find so little that was surprising:—vegetation, insects, and other animals, were pretty much of the same character as those he had before seen; but, on better acquaintance, he found the difference greater than he had at first supposed. Having refreshed themselves with the remains of their stores, and secured the door of the machine, they bent their course to the town of Alamatua, about three miles distant, which seemed to contain about two thousand houses, and to be not quite as large as Albany; the people were tall and thin, and of a pale, yellowish complexion; their garments light, loose, and flowing, and not very different from those of the Turks; they subsist chiefly on a vegetable diet, live about as long as we do on the earth, notwithstanding the great difference of climate, and other circumstances; and do not, in their manners, habits, or character, differ more from the inhabitants of this globe, than some of the latter do from one another; their government, anciently monarchical, is now popular; their code of laws very intricate; their language, naturally soft and musical, has been yet further refined by the cultivation of letters; and they have a variety of sects in religion, politics, and philosophy.

The lunarians do not, as Butler has it—

“When the sun shines hot at noon,
Inhabit cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep and eighty round.”

But, one half of their houses is beneath the surface, partly for the purpose of screening them from the continued action of the sun's rays, and partly on account of the earthquakes caused by volcanoes. The windows of the houses consisted of openings in the wall, sloping so much upwards, that, whilst they freely admitted the light and air, the sun was completely excluded. As soon as they were espied by the natives, great curiosity was of course excited; not, however, to so troublesome an extent, as might have been, from the circumstance of the Brahmin's having visited the moon before. Hence he was soon recognised by some of his acquaintances, and conducted to the house of the governor, by whom they were graciously received, and who “began a course of interesting inquiries regarding the affairs of the earth;” but a gentleman, whom they afterwards understood to be one of the leaders of the popular party, coming in, he soon despatched them; having, however, first directed an officer to furnish them with all that was necessary for their accommodation, at the public expense; “which act of hospitality, they had reason to fear, occasioned him some trouble and perplexity at the succeeding election.”

A more minute description follows, of the dress of the male and female lunarians, especially of that of the latter, to which we can merely refer the reader. There is one portion, however, of the

inhabitants, with whom the reader must be made acquainted, inasmuch as they form some of the author's most prominent characters. A large number of lunarians, it seems, are born without any intellectual vigour, and wander about like so many automata, under the care of the government, until illumined by the mental ray, from some terrestrial brain, through the mysterious influence which the moon is known to exercise on our planet. But, in this case, the inhabitant of the earth loses what he of the moon gains, the ordinary portion of understanding being divided between two; and, "as might be expected, there is a most exact conformity between the man of the earth, and his counterpart in the moon, in all their principles of action, and modes of thinking:"—

"These Glonglins, as they are called, after they have been thus imbued with intellect, are held in peculiar respect by the vulgar, and are thought to be in every way superior to those whose understandings are entire. The laws by which two objects, so far apart, operate on each other, have been, as yet, but imperfectly developed, and the wilder their freaks, the more they are the objects of wonder and admiration."

"Now and then, though very rarely, the man of the earth regains the intellect he has lost; in which case, his lunar counterpart returns to his former state of imbecility. Both parties are entirely unconscious of the change—one, of what he has lost, and the other, of what he has gained."

The belief of the influence of the moon on the human intellect, the Brahmin remarks, may be perceived in the opinions of the vulgar, and in many of the ordinary forms of expression; and he takes occasion to remark, that these very opinions, as well as some obscure hints in the Sanscrit, give countenance to the idea, that they were not the only voyagers to the moon; but that, on the contrary, the voyage had been performed in remote antiquity; and the Lunarians, we are told, have a similar tradition. Many ordinary forms of expression are adduced in support of these ideas.

"Thus," says the Brahmin, "it is generally believed, throughout all Asia, that the moon has an influence on the brain: and when a man is of insane mind, we call him a lunatic. One of the curses of the common people is, 'May the moon eat up your brains!' and in China, they say of a man who has done any act of egregious folly, 'He was gathering wool in the moon.'" I was

* The idea of the Glonglins is the author's. Ariosto makes the lost intellect, of those who become insane upon the earth, ascend to the moon, where it is kept bottled.—

"Era come un liquor sottile e molle,
Atto a casar, se non si tien ben chiuso;
E si vedea raccolto in varie ampolle,
Qual più, qual men capace, atto a quell' uso."

Orlando furioso, Cant. 34. St. 83.

struck with these remarks; and told the hermit that the language of Europe afforded the same indirect evidence of the fact he mentioned,—that my own language, especially, abounded with expressions which could be explained on no other hypothesis: for, besides the terms “lunacy,” “lunatic,” and the supposed influence of the moon on the brain, when we see symptoms of a disordered intellect, we say the mind *wanders*, which evidently alludes to a part of it rambling to a distant region, as is the moon. We say too, a man is “*out of his head*,” that is, his mind being in another man’s head, must of course be out of his own. To “know no more than the man in the moon,” is a proverbial expression for ignorance, and is without meaning, unless it be considered to refer to the Gloglins.*

“We say that an insane man is ‘distracted,’ by which we mean that his mind is drawn two different ways. So also, we call a lunatic *a man beside himself*, which most distinctly expresses the two distinct bodies his mind now animates. There are, moreover, many other analogous expressions, as ‘moonstruck,’ ‘deranged,’ ‘extravagant,’ and some others, which, altogether, form a mass of concurring testimony that it is impossible to resist.”

Leaving this ingenious *badinage* with the defence of the serious and sentimental Schiller,

“Hoher Sinn liegt oft in Kindischen Spiele,”

we return to our travellers, who, at their lodgings, meet with an instance of *lunar puritanism*—the family eating those portions of fruits, vegetables, &c., which are thrown away by us, and *vice versa*, “from a persuasion that all pleasure received through the senses is sinful, and that man never appears so acceptable in the sight of the Deity, as when he rejects all the delicacies of the

* Our author might also have alluded to the old apology for every thing insane or contemptible—“It is a tale of the man in the moon.” When that arch flatterer, John Lylye, published (in 1591) his “*Endymion, or the man in the moon*”—a *court comedy*, as it was afterwards called; in other words, intended for the gratification of Queen Elizabeth, and in which her personal charms and attractions are grossly lauded—he pleads guilty to its defect in plot, in the following exquisite apologetic prologue—

“Most high and happy Princess, we must tell you a tale of the man in the moon; which, if it seem ridiculous for the method, or superfluous for the matter, or for the means incredible, for three faults we can make but one excuse,—it is a tale of the man of the moon.”

“It was forbidden in old time to dispute of Chymers, because it was a fiction: we hope in our times none will apply pastimes, because they are fancies; for these liveth none under the sun that knows what to make of the man in the moon. We present neither comedy, nor tragedy, nor story, nor any thing, but that who-soever heareth may say this:—‘Why, here is a tale of the man in the moon.’ Yet this is the man designated by Blount, who re-published his plays in 1632, as the ‘*only rare poet of that time, the wisest, comicall, facetiously-quicker, and unparallel’d John Lylye, Master of Arts.*’”

palate, as well as other sensual gratifications, and imposes on himself that food to which he feels naturally most repugnant."

Avarice is satirized by the story of one of these Glonglims, who is occupied in making nails, and then dropping them into a well—refusing to exchange them for bread or clothes, notwithstanding his starved, haggard appearance, and evident desire for the food proffered:—

" Mettant toute sa gloire et son souverain bien
A grossir un trésor qui ne lui sert de rien."

And this is followed by a picture of *reckless prodigality* in another Glonglim.

We pass over the description of the physical peculiarities of the moon, which seem to be according to the received opinions of astronomers, as well as the satire on *National Prejudices*, in the persons of the Hilliboos and Moriboos, and that on the Godwinian system of morals.

An indisposition experienced by Atterley, occasions his introduction to Vindar,* a celebrated physician, botanist, &c., on whose opinions we have a keen satire.

On leaving Vindar's house, they observed a short man, (Napoleon,) preparing to climb to the top of a plane tree, on which there was one of the tail feathers of a flamingo; and this he would only mount in one way—on the shoulders of his men:—

"I could not see this rash Glonglim attempt to climb that dangerous ladder, without feeling alarm for his safety. At first all seemed to go on very well; but just as he was about to lay hold of the gaudy prize, there arose a sudden squall, which threw both him and his supporters into confusion, and the whole living pyramid came to the ground together. Many were killed—some were wounded and bruised. Polenap himself, by lighting on his men, who served him as cushions, barely escaped with life. But he received a fracture in the upper part of his head, and a dislocation of the hip, which will not only prevent him from ever climbing again, but probably make him a cripple for life.

"The Brahmin and I endeavoured to give the sufferers some assistance; but this was rendered unnecessary, by the crowd which their cries and lamentations brought to their relief. I thought that the author of so much mischief would have been stoned on the spot; but, to my surprise, his servants seemed to feel as much for his honour as their own safety, and warmly interfered in his behalf until they had somewhat appeased the rage of the surrounding multitude."

The *absurdities* of the *physiognomical system* of Lavater, and of the *craniological system* of MM. Gall and Spurzheim, were not likely to escape animadversion, in a work of general satire, fruitful as they have already been in such themes. The representative of the former, is a fortune-telling philosopher,

* It is to be regretted that the author has not followed the good example set him by Johnson, in his *Debates in the Senate of Mogon Lilliputia*, published in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for 1738: the denominations of the speakers being formed of the letters of their real names, so that they might be easily deciphered. This neglect has obscured many of the author's most interesting satires. Who could suppose from the letters alone, that *Wigurd*, *Vindar*, and *Arabadet*, were respectively intended for *Godwin*, *Darwin*, and *Lavater*?

Avarabet, (Lavater,) whose course of proceeding was, to examine the finger nails, and, according to their form, colour, thickness, surface, grain, and other properties, to determine the character and destinies of those who consulted him; and that of the latter, a physician, who judged of the character of disposition or disease, by the examination of a lock of the hair. The upshot of the story is, as might be anticipated, that the fortune-telling philosopher is caught, and exposed in his own toils.

The *impolicy of privateers, and of letters of marque and reprisals*, is next animadverted on, by the story of two neighbours, who are at variance, and whose dependants are occupied in laying hold of what they can of each other's flocks and herds, and doing as much mischief as possible, by which both parties, of necessity, suffer.

A visit to a projector in building, husbandry, and cookery, introduces us to some inventions not unworthy of the occupation of the courtiers of *La Reine Quinte*, or of the Professors of the Academy of Lagado.

The doctrine of the aerial formation of meteoric stones, receives, too, a passing notice from our author, who is clearly no supporter of it. It was a long time before the ancients received credit for their stories of showers of stones; and all were ready to joke with Butler, at the story of the Thracian rock, which fell in the river *Ægos*:—

“For Anaxagoras, long ago,
Saw hills, as well as you i'th' moon,
And held the sun was but a piece
Of red hot iron as big as Greece.
Believ'it the heavens were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one:
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, suffered banishment.”

A difficulty surrounds the subject, however we view it. *Aerolites*, as they have been designated, have now been found in almost every region and climate of the globe—from Arabia to the farthest point of Baffin's Bay; and this very circumstance would seem to be opposed to their aerial origin, unless we are to suppose that they can be formed in every state, and in the opposite extremes of the atmosphere. The Brahmin assigns them a lunar origin, and adds, “our party were greatly amused at the disputations of a learned society in Europe, in which they undertook to give a mathematical demonstration, that they could not be thrown from a volcano of the earth, nor from the moon, but were suddenly formed in the atmosphere. I should as soon believe, that a loaf of bread could be made and baked in the atmosphere.”

The “gentleman farmer and projector,” being attacked, during their visit, with cholera morbus, and considering himself *in extremis*, a consultation of physicians takes place, in which one

portrait will be obvious—that of Dr. Shuro, who asserts disease to be a unit; and that it is the extreme of folly, to divide diseases into classes, which tend but to produce confusion of ideas, and an unscientific practice. The enthusiasm of the justly celebrated individual—the original of this portrait, was so great, that the slightest data were sufficient for the formation of some of his most elaborate *hypotheses*—for *theories* they could not properly be called; and, accordingly, many of his beautiful and ingenious superstructures are now prostrated, leaving, in open day, the insufficiency of their foundation. One of the most striking examples of this nature, was his belief that the black colour of the negro is a disease, which depletion, properly exercised, might be capable of remedying—a scheme not a whit more feasible, than that of the courtiers of *La Reine Quinte*, referred to by Rabelais, “who made blackamoors white, as fast as hops, by just rubbing their stomachs with the bottom of a pannier.”

The satire here is not so fortunately displayed, as in other instances, owing probably to the difficulty of saying any thing new on so hackneyed a subject; for it has ever happened, that,—

“The Galenist and Paracelsian,
Condemn the way each other deals in.”

The affair concludes, by the Doctors quarrelling; and, in the mean time, the patient, profiting by some simple remedies administered by the Brahmin, and an hour's rest, was so much refreshed, that he considered himself out of danger, and had no need of medical assistance.

Pestalozzi's system of education, is with justice satirized; since, instead of affording facilities to the student, as the superficial observer might fancy, it retards his acquisition of knowledge, by teaching him to exercise his external senses, rather than his reflection.*

In a *menagerie* attached to an academy, in which youths of maturer years were instructed in the fine arts, the travellers had an opportunity of observing the vain attempts of education, to control the natural or instinctive propensities.

“Naturam expellas furcā tamen usque recurret.”

“For nature driven out, with proud disdain,
All powerful goddess, will return again.”

The election of a town constable, exhibits the violence of *Latin Politics* to be much the same as the terrestrial, and seems to have some allusion to an existing and important controversy amongst ourselves. The *prostitution of the press* is satirized by the story of a number of boys dressed in black and white—

* It is a curious circumstance, that Swift, in his description of the Academy of Lagado, should have so completely anticipated the Pestalozzian invention.

wearing the badges of the party to which they respectively belong, and each provided with a syringe and two canteens, the one filled with rose water, and the other with a black, offensive, fluid: the rose water being squirted at the favourite candidates and voters—the other fluid on the opposite party. All these were under regular discipline, and at the word of command discharged their syringes on friend or foe, as the case might be.

The "*glorious uncertainty of the law*" (proverbial with us,) falls also under notice. In Morosofia, it seems, a favourite mode of settling private disputes, whether concerning person, character, or property, is by the employment of prize fighters who hire themselves to the litigants:—

* And out of foreign controversies
By aiding both sides, fill their purses:
But have no int'rest in the cause
For which th' engage and wage the laws
Nor farther prospect than their pay
Whether they lose or win the day.*

The chapter concludes with a discussion between an old man and his wife, in which the *policy of encouraging manufactures*, is argued.

In an account of Okalbia—a happy valley—similar only in name to that in *Rasselas*, the author seems to sketch his views of a *perfect commonwealth*, and glances at some important questions of *politics* and *political economy*. Prudential restraints are considered sufficient to obviate a *redundancy of population*—and on *Ricardo's theory of rent*, the author holds the same opinions as those already expressed in this Journal.*

Some useful hints are also afforded on the subject of *legislation and jurisprudence*.

After having passed a week amongst the singular and happy Okalbians, whom our travellers found equally amiable, intelligent, and hospitable, they returned to Alamatua.

Jeffery's *theory of beauty*, as developed in the article *beauty*, of the *supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica*, in which he denies the existence of original beauty and refers it to association, is ridiculed by an extension of a similar kind of reasoning to the smell.

A description of a *Lunar fair* follows, which, like a terrestrial, is the resort of the busy, the idle, the knavish, and the gay: some in pursuit of pleasure; others again, without any settled purpose, carried along by the vague desire of meeting with something to relieve them from the pain of idleness. *Political contests* are here represented under the character of gambling transactions, and if we mistake not, there is a distinct allusion to more than one important contest in the annals of this country.

* Vol. I. p. 317.

Having now satisfied his curiosity, Atterley became anxious to return to his native planet, and accordingly urged the Brahmin to lose no time in preparing for their departure. They were soon, however, informed that a man high in office, by way of affecting political sagacity, had proposed to detain them, on the ground that when such voyages as their's were shown to be practicable, the inhabitants of the earth, who were so much more numerous than those of the moon, might invade the latter with a large army, for the purpose of rapine and contest; but notwithstanding the influence of this sapient politician, they finally obtained leave to quit the moon whenever they thought proper.

Having taken a "respectful or affectionate" leave of all their lunarian friends, and got every thing in readiness,—at midnight of the twentieth of August, they again entered their copper *balloon*, and after they had ascended until the face of the moon looked like one vast lake of melted silver, with here and there small pieces of grayish dross floating on it, Atterley reminded the Brahmin of a former promise to detail the history of his early life, to which he assented:—of this, perhaps the most interesting part of the book, to the general reader, we regret that our limits will only admit of our giving a very condensed and imperfect narrative.

Gurameer, the Brahmin, was born at Benares. He was the only son of a priest of Vishnu, of rank, and was himself intended for the priesthood. At school, he meets with a boy of the name of *Balty Mahu*, between whom and himself a degree of rivalry, and subsequently the most decided enmity, existed—a circumstance that decided the character of Gurameer's subsequent life. They afterwards met at college, where a more extended theatre was afforded for the exercise of Balty Mahu's malignity. During a vacation, Gurameer, being on a visit to an uncle in the country, one day, when the family had gone to witness a grand spectacle in honour of an important festival in their calendar, which he could not himself attend consistently with the rules of his caste, was tempted to visit the deserted Zenana, or ladies' apartment, where he accidentally meets with a beautiful young female. The acquaintance, thus begun, soon ripened into intimacy, by means of walks in the garden, contrived by Fatima, one of his female cousins. At length they are constrained to separate. Veenah (for so the young lady is named) returns to Benares, whither Gurameer soon follows her. On making his father acquainted with his attachment, the latter endeavours to persuade him to overcome it, and informs him that Veenah's father is avaricious, and a bigot, and hence, that he would probably be prejudiced against him, owing to some imputations which had been cast on Gurameer's religious creed, and industriously circulated by his old enemy, Balty Mahu, who proves to be the cousin of Veenah.

These considerations prevail upon Gurameer to defer any application to Veenah's father, until the suspicions regarding his faith had either died away or been falsified by his scrupulous observance of all religious duties. This resolution he determines to communicate to his mistress. Accordingly, in the evening, he betakes himself to the quarter of the city where Veenah's father lives; and, walking to and fro before the house, soon discovers that he is recognised. By a cord, let down from the window, he conveys a letter to her, which, the following evening, she answers; and thus a regular correspondence was kept up, which, by the exercise it afforded to their imaginations, and the difficulties attendant upon it, inflamed their passion to the highest pitch. He had, however, soon the misfortune to be discovered by Balty Mahu, and, in consequence, Veenah is debarred from pen and ink, but contrives to acquaint her lover that their intercourse has been discovered, by a short note, written with a burnt stick. Gurameer now goes in despair to Veenah's father, from whom he experiences a haughty repulse, and who, in the following night, secretly leaves the city, with his daughter, embarking on the Ganges, and taking measures to prevent the discovery of the place of his retreat. At the expiration of two or three months, an end is put to Gurameer's doubts and apprehensions, by his return, with his daughter and son-in-law—a rich Omrah, four times her age. After the first ebullitions of rage have subsided, his love returns; but he is never able to succeed in obtaining an interview with Veenah. By his cousin Fatima, he learns the circumstances of Veenah's marriage, and the deceptions which had been practised on her, aided by the unbounded authority which parents exercise in eastern countries. The unhappy Veenah, as firm in her principles as she was gentle in disposition, refuses to see him. "Tell him," said she, "that Heaven has forbidden it, and to its decrees we are bound to submit. I am now the wife of another, and it is our duty to forget all that is past. But if this be possible, my heart tells me it can be only by our never meeting!"

Gurameer now fell into a state of settled melancholy, and consented to travel, more for the purpose of pleasing his parents, than from any concern for his own health; but travelling had little effect—"he carried a barbed arrow in his heart; and the greater the efforts to extract it, the more they rankled the wound." When so much emaciated that he was not expected to live a month, he took a voyage, coastwise, to Madras; and, on his arrival there, learned that Balty Mahu had recently left that place. This intelligence operated like a charm; the desire of revenge roused all his energies and became his master passion. He immediately set off in pursuit; but, although often near, could never overtake him. His health rapidly improves; and at length he

bears that the old Omrah's health is rapidly declining. This information awakens new thoughts and hopes, and Balty Mahu is forgotten. He hastens back to Benares; and when near the city, hears two merchants, in conversation, remark that the Omrah is dead, and that his widow was the next day to perform the *Suttee*. He immediately mounts his horse, and reaches the city the next morning at sunrise. In the street he mixes with the throng;—hears Veenah pitied, her father blamed, and himself lamented. He now sees Veenah approach the funeral pile, who, at the well known sound of his voice, shrieked out, "he lives! he lives!" and would have attempted to save herself from the flames; but the shouts of the surrounding multitude, and the sound of the instruments, drowned her voice. He now attempts to approach the pile for the purpose of rescuing her, but is forcibly held back until the wretched Veenah is enveloped in flames. On his again attempting to reach the pile, he was charged with profanation; and, on Balty Mahu's making his appearance and encouraging the charge, in frantic desperation he seizes a scymetar from one of the guards, and plunges it in his breast. The influence of his friends, and the sacred character of persons of his caste, saved the Brahmin from capital punishment; but he was banished from Hindostan. He now removed to the kingdom of Ava, where he continued so long as his parents lived, after which he visited several countries, both of Asia and Europe; and in one of his journeys, having discovered Lunarium Ore in the mountain near Mogaun, he determined to pass the remainder of his days in that secluded retreat.—"So ends this strange, eventful history."

When the Brahmin terminated his narrative, the extended map beneath them was already assuming a distinct and varied appearance:—

"The Brahmin, having applied his eye to the telescope, and made a brief calculation of our progress, considered that twenty-four hours more, if no accident interrupted us, would end our voyage; part of which interval I passed in making notes in my journal, and in contemplating the different sections of our many peopled globe, as they presented themselves successively to the eye. It was my wish to land on the American continent, and, if possible, in the United States. But the Brahmin put an end to that hope, by reminding me that we should be abstracted towards the Equator, and that we had to choose between Asia, Africa, and South America; and that our only course would be, to check the progress of our car over the country of greatest extent, through which the equinoctial circle might pass. Saying which, he relapsed into his melancholy silence, and I betook myself once more to the telescope. With a bosom throbbing with emotion, I saw that we were descending towards the American continent. When we were about ten or twelve miles from the earth, the Brahmin arrested the progress of the car, and we hovered over the broad Atlantic. Looking down on the ocean, the first object which presented itself to my eye, was a small one-masted shallop, which was buffeting the waves in a south-westerly direction. I presumed it was a New-England trader, on a voyage to some part of the Republic of Columbia; and, by way of diverting my friend from his melancholy reverie, I told him some of the many stories which are current respecting the enterprise and ingenuity of this portion of my countrymen, and above all, their adroitness at a bargain.

“ ‘Methinks,’ says the Brahmin, ‘you are describing a native of Canton or Pekin. But,’ added he, after a short pause, ‘though to a superficial observer man appears to put on very different characters, to a philosopher he is every where the same—for he is every where moulded by the circumstances in which he is placed. Thus: let him be in a situation that is propitious to commerce, and the habits of traffic produce in him shrewdness and address. Trade is carried on chiefly in towns, because it is there carried on most advantageously. This situation gives the trader a more intimate knowledge of his species—a more ready insight into character, and of the modes of operating on it. His chief purpose is to buy as cheap, and to sell as dear, as he can; and he is often able to heighten the recommendations or soften the defects of some of the articles in which he deals, without danger of immediate detection; or, in other words, his representations have some influence with his customers. He avails himself of this circumstance, and thus acquires the habit of lying; but, as he is studious to conceal it, he becomes wary, ingenious, and cunning. It is thus that the Phenician, the Carthagensians, the Dutch, the Chinese, the New-Englanders, and the modern Greeks, have always been regarded as inclined to petty frauds by their less commercial neighbours.’ I mentioned the English nation.

“ ‘If the English,’ said he, interrupting me; ‘who are the most commercial people of modern times, have not acquired the same character, it is because they are as distinguished for other things as for traffic: they are not merely a commercial people—they are also agricultural, warlike, and literary; and thus the natural tendencies of commerce are mutually counteracted.’

“ We afterwards descended slowly; the prospect beneath us becoming more beautiful than my humble pen can hope to describe, or will even attempt to portray. In a short time after, we were in sight of Venezuela. We met with the trade winds and were carried by them forty or fifty miles inland, where, with some difficulty, and even danger, we landed. The Brahmin and myself remained together two days, and parted—he to explore the Andes, to obtain additional light on the subject of his hypothesis, and I, on the wings of impatience, to visit once more my long-deserted family and friends. But before our separation, I assisted my friend in concealing our aerial vessel, and received a promise from him to visit, and perhaps spend with me the evening of his life. Of my journey home, little remains to be said. From the citizens of Colombia, I experienced kindness and attention, and means of conveyance to Caracas; where, embarking on board the brig Juno, captain Withers, I once more set foot in New-York, on the 12th of August, 1826, after an absence of four years, resolved, for the rest of my life, to travel only in books, and persuaded, from experience, that the satisfaction which the wanderer gains from actually beholding the wonders and curiosities of distant climes, is dearly bought by the sacrifice of all the comforts and delights of home.”

We have thus placed before the reader an analysis of this interesting Satirical Romance. The time and space we have occupied sufficiently indicate the favourable sentiments respecting it with which we have been impressed. Of the execution of the satires, from the several extracts we have given, the reader will himself be enabled to judge. This is of course unequal, but generally felicitous. In the personal allusions which occur through the work, the author exhibits, as we have before noticed, a freedom from malice and all uncharitableness, and in many of them has attained that happy *desideratum* which Dryden considered a matter of so much difficulty:—

“ ‘How easy is it,’ he observes, ‘to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose sn-

cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice; he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice; neither is it true, that this fineness of railery is offensive. A witty man is tickled, while he is hurt, in this manner, and a fool feels it not: the occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that is effect, this way does more mischief—that a man is secretly wounded, and, though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him; yet, there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband.*

In conclusion, we must express our regret, that the author should not have added notes to the work—the want of them will be seriously felt by every one; some of the satires, indeed, must escape the reader, unless he pay a degree of attention, which notes would have rendered unnecessary. In his next edition, we trust that this deficiency may be supplied; and we anticipate as much instruction and entertainment, from the wide scope which such an undertaking will afford, as we have derived from the perusal of the text. Cheerfully would we extend to him, if required, the leisure claimed by Spenser, after he had composed the first six books of his "*Faerie Queene*," provided he would promise us similar conditions:—

"After so long a race as I have run
Through Faery Land, which those six books compile,
Give leave to rest me, being half foredonene,
And gather to myself new breath awhile;
"Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,
Out of my prison will I break anew,
And stoutly will that second work assayle,
With strong endeavour, and attention doe."

ART. IV.—*The Life of John Ledyard, the American Traveller; comprising Selections from his Journals and Correspondence.* By JARED SPARKS. Cambridge, Mass. 1828.

It is among the North American people that we might expect to find more men with the romantic spirit and other qualities required for exploratory travel, than elsewhere within the limits of civilization. What their ancestors did in opening and settling the old states, they have but recently performed in the new; and are now pursuing, in numbers, over the vast territory lying beyond the cultivated regions. The adventurous character distinctive of infant colonies; the restlessness and hardihood produced

* Dryden's Essay on Satire.