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one great catastrophe, which changed the surface of the earth, and almost annihilated the human race, geology teaches us, that, of the different revolutions which have agitated our globe, the last corresponds, evidently, with the epoch which we assign to the deluge.

We will tell you, said he, how, by means of considerations purely geological, we can obtain, with a degree of precision, the date of this great event.

There are certain formations which must have been commenced immediately after the last catastrophe, and which, from that moment, have been continued to our days with marked regularity. Such are the deposits which we observe at the mouths of rivers, the detritus which lies at the foot of mountains, and is formed of the debris which falls from the summit. These deposits increase every year, by a quantity which observation can make known to us. Consequently, nothing is more easy than to calculate the time which would have been required to produce the accumulation which we see at this day. This calculation has been made for the detritus of mountains; and we have found it to be, in every instance, from 5 to 6000 years. It has been made for the deposits of rivers, and has given the same number of years. In fine, whatever natural phenomenon has been interrogated, we have always received a confirmation of the exactitude of the traditions. These traditions, themselves, treasured in the recollection of men, present the most astonishing conformity. The Hebrew text of Genesis places the deluge in the year 2349, before Christ. The Indians make the fourth age of the world—the age in which we live—to commence in 3012. The Chinese date it about 2334. Confucius indeed represents the first king, Yao, as being occupied in draining off the waters of the ocean, which were elevated to the tops of the mountains, and in repairing the injuries which they had caused.

It is in India, however, according to all appearances, that we must search for the origin of the sciences. It was in this country, indeed, that man first established himself after his escape from the last cataclysm. The highest mountains of the world, the chains of Himalaya and Thibet, served for their asylum; and the base of the same mountains presented to them the first field for cultivation. Babylonia could then offer nothing but marshes, and Egypt was yet under the water. All the low country, indeed, as the priests told Herodotus, is a present from the Nile. This river every year deposits a new bed of mud. By counting the number of superincumbent beds, which are easily distinguished from each other, we can learn how much the soil rises during a given time; and thence, by a simple calculation, we arrive at the fact, that 2000 years before Christ, Lower Egypt did not exist.

The priority of the Indians is proved also by a tradition, to which no one seems to have paid attention. We find, indeed, from the extracts which are preserved out of the writings of Manetho, that in the reign of Amenophis, king of the 16th dynasty, a colony from the Indus established itself in Ethiopia. But Diodorus Siculus, and all those who have written upon the religion of Egypt, trace it from Ethiopia or Higher Nubia. Thebes itself was but an island,—but a colony of Meroe, the sacerdotal city of the Ethiopians. Thus, then, civilization would advance from India to

Nubia, and from Nubia to Egypt; from the latter country it may be followed to Babylon, since, according to Diodorus, the Chaldeans, who formed the sacred caste in Babylonia, were at first nothing but a colony of Egyptian priests.

We regret we cannot enter more at large into the detail of the distinguished Baron's prelections, which are full of interest and curious information.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 29.

It has been resolved to send out with the expedition to Algiers, a scientific commission, on a similar plan to that which was adopted with the expedition to Egypt under Buonaparte—two botanists are to be on this commission. It would appear from this fact, that an idea is really entertained of colonizing Algiers, when it shall have been brought under subjection by the French army.

Letters have been received from Dr. Pariset, dated the 21st and 25th of January; this gentleman was pursuing with great ardour, his enquiries into the cause and nature of the plague in Egypt, and had made frequent and successful experiments with the chlorates of lime and soda, as a remedy against infection.

Some Roman Antiquities, in a high state of preservation, were lately discovered at Lillebourne, in this country; among them was a small figure of Hercules, of most exquisite workmanship; another of a large horse, completely caparisoned, and several coins; there were also remains of baths, walls, ruins of temples, &c. The Statistical Society is going on well. I was present at its sitting on Thursday last, and had the pleasure of finding it numerous and respectfully attended. The Count de Noé presided, and there were among the members, near the chair, the Duke de Doudeauville, the Duke de Rangau, the Marquis de Bouillé, and several other distinguished personages;—some very able memoirs were read by different members, and it was announced, that the Society, which now consists of 340 members, is likely to have considerable accessions.

The newspapers having said a great deal about the magnificent Vase belonging to the museum of Brunswick, which the Duke of Brunswick has brought with him to Paris; I was anxious to get a sight of it, and succeeded. It is cut out of an onyx, and is six inches high, and two inches and a half wide, the handle, legs, and other ornaments, are of gold, curiously manufactured. As to the Vase itself, it is of beautiful workmanship, and will bear comparison with the most perfect specimens of the kind in the cabinets of Paris and Vienna. The figures, which are cut out of kir-stone, are of the most exquisite finish. This Vase was taken in 1630, in the sacking of Mantua by the Austrian troops, when it fell into the hands of a private soldier, who sold it for 200 ducats to Duke Albert of Saxe Lauenbourg, by whom it was left to his wife Christina Marguerita, Princess of Mecklenburgh, who at her death left it to her sister Sophia Elizabeth, wife of Augustus Duke of Brunswick; from this time it has always remained in the House of Brunswick. During the war of 1806, it was sent to England with the other valuable effects belonging to the family, and remained there until the Duke returned to his states. An

idea of its value may be conceived from the fact, that Napoleon offered to forego the whole of the contribution which he had enforced on the state of Brunswick, on condition of receiving this Vase, which was refused.

London, March 31.

A new weekly periodical called "*Le Représentant des Peuples*," in French, made its appearance yesterday. It is in the form of a pamphlet, which is intended as an evasion of the stamp duty, but this is not likely to be of avail, as the stamp office agents are now on the alert. *Le Représentant* contains letters from Paris, dated March 24th and 25th, giving all the political news of the capital, by which it becomes subject to the stamp duty. It is a violent democratic publication—but the price is quite aristocratic, being 1s. 4d. for a quantity by no means equal to half the contents of the smallest sevenpenny London newspaper. It is not probable that at such a price it can attain much circulation. There is already a French paper here devoted to literary subjects, called the *Furet de Londres*. This paper, which does not contain one-sixth part of the quantity embodied in the *Dublin Literary Gazette*, is sold at one shilling. It is rather surprising that with the present extensive use of the French language in London, there should not be a single French newspaper on a proper footing. Whilst on the subject of newspapers, I may be allowed to notice a curious blunder made by Dr. Brown, the editor of the *North Briton*, in an article headed "*The London Newspaper Press*," in a recent number of his paper. It is surprising that a gentleman of Dr. Brown's literary character should so strangely commit himself. Speaking of the annual expense of a London evening paper, (the *Globe*), exclusive of stamps, and paper, and advertisement duty, he sets it down at upwards of £8,200 per annum, whereas, the truth is, that it is under £6,000. The doctor assumes the editing of the paper to amount to about £1,600 per annum, whereas it is little more than £800, and there are many other blunders equally striking. Had Dr. Brown chosen to refer to the account of the *London press* which appeared in the *Westminster Review*, he could not have made these mistakes, for the author of that article, although erroneous in his statements as to the Scotch and Irish press, is allowed by all persons conversant with the subject, to have been correctly informed respecting the *London newspapers*.

None of the monthly periodicals for April have yet made their appearance, so that I am unable to give you the slightest news as to their contents. There is a rumour that a schism has taken place among the contributors to the *New Monthly Magazine*, and that the work is likely to suffer from it; but with so much talent at hand, and so much capital to reward it, the *New Monthly* cannot long be inconvenienced by any secession, even supposing the rumour to be correct, which I very much question. The *Westminster Review* for April, has been out for some days past.—It is on the whole a clever number, but there is rather too much of Mr. Jeremy Bentham, and of Colonel Thompson's political economy articles. These are both able—I may say first rate—pieces, in their way, but these are not times for heavy writing, and if the *Westminster* would rise in sale, as well as in reputation, it must have lighter and more agreeable papers.

I mentioned some time since that a patent had been taken out for a new steam or vapour power—nothing practical seems yet to have been attempted with it. The principle appears to be this:—An ethereal mixture is prepared, and this being placed over a lamp, a powerful vapour is produced, which acts in the way of ordinary steam, but with more force. This vapour is not suffered to escape, but, when it has done its work, it is recondensed by means of a peculiar apparatus into fluid, and this being again heated, another vapour is thrown off, and so on until the strength has been all lost, which, according to the statement of the patentee, is not very speedily the case. The great difficulty seems to be in obtaining vessels sufficiently tight to hold so active an agent.* It is not probable that this difficulty will be got over without some new discoveries as to the mode of preparing metals. At present any engine worked with this gas, would, I think, be attended with danger. We have nothing of Mr. Gurney's steam carriages; the probability is, that they will not be fit for the road for several months to come, if, indeed, they can be brought to perfection even then.

This is to be a grand skirmishing day at the Literary Union Club, Mr. Campbell and his Scotch friends will muster strong, but Crofton Croker, (just married,) and a host of green Erin boys are of the opposition. It is an absurd struggle, and the chairman ought to give way. The great point in dispute is, as to whether cards should be allowed; I cannot see why cards or billiards, or any other game under proper restrictions should be excluded.

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

SIR—As it must be always interesting to trace those labours by which the zealous biographer seeks to obtain the requisite materials for embalming the remains of some learned and good man, I shall offer no apology in placing at your disposal the following letter of James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson; it was written soon after the decease of Johnson, in answer to an offer of assistance made by the late J. C. Walker, Esq. of this city.

London, 1st July, 1785.

"SIR—I am much obliged to you for your polite attention, in offering to collect for me, among the literati of Dublin, such private letters of Doctor Johnson as have been preserved. All that you can send me will be very acceptable, for it is my design in writing the life of that great and good man, to put, as it were, into a Mausoleum, all of his precious remains that I can gather. Be pleased, Sir, to transmit your packets for me, to the care of Mr. Dilly, bookseller, London.

"I should ill deserve the liberal aid you are to afford me, did I not endeavour to procure for you in return, what communications I can get for your Historical Memoirs of the Bards and Music of Ireland. I myself am very ill-informed upon that subject, but when I get back to Scotland, which will be some time in autumn next, my exertions shall not be wanting.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL."

That our prince of biographers should have been tempted to extend his researches to Dublin, will cease to excite surprise, when we reflect, that amongst the numerous ardent lovers of

literature of the day, are to be found the names of Leland, Ledwich, Vallancey, O'Conor, Falkiner, Boyd, Berwick, Eccles, and others; that Moira House was no mean type of what Holland House now is, and, that though they could not boast a Literary Gazette, yet they had their Anthologia.

I remain, Sir, with great respect, yours,
JUVENIS.

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

SIR—A passage in the ninth number of your Gazette, justly vindicates for the *Alma Mater* of Dublin, the honor attendant upon the affiliation of Dr. Thomas Leland. I remember to have been told, in my boyhood, that he was the son of a staymaker; and my informant, who resided in Dublin, had frequently, in his own house, been a witness of the exultation which the elder Leland manifested in the possession of such a son. The following anecdote respecting our distinguished countryman may not be unacceptable.

"In this year [1773], Dr. Leland, published his history of Ireland, and Richard Shackleton received a letter, with the signature of the author, requesting his opinion of the work. The style of the letter gave no very favourable promise of the abilities of the historian. R. S. sent a civil reply, disclaiming any pretensions to critical judgment, and soon after received the following letter from the real author."

I annex the mock epistle, which has never yet been published: the short but interesting correspondence to which it gave rise, may be seen in the work,* from which the above extract is taken.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

Z.

Mr. Shackleton, Ballitore.

DEAR SIR—Your character in the literary world being well known, and your judgment much admired, I must beg your opinion of my History of Ireland. Candidly point out what passages you may think are too obscurely or rather poorly expressed: in short, your thoughts upon the whole will be pleasing: perhaps you'll think the request rather out of the way, but it is from one who shall esteem an acquaintance with you as the highest honour, even a correspondence.

I remain, dear sir, with great esteem and true respect, your very humble servant,

THOMAS LELAND.

Trinity College, 24th June, 1773.

* Mary Leadbeater's "Memoirs and Letters of Richard and Elizabeth Shackleton."

DUELLING.

We were sitting in our library lately, ruminating, among many other bitter fancies, upon a late disastrous and fatal occurrence which has given so much pain and sorrow to many in our city, when we chanced to cast our eye upon Lord Bacon's celebrated charge against duels. As the evil is one which arises chiefly from paying more and higher regard to the law of man's opinion, than to the law of God's will, we thought it might not be unuseful to bring before the public eye, the recorded sentiments of one who has been celebrated as the wisest of mankind, upon the subject; among barbarians the custom of single combat may have been a step in the progress towards civilization, among civilized men it is certainly a

remnant or vestigium of barbarism, which even human wisdom ought to be sufficient to see the necessity of eradicating. Lord Bacon condemns it thus:

"Again, my Lords, it is a miserable effect, when young men full of towardness and hope, such as the poets call 'auroræ filii,' sons of the morning, in whom the expectation and comfort of their friends consisteth, shall be cast away and destroyed in such a vain manner, but much more it is to be deplored, when so much noble and genteel blood should be spilt upon such follies, as, if it were adventured in the field in service of the king and realm, were able to make the fortune of a day, and to change the fortune of a kingdom. So as your lordships see what a desperate evil this is, it troubleth peace, it disfurnisheth war, it bringeth calamity upon private men, peril upon the state, and contempt upon the land. Touching the causes of it, the first motive, no doubt, is a false and erroneous imagination of honor and credit, and therefore the king doth most aptly and excellently call them bewitching duels; for, if we judge of it truly, it is no better than a sorcery that enchanteth the spirits of young men, that bear great minds with a false shew, 'species falsæ,' and a kind of satanical illusion and apparition of honor, against religion, against law, against moral virtue, and against the precedents and examples of the best times and valiantest nations. But then the seed of this mischief being such, it is nourished by vain discourses, and green and unripe conceits, which nevertheless have so prevailed, as though a man were staid and sober minded, and a right believer, touching the vanity and unlawfulness of these duels, yet the stream of vulgar opinion is such, as it imposeth a necessity upon men of value to conform themselves, or else there is no living or looking upon mens' faces; so that we have not to do in this case, so much with particular persons, as with unsound and depraved opinions, like the dominations and spirits of the air, which the Scripture speaketh of; hereunto may be added, that men have almost lost the true notion and understanding of fortitude and valour. For, fortitude distinguisheth of the grounds of quarrels, whether they be just, and not only so, but whether they be worthy, and setteth a better price upon mens' lives, than to bestow them idly! nay, it is weakness and dis-esteem of a man's self, to put a man's life upon such light performances; a man's life is not to be trifled away, it is to be offered up and sacrificed to honorable services, public merits, good causes, and noble adventures. It is in expense of blood, as it is in expense of money; it is no liberality to make a profusion of money upon every vain occasion, nor no more is it fortitude to make effusion of blood, except the cause be of worth."

PERE LA CHAÎSE.

"To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

THERE are few objects in Paris so calculated to excite the stranger's interest as the cemetery of Pere la Chaise; it is even more than interest, it amounts to delight and admiration. Previously to his visit, he had formed an imaginary sketch of this enchanting spot, he had concluded that its utmost beauty did not equal Westminster, for that in his opinion was unrivalled, he thought that it stood isolated, that it was unique; and he expected to find Pere la