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LITERARY.

A JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND THE ARTS, Nos. I. and II. edited at the Royal Institution of Great-Britain; published quarterly; London, John Murray, 1816, 8vo. pp. 328.—“We announced this publication in the *Analectic Magazine* for July; but as the second number is much better than the first, we think our readers can have no objection to being introduced to it again. From the auspices under which it appears,—emanating as it does from the Royal Institution—and from the persons who have engaged to supply its pages; consisting not only of the most active persons belonging to that Institution (such as Sir H. Davy, Mr. Thomas Brande, &c.) but of various literary and scientific gentlemen in different parts of the British empire; the Quarterly Journal promises to be one of the first periodical works of the present day. No expense is spared in composing its contents; and accordingly, all accounts of new inventions, or new modifications of old ones,—every article, in short, which requires illustrative diagrams is accompanied with an appropriate plate. As this great expensiveness, with the additional consideration that, to the bulk of American readers, the whole of its pages would not be very interesting, will doubtless prevent its total republication in this country, we shall, in future, extract such articles as we think will be of practical utility in our own domestic economy, accompanying them with all the plates and diagrams which we find in the original, or which their illustration requires. For this number we present our readers with a paper and plate relative to a new invented gaseometer, which, as they will perceive, is intended to remedy, and does actually remedy, all the defects of the common apparatus, in regulating the admission and escape of gas. It was invented with a particular reference to the illumination of streets and public buildings, by means of carburetted gas; and as some of our large cities have undertaken to illumine their streets in this manner—an example which, ere long we hope, they will all imitate—a description of the apparatus employed for the same purpose in England cannot fail of being subservient to the consumption of their labours. The substitution of gas for oil in lighting streets—~~the very~~ ~~abridging~~ ~~the~~ ~~new~~ ~~invention~~ ~~which~~ ~~is~~ ~~calculated~~ ~~to~~ ~~abridge~~ ~~the~~ ~~occupation~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~certain~~ ~~class~~ ~~of~~ ~~labours~~—will unquestionably be obliged to encounter much opposition in its progress; but we believe it will eventually succeed. The history of this police regulation is somewhat curious; and we think an extract from an article on the subject of ‘inventions,’ in the XXXIII number of the Quarterly Review, will be a useful—preface to the paper we are going to subjoin.

“Lighting the Streets.—This was a police regulation unknown to the Romans. In returning from their nocturnal feasts their slaves carried before them torches or lanterns. Public illuminations, on particular occasions, are however, very ancient: Egypt and Greece had them. Rome, according to Suetonius, was lighted up on the occasion of some games, exhibited by order of Caligula. The Jews lighted up the holy city for eight days, at the feast of the dedication of the temple, and Constantine ordered Constantinople to be illuminated on Easter eve.

“It would appear, from some passages in the fathers of the Greek church, that Antioch was permanently lighted in the fourth century, and Edessa, in the fifth, and that the lamps were suspended, as they now are in Paris, from ropes stretched across the street. Paris was not lighted until the early part of the sixteenth century. In 1524 a mandate was issued for the inhabitants whose houses fronted the streets to hang out candles, after nine in the evening, to prevent incendiaries and street robbers. In 1555 large vases, filled with pitch, rosin, and other combustibles called falots, were placed at the corners of the streets. In 1662 an Italian abbe, of the name of Laudati, obtained an exclusive privilege, for twenty years, to let out torches and lanterns for hire. For this purpose he erected booths in every part of Paris, and had men and boys in waiting at each, ready to attend either foot passengers or carriages. Five years after this the whole city was lighted as it now is.

“The citizens of London, as Mait’nd says, were ordered, in 1414, to hang out lanterns, to light the streets; and sir Henry Burton, according to Stowe, ordered, in 1417, ‘lanterns with lights to be hanged out, in the winter evenings, betwixt Hallowtide and Candlemasse;’ and for 300 years afterwards the citizens of London were, from time to time, reminded, by pains and penalties, to hang out their lanterns at the accustomed time. In 1736 an application was made to parliament to increase the lamps from 1000 to 5000; and in 1744, on account of the number of robberies, an act passed for completely lighting the cities of London and Westminster.

“In 1553, at the Hague, lights were ordered to be placed before the doors, on dark nights; and in 1673 lamps were placed in all the streets. 1669 Amsterdam was lighted with horn lanterns. Hamburg was lighted in 1674. In 1775 every third house in Berlin was to show a light; and in 1682 it was lighted, but very

badly, as it still is, at the public expense. Hanover was lighted in 1696; but Dresden, Leipzig, Cassel, Halle, Göttingen, Brunswick, Zurich, and some other German towns, not till the eighteenth century. Venice, Messina and Palermo are all lighted; so are Madrid, Valencia and Barcelona; but Lisbon is still in the dark, as is Rome. Sextus V. made an attempt to have the streets lighted; but he must be could accomplish was to increase the number of lamps placed before the images of the saints.”

“Mr. Murdoch (says the *Eclectic Review* of Accum’s *Treatise on Gas Lights*) seems entitled to the credit of being the first to bring the new mode of applying coal gas to the purpose of illumination into practice, and Mr. Samuel Clegg, of Manchester, has the principal merit, as it regards the construction and application of the requisite machinery.” Mr. Ackerman has calculated that, while the old method of illuminating his printing office cost him no less than 160*l.* per annum, the expense by the new system is only 40*l.* per annum, or only about one fourth as great as the former.

“Such (adds Mr. Ackerman) is the simple statement of my present system of lighting, the brilliancy of which, when contrasted with our former lights, bears the same comparison to them as a bright summer sunshine does to a murky November day: nor are we, as formerly, suffocated with the effluvia of charcoal, nor the fumes of candles and lamps. In addition to this, the damage sustained by the spilling of oil and tallow upon prints, drawing books and papers, &c. amounted annually to upwards of 50*l.* All the workmen employed in my establishment consider the gas lights as the greatest blessing, and I have only to add that the light we now enjoy, were it to be produced by means of Argand’s lamps, or candles, would cost at least 350*l.* per annum.

“With regard to the apparatus and machinery employed for the production and use of the gas, we cannot of course be expected to give in this place any description: indeed such description would be altogether unintelligible without the assistance of plates. Suffice it to say that the coal is introduced into iron cylinders, called retorts, which being made air-tight, and placed upon the fire, the gaseous products are made to ascend, together with other productions, in the form of liquid. These last are conveyed into proper receptacles, while the gaseous matter is conducted by pipes into places for purification; and then, thus purified, made to pass into the several conduits for use. The products of coal, treated in this manner, are, beside the gas in question, coke, coal tar, and an ammoniacal fluid, all of which are materials of much value and use, and, as we have seen by Mr. Ackerman’s statement, cause a very considerable deduction of the required expensure in the production of the gas.”

Mr. Accum thus answers the arguments against gas lights which is drawn from the danger of using them.

“In fact (he says) no danger can arise from the application of gas lights, in any way, but what is common to candle-light and lamps of all kinds, and is the fault of none of them. Even in this case the gas lights are less hazardous. There is no risk of those accidents which often happen from the guttering or burning down of candles, or from carelessly snuffing them. The gas-light lamps and burners must necessarily be fixed to one place; and therefore cannot fall, or otherwise become deranged, without being immediately extinguished. Besides, the gas-light flames emit no sparks, nor are any embers detached from them. As a proof of the comparative safety of the gas lights, it need only be stated that the fire offices engage themselves to insure cotton mills, and other public works, at a less premium, where gas lights are used, than in the case of any other lights.”—*Analectic Magazine*.

MADOR OF THE MOOR.—A POEM, BY J. HOGG. FROM THE CRAMPOY.

There have been many men who have undeservedly obtained the reputation of poets. Such persons, we mean, who have been made poetical by reading. Their minds have been recipient—not inventive—imitative of the observations of others, not observant themselves. They have imbibed what is called the language of poetry, but they have not been able to grasp its substance. They may be said to have arrived at the banks of Castaly—to have plucked the flowers growing by its side—to have looked with complacency, and even pleasure, upon its waters;—but some secret working, undefinable spell has paralyzed their power, at the instant when they attempted to plunge into the stream. That “mob of gentlemen,” who wrote with ease in the jocund days of the voluptuous Charles, was of this quality of mind. And of the numerous names that have come down to us from that time we think that the mighty disproportion of nine out of ten may be placed among this order of imitators.—We trust our readers will apprehend our meaning, without our entering into a long detail of names.

We have now, however, poets that forcibly set before us the genius of “olden times.”—The names of Wordsworth, More, Byron, and Coleridge,—whose

“Souls are like the stars that dwell apart,” will throw their light into the bosom of after ages.

Mr. Hogg, the author of the poem before us, though it would be doing him prejudice, because injustice, to compare him with the above high names, must be a poet of considerable rank. He has much original genius. He seems to be “made in the poetry of nature”—that is he loves all those fine parts of her which it is the province of poetry to love and cherish.

The following stanzas, out of the introduction to “Mador of the Moor,” will show his close-eyed observations of nature; and his love of it:—

“There the dark raven builds his dreary home;
The eagle o’er cyric raves abroad;
The brindled fox around thee loves to roam,
And ptarmigans, the inmates of the cloud;
And when the summer flings her dappled shroud,
O’er reddening moors, and wilds of softened gray,
The youthful swain, unfashioned, unendowed,
The brockett and the lamb may round thee play:
These thy first guests alone, thou fair majestic Tay!

But hear me, spirit of the gifted eye,
Far on thy pinions eastward to the main,
O’er garish glens and straths of every kind,
Where oxen low and waves the yellow graun,
Where bursting cliffs o’erhang the belted plain,
In spiral forms, fantastic, wild, and even;
Where swell the woodland choir and maiden’s strain,
As forests bend unto the breeze of even,
And in the flood beneath wave o’er a downward heaven.”

There is great beauty in these descriptive stanzas; but we do not give them as the best of the poem, but merely by chance, to illustrate our observation of Mr. Hogg’s love of nature—a feeling most valuable in the breast of a poet. Mr. H. seems quite at home in the fields. He loves

“To wander
Aloof some trotting burns’ meander,
And nae think long.”

He derives all his figures and smiles from the mountains, the fields, and the heavens. Even the passions of the mind are thus illustrated—as

“No beam of anger rayed her glistering eye,
It sunk like star within the rubied west:
Or like the tinted dew-bell seen to lie
Upon the rose-leaf tremblingly at rest,
Then softly sinks upon its opening breast.” p. 123.

The shifting hues that sported o’er her face,
Were like the streamers of the rosy Eve.” p. 133.

We could give many other like passages, but these will do for our purpose.

He sometimes, however, shows that he can rise higher than mere description, and natural imagery, as in the following passage of an exquisite ballad in the first canto:

“Thou the early liltit babe so young,
And nemit her with ane treimous tuing;
And the lichte of God strak on his face,
As he nelt on the dewe, and caldit her Grace.” p. 57.

We shall make but one more extract, which we think excessively beautiful:

The rainbow’s bowly in the eastern cloud,
The rose is beauteous on the bended thorn,
Sweet is the evening ray from purple shroud,
And sweet the orient blushes of the morn,
Sweeter than all the beauties which adorn
The female form in youth and maiden bloom,
O why should passion ever make us stubborn,
To work the sweetest flower of nature’s doom,
And cast o’er all her joys a veil of cheerless gloom

O fragile flower! that blossoms but to die!
One slip recovers, or recall defies!
Thou walkst the dizzy verge with steps unstead,
Fair as the habitation of yonder skies!
Like them that forest never more to rise!
O fragile flower! for thee my heart’s in pain!
Haply a world is hid from mortal eyes,
Where thou mayst smile a purer age,
And shine in virgin bloom that ever shall remain 50.

We have not space to make further extracts; but what have been given, we think, are sufficient to justify our remarks upon the style of Mr. H.’s poetry. Nor will our limits allow us to enter into the story of “Mador of the Moor.” There is one thing, however, which forces us to disagree, and almost to quarrel with Mr. H.—We allude to the management of his story. The first canto is all mystery—it is enveloped in a cloud! The forms are faintly shadowed out—not distinctly drawn to a size. The second canto is more natural,—and the third, quite so;—but the fourth is supernatural:—the fifth gains upon nature again, but cannot get free from romance.—This wavering between one and the other gives the poem a character of inconsistency, which for the respect we entertain for the talents of Mr. H., we are sorry to see. The Queen’s Wake showed us the powers of Mr. H. in the ballad-style, in which he greatly excels—and, in this, he has improved upon—not departed from—his former excellence.

Battle of Brownstown.—We have just read, and with lively interest, a narrative of the battle of Brownstown, fought on the 9th of August, 1812, between a detachment of U. S. infantry, militia, &c. under the command of lieutenant-col. (now brigadier-general) Miller, and a combined British and Indian force under the orders of major Muer, Tecumseh, and other chiefs. The narrative is written by major Dalliba, with great clearness and accuracy; describing the minutest circumstance relating to this brilliant action. In this affair, as at Tippecanoe, and in every part of the campaign on the Niagara, Miller is seen characteristically cool, composed, active and brave.—This pamphlet (which is published by Longworth, Shakespeare Gallery, No. 11 Park) forms an acceptable contribution to the future historian.—*New-York paper*.

The 1st No. of the “Boston Weekly Magazine,” from the press of Messrs. Tilester and Parmenter on Saturday evening. We understand it is edited by a club of literary gentlemen, from whose learning, spirit and independence, the public may expect without the fear of disappointment, a fund of literature and original criticism. We hope for the honor of the town it will be liberally patronised.—*Bost. Gaz.*

Messrs. Wells and Lilly have received from England, and will shortly publish—A Letter of Advice to his Grand-Children, Matthew, Gabriel, Anne, Mary and Frances Hale. By Sir Mat. Hale, Lord Chief Just. in the reign of Charles the second.—*Boston Palladium*.

Speedily will be published a secret history of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte with Prince Leopold, and of the breaking off the treaty with the hereditary Pr. of Orange.—*A. Mag.*

FROM THE ALBANY DAILY ADVERTISER.

THE NARRATIVE OF ROBERT ADAMS—A SAILOR
The Quarterly Review for May, 1816, contains an account of a very singular work, called—“The Narrative of Robert Adams, a Sailor, who was wrecked in the year 1810, on the Western Coast of Africa, was detained three years in slavery by the Arabs of the Great Desert, and resided several months of that period in the city of Tombuctoo.” This narrator was a common sailor, belonging to this country and said to be a native of Hudson. His account of himself in England was—that he sailed from New-York in June, 1810, in the ship Charles, John Horton master, bound to Gibraltar, with a crew of nine persons, and at Gibraltar another man was shipped—that the ship sailed down the African coast on a trading voyage, and on the eleventh of October, the vessel run upon the rocks, and was lost, about 400 miles northward of Senegal, at a place called El Gaizie, a low sandy place, without verdure, trees, hill, or mountain, as far as the eye could reach. Here they were made prisoners by the Moors. As the story appears to have gained credit in England, we have thought a short account of it would not be uninteresting to our readers. Adams, if this account be correct, is the first white man that has been known to have ever visited Tombuctoo. Great pains were taken in London to ascertain, as far as possible the truth of his narrative. The history was drawn up at the secretary of state’s office for the colonies, before lord Bathurst, chancellor of the exchequer, Sir Joseph Banks, and others, in Adams’s presence, and the appearance of integrity in it was such, that the lords of the treasury ordered him a sum of money, to carry him home to this country. Doubts, it is true, were entertained of the accuracy, and, indeed of the truth of his narrative. The reviewers, however after weighing all the circumstances, “on the whole conclude, that no reasonable doubt can be entertained of the general accuracy of it.” Some parts of it, at least, appear to have received confirmation from a very respectable source. Adams was released from his captivity whilst he was at a place called Wed-noon, by the assistance of a Mr. Dupuis, the British consul at Mogadore.—Mr. Dupuis sent one of his servants, in the disguise of a trader to Wed-noon, who succeeded in procuring Adams’s discharge, and they proceeded from thence to Mogadore in company. After reaching that place, he remained with him eight months, and was treated with every possible kindness. Mr. Dupuis afterwards sent him to Tangier, where Mr. Simpson the American Consul, procured him a passage to Cadiz, where he arrived on the 17th of May, 1814. He remained at Cadiz 14 months, in the service of a Mr. Hall, an English Merchant, and as soon as he heard of the peace between this country and Great Britain, he went from Cadiz to England, was landed at Holyhead, and from thence went to London, and was there discovered by a person who had seen him in the employment of Mr. Hall.

After he had passed through two examinations in England, and his narrative had been drawn up, M. Dupuis arrived in that country. It stated that—“At the request of the editor of the narrative, Mr. Dupuis read it over, made notes upon it, and corroborated the leading circumstances of it, which had been related by Adams, almost to the very letter of the narrative.” Mr. Dupuis is stated by the reviewers to be “a gentleman of the strictest veracity, sensible, well informed, and a perfect Arabic Scholar”—and highly respected by his acquaintances. He has written many notes to the narrative, the last one of which is in these words:

“I did frequently interrogate Adams when at Mogadore respecting his travels in Africa; and frequently sent for persons who had been at the places he described, in order to confront their accounts with his, and especially to ascertain the probability of his having been at Tombuctoo. Amongst these individuals was a shiek at Wednoon, a man of great consideration in that country, who had been several times at Tombuctoo, in company with trading parties; and who, after questioning Adams very closely respecting the city and its neighborhood, assured me that he had no doubt he had been there. Another Moorish trader, who was in the habit of frequenting Tombuctoo, gave me the same account. In short, it was their universal opinion, that he must have been at the places he described, & that his account could not be a fabrication.”

To this testimony in favor of the truth of this account, we shall not undertake to add any opinion that we might be induced to form at this distance, and upon only reading a short abstract of the narrative. If Adams was an inhabitant of Hudson, the fact can, and doubtless will, be ascertained. Indeed, we understand that an attempt is now making for that purpose. We hope the result will lead to confirm the story. Whatever it may be, we shall be gratified to be favored with it as the interests of literature require, if Adams is an imposter, that he should be exposed. We frankly own we should very much regret the event, if it should prove to be so. We should be sorry this country should produce a second Daniberger.

If the truth of the story should not be shaken, or should be fully confirmed, it prove highly honorable to the gentlemen in England, who were willing to run the possible risk of being made ridiculous by the publication of such a tale as this. Their treatment of Adams was kind and generous; and if he be in fact no imposter, he deserved such treatment. And we hope if he shall have returned to this country, that an edition of the narrative may be published for his benefit. We think it would sell very rapidly, and it might, in some measure, compensate him for his unparalleled sufferings.

(To be concluded in our next.)