

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852.

REVIEWS

Falconry in the Valley of the Indus. By Lieut. R. E. Burton, Bombay Army. Van Voorst.

Lieut. Burton's name is becoming pretty familiar to those who read books of Indian travel and treatises on Indian conquest and policy. He has written about Goa and about Scinde:—and he now contributes a short account of falconry as at present practised in the Valley of the Indus.

There are a few restless spirits among our gentry who take considerable pains to revive falconry in this country; and we have understood that latterly they have met with very encouraging success. To these persons Lieut. Burton's book will, we suppose, be highly acceptable; but as far as the general public are concerned, it is probable that it will be found to contain so many technical phrases and directions as to make it not very interesting. Lieut. Burton, however, has done his best to convey even his ideas on training hawks and flying them in an attractive manner. He still adheres to his taste for drollery and grotesqueness. He has not quite so much slang as usual,—and on the whole we think that the curious garb which it suits his fancy to assume sits easier upon him in this than in his earlier volumes.—One of the best passages in the present book occurs in the first chapter; and we extract it as conveying a good idea of Lieut. Burton's present manner, and of the general subject to which the publication refers.—

"We were jogging very prettily, I began to think, along the beaten track of Oriental conversation, when our course was arrested by an unforeseen incident. Instead of the occasional cawings and croakings of crows, to which the ear of the Indian traveller by habit speedily becomes deaf, suddenly arose such a din of corvine voices, such shrieks and such a clashing of wings above and around us, that not one of the conversationists or the listeners but that turned his head. The crow is a kind of sacred bird amongst the Hindoos,—which fact accounts, in some degree, for his uncommon impertinence. He is fed at certain seasons with boiled rice and other delicacies; so that he never, at any time, can witness the operation of cooking with the slightest attempt at patience. I have seen him again and again swoop at a dog and carry off a bone which he persuades the hungry brute to drop by a sharp application of his stout, pointed bill upon its muzzle. At times I have expected to be attacked myself by the friends and relations of the deceased, when, after half an hour's dance with St. Vitus to the tune of some villainous old scout's croak, I disposed of the musician by an ounce of shot. And if you wish to enjoy a fine display of feathered viciousness, order your servant to climb up a tree full of crows, and to rob the nearest nest. At such seasons it is as well to stand by with a loaded gun or two, otherwise the sport might end in something earnest to the featherless biped. The reason of the row was soon explained. Gaetano had thoughtlessly left a half-plucked chicken preparing for my supper within sight of a sentinel crow, whose beat was the bough of a neighbouring Neem tree. In a moment it was pounced upon, seized, and carried off. On one side all the comrades of the plunderer flocked together to share in the spoils which he resolved to appropriate, and most violent was the scene that ensued. On the other, up rushed the cook, the butler, the Khalassis, and all the horse-keepers, as excited as the crows, determined to recover with sticks and stones the innocent cause of the turmoil. 'Send in for Khairu, the Laghar,' said the Ameer, in a whispering voice, to Kakoo, as if afraid of being overheard by some listening crow. He certainly thought that if he spoke loud the birds would recognize the name,—and really after some study of their idiosyncrasy I did not treat the precaution of his tone lightly. Esop had no experience in the character of the Indian 'Kak,' otherwise he would not

have made the Fox outwit the Crow. One of the attendants rose slowly from the ground, and looking indifferently around him, went off by a *détour* towards the palace. Presently appeared two men dressed in green, with a large sheet spread between their shoulders so as to cover their near arms. Behind them came the attendants carrying a dozen pellet and other bows. * * The sight of these preparations for destruction in the servants' hands elicited one long loud caw from every crow that happened to be looking that way. Instantly those that were on the wing began skeltering in headlong flight through the foliage of the trees towards some safer roosting-place; and the few that were perched sprang up, flapping and shrieking, and following with all speed the example of their fellows. Even the chicken was forgotten in the hurry of the moment. 'Let the bone of contention lie under the tree, and we don't notice them some will be back shortly,' said the Ameer. 'Take Khairu into the tent, and hide the bows.' The veteran falconer was right. About ten minutes afterwards an old crow was descried sneaking behind the plantation, and silently taking up a position in the thickest cover he could find. Then came a second and a third; at last we were aware of the presence of a dozen. 'Bring the bird,' whispered the Ameer. The Bazdar came softly out of the tent, carrying on his fist Khairu, the Laghar, who was sitting erect, as if mentally prepared for anything, with head pressed forward, and pounces firmly grasping the Dasti. Her hood was then removed, her leash was slowly slipped, and as one crow bolder than the others lit furtively upon the ground, where the half-plucked chicken lay, Khairu, cast off with a whoop, dashed unhesitatingly at the enemy. Another tumult. Every Beloch that could handle a bow provided himself with one, and all of us hurried to the open space whence we could descry the evolutions of the birds. At the sight of the hawk the crow precipitately dropped his prize, and shrieking as usual, skurried through the trees pursued by his stubborn foe. Now all is excitement. The attendants rush about whooping and hallooing, in order, if possible, to fighten the quarry still more. Vainly the crow attempts to make a distant shelter, the Laghar hangs close upon him, gaining every moment. Corvus must shift his tactics. Now he attempts to take the air, wheeling in huge circles gradually contracted. But Khairu has already reached his level,—another instant a swoop will end the scene. The crow falls, cunningly as might be expected; presenting his bill and claws he saves himself from the stoop, and having won, as he supposes, distance, cleverly turns over, and wriggles through the air towards his asylum. Already it is near,—a large clump of thorny mimosas, from whose ragged boughs resound the voices of a startled colony. Khairu, with a soldier's glance, perceives the critical moment, plies her pinions with redoubled force, grapples with her quarry from behind, weighs him down rapidly through the cleaving air, and nearing the earth, spreads her wings into parachute form, lighting with force scarcely sufficient to break an egg. The battle is not finished. Corvus, in spite of his fall, his terror, a rent in the region of his back, and several desperate pecks, still fights gallantly. This is the time for the falconer to assist his bird. From the neighbouring mimosas, roused by the cries of their wounded comrade, pours forth a 'rabble rout' of crows, with noise and turmoil, wheeling over the hawk's head, and occasionally pouncing upon her, *unguibus et rostris*, with all the ferocity of hungry peregrines. We tremble for Khairu. Knowing her danger, we hurry on, as fast as our legs can carry us, shouting, shooting pellets, and anathematizing the crows. We arrive, but hardly in time. As we plunge through the last bushes which separate us from the hawk, twenty cawers rise furriedly from the ground: the Bazdar hurries to the Laghar. The quarry lies stone dead, but poor Khairu, when taken up and inspected by thirty pair of eyes, is found to have lost her sight, and to be otherwise so grievously mauled, pecked, and clawed, that the most sanguine prepare themselves for her present decease."

Having duly glanced at what is the principal topic of the book before us, it is proper that we should turn our attention to a somewhat elaborate postscript, of which we appear

to have ourselves been the immediate occasion.

Mr. Burton begins by quoting the concluding passage of our notice of his two books on Scinde [*Athen.* No. 1252],—and he considers himself to be in a position to disprove the soundness of the opinions which we expressed in that passage. In general terms we gave him credit for intelligence and industry in making himself acquainted with the languages and people of India,—and we ventured to caution him against "extreme opinions" and against a "disregard of those well-established rules of moderation which no one can transgress with impunity."

Mr. Burton's rejoinder consists of a narrative, an autobiography, and a protest. It would be well if authors when they are consciously angry—with or without a cause—would have a great distrust of themselves,—and this would have the first beneficial effect of leading them to inquire whether they really had cause or not. Mr. Burton, however, while he wants the wit to see the wisdom of this, wants also, we fear, the wit—our readers shall be the judges—to have turned that wisdom to good account had he perceived it. In addition to the other most unlucky features of his rejoinder,—for his own sake, it is to be regretted that he defends himself with more of the pugnacity than of the polish of his profession; and it is amusing as well as surprising to observe the number of instances in which a gentleman so careful to inform us of his proficiency in Asiatic dexterity and penetration lends important aid to his adversary by unwittingly betraying himself. Certainly, if we needed it, we should be under obligation to Mr. Burton for his confirmation here, by the statement of specific facts, of the conclusions at which we had arrived on the general evidence afforded by his books.

We commended, we have said, his industry and intelligence during the time he was in India; and he appears to imagine that he disproves the propriety of that commendation by giving a dismal account of his quarters at Gharra and elsewhere—quarters, it appears, so uncomfortable that literary pursuits were nearly out of the question. Hence he says, behold the "ignorance crasse" of this critic in talking of the "opportunities of study presented to the Anglo-Indian subaltern." Now, we talked of no such thing, in the sense which Mr. Burton attributes to us; but we talked of the good use of his time which Mr. Burton had made even in what we are now informed were the "heap of bungalows surrounded by a wall of milk-bush" at Gharra,—in fact, of such opportunities as came in his way.—Surely, Mr. Burton, like Mawworm, would "like to be despised."—It would seem that Asiatic habits and a sporting vocabulary are not propitious to the growth of a logical faculty—at all events, not in Mr. Burton.

So much for the narrative:—then, as regards the autobiography, which Mr. Burton puts forward as his answer to the imputation of "extreme opinions" and a "disregard of moderation"—the facts seem to be shortly these:

Mr. Burton considers it quite certain that he cannot be addicted either to extreme opinions or to anything immoderate, for the following reasons.—In the first place, he spent "some years in careful training for the Church" in France, Naples, and Italy. He then went to Oxford. At Oxford his "college career was highly unsatisfactory:"—we are careful to give Mr. Burton the benefit of his own confessions in his own words. He put aside his careful training "for the Church for his old habits of fencing, boxing, and single-stick, 'handling the ribbons,' squiring dames, and sketching facetiously, though not wisely, the reverend

features and figures of certain half-reformed monks calling themselves 'Fellows.' Here, we suppose, is the natural history of Mr. Burton's present proficiency in the command of slang imagery and phrases, and in the art of substituting lampoons for wit. The result of "moderation" so extremely exemplary was, naturally enough, a departure from the University, under circumstances which it would have been only good taste in Mr. Burton to leave unrecalled. He says, "After two years I left Trinity, without a 'little go,' in a high dog-cart—a companion in misfortune too-tooting lustily through a 'yard of tin' as the dons stared up from their game of bowls to witness the departure of the forbidden vehicle."

Mr. Burton's next sphere was, the Bombay Army; and there it is much to his credit that he at length became industrious, and made so satisfactory and rapid a progress in the native languages as to secure a staff appointment. He could not forget, however, his old erratic habits; and whenever leisure would permit, he says that he assumed the character of an Eastern pedlar and fortune-teller, and wandered about the country under the fictitious name of Mirza Abdullah of Bushire. This itinerant and mysterious personage, if we may believe Mr. Burton, met with extraordinary success, and was addicted to extraordinary devices. He was in the habit of making his way as a confidential adviser into the ladies' apartments; and whenever, in return for hospitality accorded to him, he found it necessary to give a counter-invitation, he took care to direct his hypothetical guests to a caravanserai where no such person as Mirza Abdullah was to be found or heard of. He was also particularly partial to the conversation and society to be found at the houses of the "Mrs. Gadabouts and Go-betweens, who make matches among the Faithful"; and in the house of one of these choice members of Eastern society Mr. Burton informs us that he spent four months, and acquired a good deal of his experience.

This is the autobiographical sketch which Mr. Burton gravely lays before what he calls "the long-suffering reader," as evidence of the most conclusive kind that, in imputing to him extreme opinions and frequent transgressions of well established rules of moderation, we have been guilty of both injustice and obtuseness. We are quite willing that the reader—whether long suffering or not—should be left to form his decision on the very statements which Mr. Burton puts forward as his defence. That a gentleman who describes as a great feat his departure from Oxford "without a 'little go' and in a dog-cart," should make a smart officer of the Light Division, we can well conceive. That a good many adventures may be met with, and a good deal of knowledge of a certain kind obtained by an European official in India, who thinks it worth while to assume an equivocal disguise, imitate native feats of sharp practice, and spend months in succession in the houses of female busybodies, we can also easily understand. But we cannot understand how it should happen that the cultivation of habits so wholly irregular should be the best possible discipline for keeping the judgment and the taste in perfect order:—for that is the inference which Mr. Burton intends "the long-suffering reader" to draw from the narrative and the autobiography. The Spaniards have a proverb, which says—"Tell me who you live with, and I will tell you what you are." Mr. Burton has been communicative enough to comply with the first part of the proverb, and if he is particularly anxious on the subject, we shall not hesitate to supply the second.

Mr. Burton concludes his Postscript with a protest. He protests against the competence of

English critics to deal with books like his own on Indian subjects; and he pretty plainly insinuates that English criticism is directed by motives very different from those which have relation to the merits of the authors to be reviewed. When Mr. Burton has learnt to estimate his Oxford eccentricities at their true value, and has forgotten a few more of the adventures, and a little more of the society and conversation of the immaculate Mirza Abdullah, his protests, whenever he makes any, will be better worth attending to than they are at present. In the mean time we may fairly describe as an "extreme opinion," and as a gross breach of "the established rules of moderation," the announcement by Mr. Burton of his entire belief in the incompetency and dishonest motives of English criticism. If he ever learns to reason—as well as to write—he will know better:—and we can afford to give him ample leisure for acquiring that new accomplishment.

The Art of Dining; or, Gastronomy and Gastronomers—('Railway Reading'). Murray.

HAVING travelled some little along the iron roads of Europe, we can call to mind only one railway station, at home or abroad, where a dinner is a dinner, as distinguished from something that had better not be eaten. This is at Offenburg, on the Baden line. There, mine host of the *Fortuna*—that most conscientious and courteous of German landlords, and the proprietor of "an angel of a" cook—thinks it no shame to his dignity as landed proprietor, burgomaster, wine-grower, &c., to come down himself and ascertain that the plates are hot, the napkins clean, the bread of best quality, and the viands what they promise to be. Seeing, then, that the occupants of a monster train must expect when they stop to fare grossly, we feel that it is rather cruel than considerate in Mr. Murray to issue, in aid of the packing of "the human parcel"—as Mr. Ruskin has disrespectfully termed the railway traveller—such a distracting and dainty little book as this. The average *John*, or *Mrs.*, *Bull*, moreover, who carries at home, is therein by no means advised, as by Lady Maria Clutterbuck in her condescending little pamphlet, "what to have for dinner,"—but rather informed, with a flourish of trumpets, what "the porcelain of the earth" have eaten off the plate of Europe's nobility and gentry.—Briefly, we have here a reprint of two lively articles which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* in 1835 and 1836; with additions and extensions,—and also testimonials. The sublimity, seriousness and sprightliness of dining well are taken as "the high argument" for a piece of intellectual fooling,—"high," we may meekly add, in every sense of the adjective. Our gastronome is no shabby *Αγυρος*, who cooks up a cheap book for a cheap public; but, as the eaters of bird's-nest soup might say, "a first chop" man about town, able and willing to authenticate the knowledge which he presents by citing authorities no less august, brilliant, diplomatic, and charming, than—

"Count d'Orsay, Lord Marcus Hill, the Right Hon. Col. Damer, the Hon. W. Stuart (attached to the British Embassy at Paris), Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., Sir H. Hume Campbell, of Marchmont, Bart., the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, the author of the *Spanish Handbook*, Lady Morgan, and (last, not least) the author of 'Stuart of Dunleith.'"

More amusement after its kind cannot be had for a shilling and its moiety—(it were ungentle to speak of *pence* in regard to a *cordon bleu*, who, like *Jaël*, "brings up his butter" in such "a lordly dish"). Some little anxiety, however, mingles with our amusement at the frankness of these gastronomic revelations. The Crystal Palace is a type of our times. Nothing

precious can any more be exhibited in a back shop,—nothing savoury or sweet be discussed in the snug secrecy of the back parlour.—Let the biographer of 'Ferdinand and Isabella' send across the Atlantic to the authoress of 'Florence Macarthy' a brace of canvas-back ducks, and here is a diner-out who dishes up the gift, and the prowess of Lady Morgan's cook, to tantalize railway readers withal.—Aided by M. le Comte d'Orsay, the writer ordered a dinner in 1850 "which made some noise in Paris"—yet the most salient facts recorded concerning this are, a list of the company who ate it, and the tribute paid to their distinction, in the form of choice wines.—

"Out of compliment to the world-wide fame of Lord Brougham and M. Alexandre Dumas, M. Philippe produced some *Clos de Vougeot*, which (like his namesake in 'High Life below Stairs') he vowed should never go down the throat of a man whom he did not esteem and admire; and it was voted first-rate by acclamation."

In another page, Mr. Thackeray's silence is pressed into the service of a crustaceous fact.—

"We were once dining with the author of 'Vanity Fair' at the *Rocher*, when a *maitelotte* of surpassing excellence was served up. 'My dear fellow,' exclaimed the distinguished moralist, 'don't let us speak a word till we have finished this dish.' He is not less eminent as a dinner-giver than as a diner-out, and conceives himself to have discovered that a slight infusion of crab is a decided improvement to curry. This reminds us of an anecdote related of a deceased Irish nobleman, who had expended a large fortune in (as he said) the cause of his country. When dying, he summoned his heir to his bedside, and told him he had a secret to communicate which might prove some compensation for the dilapidated condition of the family property. It was—that crab sauce is better than lobster sauce."

We are elsewhere apprised that our *Gastronome's* familiarity with a hot Montanches ham has been acquired round "the mahogany tree" of Mr. Ford. These listings of the veil are calculated to make the mouths of the uninitiated water for the cookery which the diner-out must have eaten, and for the company which he has kept,—but they suggest solicitude to modest housekeepers. Some of these may be able to present a good dish on the faith of some cherished receipt,—hard wrestled for and religiously sealed up:—albeit, they would expire with the distress of the priest belonging to a violated shrine did any guest warm up, *à la Barmecide*, the dinner for the torment of the Railway Reader,—even were he to sauce his *réchauffé* with six superlatives,—adding, as the last and greatest praise, his "we," to assure the jealous *Amphitryon* that Her Majesty had desired to know whether "that receipt for *Mrs. Grundy's* 'we won't say what'" was purchaseable by a *rouleau*, a clerkship in the Treasury, or a card to a Court ball!

But on larger grounds—those of science, we mean, not of social intercourse,—it may be mooted whether gastronomy and garrulity go well in company. "A solemn feast" is a sound saying;—the utter disregard of which in this talkative little book may engender misgivings whether the writer after all has not most keenly enjoyed his "succulent dinners" in printing them. When — (of all epicures one of the most thorough-going, whimsical, and philosophical that ever dined, cooked and criticized) lay in bed, as a school-boy, for the sake of the cinnamon in the sick puddings, we may be sure that he confided the secret of the spice to no playfellow.

Enough, however, of rumination on the argument and manner of this entertaining book. As a taste of the new matter which it contains, we will extract a letter, which will sadden the heart of many an epicurean *Anaschar* dreaming of a flight across the Channel.—

"The following letter from one of the most emi-

Delayrac, Monsigny, Saint-Just, Méhul, Favart, and Etienne.

Mdlle. Westersland, of Stockholm, is mentioned in the *Gazette Musicale* as a young singer of good voice and great promise,—who is at present studying German at Berlin, with a view to commencing an operatic career in Germany.

The lessee of the Marylebone Theatre, Mr. E. T. Smith, called (on Friday week) a meeting of dramatic authors, managers, and actors, at the Garrick's Head, to complain of the conduct of the Lord Chamberlain in refusing a licence for the performance of a version of 'Jack Sheppard' at his theatre while granting one for that of another version at the Adelphi. The authority of the Licencor was extended by the Act for liberating the stage to many theatres not before included within his jurisdiction; and the piece in question happened to be one performed at the Pavilion, not only previously to the passing of that Act, but three weeks previously to the original production of the version by Mr. Buckstone now proposed to be revived at the Adelphi, and which, in the official note from the Lord Chamberlain's Office, is stated to be the *only* adaptation of the subject that will henceforth be permitted. To us, it appears,—as our readers will have gathered elsewhere in our columns to-day,—that the Lord Chamberlain is less censurable for refusing the licence to the other theatres than for granting it to the Adelphi;—but supposing the subject to be admissible at all on the boards, impartiality demands that free trade should be granted to its treatment. The office of licensing plays was originally of a political character, and has always been very properly the object of dramatic jealousy; and any abuse of it is likely to excite a strong feeling of resentment. The principles of Milton's famous plea for "unlicensed printing" are fairly applicable to "unlicensed acting," and the argument against a previous censorship in either case is equally strong.—At the meeting which gave rise to these remarks, a series of resolutions was carried; and a solicitor volunteered to carry a bill through Parliament on the subject free of expense. A petition is, of course, to be signed for that purpose. We could have wished that the matter had been mooted in connexion with a topic more worthy of interference than the various worthless dramas bearing the title of 'Jack Sheppard,' and once extant at all the theatres. The best solution of the question now would be, the withdrawal of the piece underlined at the Adelphi,—although to the disappointment of Mrs. Keeley, who is announced to personate the hero. The production of the piece has, indeed, been postponed, in consequence of an accident, during rehearsal, to that lady,—who, in descending a ladder, fell with it, and sprained her ankle. The injury experienced by her is, we regret to add, reported as being very severe.

Drury Lane Theatre has been taken for a summer season by a gentleman named Mr. Sheridan Smith, for the purpose of testing the merits of Mr. M'Kean Buchanan, the young American tragedian whose *début* at the Marylebone a few weeks ago we duly noticed. The theatre will open on Monday with the tragedy of 'Hamlet.'

MISCELLANEA

Lieut. Burton's 'Falconry in the Valley of the Indus.'—We have received a letter from Lieut. Burton in answer to certain of the remarks which we made last week on his work above named. As it is written with great courtesy and in excellent temper, we will give Mr. Burton the benefit, as shortly as we can, of the principal propositions which he thinks it important to have laid before our readers.—In the first place, he states, that his sketch of his early career was not adduced by him as an intended "answer to the imputation of 'extreme opinions' and 'disregard of moderation,'"—but because he conceives that "he could not have told his readers how his evidence had been collected without faithfully recording many things which as a matter of taste might have been suppressed."—and he suggests that "this part of his sketch may induce some future undergraduate who fails to attain academical honours to seek some

more suitable field for his labours."—In the second place, he begs that we will not "tell him what he is from those he lives with," according to the Spanish proverb,—because, it is impossible in the East "to acquire an intimate knowledge of Oriental manners and customs without mixing familiarly with all orders—low as well as high."—Lastly, he begs to qualify the charge which we describe him as having brought against the British Reviewer. The "ignorance crasse" which he attributed to that personage relates merely, he explains, to Indian subjects,—which "necessarily require," he thinks, "long residence in the East;"—and for the "dishonest motives" which we consider him to have insinuated against critics in general—he would have us substitute the less offensive word "prejudice."

Civil List Pensions.—The following list of pensions granted between the 20th day of June, 1851, and the 20th day of June, 1852, and charged upon the Civil List, has been issued.—1851—August 30, Anna Jameson, 100*l.*, in consideration of her literary merits. September 1, Maria Long, 100*l.*, in consideration of the service of her late husband, Mr. Frederick Beckford Long, Inspector-General of Prisons in Ireland, and of his having died from illness contracted while in the execution of his duty, by which she is placed in circumstances of great distress. September 1, James Silk Buckingham, 200*l.*, in consideration of his literary works and useful travels in various countries. September 2, Robert Torrens, F.R.S., 200*l.*, in consideration of his valuable contributions to the science of political economy. October 10, John Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, 300*l.*, in consideration of his eminent literary merits. October 10, Elizabeth Reid, 50*l.*, (widow of Dr. James S. Reid, Professor of Ecclesiastical and Civil History in the University of Glasgow); and Jane Arnott Reid, Elizabeth Reid, and Mary Reid, 50*l.* (daughters of the above, and for the survivors or survivor of them), in consideration of Dr. Reid's valuable contributions to literature, and of the distressed condition in which his widow and children are placed by his decease.—February 5, 1852—Eliza MacArthur, 50*l.*, in consideration of the merits of her late husband, Dr. Alexander MacArthur, superintendent of model schools, and inspector of the Dublin district under the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, and of his having been attacked by mental derangement, attributed solely to his unbounded exertions in the discharge of his official duties, and also in consideration that the pension of 200*l.* per annum, which was granted to her during the lifetime of her husband, has lapsed by his decease. April 5.—John Britton, 75*l.*, in consideration of his literary merits and impoverished condition. April 5.—Mary Fitzgibbon, 75*l.*, in consideration of the signal services rendered by her father, Colonel James Fitzgibbon, on various occasions in Canada, and of the destitute condition in which she will be left at her father's death.

Depth of the Deluge demonstrated.—In your last number is a letter signed "P. M'Farlane," with the above heading, containing an attempt at criticism on some passages in Capt. Strachey's account of the elevated region of Tibet.—Capt. Strachey says, that the plain of Tibet, at an elevation of 14,000 or 15,000 feet, is composed of tertiary rocks:—of course he took for granted that those tertiary rocks were accumulated under the sea, and were formed accordingly beneath the present sea level. They must, therefore, have been elevated 14,000 or 15,000 feet + the depth under the sea at which they were originally deposited since their formation,—that is, since the tertiary period,—and moreover since a very late part of the tertiary period, or they would not contain the bones of the elephant and the rhinoceros. Mr. P. M'Farlane, unable, it appears, to understand this, the plainest and simplest of all conclusions, supposes Capt. Strachey to assert that the "protuberance" of Tibet rose to the surface after the secondary and before the tertiary period;—and then proceeds to write irrelevantly about "cones and pyramids, and ridges with cutting edges, and molar and canine teeth."—I am, &c. J. BETTS JUKES.

An Electric Telegraph Express.—During the transmission of the late electric telegraph returns for Government, the Post-office, and the newspapers, the extraordinary rate of 150 words and 48 stops, says the *Times*, was attained in two minutes by an improved instrument.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—M. L. P.—An Observer—J. A. S.—A. P.—***—Veritas—received.

NEW AMERICAN BOOKS.

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