

Kent. He was the first king of England that touched for the disease, now called the *king's-evil*, which was before practised by the French kings. He succeeded Hardeknute in the year 1011, and reigned till 1065. Edward collected the laws made by his predecessors, viz. those of the Danes and Saxons, into one code (begun by Alfred) and called the *common Law of England*. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, which he rebuilt; and he was considered as a saint by the church, which caused his bones to be enshrined in gold, and set with jewels, in the year 1206. William Duke of Normandy, paid a visit to Edward in England in 1051; and it is probable he then promised to appoint him his successor (Edward dying without issue), as he detested Harold, who was the son of Godwin, though he had married his sister.

Harold, II. son of Godwin, earl of Kent, succeeded Edward the Confessor, in the year 1065; but William, duke of Normandy, made a claim to the crown as his right, it being bequeathed to him by Edward; and Harold had made an oath to him, when on a visit in Normandy, to relinquish his own pretensions in his favour. William sent ambassadors to Harold to summon him to resign his crown; but Harold returned him for answer, that he was able to defend his rights against any one who should dispute them with him. This caused William to fit out a strong fleet, and re-inforce his army; with which he crossed the channel, and landed at Pevensey in Sussex on the 29th of September, 1066, and soon after, viz. on the 14th of October, came to an engagement with Harold at Hastings, and defeated his army. Harold was killed upon the spot; and a great many of his soldiers were slain in that memorable battle between the English and the Normans.

BIOGRAPHY.

DOCTOR BARROW.

Born in London, A. D. 1630.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing with which we fly to heav'n!
SHAKESPEARE.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again.
POPE.

This great mathematician and divine, having acquired the rudiments of science at the Charter-house, was afterwards removed to a school in Essex, from whence he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was chosen scholar in 1647. With a view of making it his profession, he studied physic; but by the advice of his uncle, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, he forsook it, and devoted himself to theology.

On his travels he was studious, and at Constantinople read over the works of St. Chrysostom. He returned to England a little before the Restoration; an event most anxiously desired by him; but as it brought him no preferment, he wrote the following epigram:—

Thy restoration, Royal Charles, I see,
By none more wish'd, by none less felt than me.

The same year he was episcopally ordained, and chosen Greek professor at Cambridge; the Gresham professor of geometry; and the year following was elected fellow of the royal society. He soon after relinquished the Gresham professorship on being chosen Lucasian professor of mathematics, which chair in 1669 he resigned to his pupil, Mr. Isaac Newton. Being created D. D. and advanced to the dignity of master of Trinity College; his Majesty was pleased to say, "he had given it to the best scholar in England." This high compliment

* That the Dr. was also a man of Courage and wit, the following distinctly proves:—Being on a visit at a gentleman's house in the country, and having occasion before it was day to go to the end of the garden, a fierce mastiff which used to be chained up all day and let loose at night, set on him with great fury. The doctor caught him by the throat, and throwing him down, lay upon him; once he had a mind to kill him, but altered his resolution, on recollecting that this would be unjust, as the dog only did his duty in length he was heard by some of the family, who came out, and freed both from their disagreeable situation.—Meeting Mr. Rochester at court, his lordship, by way of

resulted not from what others had reported concerning the Dr. but from the King's own knowledge of him: for at that time being Court-chaplain, the Monarch frequently conversed with him, and in his humorous way called him "an unfair preacher," because he exhausted every subject, and left nothing for others to say after him!

In 1675 he served the office of Vico-chancellor. His mathematical works are numerous, and his sermons profoundly learned. The following lines on the Doctor's eighth sermon were written by Sir W. Jones.

As meadows parch'd, brown groves, and withering flowers,
Imbibe the sparkling dew and genial showers;
As chill dark air inhales the morning beam;
As thirsty hearts enjoy the gelid stream:
Thus to man's grateful soul from heaven descend
The mercies of his FATHER, LORD, and FATHER.

"The name of Dr. Barrow," says the reverend and learned Mr. Grainger, "will ever be illustrious for a strength of mind and compass of knowledge that did honour to his country. He was unrivalled in mathematical learning, and especially in the sublime geometry; in which he has been excelled only by one man, and that was his pupil, the great Sir Isaac Newton. The same genius that seemed to be born to bring hidden truths to light, to rise to the heights, or descend to the depths of science, would sometimes amuse itself in the flowery paths of poetry; and he composed verses both in Greek and Latin. He at length gave himself up entirely to divinity; and particularly to the most useful part of it, that which has a tendency to make men wiser and better. In his excellent Sermons on the Creed, he has solved every difficulty, and removed every obstacle that opposed itself to our faith, and made divine revelation as clear as the demonstrations in his own Euclid. This excellent person, who was a bright example of Christian virtue, as well as a prodigy of learning, died on the 4th of May, A. D. 1677, in the 49th year of his age." He was interred in Westminster Abbey, where a monument, adorned with his bust, was soon after erected at the expence of his friends and relatives.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE JOURNAL OF MAJOR LAING.

From the London Literary Gazette of Sept. 26.

[In giving this tragical and disgraceful story to the British public, we may notice that the individual who figures so suspiciously in it, viz. Hassouna d'Ghies, must be well remembered a few years ago in London society. We were acquainted with him during his residence here, and often met him, both at public entertainments and at private parties, where his Turkish dress made him conspicuous. He was an intelligent man, and addicted to literary pursuits; in manners more polished than almost any of his countrymen whom we ever knew, and apparently of a gentler disposition than the accusation of having investigated this infamous murder would fix upon him.—Ed. L. G.]

It was known some years ago that Baron Rousseau, the French consul-general and charge d'affaires at Tripoli, had taken down his flag, in consequence of very serious disputes between the Pasha and him, respecting the papers of Major Laing. If we may credit the information which we have received, Baron Rousseau is implicated in this affair. As soon as the official documents, which we expect have reached us, we shall lose no time in laying them before the public.

News received from Tripoli.

It was about three years ago, that Major Laing, son-in-law of Colonel Hawtner Warrington, consul-

general, thus accosted him: "Doctor, I am your's to my shoe-tie." Barrow, seeing his aim, returned him salute accordingly. With, "My Lord, I am your's to the ground." Rochester improving his blow, quickly returned it, with "Doctor, I am your's to the centre" which was as smartly followed by Barrow, with, "My Lord I am your's to the antipodes."—Upon which Rochester, seeming to be foiled by a rusty old piece of divinity, as he used to call him, exclaimed, "Doctor, I am your's to the lowest pit of hell." On this, Barrow, turning on his heel, immediately answered, "I here, my Lord, I leave you!" He was singular not only for the merit, but also for the length of his sermons, having once preached three hours and a half, and then delivered only half of what he had prepared.

general of England in Tripoli, quitted that city, where he left his young wife, and penetrated into the mysterious continent of Africa, the grave of so many illustrious travellers. After having crossed the chain of Mount Atlas, the country of Pezzan, the desert of Lempta, the Sahara, and the kingdom of Ahudes, he arrived at the city of Timbuctoo, the discovery of which has been so long desired by the learned world. Major Laing, by entering Timbuctoo, had gained the reward of £3000 sterling, which a learned and generous Society in London had promised to the intrepid adventurer who should first visit the great African city, situated between the Nile of the Negroes and the river Gambarou. But Major Laing attached much less value to the gaining of the reward than to the fame acquired after so many fatigues and dangers. He had collected on his journey valuable information in all branches of science: having fixed his abode at Timbuctoo, he had composed the journal of his travels, and was preparing to return to Tripoli, when he was attacked by Africans, who undoubtedly were watching for him in the desert. Laing, who had but a weak escort, defended himself with heroic courage; he had at heart the preservation of his labours and his glory. But in this engagement he lost his right hand, which was struck off by the blow of a yatagan. It is impossible to help being moved with pity at the idea of the unfortunate traveller, stretched upon the sand, writing painfully with his left hand to his young wife, the mournful account of the combat. Nothing can be so affecting as the letter, written in stiff characters, by unsteady fingers, and all soiled with dust and blood. This misfortune was only the prelude to one far greater. Not long afterwards some people of Ghadames, who had formed part of the Major's escort, arrived at Tripoli, and informed Colonel Warrington that his relation had been assassinated in the desert. Col. Warrington could not confine himself to giving barren tears to the memory of his son-in-law. The interest of his glory, the honour of England, the affections of a father,—all made it his duty to seek after the authors of the murder, and endeavour to discover what had become of the papers of the victim. An uncertain report was soon spread that the papers of Major Laing had been brought to Tripoli by people of Ghadames; and that a Turk, named Hussouna Dghies, had mysteriously received them. This in the same Dghies whom we have seen at Marseilles, displaying so much luxury and folly, offering to the ladies his perfumes and his shawls—a sort of travelling Usbeck, without his philosophy and his wit. From Marseilles he went to London, overwhelmed with debts, projecting new ones, and always accompanied by women and creditors. Col. Warrington was long engaged in persevering researches, and at length succeeded in finding a clue to this horrible mystery. The Pasha, at this request, ordered the people who had made part of the Major's escort to be brought from Ghadames. The truth was at length on the point of being known: but this truth was too formidable to Hassouna Dghies for him to dare to await it, and he therefore took refuge in the abode of Mr. Coxo, the Consul of the United States. The Pasha sent word to Mr. Coxo, that he recognized the inviolability of the asylum granted to Hassouna; but that the evidence of the latter being necessary in the prosecution of the proceedings relative to the assassination of Major Laing, he begged him not to favour his flight. Col. Warrington wrote to his colleague to the same effect. However, Hussouna Dghies left Tripoli on the 9th of August, in the night, in the disguise, it is said, of an American officer, and took refuge on board the United States corvette *Fairfield*, captain Parker, which was then at anchor in the roads of Tripoli. Doubtless, captain Parker was deceived with respect to Hassouna, otherwise the noble flag of the United States would not have covered with its protection a man accused of being an accomplice in an assassination.

It was fully believed that this escape was indirectly solicited by a French agent, whom we see, with a profound sentiment of grief, engaged in this affair. It is even said, that the proposal was first made to the captain of one of our (French) ships, but that he nobly replied, that one of the King's officers could not favour a suspicious flight,—that he would not receive Hassouna on board his ship, except by virtue of a written order, and, at all events, in open day, and without disguise.